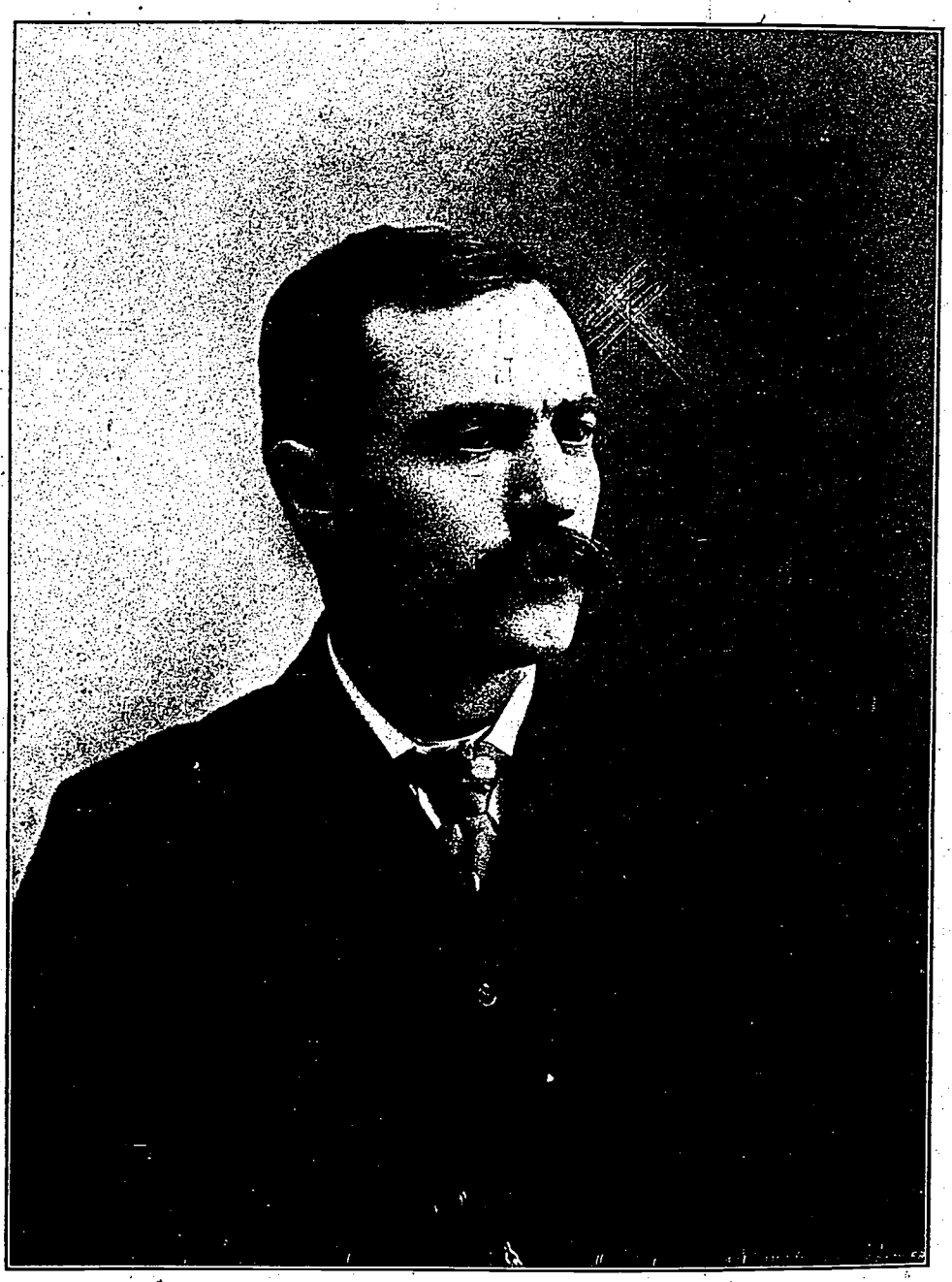


HON. JOHN J. QUINN.

The Miners' Magazine

APRIL 1901

Published by the Western Federation of Miners at 1613 Court Place, Denver, Colorado; P. O. Box 1615. $1.00 a Year.

EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.

Unions are requested to write some communication each month for publication.

Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line.

Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communicatons will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

Entered at the Postoffice at Denver, Colorado, as second-class matter.

CONDITIONS IN CRESTONE.

Mr. J. C. Sullivan of Victor, Colorado, returned from Crestone, Colorado, last month, where he went in the interest of the Western Federation of Miners, and reports that a boom is being fostered in that section of country which is deceiving many miners who go there in search of employment.

He says there is about 100 men working on property on the Baca land grant, twelve and one-half miles square.

This is strictly a corporation concern, which pays miners $3 per day for ten hours and carmen $2.50 per day for twelve hours, with company boarding house at $1 for board and three per cent. for compulsory insurance.

Mr. Sullivan says the country is nearly all located and advises men seeking employment to keep away from there, unless they have money enough to return to their homes or go to some better camp.

A VISIT TO PAUL CORCORAN.

After visiting Silver City and Delamar unions, in Idaho, where two splended meetings were held, we proceeded to Boise, arriving there February 27th.

The next day we called on Paul Corcoran and, contrary

to expectations, found him very well, considering his severe attack of rheumatism that confined him to the prison hospital.

Suffering incarceration as he is on account of the foul methods used to deprive him of his liberty, he is not undaunted in the least and makes no complaint.

His only request was to convey his regards to all members of the Federation and to thank them for all they had done for him.

It is to be regretted that there are so few such men in all organizations.

Unselfish, earnest and faithful, even when suffering from unjust incarceration.

Any cause that has such sterling men in its ranks must grow, for no power on earth can retard its progress until it has accomplished its labor.

PROTECTION AND PROSPERITY.

We wonder what explanation Republicans offer for the decline in the price of wool, which is quoted at 8 cents per pound, 3 cents below the tariff fixed by Congress.

As President McKinley caused a failure of crops in parts of Europe, Asia and Australia during his term in office, when crops burned for lack of water and sheep died with the scab, to enable the American farmer to sell his farm produce and wool at a high price so he could pay interest on his mortgage, we presume he is entitled to credit for the decline in the price of wool.

But this is not surprising. Perhaps this is owing to our expansion policy, and we want to educate the Republican wool growers that protection expands with territorial expansion, but always in favor of the trust.

We wish some Republican, who are the only good citizens we have, would enlighten us on the cause of wool selling at 3 cents per pound less than the tariff upon it.

THE DEATH OF MARK M. MITCHELL.

By the death of Mark M. Mitchell, secretary of Grass Valley Miners' Union, that organization has sustained a loss that will be hard to overcome, as he was an efficient officer in every respect and always worked for the best interests of the union. Having filled the office of financial secretary since the union was organized in 1894, it was largely due to his untiring efforts that Grass Valley union was such a success and a powerful factor in unionizing the state of California, which

was hostile to labor organizations until the miners of Grass Valley took the initiatory.

The influence of this union on the mining camps of California has had a wholesome effect and no one deserves greater praise for this than our worthy friend, Mr. Mitchell.

EIGHT HOUR LEGISLATION.

The Legislatures of Colorado and Idaho passed a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment, to be submitted to the electors of the state at the next general election, which, if adopted, will give the Legislature power to pass laws for the protection of the health and safety of employes in factories, smelters, mines and ore reduction works.

If this amendment is carried the next Legislatures of Colorado and Idaho can pass an eight hour law that will be constitutional so there will be no need of hiding behind the courts.

We cannot speak for the action of the next Colorado Legislature, but we do know that no eight hour law for miners or any other body of workingmen will pass in Idaho, for it is without exception the worst corporation-ridden state in the Union. While the workingmen of that state elect such men as they did at the last two elections there is no show for an eight hour law, or any other law that will benefit them. We wonder if the workingmen of Idaho will remain fools all their lives by continuing to vote for Democrats—yes, Democrats—who, were it possible, would barter and sell all their honor and manhood, if they ever had any, at the bidding of a corporation.

We wonder what the laboring people of that state think of the legislation enacted in their interest by the last Legislature. We advise them to invest in a microscope and see if they can find a single act passed in their interest by their Democratic friends.

But the corporations have no cause to complain on account of what they received from this subsidized body of toadies.

In the future we intend to show what was done in the Idaho Legislature, and how every bill calculated to benefit the workingmen was killed.

HON. JOHN J. QUINN.

The subject of our frontispiece in this issue is well known to all the delegates who attended the last convention of the Western Federation of Miners in Denver, and is universally liked by all the miners of Montana.

Though young in years, he has achieved an honor that few men possess—that of introducing and working for the passage of the eight hour law for miners, smeltermen and millmen in the last session of the Montana Legislature, which becomes operative May 6th.

Having received his first lesson in unionism in Virginia City, Mr. Quinn has always been a staunch advocate of union principles and at all times ready to work for the welfare of organized labor, regardless of consequences.

It can be truly said of him that he has always been independent and at no time under the influence of corporations or individuals, and this is an everlasting credit to any man who served in the last session of the Montana Legislature, where boodle—not principle—was the ruling power.

John J. Quinn was born in Gold Hill, Nevada, August 10, 1870, where he attended school until seventeen years of age, when he began work in the once famous Comstock mines of Virginia City.

Leaving Virginia City nine years ago for Bisbee, Arizona, where he remained a short time, he came to Butte, Montana, but did not remain long before he went to Tintic, Utah, and from there to the Coeur d'Alenes, where he worked in the principal mines until he returned to Butte.

In the election of 1890 Mr. Quinn was nominated and elected to the Legislature from Silver Bow county as a representative of organized labor, but men of his kind were few in that body and it was hard for him to accomplish much for those he represented.

He was trustee of Butte Miners' Union three terms, and was a delegate from that union to the last convention of the Western Federation of Miners. At the last election of officers in the beginning of March, while Mr. Quinn was attending to his legislative duties in Helena, he was elected president of Butte Miners' Union, an office he will fill with credit to himself and faithfulness to the union, for we venture to say that he will be guided by the best judgment in all matters, free from corporate influence.

THE STEEL AND RAILROAD COMBINE.

With the steel industry and the railroads formed into one combine, practically in the hands of one individual, successfully conducted in the interest of the few stockholders, it naturally follows that other industries will be added or absorbed by this combine until all rival competitors are obliterated.

If this can be done, as already demonstrated, the question arises, why should the people not derive the benefits accruing

from such combinations, and not confine it to a few individuals?

Certainly no individual or set of individuals are greater than all the people, and if an individual can appropriate to himself the profits accruing from the labor of millions of men, women and children, there is no reason why the people should tolerate such unnatural conditions. For in the end it must result in trouble which may not be easily overcome.

Were our system not so pernicious in its systematic robbery of the laborer, Carnegie would have no millions to donate for charitable purposes. The millions he donates does not belong to him, for neither he or any other man can produce one million dollars in a lifetime of labor, unless he deprives other people of what belongs to them.

While we appreciate the generosity of Carnegie, which is far superior to that of other millionaires like Rockefeller, Gould and Clark of Montana, who cling to their millions like a drowning man to a life-preserver, the fact remains that no man should have millions to distribute for charity's sake, and there should be no man or woman on the earth—much less in America—in need of such charity.

A millionaire's contribution to charitable institutions reminds us of the highwayman who robbed his man and afterward repented, but, fearing arrest, did not return the money to the owner, but was generous with it at public functions while the man he robbed was dying in want on account of the injuries received while being robbed.

The laborer is robbed of what he produces and afterwards part of it is returned to him as an act of charity.

Such combinations will, in the end, do more good than most people imagine, for they will affect the middle man as much as the laborer, and when this becomes more oppressive and the middle man is forced out of business, he will not be so prejudiced against the working man, nor say that his business will suffer on account of the strike against a reduction of wages.

These combinations will result in the people owning and controlling all the natural resources of the country when political bigotry and prejudice will yield to common sense and intelligence.

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The above is the title of a pamphlet of forty pages by Father T. McGrady of Bellevue, Kentucky, for sale by the Debs Publishing Company of Terre Haute, Indiana; price, 10 cents.

This little pamphlet, although simple in every sentence,

is by far the most logical exposition of the industrial question we have ever read.

Its language and illustrations are so beautiful you become so intoxicated with its value when you read the last page you are compelled to read it a second time before you lay it aside.

The author clearly demonstrates that he has studied the industrial question and understands it thoroughly, as will be seen by the following extracts, which we publish to show our readers how far the author is in advance of the laboring people, in whose interest he wrote this splendid article:

"Wealth consists of natural products that have been modified by human exertion so as to fit them for the gratification of human desires."

"The land in itself is not wealth, for land in itself cannot satisfy human desires."

"In vain would you appeal to the hills and vales to transform their verdure into lager beer and sauerkraut."

"In vain would you plead with the woods and groves to transmit their growth into potatoes and macaroni."

"It requires labor to develop the latent energies of nature, and to bring forth its hidden possibilities."

Again he says: "Man has a right to life. But land is necessary to the exercise of that right; therefore, man has a right to the use of land and it cannot become private property."

"He that owns the land is master of those who live upon it, and can force them to give him the privilege of living. If I owned the entire earth I could drive every human being into the briny deep."

"I could compel the multitude to serve me under the stroke of the lash, or crouch as minions at the foot of my throne."

Again, he says:

"Democrats and Republicans speak of the harmony between labor and capital."

"There can be no harmony between opposing forces, for the existence of one depends upon the destruction of the other."

"Capital and labor are like two boys playing see-saw, one must go down when the other goes up."

"Why should we express so much sympathy for King Humbert, the oppressor of the masses, and have no word of compassion for the hundreds of men, women and children whom his soldiers slaughtered in the bread riots a few years ago?"

"Bresci committed one murder, but Humbert, and the system he represents, has killed thousands."

These are a fair sample of the illustrations that fill the pamphlet which makes it so valuable.

On another page we publish Mr. Debs' advertisement, giving the price of this pamphlet in clubs, and we sincerely hope that every union in the W. F. of M. will order as many of those pamphlets as their treasury will permit and distribute them everywhere, for they are more valuable than the average member realizes.

Order them without delay and begin the work of propaganda, not alone among our members, but everywhere, and no better start can be made than by distributing thousands of those pamphlets among the people.

MINE OWNERS EMPLOYING JAPS.

Elsewhere we publish a notice of Texada union of British Columbia, which is composed of coal miners, and situated seventy miles from the city of Vancouver.

This notice is of particular interest to the other three branches of labor that compose the Western Federation of Miners, namely, quartz miners, engineers and smeltermen, who have not been forced into competition with Mongolian and Japanese laborers, except in California, where W. F. Bradley, the president of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company of bull pen fame, operating at Wardner, Idaho, employed Chinese in the Old Spanish mine in Nevada county, California, and discharged all the white miners when the Chinese became proficient in the art of mining.

We see that the Japs have displaced the white men on the railroads, and now they are displacing them in the coal mines, and it won't be long till they displace the quartz miners and smeltermen and engineers, for it is admitted that the Jap is a very apt student, much more so than the Chinaman.

