

A Dash to the Pole.

By Herbert D. Ward.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE HELENA INDEPENDENT.

CHAPTER III.

The car of the "Aeropolis" had been constructed especially for the needs of this expedition.

It was forty feet long and twelve broad, made of wicker work, covered with aluminum and lined with six inches of felt.

No dogs were to be taken on. The party did not expect to have to travel on foot in the inaccessible regions to which they were to go.

The car was designed to carry five men and their personal luggage. This footed up 1,175 pounds; six months' food for the men, 8,168 pounds; weapons and tools, 654 pounds; scientific instruments in charge of the tutor, 6,117 pounds; a patrol car-bat; a Melville sled; powder, fireworks, etc., 4,822 pounds; two rope ladders, 1,929 pounds; water and alcohol, 12,628 pounds; with a total of 35,418 pounds.

The "Aeropolis" for such was this christened, was now able to leave the workshop on the wing, with provisions for at least six months for five men on liberal rations.

On the night whose morning broke the tent of the early team without the three-act enclosure, while several men guarded the vessel of the air, ugly rumors had got about, and yet, up to this morning, Prof. Wilder had been very anxious.

Here the stage and the boat were lashed. The car itself was built to float, so that in case of accident she could be easily detached and used as a miniature Noah's ark.

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acquiescence in this sentiment, when Sergeant Willig turned upon them.

"If you gentlemen are frightened by this little thing, what will become of you when you encounter the horrors of the most terrible country that has ever been explored? We will stay here in spite of a thousand such hoodlums—aye, and protect ourselves, too, like men!" His eyes flashed. Here stood the essence of Arctic heroism in this man's contempt of danger, his dauntless discipline and obedience.

"I'm with you," said Royal Sterne, planting himself beside his chief.

"I'm in this, too," Jack Hardy spoke lastly. He was really the coolest one present. When sets of brass con bats, a hundred pairs of bands, of that my creed. But they are up to some new deviltry out there. They are much too quiet, 'shaw! A stone!" He pulled the tutor to one side, just as a big stone whizzed past them.

It was now almost time for Mr. Vanderlyn to appear. His was to be last word of encouragement, the last wave of the hand.

It had been a severe task for the millionaire to refrain from speaking of the enterprise, so strong had his faith in it grown. But he controlled himself, and he was not to be controlled by a woman's whim. The airship failed he would not be held responsible for a disaster, and if it succeeded gloriously, his very residence would ultimately rebound to his honor.

At this crisis Jack Hardy had a bright idea. It was now after 10 o'clock. Their patron was due. The "Aeropolis" was ready to ascend, and a woman's notice. The electric engines were in perfect order. Her powerful aluminum fan-like screws were impatient to make their hundreds of revolutions a minute. Every detail was attended to, and the car was complete. The ballast of water had been added with experimental accuracy. There were no things amiss to slip. This intelligent exponent of the machine's highest genius stood before ground like a horse unsheltered. She was confident to no fault, and with no friends, troubled by no fear of collision.

There she stood, the mistress of the ether, ready to take possession of her rightful kingdom at the slightest touch upon her metal heart.

"Kick me out, boys, as a traitor!" said Jack. "They'll believe it, outside there. I'll talk to them about dynamite—the same dynamite to them! I'll get a chance at Mr. Vanderlyn and put him up saying a thing or two and he'll come in."

"No, let me go," said Royal Sterne, eagerly. "I've dealt with Indians on the plains. I can manage such a tough lot as these."

"It runs in our family to run into danger," said Jack Hardy, quietly. "We're always the ones. We have to be. I'll go."

"Oh, gentlemen, protect a poor man!" groaned Jack Hardy. "They've shot me out!"

"An' that us will, sure!" cried the roughest of the party.

"I'm nearly murdered," continued Jack, rubbing his shoulder and aching toward Mr. Vanderlyn, who began to be greatly troubled.

sol' there was gold enough to insure a safe start from any point so far as gold could avail.

But now the hour of starting had struck. In awe and wonder the mechanism of the ship stood and stared around this vessel, so soon to wing her glided way through the air. Even they did not know where she was bound. She was the first vessel of her kind to go where her designer should decide. The six stood silently for a moment in the padded car.