Every laboring man and woman in the United States and Canada who are depending upon their daily labor for an existence, will soon be in the same position as the miners of Texada, for the patriotic corporations, whose agents are always against foreigners and the reign of anarchy when workingmen refuse to submit to their oppression, are determined to dispose of the white laborer in favor of an inferior race who are more docile and submissive.

In our opinion an attempt will soon be made to introduce Japanese into the quartz mines and smelters, and when that time comes the workingman who will raise his voice against them in either country will be called an agitator who is scaring capital by the very men he is trying to protect.

The miners of British Columbia have in the past made a most gallant fight to maintain the eight hour workday, and we sincerely hope they will be successful in their contest against the importation of Japs to reduce their standard of living.

We wish it were possible to arouse our members everywhere from their lethergy of indifference to the danger that confronts them before it is too late.

They should remember that it is useless to attempt to stop a buzz-saw while propelled by a full head of steam by indulging in pleasant platitudes. It will only stop when the steam is turned off at the valve. So it is with trusts and syndicates; when their special privileges that have been granted them by what politicians call the majesty of the law are abrogated and the natural resources of the country restored to the people to which they belong.

Destroy the privileges granted to combinations of capital by legislative assemblages and place them on an equality with labor and the Jap and Chinaman will not be feared by the working people of the United States or Canada.

POWER OF INTEREST—A STARTLING ARRAY OF FIGURES SHOWING THE DANGERS OF DEBT.

It may not be very widely known, but it is nevertheless true, that $1 carefully cultivated in the fertile fields of usury at the low rate of four per cent. interest, compounded quarterly, as our present bonds are, will be paid as follows:

Once in 9 years if they run 25 years.
Once in 7 years if they run 50 years.
Once in 4 years if they run 75 years.
Once in 2 years if they run 100 years.
Once in 26 days if they run 200 years
Once in 17 hours if they run 300 years.
Once in 26 minutes if they run 500 years.
Once in each second if they run 600 years.

It is not strange that Bonaparte remarked when contemplating the power of compound usury, "It is astonishing that the deadly fact which lies hidden in that table has not devoured the whole human race." I say it has done so often and is far on the way to do so again.

In the face of these facts we have some fifteenth century statesmen who favor the issue of more bonds rather than the payment of those which are already out. It must be remembered that fifteenth century statesmen maintained that "the earth was flat," and they proved it by the imprisonment of Galileo,

who recklessly taught the fallacy (?) that it was round. Who could controvert such an argument as that?

Ancient theology and statesmanship are full of such wisdom in regard to astronomy and geology, and our present civilized age has produced the same class of teachers in the world of finance. There is no party in it. There is no religion in it. There is no age, color or sex in it. But it seems to have been reserved for this age to produce that wisdom born of greed that will maintain that gold only can be used as money of final payment.

We must cut loose from this coin basis or perish.

If we must have a material or "intrinsic value" base for our paper money, let us broaden the base by including the great staple of commerce.

It is just as easy to ascertain the value of 100 pounds of wheat, corn, oats, rye, rice, beef, pork, lard, cotton, wool or flax as it is to find the value of 23.22 grains of gold or 271.25 grains of silver.

Therefore let us issue wheat certificates, etc., for use as money, just as we now issue gold and silver certificates to use as money. This may look foolish to those who have not thought on that line. I freely concede that it is foolish to insist on any material base for any of our paper money. But it is not half so idiotic as to confine ourselves to gold only and then shrink our business to fit the narrow base of a metal, the least elastic in its volume of any that could be found. In my opinion it were far better to seek a perfect and scientific money that I will outline thus:

Issue a full legal tender paper money "redeemable in any and every commodity produced in the United States at its market value," including both gold and silver. Then let us require the secretary of the treasury to buy all of the gold and silver that may be offered at the market price of $16 per ounce for fine gold and $1 per ounce for fine silver, and in this ratio up to $20 for gold and $1.25 for silver per ounce, and continue this purchase of both metals at the 16 to 1 ratio till we have enough to pay off all of our coin obligations, when I would relegate both to the realms of commerce where they properly belong, there to wage a friendly (?) rivalry as to whether the ratio shall be 16 to 1, 20 to 1, 32 to 1 or x to y, in the last of which both are unknown quantities.

There is no more reason that we shall set a price by law on gold or on silver than to fix a price by law (minimum) on grain, meat or fibers.

Let us cut loose from metal or add all of the staple articles of commerce. This may be the only way that we shall be able to stop speculation in the staple necessaries of human life.—D. L. Braucher in Chicago Express.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I.

I am tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
  And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
  And a toiler dies in a day.

II.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
  I would go where the children play,
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

III.

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands, too skillful,
  And the child-mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown willful
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

IV.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low nestle
  And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway,
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

LABOR HISTORY LESSONS.

By Henry Cohen.

LABOR IN EARLIEST TIMES.—III.

NO FREEDOM IN SAVAGERY.

The lack of freedom in primitive tribes, the iron rules laid down by custom or by law, and law is nothing but crystalized custom, must appear to the reader as something different from the stories usually told of savages; of the free sons of the forest who roamed as free as the wind.

THE POETIC IDEA OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The fancies of the poets also disregard the fierce passions and the low tastes of primitive peoples. Those of us who live near the frontier of civilization and who have seen Indians occasionally, seek in vain for the Hiawathas and Minnehahas. They are truly and exclusively the creatures of the poet's brain.

The good old times were not good times for love nor for labor, especially in the romantic form Longfellow puts it.

In speaking of the development of any of these institutions I will fail entirely in my purpose if the reader thinks the different changes were quickly wrought. I do not mean the hunter on a certain morning arose with the idea that he would like to become a herdsman and on another he took a notion to become an agriculturist. Not only hundreds, but thousands of generations had to pass before the slightest changes were made.

PROGRESS NECESSARILY SLOW.

The simplest change in a weapon or a tool marked an epoch. The Neolithic Age (the New Stone Age) is probably the beginning of man as a tool-using animal, and to form an idea of his condition at that time we must remember that fire was unknown, language with the exception of a few rudimentary sounds, was not in being. There were no thoughts to be exchanged; intellectual commerce no more existed than that of goods.

EARLIEST TOOLS AND UTENSILS.

From this absolutely flat level of mental and material poverty the first move was to stone tools and sun-baked clay utensils.

With no knowledge of building even the rudest hut, early man lived in caves; not knowing the art of weaving they used the skins of animals for clothing. How to make a fire was also a later acquisition of knowledge, so the meat was eaten

raw. It may have been dried or seasoned, but it certainly was not cooked.

This digression from the subject proper is to help the student's sense of proportion. For without it the reader of history does not get the correct idea of progress. To suppose sudden advancement by the genius of some great individual while all the rest are looking idly on is also to mistake things. Thousands of attempts at innovations were made before the slightest change appeared. Perhaps it would be more correct to say the changes were imperceptible except the great ones such as the advent of fire before mentioned, or the making of copper, bronze or iron.

SLAVERY AS A CONDITION.

Let us now return to the subject. The laborer had been enslaved by force and he was kept in that condition by the same means. But a way had to be found to keep him in that condition, not by chains, or walls, or watchmen; not by physical force, but by mental power. Let not the reader fear a lecture on hypnotism, nor will I inflict a dissertation on mind reading. The exercise of mental power was in fixing the status of the slave.

SLAVERY AS AN INSTITUTION.

In other words slavery had been a condition; it must now be fixed as an institution. Just as clay which has been moulded must be baked or else it will crumble into the powder that formed it. The slave born into that condition must not throw off the yoke even if he has the power. He must be taught that his inferiority will always continue. He can never be anything else; his masters are superior beings. It is, therefore, the will of the fetich, the gods or the spirits, that some should be masters and some slaves. Thus the religion of that day sanctioned it. To rebel against the master would destroy the state, so rebellion was treason to the state; finally society itself would not hold together if one class were not willing to do all the work. Thus religion, patriotism and order were the reasons given, so it is not strange that in time the slave himself looked upon his condition as the proper one, though he perished in upholding it.

NECESSITY FOR CHANGE.

The growth of nations, either through the increase of tribes or their fusing, or both, kept on, but the customs and manners of the tribal state were no longer necessary, and it has often happened that what was once a virtue becomes a vice. When war is common the best tribe or nation is the one most ready and able to fight. So, too, with the adoption of slavery, those who adopt it the quickest succeed. But

when these have run their time and change is again in order, those who can change most quickly are the superior ones. Mobility is therefore the great quality and those who lack it fall behind.

QUESTIONS.

How does the poetic conception of primitive man differ from the historical?

How does progress move?

What was man's mental condition in "The Stone Age?"

What kind of a dwelling did he have?

What did he wear?

How was his food prepared?

What were the earliest tools?

Of what were the first utensils made?

Which were the four great discoveries in the early ages?

How was slavery fixed as an institution?

In what does a nation's capacity for progress lie?

A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN.

(By Max O'Rell.)

I have often thought that nature has been very hard upon woman. It is true that she has endowed some women with beauty and fascinating charms of great power, but, even in these she has placed unnecessary difficulties in their path and handicapped them most unmercifully in the race with man. But most of their grievances are of man's making, and man cannot redress them.

And as woman felt, somehow, that she could not apply to man with a view to attaining that end, she has sulked and sometimes made herself particularly disagreeable to him. And he, being very busy at work, in order to keep her and her family, has let her air her grievances for peace's sake. Practically nothing has come of it, of course.

Now, just as nature kills or cures the body, just so will she, in time, cure the minds of men as well as their bodies. By the year of grace 2000 woman will have returned to her old ways of thinking and realize that her most beautiful role is that of wife and mother, proclaimed queen of her home, with perfect and unquestioned empire over her children, and partner of her husband, whose worldly goods she will share and manage with him.

But I do not believe that by the end of the twentieth century the laws of matrimony will remain as they stand now. I am inclined to think that the Legislatures of all the civilized nations in the world will, during this coming century, change the laws of the tenure of the land, so as to nationalize the earth and all the treasures that are hidden in it and that grow on

it; that they will work themselves by the means of locomotion; that they will change the laws of inheritance and adjust the labor and capital question so that no one in the community will be allowed to enjoy the privileges of wealth without returning some equivalent for it to that community.

In the nineteenth century a man who has enjoyed a large private income and does no work has gone by the name of gentleman; before the end of the twentieth century he will be called a loafer.

Finally, I believe that the same Legislatures will alter the laws that bind men and women together for life in matrimony. Such is the program traced out for the twentieth century.

I believe (upon my word I do) that people will not be allowed to get married just as they please and simply because they please. The state will interfere with the private lives of the citizens, far more than it does now, for the good of the community at large. Private interests will have to yield to national interests.

Old men of seventy-five and eighty will not be allowed to marry young girls of twenty. Old ladies, in a temporary state of insanity, will not be allowed to be taken to the altar by money-seeking young men of twenty-five, whatever indemnity these old ladies may be wishing to settle on these young men for the pleasure of adopting them.

Nay, more than that. I believe that sickly persons will not be allowed to marry and thus be enabled to spoil the race, which is already threatening to overcrowd the earth. And so will be the case with men or women having insanity in their families.

Before the laws allow couples to marry they will require them to pass an examination and prove that they are fit persons for the undertaking, that their bodies and minds are sound and that they have means of existence. Their antecedents will be examined thoroughly.

By the adoption of such laws, with the constant improvement of sanitary arrangements, with the progress of the science of medicine, with healthier and more intelligently led lives, disease will disappear; the human race will get more and more strong, healthy and beautiful, and men and women will, more and more, be in love with each other.

Thanks to these laws and a better understood education of the people, the sexual relations will improve in every respect.

I say EDUCATION.

Yes, girls will be told, as before, that they should think of preparing to become one day good wives and good mothers; but boys will also be told to devote a few moments of their youth thinking of preparing to become one day decent husbands and tolerable fathers. Indeed, I believe that the prin-

ciples of a happy, useful and healthy matrimonial life will be included in the curriculum of schools and colleges, both for boys and girls.—New York Journal.

WORK OF A REFORMER.

The inventions and labor-saving devices which have become possible since steam was first applied to the running of machinery have increased the productive power of labor thirty fold.

We need not tell the laborer that he is not thirty times better off than his great grandfather, even though he asks the question, for he has a right to expect an increase in prosperity equal to the increased power of wealth production.

If he has been idle for six months, he will wonder how it would have been possible for his ancestor to be worse off. But should he be lucky enough "to have a job" he will find, on comparing their conditions, that his share in the general increase of productive power has been very small, notwithstanding all the inventions destined to lighten his burdens and decrease his toil. Why this increased efficiency of labor has not benefited the laborer more, and why it is that labor, after creating all the wealth of the world, receives only a pittance as its reward, is the "labor question." But before the labor question can be understood, in fact before people will admit it as a problem demanding solution, an analysis must be made of production and exchange.

A knowledge of the process by which wealth is distributed is absolutely necessary to an understanding of the question, and if a reformer cannot describe this process he can be set down as a quack.

What are the features of the present svstem?

A market nearly always glutted with goods, in which it is easy to buy but hard to sell.

A large portion of the workers in enforced idleness.

Periodical panics, bringing bankruptcy to the employer and pauperism to the employe.

Why is not the demand for labor and products steady and why are there more laborers than places?

Is the surplus of labor in the market due to artificial conditions, or are there really too many laborers?

It is the present system of production, or, to speak more clearly, the restrictions on the present system that cause the evils just mentioned. The laborer receives in wages only a fraction of his product. The smallness of wages as a quantity

keeps the laborer poor. This is self-evident. But the poverty and enforced idleness of the whole working class are because their wages are small as a proportion to the whole product created.

This is not so clearly seen.

Suppose a journeyman baker makes 100 loaves of bread and the wages he receives therefor will buy only seventy loaves, thirty are left. A few of these the employer takes for his own use, and the remaining ones wait for buyers. The journeyman can buy no more because his wages are all gone, and the baker boss tells him he cannot re-employ him until the rest of the loaves are sold.

This is an illustration of what is going on in every trade and at all times.

Under consumption and not overproduction is the proper term for this condition. Not having the means to buy the products that are glutting the market is what causes the depression and helps us to understand the saying: "Three seasons of abundance will ruin a farmer." The extra products find no market.

The working class are poor because they have created too much wealth, and just as poor as though they were in a country where very little is produced.

Neither Rabelais nor Cervantes ever dreamed of such an absurdity.

The commercial world wants new markets, hoping in this way to find an outlet for surplus goods, but it is not absolute surplus. It is a relative surplus. We would have a perpetual market for all we can possibly produce if it were only equitably distributed. We need not look abroad for new markets when we have a large, half fed and half clothed population who are anxious to consume more and who would gladly give equivalent for all they get.

What proportion must the workers receive before they can buy from the general stock as much as they have put into it? The question almost anticipates the answer—they must receive a wage that will buy the full product, and thus restore the equilibrum between the demand for and the supply of products. Given this condition and overplus of goods and idle workers will be impossible. The solution of the question necessitates such changes in the methods as will give to labor the full product. Not only because ethics require that it be done, but also because economic necessity demands it, and in the most imperative manner. As long as a social system continues and the tendency is for it to be thrown more and more out of balance, until the very existence of society is threatened, all our energies should be put forth to show where the evil lies and how the equilibrium can be restored.

TASKS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Richard Le Gallienne, in the New York Journal, says:

"The tasks of the twentieth century! Generally speaking, the one comprehensive task of any new century is the millennium—and, of course, it would be easy to sketch that. So much is naturally expected from the youthful heir to the weary throne of the centuries. No child was ever born who was not reckoned upon to correct the mistakes of his parents. All the nineteenth century has failed in it is the bounded duty of the twentieth century to accomplish. The prodigal father demands the model son. But let us not give way to the selfish pleasure of generalization. The nineteenth century, though ended badly, was on the whole a century of which the twentieth century has every reason to be proud. Few centuries have had such generous and well-meaning fathers, and if in the vast and brilliant jumble of inheritance which is so soon to pass on to the new possessor there should be no little trouble, it is mainly that trouble which necessarily belongs to new riches. The nineteenth century has been a century of surprises. It has had to face more new things under the sun than any preceding century. Undreamed of natural forces and unprophesied social developments have been sprung upon it with a bewildering lack of consideration. It has discovered more novelties than any century that has gone before, novelties fundamentally disorganizing and originally constructive; and if it has been unequal to making all the necessary readjustments—who shall blame it? In a sense one might call it the Parvenu among the centuries. It has come unexpectedly into so much wealth that it has not known how to use it. It is, one might say, the America of the centuries.

"If you name but two of the radiant responsibilities of the nineteenth century, you will realize what its marvel and its burden has been. It has practically discovered machinery and electricity. Innocent dreamers in laboratories allowed these terrible and beneficent genii to escape from the bottle of the mysterious universe in which they had been confined since the beginning. The nineteenth century has done its best with them—but those two forces have proved so much more powerful than it expected that it has almost come to wishing that they were back in the bottle. But that is always a futile wish. The cork goes not back into the bottle. Perhaps the chief practical task of the twentieth century will be the taming of these strange elemental forces, so that they shall work for man instead of man working for them. We all know that the idea in the minds of the dreamers of machinery (and under that term I shall include all mod-

ern applied science) was the lightening of human labor—just as a man buys a motor car to save him from walking. That expectation, however, we all know too well has not been fulfilled. A few favored ones are carried in the motor car, but for the most part the motor car is carried on the shoulders of a straining, sweating humanity. Machinery, instead of proving a liberator, has proved the most terrible engine of enslavement the world has ever seen. Of course, we all know that—and we know the reason of it. The reason, of course, is that a few rich men have bought up all the machines. These men we call capitalists—the little gods of the machine. Perhaps if mankind could abolish the capitalist he might be able to control the machine.

"Here, then, to start with, are two tasks for the twentieth century.

"The abolition of the capitalist.

"The use, instead of the abuse, of machinery.

"It may be that a terrible and bloody revolution will be needed to accomplish these changes, or they may come about peacefully by the broadening of the general intelligence, the humanization of public opinion, and the growth of moral conscience in the multitude, which shall realize the cruelty of wealth and the criminal nature of monopoly. Not only the cruelty, but the vulgarity of wealth! I hope that early in the twentieth century the world will begin to realize that it is bad taste to be rich.

"From this realization will necessarily follow the abolition of organized poverty. I say 'organized' advisedly, because, while poverty occasionally follows from personal inadequacy or unworthiness, a man, as a rule, socially speaking, has no more right to be poor than he has a right to be rich. As one man is rich because he cannot help it, so another is poor because he cannot help it. Both need help from the twentieth century. Abolish organized wealth, and we shall have no more of organized poverty. There will be even enough left over in the world for the failures and the ne'er-do-wells!

"In the twentieth century no man shall flatter himself that because out of sheer luck he happened, one summer day, to sit down upon an oil well, that oil well belongs to him. He shall have a commission for his luck, in token of the gratitude of his fellow-man for discovering something that—belongs to them; a small and adequate commission and no more—just as we pay a reward to someone who has found our purse.

"The abolition of the capitalist, I have said, will be one great task of the twentieth century; another will be: How to do without the capitalist? That I leave to the twentieth century.

"I am speaking first of practical matters, those economical problems which must ever—or until they are solved, which may seem the same thing—challenge us first in any broad consideration of the future of mankind. Every man and woman born have a right to enough food and clothes and sleep and pleasure, and there is more than enough in the world for all of them. The problem is one of distribution, not of supply. Other problems there are to solve, but this is of first importance. This must be solved, and has always the first claim on our attention. But there are other problems which bear upon it, and the solution of which would help considerably.

"Perhaps the chief trouble with the world is its vulgarity—the vulgarity that apes an unfamiliar and uncomfortable magnificence, a vulgarity that has not the courage to be coarse, the temperament to be refined or the taste to choose. To know what one really cares for is the beginning of wisdom. The world works and wars for so many things that in its heart it cares nothing about; and the things it cares for best it pays for heaviest. Most of the sorrow of the world comes from its vulgarity.

"The world, I repeat, is always paying in blood and tears for something it does not want—while its real happiness goes by. A sane, average human happiness is not expensive. To achieve that there need be no ruinous strife of markets, or bitter wars of partition—of land that belongs to none of the partitioners. It is the vulgar plutocrats who put up the price of human happiness and by their foolish examples bewilder an imitative humanity with false ideals. If for no other reason, we should abolish these dazzling vulgarians of capital, because they interfere with the appearance of those finer and simpler standards of living by which I believe the aristocracy of the twentieth century will be measured. Yes, the abolition of spurious aristocracies, and the substitution of real aristocracies. If only the twentieth century can accomplish that! If it only establish a truer theory of human values! Broadly speaking, human values are at present measured by money—yet no one really takes the standard seriously. The rich who are nothing else are clearly seen to be ridiculous, and the world laughs at them in its sleeve. Who has not visited in rich men's houses, where the servants were the real ladies and gentlemen, and how many thousands, nay, millions, of gentle, refined creatures are wasting themselves day and night, heart-broken, spirit-crushed that their vulgar taskmasters and taskmistresses shall strut in laughable state before the world? Of course, no century will ever entirely rid us of such anomalies.

"There are many other particular tasks to which the

twentieth century will set its hand, and probably accomplish, but they are virtually included in the general tasks of which I have spoken. Such, for example, is the question of old age pensions, which is but a branch of the great labor and capital problem, and will be solved with that."

COURTING IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The art of courtship, as practiced in France and England, leaves the amorous Gaul sometimes at a decided disadvantage, and sometimes at a marked advantage, by comparison with the Briton. On the whole I think honors are easy.

Take the declaration of love. In France, the foolish animal has to go on his knees at the feet of the adored one, who through her modestly drooping eyelashes can make an inventory of the suitor's least defects, of the bald spot on his crown, his languishing eyes, with their white turned up in the ardor of passion, maybe, of the little wart which will obtrude itself for observation, especially at such a moment. The poor Frenchman is obliged to run the risk of making himself very ridiculous.

But now, turn to England. There, if you would a-wooing go, you sit down comfortably, very much at your ease, with the beloved object of your dreams at your side, or sitting on a cushion at your feet. Thus situated, you can murmur your soft whispers of love into her ears without any risk of dislocating your spinal column. The ladies will possibly think that the business is more nicely arranged in France, but they will hardly get the other sex to agree with them.

In America I never was able to make any observations on the subject. Those provoking Yankees invariably waited until I had left their houses to proceed to business.

What adds, however, to the charm of the French system of making love is that French girls do not enjoy the same freedom as English girls do, and that the declarations of love are made in the sweet moments stolen from the watchfulness of her parents.

What, for instance, would an English girl, or, for that matter, an American one, think of the young lady, in M. Victorien Sardou's comedy of "Old Bachelors," who, finding herself alone with her lover, a lover to whom she is engaged to be married, reproaches him with having ventured into her presence when he knew that there was no one with her?

"N'cest-ce pas que c'est bon d'etre ensemble?" pleads the young man. "Je n'ai pas dit que ce ne fut pas bon," replies the young lady in good epigrammatic style, "J'ai dit que ce n'etait pas bien."

To the Anglo-Saxon people who have not familiarized

themselves with French customs and modes of thought it seems simply inconceivable that a girl, who intends to intrust to a particular man the happiness of her life, should think there could be danger, indiscretion, impropriety of any, even the slightest kind, in talking to him for a few moments without the presence of witnesses.

I have always pitied the English-speaking people for using the second person singular only when addressing the Almighty.

I am not speaking of poetry, of course, but of every-day conversational prose. The second person singular seems to me indisputable for the due expression of love. Where is the Frenchwoman who does not remember with a thrill of pleasure the never-to-be-forgotten moment when her lover, after many times saying to her: "Je vous aime," got emboldened enough, by her return of his deep affection, to change that "je vous aime" to "je t'aime."

She knows that this change of person sealed her fate, that, from the very moment that second person singular was used, she became his. "Je vous aime" will of course always appeal to the woman who loves the man who utters these words, but when "je t'aime" is whispered into her ears, she will close her eyes in ecstasy and be transported to heaven as if for eternal bliss.

This use of the second person singular in love affairs is not the only superiority that the French have over the Anglo-Saxon in the expression of the tender feelings. In England and, I believe, also in America, a woman is kissed on the lips by her father, mother, brothers and lady and girl friends. Of course her lover will do the same with more ardor, more expression, more "impression," but in France this is very seldom the case. Girls are kissed on the forehead by their father, and on the cheeks by all her other relatives and friends. Even a tiny little girl, on being asked for a kiss, will offer her cheeks, never her mouth. The lips are entirely reserved for Cupid.

A French philosopher has said that when a woman has surrendered her lips, she has surrendered everything; but he is right only as far as his countrywomen are concerned. Even after saying "je vous aime," the Frenchman will not dare kiss his sweetheart on the lips. It is only after risking the sacred second person singular, "je t'aime," that he will venture to do so, and thus stamp her his.

Well, after all is said and done, I have no doubt that Britons and Americans find that the second person plural, for want of the second person singular, answers the purpose well enough. And, forever and ever, men and women will love, without attempting to discover new methods or adopt foreign ones. The old story will ever be told. The old method will ever do.—Max O'Rell in New York Journal.

EMPLOYMENT AGENTS OF MINE OWNERS BUSY IN THE EAST.

Hardly a day passes that the Tribune does not receive letters from secretaries of unions and individuals inquiring if the labor difficulties of this district are yet settled. Some ask if martial law and the permit system are still in operation, and if the "strike" has been settled. The impression abroad concerning the Coeur d'Alene troubles still appears to be erroneous. There has been no strike here with the exceptions of the miners of one mine since April, 1899. But since the employers of that mine struck there has been a virtual lockout of all, or nearly all, members of the Coeur d'Alene unions of the Western Federation of Miners. The permit system and martial law have been employed to make that lockout effective, and while the permit system has been abolished a new system of blacklisting has been established in its place, and the martial law is still in force. The conditions here are just the same as they were when the permit system was first put in operation in May, 1899. If anything, the effort to crush out organized labor, especially the Miners' Union, is more determined than ever. The formation of a Mine Owners' Association, pledged to secure all their employes through a central employment bureau, is simply a blacklisting device. The bureau is in charge of as bitter and unprincipled a hater of union labor as there is in the United States to-day. Those mines—or at least one of them—which refused to join the association and discriminate against union miners, have now been forced into the combine. The smelter refused to buy their ore unless they entered the employing association. The inevitable has resulted. The Coeur d'Alene difficulty is not settled and all fair men are warned of the actual state of affairs.—Idaho State Tribune.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

In these days it seems strange that big corporation should attempt to drive one lone workingman from his position, disregarding even the fact that the most heartless would take cognizance of, that the object of its unwarranted hate has a wife and three little ones who depended upon the husband

Yet this is just what is being done in the Groveland-Big Oak Flat district where—overwhelming proof as to the truth can be easily produced—the Longfellow Mining Company is endeavoring to cause James Opie to lose his position as blacksmith at the Rhode Island mine.

James Opie is president of the Miners' Union at Stent, and father for their daily bread.

has always labored faithfully in the interest of the organization and is personally known by every union man in the county, also among hundreds of non-union men. A few months ago he secured his present position at the Rhode Island. When the incipient strike of a few weeks ago took place over the wage rate the Longfellow speedily came to terms, but it appears that bitterness has ever since rankled in the heart of the management, who accuse Opie of being the leading spirit of the movement. Possibly, even probably, Mr. Opie was, but if so he did no more than his duty, nor more than any good union man should be willing to do.

We do not give publicity to the Longfellow-Opie episode for the sake of sensationalism or because we have a real or imaginary grievance against the Longfellow people, but merely to show that a corporation acknowledges its own weakness when one can drive it to attempting to blacklist him, though at the same time the company plead guilty to bad faith on its part when it so promptly gave up the fight at the recent strike and promised to live strictly up to the wage scale established by the Big Oak Flat Miners' Union.

But, laying aside for the moment every other consideration, it would surely appear that any fair-minded mining company would refuse to stoop to such a despicable means of revenge as to endeavor to drive a father, wife and children away from a camp by the "starving out" process. At first we didn't want to believe that the Longfellow management had ever endeavored to have Opie discharged from the Rhode Island, but, as stated before, the proof is irrefutable and can and will be produced in whirlwind style should the necessity for doing so arise. Fortunately, the Rhode Island still has Mr. Opie on its payroll. That he is competent none will deny. Therefore his only sin consisted in being a miner's union man. The West is rapidly being spangled with this class of sinners and the more the merrier—the better for people and country alike.—Ex.

WHAT SOCIALISM WILL ACCOMPLISH.

Socialism comes not as a remedy for the evils of existing society, but as a program of principles for a new society; or rather, let us say, as the first proposition for social order that has ever been presented to the world. Mankind has not yet had anything that can properly be called social order. Society has not yet been created. The materials for the building of a human world are here, but the creation remains to be undertaken. The task of creating a coherent and free society is the mightiest to which man has summoned himself, and it is the task which now presses urgently upon us.

Socialism starts with the brotherhood and unity of the races as a fact. It does not proclaim it as a sentiment, but recognizes it as a scientific fact. Each for all and all for each is the only rational mode of procedure in view of this fact. That where one suffers all suffer is not a sentiment to meditate about, but the hardest unescapable fact with which we have to deal. The grip breaks out in a wretched hamlet of two or three hundred peasants on the Siberian frontier, and every home in America is endangered or broken. A little girl is shot down by the constituted authorities at a Pennsylvania coal mine and every thoughtful American recognizes that capitalistic government is not law, but brutal and lawless authority founded on economic might, and that his little girl in Chicago or California may be the next victim of the brute lawlessness of capitalistic government.

For good or ill, whether we will or no, we are bound up together in this world, and can only achieve our well being together. We might like to have separate interests and be able to extricate ourselves as individuals from the divine compulsions of this unity; but we cannot do so any more than we can individually extricate ourselves from the law of gravity. We all in common depend upon the same common resources of nature and history. None of us are rightly or nobly born until every child born into the world is born as the immediate inheritor of all the resources of nature and history, of industry and society, of inspiration and culture, of all that tempts to goodness and greatness and makes for fulness and freedom and gladness of life.