"It looks a little different from the 'old Pullman smoke,'" said Royal with a light laugh, as he tossed his curls back and touched the wicker ceiling with his crown. Each man looked sober enough.

"If there's anything else I can do for you, gentlemen," asked the merchant with voice trembling with rest feeling. "As soon as you start you are heroes! If you come back successful you shall live in the pages of history forever."

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FAIR LILIES FOR EASTER.

All the Churches Will Be Decked With Them One Week From To-day.

The Money It Costs to Ornament a Church in New York City.

Unique and Beautiful Designs—What Flowers Are Most in Demand for That Day.

It will not be long before the churches will be decked in all their Easter glory.

At present, during the Lenten season, they present a sombre appearance, as one drops in of an early morning. There are only a few stray kneelers to be seen, many of the altars and fonts are covered, and the effect upon the mind is properly, no doubt—sombre and subduing.

The profusion of decoration in some churches and the meagerness in others lead me to wonder whether it cost very much to decorate for this particular day.

"Of course," he said, in response to my inquiries, "church decoration is confined for the most part to Episcopal and Catholic churches. The other denominations, for some reason, do not go into it very elaborately. This is no doubt partly because they believe in simplicity where all matters of religion are concerned, but more, I think, because of the construction of their altars. Very little can be done with a church that has no chancel. All we can do is to fill the altar vases with loose cut flowers and place plants and palms around the altar.

"Easter decorations differ materially from those of other festive occasions. In the first place the chancel only is adorned. On Christmas and Thanksgiving the churches are hung with greens and autumnal fruits, and wherever the eye rests one sees rich greens, red berries or some brilliant decoration. But at Easter all things are white, and care is lavished upon the altar. To be sure, we did one year fill the windows of one church with tall lilies growing out of a wire framework, which we constructed for the purpose, but this was an exception.

"Another characteristic of Easter decorating is the coloring. Most of the flowers used are white. Occasionally a bright color is introduced, but it is the exception. The pinks, reds and greens seem to be a fitting representation of what the day commemorates.

"We try to be quite original each year in the case of each church. For instance, Trinity chapel has generally been decorated quite simply, with nothing but blooming plants on either side of the chancel steps and around the altar and font. But this year it is to be quite elaborate. Immense sea-las, about five feet and a half in diameter, will be placed on either side of the altar. They will be like huge umbrellas and will be very striking and effective. A large vase filled with choice flowers will stand in front of the altar, and the altar itself will have a solid mass of lilies about six inches high, and a goodly number of them. On the chancel steps lilies will bloom and plants will be placed all around the choir stalls and the font. Tropical palms will rise from each side of the chancel.

"St. Thomas' church is a very effective one to decorate. You will remember that it is built in the form of a cross and that the chancel forms the top of the table. It being rather low in churchmanship, the table stands out and admits of decoration behind it. We intend to place at the back tall tropical palms in rich profusion. On either side of the chancel will rise a tall pyramid—starting at the top with a slender, graceful and gradually widening out as it nears the bottom. It will be composed, with the exception of the palm, of different varieties of white flowers, lilies, azaleas, white lilac, white clematis, Mums, Platanus roses and white stocks. These pyramids will stand twenty feet high. Towering palms will rise on each side of the chancel.

"Calvary church has a good rail, which can be decorated with good results. It will be entwined with lilies, and behind will stand a white cross on either side of the steps composed entirely of white roses. We propose to cover the font with a close-fitting wire arrangement in which lilies will be closely placed, so that the font will be converted into a blooming lily bed. Towering palms will rise on each side of the chancel.

"The Church of the Transfiguration, or, as it is usually called, 'The Little Church Around the Corner,' is an exquisite little church to decorate. Its beautiful windows, its intricate paintings, its subdued light, all tend to enhance the fine effects that are produced by the green and which floral groups. The chancel, however, is almost too small to admit of any elaborate places. There we shall place a small coronet of white lilies on either side of the altar. Loose flowers will fill the altar vases and a few palms will rise on both sides of the chancel.

"The decorations for Grace church have not yet been decided upon. They were somewhat beautiful and original last year. The back wall of the chancel was completely covered with a rare, fine variety of tropical palms. Under the palms were placed delicate plants, hydrangeas and lilies, with a garland of roses thrown across it. A wreath of roses adorned the pulpit. The chancel rail was covered with hyacinths and the font was adorned with lilies that clung close to it.