If the whole world were full and glad with life, and should yet consent that one child should be born with less, the world would be economically and spiritually damned. Until all of us together see to it that every man is equal with every other man in resource and opportunity and resource and liberty, we shall none of us see the kingdom of fulness and freedom upon the earth. In this sense brother-interest and self-interest are one and the same, for no man has a true and noble interest in himself who does not regard the whole life of man as his calling and interest, and no man has a true regard for his brothers who does not seek to make of himself a whole and free man in their service.

Now, socialism comes as the scientific and economic recognition of this unity. Since all people in common depend upon the sources and tools of production, there can be no individual liberty save these sources and tools belong to the people in common. There can be no social peace and sanity, no full liberty of the human soul, so long as some people own that upon which all people depend.

If a man owns my bread, or owns that which I must

have in order to get my bread, he owns my moral being unless I choose to revolt and starve. Private ownership of the earth and its productive machinery means private ownership of the people who live on the earth. He who sells his labor-power for wages sells himself, for his labor-power is his life. The wage system is merely an advance in the slave system, but it is not a fit system for free men, and there can be no true freedom for all men until there is not another hireling left under the sun.

The labor of the world is essentially slave labor. There is not a wage earner on the earth to-day who is not in some degree debauched in soul, even in spite of himself, by his dependence upon the private buyer of his labor. So long as some men own that upon which all men depend the owners and the dependents are alike corrupted and enslaved and robbed.

Yet our whole industrial system rests upon this power of private capital to legally appropriate the fruits of the labor of society. But behind the economics of capitalism rests the question of elemental right and wrong. If nature and history have a meaning and goal, if the universe be sincere, then it is elementally wrong that some people should own that upon which all people depend; and the only elemental right is that the people in common should own that upon which the people in common depend, and the only just reward of labor is the whole produce of labor. This elemental right cannot be amended or evaded, as history well witnesses.

The centralization of the wealth of the people in the hands of the few has been the poison of history, and has brought the decline or destruction of every nation, every civilization, every religion that has come to its end or decline. The pages of history are blood red with the retribution that comes to the whole people through the centralization of wealth in the hands of a few, for centralized wealth is not prosperity, but disease, congestion and destruction. No man or civilization can escape this retribution.

It lies not in the power of man or governments or armies to make practicable what is elementally wrong. No religion can go deep enough to bring forth universal individual nobleness out of a political or economic system that enslaves souls and bodies by enslaving labor. No law or custom is mighty or sacred enough to bring forth peace and order out of injustice and elemental disorder. It is beyond the power of kings or parliaments, priests or politicians, to bring forth good effects from bad causes. There is no God in the universe almighty enough to make right out of sheer economic might, and there is no civilization strong enough to prevent that

which is elementally right from becoming the ultimate and universal might.

We build on a sure foundation only when we build a system that has for its end the common wealth, the common wholeness, the common freedom, the common abundance and gladness of all men and women. Nature convicts our impoverishing civilization to its face, for profusion of life is nature's eternal message. Nature offers resources enough for abundance of life for countless billions of human beings, and will never consent that these resources should be appropriated by the few for the exploitation of the many.—Professor Herron in New York Journal.

HUNGRY AND EMACIATED.

A corporal of the United States army sat in the dining room of the St. James hotel last evening, scanning with longing eyes a dozen tempting dishes on the table before him. The corporal wore two gold bands upon his arm, representing service in two foreign wars of the republic. He was a handsome man, although emaciated and bearing a general appearance of weariness noticeable in all soldiers returning from tropical climates. His once robust appetite was gone and after a feeble attempt at eating, he reluctantly withdrew from the table.

"I have seen the time," said he, "up in Park county, where I lived for many years, when I could have cleaned up everything on the table. That day is past. I feel almost that I had come home to die. There were 600 of us on the ship and every man was sick. We were badly treated in the Philippines, but that was hardly a marker to what we received on board the ship. It is a shame, the stuff they feed us; a decent dog wouldn't have eaten it. The government is all right. We have no kick at the government, for the allowance for the soldiers is plenty. But the government issues a bale and when it reaches the soldier it is about the size of a pea. I got for Christmas dinner a small piece of the neck of a chicken and a lot of slum that nobody could eat.

"There are some good fellows among the officers," continued the corporal, "but the majority are bad—very bad. They get the big head so far away from home, knowing they can do anything they please without being called down. Somebody is constantly stealing. I do not say who it is, but I know from many months' experience that much of the supplies never reaches the soldiers. Where it goes the private cannot tell. The men in the Philippines are literally starved to death. The records of deaths are only partly published, and the fatalities are vastly greater than are reported. Even at Manila, the headquarters do not know of the fatalities.

"Will the men enlist again when the new regiments are made up? Not if they are in their senses. I will venture to say that not two men in 100 will re-enlist. They know when they have had enough of fighting in the Philippines. I weighed 170 pounds when I landed there. I weigh 130 pounds now. I traveled more than 1,000 miles with the army on the island of Luzon, watched everything carefully, and believe I have ordinary common sense. My opinion is that the Filipinos will be conquered only when the last man of them is exterminated. They have been fighting for 300 years, and they will be fighting 300 years from now, unless a great army is sent over there to kill off the entire population. The war is no nearer conclusion than it was eighteen months ago, and nobody can tell how many lives it has cost.

"We are now getting the worst of it, and 60,000 men—all except the 5,000 officers who are drawing fat salaries and are protected by big body guards—will agree with me that we are getting the worst of it in the Philippines. The bamboo traps, with sharp points hidden in the ground, are getting in their work. A man never knows when he is going into a trap, and once in, he has little hope of escaping alive. We may overpower, but we can't whip the Filipinos by skirmish tactics. My advice to young men is to stay away from the Philippines and my advice to parents is under no circumstances to permit their sons to enlist for further war in those islands."

The speaker was Corporal W. S. Loomis, a Colorado man, who served in the Cuban war and enlisted in the Twenty-eighth regiment for the Philippines. He is a newspaper man of many years' experience and is now on his way to Washington to fill a position which has been offered. He says he is through with war.—Rocky Mountain News.

ARAPAHOE THE BIGGEST.

Silver Bow County, Montana, Shows Biggest Gain.

Arapahoe county is the first center of population in the Rocky Mountain states. But Silver Bow county (Butte) Montana, is the leader of all the Rocky Mountain counties in increase, having gained a total of 23,744 since 1890. The counties of Arapahoe, Colorado, and Salt Lake, Utah, exceed Silver Bow in population, but have gained less. The increase in Arapahoe county has been 20,882, and in Salt Lake county 19,268. Cascade county, Montana, which includes the flourishing city of Great Falls, ranks next below Salt Lake county in total increase in population among Rocky Mountain counties. The twenty leading counties of the Rocky Mountain region, as shown by the final figures of the twelfth census, are as follows:

Rank—County. State or Ter.	Pop.
1—Arapahoe, Colorado	153,017
2—Salt Lake, Utah	77,725
3—Silver Bow, Montana	47,635
4—Pueblo, Colorado	34,438
5—Utah, Utah	32,246
6—El Paso, Colorado	31,602
7—Teller, Colorado	29,002
8—Bernalillo, New Mexico	28,630
9—Cascade, Montana	25,777
10—Weber, Utah	25,235
11—San Miguel, New Mexico	22,053
12—Las Animas, Colorado	21,842
13—Boulder, Colorado	21,544
14—Laramie, Wyoming	20,181
15—Lewis and Clarke, Montana	19,171
16—Cache, Utah	18,139
17—Deer Lodge, Montana	17,392
18—Weld, Colorado	16,808
19—San Pete, Utah	16,313
20—Fremont, Colorado	15,636

If Arizona can be considered a Rocky Mountain state Maricopa county would take fourteenth place with 20,456 population. The most populous county in Idaho is Nez Perces, with 13,748 population, and the leader in Nevada is Washoe, with 9,141.

MINERAL OUTPUT OF THE UNITED STATES.

New York, Jan. 5.—The Engineering and Mining Journal to-day gives a summary of the mineral and metal production of the United States for the year 1900. This summary has been compiled from advance figures furnished by producers and from official sources, and gives a complete statement of the gold production of the world for the year just closed.

The total value of the metals produced in the United States in 1900 was $509,800,992, as compared with $446,057,320 in 1899. The value of the output of non-metallic substances was $755,680,991, as against $645,754,305 in 1899. The total value for the two years, after allowing for duplications, was, respectively, $1,157,162,182 and $1,049,230,589. The more important items of this production in metals were, gold, valued at $78,658,755; silver, valued at $37,085,248; 615,756,802 pounds of copper, valued at $100,154,345; 251,784 tons of lead, valued at $22,005,659; 122,850 tons of zinc, valued at $10,786,230, and last, but not least, 13,914,505 tons of pig iron, valued at $238,078,737.

Of the non-metallic products, by far the most important

was coal, of which the United States produced no less than 274,847,779 tons, the greatest quantity ever produced in one year by this or any other country. In 1899 the United States was the largest producer of coal in the world, and this pre-eminence was increased in 1900.

Other important products of this class included cement, of which 187,728,000 barrels were made; salt, copper, sulphate, mineral paints, phosphate rock and slate, while the minor mineral products included a variety too numerous to mention.

The gold production of the world for 1900 amounted to $256,462,438, which compares with $313,641,634 in 1899, the decrease being entirely owing to the stoppage of gold production in the Transvaal by the war, nearly all other producing countries showing an increase. In 1900 the United States took the lead among the gold producing countries, with $78,658,755; Australia ranking second, with $75,283,215. The large production of the Klondike has put Canada in the third place, with a total output of $26,000,000, while Russia was fourth with $23,090,862. These four countries produced over eighty per cent. of the gold of the world.

The total amount of dividends paid by 210 companies allied with the mineral industries in the United States was $130,554,000. This large disbursement places mining among the most profitable of the country's industries. The metal mines paid $51,502,000, or 39.3 per cent. of the total, and the industrial companies $79,439,000, or 60.1 per cent.

Among the leading payers were the copper companies, the gold and silver mines, $13,907,000, and the petroleum companies with $48,816,000.

PRESIDENT BOYCE VISITS LOCALS NOS. 66 AND 53.

Anticipating a visit from the president of the Western Federation of Miners, arrangements had been made to make the occasion a memorable one. A joint committee from the Silver City and DeLamar unions had planned a splendid reception, to be held at the town of Dewey, this being the most convenient place, but owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads and limited means of transportation the idea of a joint reception was reluctantly given up.

President Boyce arrived in Silver City Saturday afternoon, February 23rd, and attended the regular meeting of local No. 66 that evening. A large attendance was present to greet him. Many of the members working at the mines some distance from town waded snow waist deep to be present on this occasion. All were anxious to hear the president's address, which was a clean, concise review of the condition of the Federation, especially mentioning the situation in Idaho,

commending our union for the evident spirit of fraternity and harmony prevailing.

After the meeting lunch was served at the White restaurant, terminating a very pleasant evening.

Monday, February 25th, President Boyce, in company with Brothers Haywood and Main, went to DeLamar. The members of DeLamar union had spared neither pains nor expense to make President Boyce's visit pleasant and agreeable to all. The write-up in the Owyhee Avalanche, March 1st, gives the full particulars, as follows:

DELAMAR MINERS ENTERTAIN.

The soft, unseasonable weather, with clouded sky, heavy atmosphere, thawing snow, running water and mud, did not prevent the members of DeLamar Miners' Union No. 53, with their wives, families and visiting friends, from having a real good time at the grand social function given in honor of President Edward Boyce of the Western Federation of Miners, when paying his official visit in DeLamar on the evening of February 25, 1901.

The entertainment consisted of a literary and musical program, ball and banquet, held in Hotel DeLamar, which was thrown open to all. The people congregated early, knowing that the hall would soon be filled. In this they were not disappointed; every seat was filled, and there were as many standing in the aisles and adjoining rooms as were seated. If the question was asked: "How are there so many people here to-night?" it would have been readily answered: "All work in the mine and mill has been suspended for twenty-four hours, and we will not have to report for duty in the morning." The mine officials promptly granted the request of the committee of arrangements for a holiday.

At 7:45 p. m., while the reception committee was busily engaged in receiving members, friends and guests, and amid the noise of water in Jordan creek, sweet strains of music could be heard floating on the evening breezes, coming from the DeLamar band, in march and serenade, until the entertainment began, as follows:

Overture—"The Rivals," DeLamar band.

Address of Welcome—Joseph Wilson, president of DeLamar union.

Address—Hon. Ed Boyce, president Western Federation of Miners.

Recitation—"Only a Tramp," J. W. Kitchen.

Song—"The Sweetest Song of All," Charles Uren; accompanist, Miss Davey.

Recitation—"I Sigh for Her," Fred Scoble.

Vocal Trio—"Ye Shepherds Tell Me," H. Bennett, Harvey

and Sampson.

Reading—"The Man With the Hoe," J. P. Langford; answered by R. R. Thomas.

Song—"The Empty Cabin on the Hill," J. Dooley.

Song—"The Monarch of the Woods," P. Oates, Jr.; accompanist, W. J. Harvey.

Address—"Good and Welfare," W. D. Haywood, president Silver City union.

March—"Smoky Mokes," DeLamar band.

The DeLamar band, in playing the "Rivals," showed that it can still render good music. The tuba solo by James Williams was good.

Joseph Wilson, president of the DeLamar union, in his big-hearted way, gave every one a cordial welcome, to Mr. Boyce, especially, stating that in honor of him this social event was given. After introducing the chief executive he quietly took his seat.

Amid great applause Mr. Boyce began his address by saying that he was more than pleased to be present, considering the compliment not to him personally but to the organization of the Western Federation of Miners. He spoke in a thoughtful, happy and intelligent manner, and in closing said that he would always remember the kind way DeLamar people had received him, and wishing them "Good-bye, God speed, a happy, useful and prosperous life."

Before reciting, Mr. Kitchen said he was somewhat unprepared but would do what he could. Jack's many friends always like to hear him recite in his own quaint style, which is always interesting.

"The Sweetest Song of All," sung by Charles Uren, was enthusiastically received. In the latter part of this song the accompaniment takes the air the "Suwanee River," while the singer takes another part, making it a captivating song. Miss Davey charmingly played the accompaniment. Cries of "encore," "come out again," etc., forced Charlie to respond with "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," which was also very good.

The recitation, "I Sigh for Her," by Fred Scoble, was quite humorous, gaining an encore. Fred came back with "I'm Too Big to Be Kissed." Now all who know him think differently, at least we know he has not yet grown out of that habit.

The trio by Messrs. Bennett, Harvey and Sampson was highly appreciated and applauded, the responding with "The Moonlit Sky." Mr. Sampson, in his bass solo, sang brilliantly, in harmony with the accompanist, Mr. Harvey, whose sweet voice would have been heard better had he not had the double role of playing and singing. Mr. Bennett did well as first tenor.

The reading of the Markham poem, "The Man With the Hoe," by Mr. Langford, was at Mr. Thomas' request, and he was hardly prepared for the task. Mr. Thomas answered it by a poem showing that this is a progressive age, and that mankind is not so low as depicted by Mr. Markham.

Mr. Dooley's interpretation of plantation songs created considerable fun. After he sang "The Little Empty Cabin on the Hill" to the delight of the young people, he was called back and sang "I'll Never Leave My Dixie Land Again."

"The Monarch of the Woods" was well sung by Mr. Oates, who responded to the encore with "Queen of the Earth." The friends of Mr. Oates say they never heard him sing better.

The address by Mr. Haywood of Silver City union was very good. He concluded by paying a high compliment to the ladies.

The closing piece was a march by the DeLamar band.

At the ball the music was furnished by Bowden's orchestra of seven pieces. The honor of leading the grand march fell to the lot of President Wilson of the DeLamar union, and his wife, as Mr. Boyce did not dance, he declaring that it was altogether out of his line of accomplishments. The ball started shortly after 10 p. m. and kept going continuously until 5 a. m. Then those present wanted more dancing. Several dances during the night had to be repeated to satisfy those who had not room to get on the floor the first time. The hall was crowded.

The banquet was a sumptuous one, Mr. Boyce taking the seat of honor. Covers were laid so that twenty-nine couples could be seated at a time. These were laid five and a half times, besides many children who were served and not counted. Much credit is due Mr. Fritz and his assistants for furnishing such a good spread and serving the guests so well. Supper was served from 11 until 3 o'clock and the last table was pronounced as good as the first.

Most of the people who attended this event slept until noon. It was 1:30 p. m. when the DeLamar band was heard again on the streets, calling the miners to the meeting held in the school house at 2:30. Mr. Boyce attended the meeting, after which he bade DeLamar good-bye, taking his departure for Silver City, from thence to various other points in the western states. He left the impression in DeLamar that he had been misquoted and misrepresented in the public press of the country, having proved himself very different, judging from his private conversations on public affairs, and his addresses, which were of the highest ideals, delivered while here.

Thus ended the greatest social event in the history of DeLamar, which was largely so through the efforts of the committees having the affair in charge, as follows:

Arrangements—J. H. Rodda, H. W. Warren, William Lacharcity, Samuel Honey, John Barry, W. J. Harvey.

Reception—Past Presidents Thomas Duncalf, Charles Curnow, J. H. Rodda, H. W. Warren, A. Warren, J. P. Langford.

Floor—William Lacharcity, S. Honey, Frank McLaughlin, Fred Clarke, W. R. Wickett, Samuel Uren.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

BOER WAR HAS COST BRITISH 73,687 CASUALTIES.

According to the official monthly returns, the casualties in the field force, South Africa, from the beginning of the campaign up to and including the month of December, 1900, are as follows:

	Officers.	Petty officers and men.
Killed in action	324	3,216
Died of wounds	97	1,035
Prisoners who have died in captivity	4	92
Died of disease	174	7,011
Accidental deaths	5	200
Total deaths in South Africa	604	11,554
Missing and prisoners (excluding those who have been recovered or have died in captivity)	7	898
Sent home as invalids	1,638	36,986
	2,249	49,438
Total loss to South African field force		51,687
Colonial troops invalided home		4,000
Under treatment in hospitals in Africa		15,000
Casualties among pro-British civilians		2,000
Killed and wounded since above figures were compiled		1,000
Total casualties to date		73,687

Repeated drafts on Great Britain's treasury to add to the war chest, together with losses to British trade, have brought the cost of the war already to over $700,000,000, and the cry is still for "more funds."—Rocky Mountain News.

THE ENGINEERS' SOCIAL.

On the evening of March 11th Excelsior Engineers' Union No. 80, of Victor, Colorado, gave a public installation of officers in their hall over Donnelly's store, followed by a social. The seating capacity of the hall was tested to its utmost with

the invited guests and friends of the engineers. After the installation of officers an excellent program was rendered. The program was made up mostly of "engineer talent," as it was by engineers, their wives and children, and owing to its excellence it held the attention of the audience to the very last. There was not a dull line in the entire program, but like champagne, "it was just bubbling and sparkling all over." Speeches were indulged in, after the installation, but, it is needless to add, they were very "brief," as the engineers held the secret of the banquet room, as well as the key, and when one of them innocently remarked that he could "eat" better than talk we understood why the speeches were short.

Miss Pearl Van Fleet opened the general program with a piano solo. Mrs. D. H. Elder gave a humorous recitation, entitled "The Inventor's Wife," and related in a pathetic (?) manner the trials she had met with a husband who was undoubtedly a genius. Mr. Elder retaliated by reciting an original reply, "The New Kind of Wife," in which he told all about the trials of a poor man whose wife belonged to too many lodges and indulged in politics as well. Mrs. Elder's recitation was taken from a newspaper, but the reply, which many considered the best of the two, was written by the lady herself as a fitting climax for the fault-finding wife. David Glendenning, whose fine tenor is always appreciated, gave four excellent selections during the evening, with Dr. Downs as pianist accompanying him. Frank Aikens recited the story of the Soldier Tramp in an interesting manner. Miss Mary McLaughlin rendered a pleasing piano solo, and then the entire audience took part in the program. This act was entitled "Thirty Minutes for Rrefreshments" and each appeared as an interested performer while cake, ice cream, lemonade, candy and fruit appeared and disappeared with astonishing rapidity. The engineers themselves served their guests, and it is needless to add that they can engineer a social to the comfort and entire satisfaction of their guests. Master Lowell Thomas started the second part of the program with a story about the man in the moon. G. F. Griffith followed with a song. Miss Elva Seighman gave that delightful guitar solo, "Sebastopol," which showed this charming little lady's ability to handle this difficult selection in an able and delightful manner. Later in the evening, accompanied by L. C. Riblet with the mandolin, these talented young people favored the audience with a selection called "The Engineers' Waltz" which was composed by these gifted musicians and dedicated to Excelsior Engineers' Union No. 80. Miss Lillie Miller then favored the audience with a song. Miss Ersal Cook recited the pathetic story of the heroism of the ragged little newsboy. J. H. Fuller read a selection entitled "The

Lawyers and the Cat," and from the way he mimicked poor John Thomas' mournful yowl it is no wonder that even the lawyers were mistaken. Miss Ethel Lamb, the daughter of the newly installed president, rendered a most difficult baby piece with telling effect. Margie Flannigan and Sadie Gallagher, two bright little ladies, in quaint caps, with spectacles, powdered hair and suitable costumes, carried us back to the days when grandma was a girl. Later on Joe Gallagher and Margie Flannigan acted out a character sketch of George and Martha Washington. C. C. Meyers and wife gave a pleasing musical duet upon the guitar and zither. Joe Norris, the new treasurer, favored the audience with a select reading upon "Scientific Kissing," and from the sly twinkle in the left corner of Joe's eye, the lady judges decided that Joe spoke from experience, for no apprentice could put the pathos into the subject as completely as Norris did. Joe has evidently given the subject careful study and learned his trade well. Several other interesting numbers were given, but the names of some could not be learned at this writing.

If this is a sample of the Engineers' hospitality we can assure them a crowded house whenever they decide to engineer another social.

MRS. D. H. ELDER, An Engineer's Wife.

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Denver, Colo., March 14, 1901.

Editor Miners' Magazine—As the ninth annual convention of the W. F. of M. will soon be at hand, it is time for all the "locals" to carefully study the constitution and by-laws and pass resolutions for any important change that they may desire.

We have now been organized for eight years, but have not really anything to show for our existence more than a good membership, a treasury and a bright prospect in the future for an increase of membership. But we are greatly in need of something more than a good membership.

Having read the letter signed "Thinker," from British Columbia, I regret very much to see that our active members are discriminated against by the powerful corporations that have no respect for the laws of humanity or any other law. That because they defended their rights during the trouble last summer, now they have to vacate and leave room for others who will reap the benefit of what they have done for the community. I say the community, because, when the laboring man is getting good wages everybody has money; when his class is without money times are hard, no matter how much the rich man holds in his coffers.

It is about time for the business men to look out for their interests, and join hands with the labor organizations, instead of fighting them, which they have done heretofore. In Rico, during the strike of 1893 against a cut in wages, some business men were quoted as having said to the miners: "Hurry up; go to work and get some money in circulation; you can roll your blankets and walk out, but we cannot." About five months later they left the place with the miners.

According to an article in the Denver Post the business men in Leadville are realizing that fact, as there is a great falling off in trade; the old timers are compelled to leave and strangers, generally from the East, are taking their places.

We ought to do something besides paying our monthly dues and per capita tax. If something is not done soon we may be unable to do it and be like the coal miners who are working for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in this state.

We ought to invest some of our net earnings in a co-operative company that should be governed by the Western Federation of Miners for the benefit of its members. I suggest mining above any other business because we are all miners and mine workers.

We all know that there is plenty of undeveloped mining properties in the West that are only awaiting development. How would it be if every member paid, say, 50 cents monthly for five years towards a fund for this purpose? When started, we would soon have enough money to commence operations, and after we once had a successful start we would continue to grow stronger every year.

We all know that one or two or a few prospectors have a hard time developing their claims unless they find what is known as "shipping ore." When they do have ore that requires a mill, which is generally the case, for treating the same, they usually have no means to get such a mill, and, in consequence, are at the mercy of the corporations. Then they try to sell their property for which they have spent the earnings and labor that they were not compelled to invest in "grubstakes." If successful in selling they generally do not get much for it.

The corporation that buys spends some of its surplus money in a mill and in developing, and, in most cases, have a paying mine.

By putting our money together we could buy such properties, receive the profits that are now sent East and that go to make a few rich men richer. Instead of filling up the rich man's coffers, we could invest the money at home, where it belongs, or divide it between our members, and thereby benefit the whole western country.

If a move of this kind had been successfully started five years ago our members in the Coeur d'Alenes and British Columbia could have stayed and worked in our own mines, made money for themselves and the Federation, and they would have been out of the reach of the Standard Oil Company and its hirelings.

ED OLSON.

RANDSBURG UNION PROSPEROUS.

Randsburg, Cal., March 15, 1901.

Mr. Editor—In the future, as in the past, we trust that a voice from the desert may occasionally proclaim through the columns of your excellent magazine the continued growth and progress of union No. 44.

Few labor organizations are blessed in a higher degree with rectitude and efficiency in its officers, and that temperate, determined zeal among all the members which makes it a potent moral force—a force tolerant of conditions that cannot, at present, be changed, but alert and aggressive in the defense of their rights, meager, at best, which can only be secured to workingmen by thorough organization. Human organizations, of whatever kind, are in character but a reflex of that of the individuals of which they are composed. With organizations, as with individuals, the old saying holds true that poor men have poor ways; with organizations, as with individuals, financial prosperity opens the door to opportunity and to those disposed to enter, points out loftier ideals, more worthy achievement, and inspires with full and comprehensive life.

The truth of this is in a measure manifested in the experience of our local union. While in sentiment its members have ever been loyal to labor's cause, the restrictions imposed on its time and opportunities by lack of means were very discouraging to those who aspired only to the highest results.

Fortunately, this detriment is not now so grievously felt, and the time of members formerly devoted almost entirely to devising ways and means is now largely and most profitably employed in the discussion of the fundamental problems of our industrial system. Local conditions remaining propitious, the energies of this union will be devoted more than ever before to organization and economic education. Workingmen, through its influence, will be brought to a realizing sense of the enormous burdens labor is compelled to bear under the present system. They will be urged to avoid drastic measures except as a last resort and to rely upon an intelligent ballot to permanently right their wrongs.

An encyclopedia and other valuable literary works have been donated by enlightened members, who appreciate our

needs. The union is a regular subscriber to many of the best labor and reform journals. The Congressional Record is a regular visitor when Congress is in session, and arrangements are perfected for a small circulating library, which we hope soon to augment.

Though we may not consume your valuable space every month with details, chiefly interesting to ourselves, have no apprehensions for the welfare of old 44. She will always do her part and gladly extend the hand of fraternity and assistance to her sister unions in their struggle against oppression.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

FROM GILT EDGE, MONTANA.

Hello, Central; hello! Yes, this is the Judith Mountain Miners Union No. 107. We are in our infancy, being organized on the 10th day of last October, and at the present time have 190 members, so you see we are doing very well for five months. We initiate new members every meeting, for nearly all the people in this section are with us in our cause. We have good, competent officers to handle the affairs of our union and everything is running smoothly. The prospects are that we will have one of the best unions in this section of Montana.

As election is near at hand every one is more or less interested in the contest. We will be out in full force to cast our ballot for our choice, and may the best man win, for they are all good workers in the cause of organized labor.

We are going to give a grand ball on the 18th of this month for the benefit of a hospital fund.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

TUOLUMNE UNION.

Editor Miners' Magazine—It is cheering to note the better feeling and understanding that is now being manifested between mine owners and the miners' union. Certainly the unions do not wish to hamper, in the least, the thorough development of the mining industry, but are simply organized to obtain for themselves good treatment and a just and reasonable wage for the dangers and chances they take in delving for treasure underground.

Our union here has a membership of 225, mostly young men, all good and reliable miners, sober and industrious, and pretty generally employed along the mother lode.

The union scale of wages is adhered to; scabs are not employed; the very best of feeling exists between superintend-

ents, their under-bosses and the miners, and the work of development goes forward without friction. Hence the union is under no necessity to order strikes or to contend against lockouts, and it goes without saying that the union in this camp is a success and a benefit to mine owners as well as the men who do the work.

GEORGE W. JENKINS, Stent, Cal.

RESOLUTIONS FROM NO. 107.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Pete Lacaucier; and,

Whereas, By his death the Judith Mountain Miners' Union No. 107, W. F. of M., has lost a faithful member; therefore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days and that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and a copy of the above be forwarded to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

J. L. WESTERGREEN,
H. A. WILLET,
J. J. LEWIS,
Committee.

STRIKE DECLARED AT VAN ANDA MINES, TEXADA.

Van Anda, Texada Island, March 2, 1901.

Owing to the employers at the above mines having decided to work the mines by employment of Japanese for miners, engineers, etc., and as the employers refuse to guarantee white men wages, the Texada Union of the Western Federation of Miners has declared a strike at the above mines and works. All metal miners and other union and non-union workmen are respectfully requested to refrain from accepting employment offered until a fair and amicable settlement is arrived at. This strike is in the interest of white labor in British Columbia. All workmen will be promptly notified through the public press when an amicable arrangement is completed. White men, protect yourselves.

WORKING GIRLS' UNION.

The Working Girls' Union of Deadwood, South Dakota, who have worked so faithfully to advance the interest of the working girls of Deadwood, have had an exceedingly hard

struggle and it was not without great effort upon their part that they succeeded in maintaining the union.

At the last election of officers the following members were elected to serve for the ensuing term: Anna Lynch, president; Belle Peck, vice president; Marie Markham, recording secretary; Eunna Price, financial secretary; Kate Coyle, treasurer; Cassie Gilday, sergeant-at-arms; Tean Mansfield, inside esquire; Louise Russell, outside esquire.