"Trinity is never very gay, but clothes itself more soberly in palms and a few lilies, as befitting its rather sombre architecture. Last year Dr. Morgan Dix wore white linen vestments which were embroidered

FIRST GUN OF THE WAR.

Tuesday, April 12, Thirty-First Anniversary of the Firing on Sumter.

An Eye-Witness Relates Incidents of the Two Days' Fight.

Replacing the Stars and Stripes, Shot From the Staff—The Surrender of Major Anderson.

(Written for THE HELENA INDEPENDENT.)

APRIL 12, THIRTY-ONE YEARS ago to-day the first gun sounded the prelude to the great war drama, the curtain of which fell four years afterward on the dead bodies of nearly a million of the actors and a loss of billions of dollars.

The echo of the last stroke of four from the historic chimneys of St. Michael's had scarcely died away, when a group of soldiers gathered around a mortar in Fort Jackson, Charleston harbor, and waited, watch in hand, for the moment when the signal should sound the tocsin of civil war and the dark knell of eighty years of peace. A half hour later, obedient to the orders from Gen. Beauregard, followed a flash of light, the thunder of a gun, and an eleven-inch shell traced its pathway toward Fort Sumter with a long, thin line of fire. Another quickly succeeded, and the chorus of battle began. The first of these shells

was fired by Capt. George S. James, the second by Lieut. Hampton Gibbs.

Among the officers in the mortar battery were Col. James H. Chestnut, ex-United States senator, Capt. Stephen D. Lee, subsequently a lieutenant-general, and Col. Alexander H. R. Huger, then a major, by whom his final note to Major Anderson had been conveyed to the fort.

No pen, tongue or canvas can accurately portray the scene of that April morning in the city of Charleston, when its inhabitants were startled from their slumbers by the

entire Cherokee nation learned and need it.

There are eighty-five characters in Sequoyah's alphabet, and by appropriation from the Cherokee legislature a newspaper called the Advocate is now printed and circulated in that language.

Copyright. JOHN PAUL BOOCK.

JAP MILLER.

Jap Miller died at Martinville the blessedest feller I've seen in a talkin' other folks is apt to get down on 'em.

"Pears like that mouth of his a wasn't made for Batjes to gargle 'em down and gether in their pants."

He'll talk you down on taffit, or he'll talk you down on tax.

And prove the poor man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts: Religion, law, or politics, prize-fightin' or base ball, Jos' teeb Jap up a lites and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the chomelst feller ever tilted back a cheser.

And tuck a tow tobaccoer kinder like he didn't keep.

There's where the feller's kinther lays—he a so common-slick and plain.

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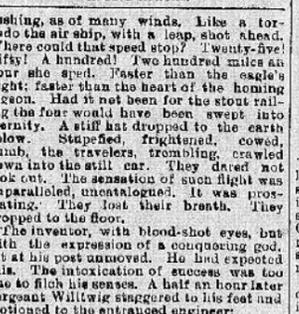
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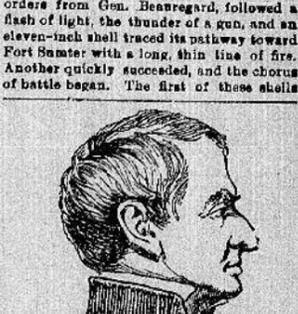
"THEY'VE NEARLY MURDERED ME."



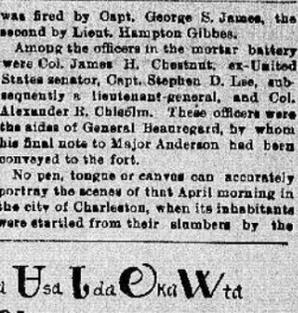
"IN FIVE MONTHS."



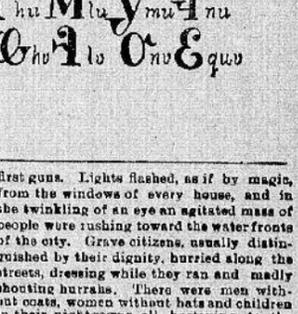
"TO BE CONTINUED."



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