ANNA LYNCH.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our well-beloved brother, Mark L. Mitchell, who was called away from us on the 16th day of February, 1901 at Grass Valley, California; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submisson to the will of Almighty God, yet we most deeply feel that in the death of our beloved brother this union has lost a faithful and worthy brother, society a good citizen and his family a kind, loving husband, father, son and brother; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of our deceased brother, and hope and trust they will look toward Him who has promised to be a friend in time of trouble, and be guided by His providence for their eternal good; and be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother and to the Miners' Magazine, and be spread upon the minutes of this union.

J. C. WILLIAMS,
T. R. EDWARDS,
JAMES HARVEY,
Committee.

GIBBONVILLE UNION NO. 37.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Although our union is small we have very near all the men working in camp.

The most friendly relations now exist between not only the managers of the A. D. P. M. mine, but the citizens in general and the union.

When the union first started many of the citizens were

inclined to look upon it with distrust, but five and a half years of honest, upright dealings have won them to the right side. There is no doubt but that this union has been the means of keeping wages at least half a dollar higher, both above and below the surface, than they would otherwise have been in this section.

Although this is the only union in this vicinity, its influence is felt in the neighboring camps where we have members.

On Washington's birthday we gave our annual ball and it was a success in every way. This annual event has come to be looked forward to by all, as it is the best dance of the season, which is made so by the courtesy and good will of our members.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

CLOUD CITY UNION.

Whereas, In the death of Brothers John O'Malley, John Devine and Ed P. Brady, organized labor has lost earnest and zealous workers; their wisdom and counsel will be sadly missed in the councils of Cloud City Miners' Union, where their energy, uprightness and sincerity greatly aided in the building up and promoting organization and maintaining it through trying circumstances. "By their works we shall know them." This can well be said of Brothers O'Malley, Devine and Brady; their labor is worthy of emulation. Be it

Resolved, That we extend to their relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement and loss, and we bow our heads in grief with them. Yet while the scythe of time cuts swaths in our ranks which we can ill afford to spare, we bow to the wisdom of Him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, further, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to their relatives, a copy inserted in the Miners' Magazine, a copy sent to the local press and a copy be spread on the minutes.

M. D. SULLIVAN,
PAT CLEARY,
WILLIAM T. RYAN,
Committee.

An increase in the number of representatives in Congress was doubtless effected to give the working class additional opportunities to send more "friends of labor" to the national capital.—People.

FICTION

THE BISHOP AND THE DYING REVOLUTIONIST.

(By Victor Hugo.)

The horrors of the French revolution have time and again been graphically depicted, but for a long period "history" was silent as to the infinitely greater horrors which preceded it for centuries, and of which it was the culmination. Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," draws a vivid word-picture of the period, in his chapter on the visit of the good Bishop of D—— to the hated, despised and dying Conventionalist, who had been shunned for many years, and had led the life of a hermit. The bishop's Christ-like humility in the presence of the friendless and practically outlawed revolutionist, and the latter's plea for the cause for which he had sacrificed all—rank and wealth—is an inspiring, thrilling scene. Only Victor Hugo could have described it. As appropriate to this season of the year, we republish it, and none will read it with more interest than those who have read it before.

A man lived alone in the country near D——. This man—let us out with the great word at once—was an ex-Conventionalist, of the name of G——. People talked about him in the little world of D—— with a species of horror. A Conventionalist, only think of that! Those men existed at the time when people "thoued" one another and were called citizens. This man was almost a monster; he had not voted for the king's death, but had done all but that, and was a quasi-regicide. How was it that this man had not been tried by court-martial, on the return of the legitimate princes? They need not have cut his head off, for clemency is all right and proper, but banishment for life would have made an example of him, and so on. Moreover, he was an atheist, like all those men. It was the gossip of geese around a vulture.

And was this G—— a vulture? Yes, if he might be judged by the element of ferocity in his solitude. As he had not voted for the king's death, he was not included in the decree of exile, and was able to remain in France. He lived about three miles from the town, far from any village, any road, in a nook of a very wild valley. He had there, so it was said, a field, a hut, a den. He had no neighbors, not even passers-by; since he had lived in the valley the path leading to it had become overgrown with grass. People talked of the spot as the hangman's house. Yet the bishop thought of it, and from time to

time gazed at a spot on the horizon where a clump of trees marked the old Conventionalist's valley, and said: "There is a lonely soul there," and he added in his own heart, "I owe him a visit."

But, let us confess it, this idea, at the first blush quite natural, after a moment's reflection seemed strange and impossible, almost repulsive. For in his heart he shared the general impression, and the Conventionalist insensibly inspired him with that feeling which borders on hate, and which is so well expressed by the word aversion.

Still the shepherd should not shun a scabby sheep; but then, what a sheep! The good bishop was perplexed; sometimes he started in that direction, but turned back. One day a rumor spread in the town that a young shepherd who waited on G—— in his den had come to fetch a doctor. The old villain was dying; paralysis had attacked him, and he could not last out the night. "Thank God!" some added.

The bishop took his stick, put on his cloak to hide his well-worn cassock, as well as to protect him against the evening breeze which would soon blow, and set forth. The sun had almost touched the horizon when the bishop reached the excommunicated spot. He saw with a certain beating of the heart that he was close to the wild beast's den. He strode across a ditch, clambered over a hedge, entered a neglected garden, and suddenly perceived the cavern behind some brambles. It was a low, poor-looking hut, small and clean, with a vine nailed over the front door.

Before the door a white-haired old man, seated in a shabby wheel-chair, was smiling in the sun. By his side stood the shepherd boy, who handed him a pot of milk. While the bishop was looking at him the old man spoke. "Thanks," he said, "I want nothing more," and his smiling face was turned from the sun to the boy.

The bishop stepped forward, and at the sound of his footsteps the man turned his head, and his face expressed as much surprise as it is possible to feel at the close of a long life.

"You are the first person who has come to see me since I have lived here," he said. "Who may you be, sir?"

The bishop answered, "My name is Bienvenu Myriel."

"I have heard that name. Are you not he whom the peasants call Lord Welcome?"

"I am."

The old man continued, with a half smile, "Then you are my bishop?"

"Yes."

"Come in, sir."

The Conventionalist offered his hand to the bishop, but the bishop did not take it; he merely said:

"I am pleased to see that I was misinformed. You certainly do not look ill."

"I shall soon be cured, sir," said the old man; then, after a pause, he added, "I shall die in three hours. I am a bit of a physician, and know in what way the last hour comes. Yesterday, only my feet were cold; to-day the chill reaches my kness; now I can feel it ascending into my waist, and when it reaches the heart, I shall stop. The sun is glorious, is it not? I had myself wheeled out here to take a farewell glance at things. You can talk to me, for it does not weary me. You have done well to come and look at a dying man, for it is proper that there should be witnesses. People have their fancies, and I should have liked to last till dawn. But I know that I can hardly live three hours. It will be night; but, after all, what matter? Dying is a simple affair, and does not require daylight. Be it so; I will die by starlight."

Then he turned to the lad.

"Go to bed. You sat up last night, and must be tired."

The boy went into the cabin; the old man followed him with his eyes, and added, as if speaking to himself:

"While he sleeps I shall die; the two slumbers can keep each other company."

The bishop was not so moved as we might imagine he would be. He did not think that he saw God in this way of dying; and—let us out with it, as the small contradictions of great hearts must also be revealed—he, who at times laughed so heartily at his grandeur, was somewhat annoyed at not being called my lord, and was almost tempted to retort, citizen. He felt an inclination for coarse familiarity, common enough to doctors and priests, but to which he was not accustomed. This man, after all, this Conventionalist, this representative of the people, had been a mighty one of the earth; for the first time in his life, perhaps, the bishop felt disposed to sternness.

The republican, in the meanwhile, regarded him with modest cordiality, in which, perhaps, could be traced that humility which is so becoming in a man who is on the point of returning to dust.

The bishop, on his side, though he generally guarded against curiosity, which according to him was akin to insult, could not refrain from examining the Conventionalist with an attention which, as it did not emanate from sympathy, would have pricked his conscience in the case of any other man. The Conventionalist produced the effect upon him of being beyond the pale of the law, even the law of charity. G——, calm, almost upright, and possessing a sonorous voice, was one of those grand octogenarians who are the amazement of the physiologist. The revolution possessed many such men, pro-

portioned to the age. This man seemed ready to submit to any proof, and, though so near his end, he retained all the signs of health. There was something calculated to disconcert death in his clear glance, his firm tone, and the robust movement of his shoulders. Azrael, the Mohammedan angel of the tomb, would have turned back, fancying that he had mistaken the door. G—— seemed to be dying beacuse he wished to do so; there was freedom in his agony; and his legs alone, by which the shadows clutched him, were motionless. While the feet were dead and cold, the head lived with all the power of life, and appeared in full light. G—— at this awful moment resembled the king in the Oriental legend—flesh above and marble below. The bishop sat down on a stone and began, rather abruptly:

"I congratulate you," he said, in a tone of reprimand; "at least you did not vote the king's death."

The republican did not seem to notice the covert bitterness of the words, at least; he replied, without a smile:

"Do you congratulate me, sir? I voted the death of the tyrant." It was the accent of austerity opposed to that of sternness.

"What do you mean?" replied the bishop.

"I mean that man has a tyrant—Ignorance; and I voted for the death of that tyrant which engendered royalty, which is false authority, while knowledge is true authority. Man must be governed by knowledge only."

"And by his conscience," the bishop added.

"That is the same thing. Conscience is the amount of innate knowledge which we have.

Monseigneur Bienvenu listened in some surprise to this language, which was very novel to him. The republican continued:

"As for Louis XVI., I said, 'No.' I do not believe that I have the right to kill a man, but I feel it my duty to exterminate a tyrant; and I voted for the death of the tyrant—that is to say, to put an end to the prostitution of women; an end to the slavery of men; an end to the night for children. In voting for the republic, I voted for all this: I voted for fraternity, concord, the dawn! I aided in the overthrow of errors and prejudices; and such an overthrow produces light. We hurled down the old world; and the old world, that vessel of wretchedness, being poured over the human race, became an urn of joy."

"Mingled joy," said the bishop.

"You might call it troubled joy; and now, after that fatal return of the past, which is called 1814, a departed joy. Alas! the work was incomplete, I grant; we demolish the ancient rule in facts, but we are not able to suppress it completely in

ideas. It is not enough to destroy abuses, but morals must also be modified. Though the mill no longer exists, the wind still blows."

"You demolished; it may be useful, but I distrust a demolition complicated with passion."

"Right has its passion, sir; and that passion is an element of progress. No matter what may be said, the French revolution is the most powerful step taken by the human race since the advent of Christ. It may be incomplete, but it was sublime. It softened spirits, it calmed, appeased and enlightened, and it spread civilization over the world. The French revolution was good, for it was the consecration of humanity."

The bishop could not refrain from muttering:

"Yes? '93!"

The republican drew himself up with almost mournful solemnity, and shouted, as well as a dying man could shout:

"Ah! there we have it! '93! I expected that. A cloud had been collecting for 1,500 years, and at the end of that period it burst; you condemn the thunderbolt."

The bishop, without perhaps confessing it, felt that the blow had gone home; still he put a good face on the matter and answered:

"The judge speaks in the name of justice; the priest speaks in that of piety, which is only a higher form of justice. A thunderbolt must not err."

And he added, as he looked fixedly at the Conventionalist:

"And Louis XVII.?"

The republican stretched forth his hand and seized the bishop's arm.

"Louis XVII. Let us consider. For whom do you weep? For the innocent child? In that case I weep with you. For the royal child? In that case I must ask leave to reflect. To me, the brother of Cartouche, an innocent lad hung by the armpits in the Place de Greve until death ensued, for the sole crime of being Cartouche's brother, is no less painful than the grandson of Louis XV., the innocent boy murdered in the Temple Tower for the sole crime of being the grandson of Louis XV."

"I do not like such an association of names, sir," said the bishop.

"Louis XV? Cartouche? On behalf of which do you protest?

There was a moment's silence; the bishop almost regretted having come, and yet felt himself vaguely and strangely moved. The Conventionalist continued:

"Ah! sir priest, you do not like the crudities of truth, but Christ loved them; he took a scourge and swept the temple. His lightning lash was a rough discourser of truths.

When He exclaimed, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' he made no distinction among them. He made no difference between the dauphin of Barabbas and the dauphin of Herod. Innocence is its own crown, and does not require to be a highness; it is as august in rags as when crowned with the lilies of France."

"That is true," said the bishop, in a low voice.

"You named Louis XVII.," the Conventionalist resumed; "let us understand each other. Shall we weep for all the innocents, martyrs, and children of the lowest as of the highest rank? I am with you there; but, as I said, in that case we must go back beyond '93, and our tears must begin before Louis XVII. I will weep over the children of kings with you, provided that you weep with me over the children of the people."

"I weep for all," said the bishop.

"Equally!" G—— exclaimed; "and if the balance must incline, let it be on the side of the people, as they have suffered longer."

There was again a silence, which the republican broke. He raised himself on his elbow, pinched his cheek between his thumb and forefinger, as a man does mechanically when he is interrogating and judging, and fixed on the bishop a gaze filled with the energy of approaching death. It was almost an explosion.

"Yes, sir; the people have been long-suffering. But let me ask you why come to question me about Louis XVII.? I do not know you. Ever since I have been in this country I have lived here alone, never setting my foot across the threshold, and seeing no one but the boy who sees me. Your name, it is true, has vaguely reached me, and I am bound to say that it was uttered with affection; but that means nothing, for clever people have so many ways of making worthy, simple folk believe in them. By the by, I did not hear the sound of your coach; you doubtless left it behind that clump of trees at the cross-roads. I do not know you, I say; you tell me that you are the bishop, but that teaches me nothing as to your moral character. In a word, I repeat my question, who are you? You are a bishop; that is to say, a prince of the church, one of those gilded, escutcheoned annuitants who have fat prebends—the bishop of D—— with 15,000 francs income, 10,000 francs in fees, or a total of 25,000 francs—who have kitchens, liveries, keep a good table, and eat water-fowl on Friday; who go about with lackeys before and behind, in a gilded coach; who have palaces and drive a carriage, in the name of the Saviour, who walked barefoot! You are a prelate; you have, like all the rest, income, palace, horses, valets, a good table, and, like the rest, you enjoy them. That is all very well, but it says either too much or too little; it does

not enlighten me as to your intrinsic and essential value when you come with the probable intention of bringing me wisdom. To whom do I speak—who are you?"

The bishop bowed his head, and answered, "I am a worm."

"A worm in a carriage!" growled the republican.

It was his turn to be haughty, the bishop's to be humble! the latter continued gently:

"Be it so, sir. But explain to me how my coach, which is a little way off behind the trees, my good table and the water-fowl I eat on Friday, my palace, my income, and my footmen, prove that piety is not a virtue, that clemency is not a duty, and that '93 was not inexorable."

The republican passed his hand over his forehead, as if to remove a cloud.

"Before answering you," he said, "I must ask you to forgive me. I was in the wrong, sir, for you are in my house and my guest. You discuss my ideas, and it becomes me to confine myself to combating your arguments. Your wealth and enjoyments are advantages which I have over you in the debate, but courtesy bids me not employ them. I promise not to do so again."

"I thank you," said the bishop.

G—— resumed: "Let us return to the explanation you asked of me. Where were we? What was it you said, that '93 was inexorable?"

"Yes, inexorable," the bishop said; "what do you think of Marat clapping his hands at the guillotine?"

"What do you think of Bossuet singing a te deum over the Dragonnades?"

The retort was harsh, but it went to its mark with the directness of a rapier. The bishop started, and could not parry it; but he was hurt by this way of mentioning Bossuet. The best minds have their fetishes, and at times feel vaguely wounded by any want of respect on the part of logic. The Conventionalist was beginning to gasp; that asthma which is mingled with the last breath affected his voice; still he retained perfect lucidity of soul in his eyes. He continued:

"Let us say a few words more on this head. Aside from the revolution, which, taken as a whole, is an immense human affirmation, '93, alas, is a rejoinder. You consider it inexorable, but what was the whole monarchy? Carrier is a bandit, but what name do you give to Montrevel? Fouquir Tainville is a scoundrel, but what is your opinion of Lamoignon-Baville? Maillard is frightful, but what of Saulx-Tavannes, if you please? Father Duchene is ferocious, but what epithet will you allow me for Pere Letellier? Jourdan Coupe-Tete is

a monster, but less so than the Marquis de Louvois. I pity Marie Antoinette, archduchess and queen; but I also pity the poor Huguenot woman who in 1865, under Louis the Great, while suckling her child, was fastened, naked to the waist, to a stake, while her infant was held at a distance. Her breast was swollen with milk, her heart with agony; the babe, hungry and pale, saw that breast and screamed for it, and the hangman said to the wife, mother and nurse, 'Abjure!' giving her her choice between the death of her child and the death of her consicence. What do you say of this punishment of Tantalus applied to a woman? Remember this, sir, the French revolution had its reasons, and its wrath will be absolved by the future. Its result is a better world; a caress for the human race issues from its most terrible blows. I must stop, for the game is all in my favor—besides, I am dying."

And, ceasing to regard the bishop, the republican completed his thought with the following calm words:

"Yes, the brutalities of progress are called revolutions, but when they are over this fact is recognized: the human race has been chastened, but it has advanced."

The republican did not suspect that he had carried in turn every one of the bishop's inmost intrenchments. One still remained, however, and from this, the last source of his resistance, came this remark, in which almost all the harshness of the beginning was apparent:

"Progress must believe in God; and the good cannot have impious servants. A man who is an atheist is a bad guide for the human race."

The ex-representative of the people did not reply. He trembled, looked up to heaven, and a tear slowly gathered in his eye. When the lid was full the tear ran down his livid cheek, and he said in a low, tremulous voice, as if to himself:

"Oh, thou! oh, ideal! thou alone existest!"

The bishop felt an indescribable shock; and after a pause the old man raised a finger to heaven and said:

"The infinite is. It is there. If the infinite had no ego, the ego would be its limit; it would not be infinite—in other words, it would not exist. But it is. Hence it has an ego. The ego of this infinite is God."

The dying man uttered these words in a loud voice, and with a shudder of ecstacy, as if he saw some one. When he had spoken, his eyes closed, for the effort had exhausted him. It was evident that he had lived in one minute the few hours left him. The supreme moment was at hand. The bishop understood it; he had come hither as a priest, and had gradually

passed from the extreme coldness to extreme unction; he gazed at those closed eyes; he took the wrinkled, chilly hand and bent over the dying man.

"This hour is God's. Would you not consider it a matter of regret if we had met in vain?"

The republican opened his eyes; a gravity which suggested the shadow of death was imprinted on his countenance.

"Sir," he said, with a slowness produced perhaps more by the dignity of his soul than by failing of his strength, "I have spent my life in meditation, contemplation and study. I was sixty years of age when my country summoned me and bade me busy myself with its affairs. I obeyed. There were abuses, and I combated them; tyranny, and I destroyed it; rights and principles, and I proclaimed and confessed them; our territory was invaded, and I defended it; France was menaced, and I offered her my breast. I was not rich, and I am poor. I was one of the masters of the state; the treasury vaults were so filled with specie that we were compelled to shore up the walls, which were ready to burst beneath the weight of gold and silver, but I dined in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, at two and twenty sous a head. I succored the oppressed; I relieved the suffering. I tore up the altar-cloth, it is true; but it was to staunch the wounds of the country. I ever supported the onward march of the human race toward light, and I at times resisted pitiless progress. When opportunity served, I protected my adversaries—men of your class. And there is at Peteghem in Flander, on the same site where the Morovingian kings had their summer palace, a monastery of Urbanists, the Abbey of St. Claire en Beaulieu, which I saved in 1793. I did my duty according to my strength, and what good I could. After which I was driven out, tracked, pursued, persecuted, maligned, mocked, spat upon, accursed, and proscribed. For many years, I, with my white hairs, have felt that many men believed they had a right to despise me. My face has been held accursed by the poor, ignorant mob; and, while hating no one, I accepted the isolation of hatred. Now I am eighty-six, and on the point of death; what have you come to ask of me?"

"Your blessing!" said the bishop, and knelt down. When the bishop raised his head again, the Conventionalist's countenance had become august; he had expired. The bishop returned home absorbed in strange thoughts, and spent the whole night in prayer. On the morrow, the curious tried to make him talk about G——, the republican, but he only pointed to heaven. From this moment his tenderness and fraternity for the suffering were redoubled.

THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY.

(Continued.)

Any hope or assistance from Bell was wholly out of the question. We generally accomplished the difficulty by a dash and sagacity excited by the emergency. Marblette, blue-eyed and rosy, sped over like a lapwing, guiding by the hand a dot of a sister called Charlotte, who was to the full as active and alert as herself. They were always over first. Two others younger than Marblette, older than Charlotte, essayed the passage hand in hand; a fixed determination and great bravery were stamped on their round faces, though their black eyes were distended with a certain degree of apprehension. How they threaded their way through all the carts and coaches, and never were driven over, is one of those marvels of Providence that no one has failed to witness and record with pious gratitude. They were never flurried or hurried. They had a deliberate plan for accomplishing the deed, and generally found themselves safe by Marblette and her charge, watching the adventures of Bell and myself. Bell had clinging to her skirts a little fair fragile girl, whose rank in the family entitled her to the name of Nona. I always considered it impossible for me to cross until I had seen Bell and Nona safely over. The dashes Bell made half way across, then the dashes back, might have thrown the little darling a dozen times under the feet of the horses, but for the resolute manner with which she clung to Bell's garments. As often as not some great, begrimed fellow, with a coal heaver's hat, and a ponderous, brass-mounted whip, would lift the pretty little creature, with a touch as delicate as if she was a butterfly, and bearing her across with infinite care, place her by her sisters. No sooner was she safely landed than, regardless of Bell, I lifted up the youngest of the seven (who did not go to school, but only accompanied us for the sake of the walk), and staggered over to join the others.

And now, the crossing accomplished, we might look about and enjoy ourselves. Immediately opened upon us the great, wide space called the Sandgate. Opposite to us was the open colonnaded fish market, where all the women were assembled with great baskets of silvery, slippery, herrings, and buyers were thronging, and voices shouting, and the whole scene was as lively and diverting as a play. A little further on, and before us, was the curious many-windowed house, out of which stepped a pretty young lady one night into the arms of a lover who made her Lady Eldon.

Near this was the bookseller's shop, at which papa bought

Marblette and me each a Bible, which we earned when we said our catechism with the school children in church.

This bookseller's shop was an object of great interest to us. Turning off Sandgate, round to go up the hill, that was even steeper than the one in Gateshead, and quite straight, we came upon a series of shops that entirely captivated us.

Such moutains of almond comforts, such bars of red and yellow barley sugar, such heaps of sparkling sugar candy, such rows and rows of goodies, such bull's eyes, lozenges, peppermints, gingerbreads, almond rock—every window was wholly a fairy land of delicious things! Not even Robert of Normandy's castle, rising straight in front of us, or the first sight of the great city wall, twenty feet high and seven feet thick, built by a rich burgher of Newcastle, to save himself and his fellow-townsmen from being carried off prisoners by the Picts —he having once been kidnapped, and only redeemed from bondage by paying a vast ransom—nothing drew away our eyes from the shop windows as long as they were of this seducing nature.

But up Dean street we must now toil, arriving panting into Moseley street, where dwelt the delightfully polite and much perfumed Mr. Collins, the hair cutter. He always, when cutting our hair, apologized in the most charming manner for doing it, though it was an operation we much affected, and would have submitted to it every day, and all day, had we been blessed like Absolom with an over-abundance of hair. He had a habit of saying to each of us, as we approached to be wrapped up in his cotton apparatus. "Dear me, miss, 'ow you 'ave growd." And so great was this habit, that long after I was married, I went into his shop to indulge once more in the old delightful sensation of having my hair manipulated by him, and recalling myself to his recollection by my maiden name, he started back, just as he was used to do in former years, and said, "Dear me, miss, 'ow you 'ave growd."

He wore his own hair curled and frizzled, like the pictures of George the Fourth, and was altogether in figure very like him.

Out of Moseley street we passed into Pilgrim street, and then, conscious that the rest of our walk would be straight and uneventful, we clustered together and chattered out our childish thoughts. Pilgrims of old, living so long ago (it was a mental effort of our little brains to think how many centuries before us), had paced up this street. What were they like? Had they a Tadmor to go and worship, or was it a school like ours? Were there little children among them, and did they think as we did, and long to be turned loose for once in a goody shop, with leave to take what they pleased? Did they fear droves of cattle, and were there as many great carts and

wagons as in our day? Or were they holy pilgrims indeed, thinking of nothing but praying to God, and were they now in heaven, and should we ever see them there, and tell them how Pilgrim street looked now? and if there was much difference when the town was called Nauncastle, as in their day? The speculations that we indulged in regarding the pilgrims lasted until we arrived at some great iron gates. Within these gates was a large swimming bath. We thought it our duty always to pause and look in, for our eldest sister had once fallen in and been rescued by papa, who jumped in after her. Our sister did not live with us, but was being educated in the south, and was regarded by us with so much mingled awe and admiration as to be quite an object of worship.

When asked how many we were, it was a rule with the little ones always to reply, "We are nine little girls and one young lady." Close by the iron gates was another seducing shop, of a much higher stamp than those down in the Sandgate, which were meant more for the sailors.

Here were grand wedding cakes, all over little cupids; young sugar Highlanders, with whom we fell in love! shepherds and shepherdesses, looking sweetness itself. There were bottles upon bottles of rosy wine; sponge cages, of intricate and marvelous shapes; boxes of figs, plums and bloomy raisins—altogether a regal shop.

Just before we turned out of Pilgrim street we passed the door of a mansion where dwelt the largest lady we had ever seen then or since. She had been wooed and wedded at the ripe age of forty, and we had all been invited to eat wedding cake. The bride sat in all her bridal bravery, and boasted to our mother, that it had taken thirty-eight yards of silk to make her wedding dress; which, in those days of gores and no crinolines, was certainly prodigious to hear of. But not so extraordinary when you looked at the bridge. How her husband admired her! He walked round her (it was quite a walk), chuckling with delight at the mountain of loveliness that was all his own.

"Eighteen stun'," as he called it. "I give ye my word, mem."

They were a very happy couple to the dying day of the first one that went. When they laughed, which they always did together, out of compliment to each other, they shook the house; and they laughed still louder, and shook it still more, in their delight at this.

We saw many things in this walk of ours that were marvelous to us; but the fat lady struck us the most. As we turned the corner of her house we came into a wide, open street. On one side, alone in a quaint garden, clothed with a close-fitting garment of ivy, was a beautiful old tower, one of

the seven built in the great wall that surrounded Newcastle, still so perfect that it was inhabited. And on winter nights, with bright lights shining in its old windows, we almost fancied its first inhabitants still lived there. Just beyond it was the prosaic, dull, uninteresting line of houses, the first of which was our school. And in a few moments, forgetful of the two babies we had left at home—with no recallings of Thomson's shop, Bell's untidy mother, the steep street with its strangely shod horses, the little hunchback girl, the noisy bridge, the shrill cries, that awful crossing, the Bible shop, the paradise windows of goodies, Mr. Collins, the holy pilgrims, the fat lady—we were deeply absorbed in all the troubles and turmoils of school life. Amind its small grievances, its ever-varying routine, its scant pleasure and short triumphs, this "Walk in Childhood" might not be thought of by us. But I am persuaded that, imperceptibly, it had its influences.

We had no feeling of envy for the little scholars placed in a warm corner by the great school fire. Our babies at home sat at nurse's table, and had buttered toast and tea, and we enjoyed seeing their enjoyment of these delicacies.

The reproofs given and penances imposed for untidiness of any kind were meekly heard and duly performed. If Bell's mother had but been scolded and punished in her youth, she would not now have been an object of disgust, rather than interest, to us.

If we were somewhat weary of the plodding of lessons, the repetitions of history, and the reading of people whom we never saw or were likely to see, we remembered the little narrow gully, down which the Duke of Cumberland would not go, and how the broad street was made instead; and if people had not been clever and thoughtful for the future, we might have met droves of cattle down that narrow roadway; and then we felt grateful to those who had lived before us, and were interested to know if they learned like us, and were altogether the same sort of people.

The pale little hunchback made us tender and forbearing to the few unfortunate that are to be found in every school. A misshaped girl—a poor thing, but indifferently witted; a rough little savage from the country—I remember them all, and could weep, even at this day, to think that I did not do more to lighten their school life.

The noisy bridge made us gentle and low in speech; the kindly gifts proffered us bade us be kind also, whether to high or low.

And the great difficulty of our walk—the crossing—was but a type of many other difficulties, apparently insuperable, but by patience and perseverance accomplished. The Bible

shop shadowed forth rewards; the street of tempting goody shops was typical of many a temptation since. The toiling up hill, the turn into quiet Pilgrim street, the little family chatter and exchange of thoughts, all had their influence.

We were pilgrims, journeying on through life. Every day we rose to pursue our way, assisting each other, as our father rescued our sister from drowning; and she grew up to be, what we each hoped to be, a young lady. The walk home from school was very different to our walk there.

The streets were more quiet; if in summer, ladies were shopping, and carriages driving about. We were often met by friends of our father and mother, and at times taken into one of those delightful goody shops, and treated to whatever our fancy most delighted in. Bell, too, was more staid in her manner, and, with her best bonnet and shawl on, did her utmost not to disgrace them. Mr. Collins might be seen airing himself at his shop door, and starting with theatrical surprise upon seeing the flock turn down into Moseley street, would begin to bow immediately, that he might get his six bows over before we had so far passed that some would be wasted.

Now we had time to notice Robert of Normandy's castle; now we did not care so much for the goody shops—we were on our road home. The crossing was absolutely forgotten until we came to it, and was so free of traffic that we each crossed over by a line of our own, or might have walked across all seven abreast.

The hawkers on the bridge were gone home; the little pale girl had been lifted up and carried away by her father, as Bell passed over the bridge to come for us.

The steep street did not seem steep to us. We sped up it, light in heart as in heels, passed Bell's mother without a look, passed Ducrow's birthplace without a thought, passed Thomson's shop with no remembrances or sighs for its "claggum," flung ourselves on the mysteriously fastened front door, which would not open, so puzzled was it by the lots of little fingers, each trying who should be first to screw round the spring. At last, relenting, it burst open of a sudden, precipitating us all into the court like sugar plums rolled out of a bottle. We escape falls down the steps by a miracle, and, rushing all the quicker, because the nearer our goal, we are up in the nursery the next second; we are received with screams of delight by the two babies, and the little one, who had walked with us in the morning. (It depended on circumstances how nurse welcomed us); and we feel like the pilgrims of old, safe after a perilous journey—happy a day of duty done.

If in winter time, the evening was wet, Bell was bade to take a hackney coach. How delighted we were! but not so de-

lighted as Bell; she sat in the middle of the coach, grinning broadly, and was so overcome with ecstacy she was of no manner of use.

"Eh me, but this is gran'! Ay me, if I wor a born leddy I'd be in ma coach night and day. Ay, but I'll be mad wi' mither if her isn't looking oot, and seeing me gang by, like a leddy!"

"Like a leddy!" The repetition of this phrase in our ears had its due effect; we greatly desired to be ladies, like our eldest sister. Still more did we desire to be good Christians.

"For," said papa, "the best gift God has given us is an abhorrence of sin, even while we commit it. This is conscience; this is the nature the lost angels forfeited, and it was given to us. My children, let us thank God for the gift, and be sure you use it well."

(Continued Next Month.)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

Feb. 19—The first announcement is made that the powerful railroad syndicate secures control of the Rio Grande railroad, giving the Goulds and Rockefellers a through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Feb. 20—The executors of the estate of the late C. P. Huntington pay $700,000 to the comptroller of the state of New York to pay the inheritance tax required by the state statutes. At the time of Huntington's death his estate was valued at $70,000,000.

Feb. 21—In the House of Commons, England, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, replying to a question on the cost of the Boer war, said: "So far £81,500,00 of bonds have been issued and the weekly issue is from £1,000,000 to £1,250,000."

Feb. 22—The Pacific Mail steamer Rio de Janeiro ran on a hidden rock while entering the Golden Gate to San Francisco harbor in a dense fog and sank in a few minutes after striking. One hundred and twenty-two missing and seventy-nine saved.

Feb. 23—Stockholders of the Union Pacific meet in Salt Lake City to increase the capitalization of the road to $298,178,700.

Feb. 24—Cardinal Vaughan of England issues a declaration against the anti-Catholic oath taken by King Edward on his accession to the throne. The declaration says the British Parliament alone, of all the Parliaments of the world, declares two sacred Catholic doctrines are "superstitious and idolatrous."

Feb. 25—Thirty-two men entombed in the Diamondville

coal mine, which caught fire. The mine is closed to prevent the fire from spreading.

Feb. 26—The vote in the House of Representatives decided that no legislation favorable to the arid lands of the West can be expected, asnearly all the eastern congressmen were arrayed against any appropriations for this purpose.

Feb. 27—The vote in the United States Senate on the army appropriation bill was passed by a vote of 43 ayes to 20 nays. This vote decides the fate of Cuban independence.

Feb. 28—Charles T. Yerkes, the financial plunger, sells his interest in the Chicago elevated railroad to a gigantic combine and leaves for London, where he bought a franchise of an underground railway.

March 1—The Nebraska penitentiary, located at Lincoln, was destroyed by fire. None of the inmates were injured.

March 2—Omnibus bill, giving more money for public buildings, passes both houses. The western cities awarded are: Boise, Idaho, $200,000 to $250,000; Cheyenne, Wyoming, $250,000 to to $300,000; Butte, Montana, $200,000 to $225,000; Helena, Montana, $300,000 to $350,000; Leadville, Colorado, $50,000 to $75,000; Salt Lake City, $300,000 to $500,000; Seattle, Washington, $300,000 to $750,000.

March 3—Aided by the tariff law, the Sea Coast Packing Company—trust—has increased the price of sardines $1 a case to the retailers, which will be supplemented by another raise of 50 cents March 15th, which is 120 per cent higher than one year ago. Trust are good things; push them along.

March 4—Fifty-sixth Congress finishes its labors and William McKinley inaugurated as President of the United States for the second term with great military pomp.

March 5—The application of the cloture rule in the House of Commons causes a row. Many of the Irish members were forcibly expelled. This is the same rule that is proposed for the United States Senate.

March 6—Three miners lose their lives in the Molepole tunnel near Apex, Colorado. The accident was due to the burning of the building that covered the mouth of the tunnel.

March 7—The grand jury investigating the seizure of negroes at Anderson, South Carolina, report that conditions are worse than existed before the war of 1860.

March 8—The Delaware Legislature, which was strongly Republican, adjourns without electing a senator, which leaves the state without representation in the United States Senate.

March 9—A tornado near Wills Point, Texas, kill four persons and injures twenty.

March 10—The manufacturers of mining machinery form a trust capitalized for $50,000,000. It will control the output

of American manufacturers and fix prices. Thomas McIntyre of New York is the promoter.

March 11—British government rejects United States Senate amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty relating to the Nicaraguan canal.

March 12—The Colorado House of Representatives kills the constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum.

March 13—Former President Benjamin Harrison dies at his home in Indianapolis.

March 14—The entire town of Cloverport, Kentucky, is destroyed by fire.

March 15—If Greater New York will provide the sites Andrew Carnegie promises to donate $5,200,000 to establish sixty-five branch libraries in the city.

March 16—Russian and British troops at Tien Tsin narrowly avoid a conflict over the possession of disputed territory.

March 17—Ex-President Harrison buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

March 18—In the House of Commons Arnold Forster, parliamentary secretary to the admiralty, explained the naval proposals of the government and asked for the sum of £9,000,000 to build thirty-three new warships.

The Western Federation of Miners.

EDWARD BOYCE, President.
JOHN F. McDONELL, Vice President, Virginia City, Nevada.
JAMES MAHER, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 307, Butte, Mont.

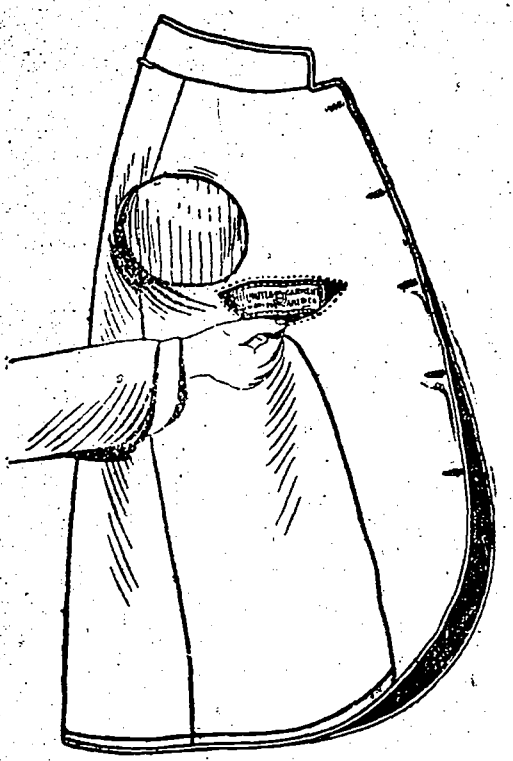
EXECUTIVE BOARD.

John C. Williams.....Grass Valley, California
W. D. Haywood.....Silver City, Idaho
James B. Furey.....Butte, Montana
W. N. Burns.....Ouray, Colorado
Charles H. Moyer.....Lead City, South Dakota
Chris Foley.....Rossland, British Columbia

DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.	Name	Meeting Night	President	Secretary	P.O. Box	Address
	ARIZONA.					
77	Chloride	Wed.	Thomas Roe	Wesley Frazer	...	Chloride
60	Globe	Tue.	Sam Leeds	R. L. Williams	120	Globe
17	Helvetia	Thur	Frank Briggs	A. C. Lamb	...	Helvetia
101	Jerome	Thur	T. F. Casey	P. J. Keohane	120	Jerome
102	Ray	Thur	J. G. Henning	W. A. Weeks	...	Ray
	BRIT. COL'BIA					
76	Gladstone	Sat.	John Hescott	Wm. Goddard	...	Fernie
22	Greenwood	Sat.	Walter Long	M. H. Kane	134	Greenwood
69	Kaslo	Fri.	Robert Pollock	D. McPhail	...	Kaslo
100	Kimberly	.....	.....	Harvey White	...	Kimberly
43	McKinney	Sat.	Edward Welsh.	Allan F. Lusk	...	CampM'Kinney
71	Moyie	Tue.	H. H. Dimock	P. T. Smyth	...	Moyie
96	Nelson	Sat.	Ed F. Blewitt	James Wilks	106	Nelson
97	New Denver	Sat.	D. J. Weir	C. M. Nesbitt	...	New Denver
8	Phoenix	Tue.	James Marshall	John Riordan	...	Phoenix
94	Rossland Mech'l	Fri.	D. C. Coakley	W. W. Dotey	164	Rossland
88	Rossland	Wed.	W. O'Brine	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland
81	Sandon	Sat.	Wm. Davidson.	Wm. L. Hagler.	S	Sandon
95	Silverton	Sat.	John R. Roberts.	John C. Tyre	...	Silverton
62	Slocan	Wed.	J. A. Baker	A. E. Teeter	...	Slocan City
79	Whitewater	Sat.	J. J. McDonald.	B. F. McIsaac	...	Whitewater
85	Ymir	Wed.	Dennis Shea	Alfred Parr	...	Ymir
	CALIFORNIA.					
61	Bodie	Tue.	H.H.Carpenter	Jas. Kavanaugh	6	Bodie
47	Confidence	Thur	Bert Gibbs	A. Somers	...	Confidence
70	Gold Cross	Tue.	Tom West	J. A. Vaughn	...	Hedges
90	Grass Valley	Fri.	E. G. Swift	M. M. Mitchell	...	GrassValley
51	Mojave	Thur	T. F. Delaney	O. W. Marten	...	Mojave
48	Pinion Blanco	.....	George E. Hope	Ed Padberg	...	Coulterville
44	Randsburg	Sat.	Jos. W. Green	T. H. Reed	...	Randsburg
78	Tuolumne	.....	James Opie	Geo. W. Jenkens.	63	Stent
87	Summerville	.....	F. M. Grant	F. I. Kelley	35	Carters P.O.
39	Sierra Gorda		J. B. Baker	Jas. M. Quinn	...	Big Oak Flat
	COLORADO.	Tue.				
75	Altman St. Eng'	Tue.	E. J. Rice	D. C. Copley	106	Independence
21	Anaconda	Sat.	C. W. Rorke	R. S. Mitchell	296	Anaconda
13	Baldwin	Sat.	Henry Dahl	W. A. Triplett	...	Baldwin
89	Battle Mountain	Sun.	Chas. Baldauf	E. E. Mooberry.	27	Gilman
64	Bryan	Sat.	James Ferguson	John C. Prinn	134	Ophir
106	Banner M. & S.	Tue.	W. D. Sighman.	L. L. Riblett	365	Victor
33	Cloud City	Sat.	John McGillis	Chas. R. Burr	132	Leadville
40	Cripple Creek	Sat.	Chas.E.Phillips.	E. J. Campbell	1148	Cripple Creek
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs.	Wed.	Thomas Davis	E. L. Whitney	771	Cripple Creek
93	Denver S. M.	.....	.....	B. P. Smith	...	3915Wynkoopst
58	Durango M. & S	Thu.	Moses Shields	Frank Wride	1273	Durango
45	Eldora	Thur	D. H. Weaver	W.J.Livingston	...	Eldora
80	Excelsior Eng.	Mon.	Joseph Norris	W. A. Morgan	522	Victor

No.	Name	Meeting Night	President	Secretary	P.O.Box	Address
	COLO.—Cont'd.					
110	Florence M. & S.	Sat.	Joseph Lloyd	E. C. Aikins	...	Florence
19	Free Coinage	Fri.	W. B. Easterly.	D. P. McGinley	91	Altman
92	Gillett M. & S.	Sat.	N. E. Boggs	E. S. Timmons	...	Gillett
50	Henson	Thur	W.C.Bredenstein	W. E. Laird	...	Henson
55	Lawson	Wed.	H. Cadwalader.	M. O'Hagan	...	Lawson
15	Ouray	Sat.	W. J. Beard	Jno. M. Hogue	571	Ouray
6	Pitkin County	Tue.	Theo. Saurer	R. K. Sprinkle	897	Aspen
36	Rico	Wed.	Chase Kelly	Thos. C. Young.	662	Rico
26	Silverton	Sat.	E. U. Fletcher.	E. L. Riggs	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tue.	T. B. Walker	A. J. Horne	...	Ironton
63	16 to 1	Sat.	V. St. John	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Tue.	B. T. Holder	W. P. Swallow	212	Kokomo
32	Victor	Thur	John Currey	Jerry Kelly	134	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat.	James Cassidy	J. H. Thomas	...	Vulcan
108	Whitepine	.....	.....	B. F. Killey	...	Whitepine
	IDAHO.					
10	Burke	Tue.	Chas. Tilford	John Kelly	207	Burke
52	Custer	Sat.	Wm. J. Bowen.	Thos. H. Steven	...	Custer
53	DeLamar	Sat.	Jos. G. Wilson.	Wm. Mitchell	...	De Lamar
11	Gem	Wed.	Frank Monty	A. S. Bolch	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed.	Thos. Barber	R. R. Dodge	19	Gibbonsville
9	Mullan	Sat.	R. Wheatley	Jno.Hendrickson	30	Mullan
20	Rocky Bar	Sat.	Myron Lester	W. J. Edworthy	...	Rocky Bar
66	Silver City	Sat.	W. D. Heywood	Wm. Williams	...	Silver City
18	Wardner	Sat.	S. C. Stratton	Victor Price	162	Wardner
65	Wood River	.....	.....	William Batey	...	Hailey
	MISSOURI.					
88	Joplin	Wed.	Ben Housley	S. P. Cress	...	Joplin
	MONTANA.					
57	Aldridge	Sat.	Jos. Gulde	Alix Hynd	...	Aldridge
12	Barker	Thur	P. Franklin	Joseph Boland	5	Barker
23	Basin	Wed.	John Mulcahey.	R. H. Pierce	1	Basin
7	Belt	Sat.	C. H. Conner	Wm. Cheek	...	Neihart
45	Bridger	.....	.....	S. C. Keath	...	Bridger
1	Butte	Tue.	W. H. Eddy	Jerry Hanley	498	Butte
74	Butte M. & S.	Wed.	Luke Williams.	S. P. Johnson	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.	Wed.	BernardLindsay	Jos. Creighton	2	Butte
67	Carbonado	Tue.	Jas. Dougherty.	J. R. Miller	...	Carbonado
78	Gebo	.....	.....	D. B. Spears	...	Gebo
86	Geo. Dewey	Fri.	W. S. VanEtten	H. Bussey	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tue.	Harry Lewney	Wm. Enderlien.	D	Granite
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat.	Chas. Wilson	James Finley	790	G. Falls
35	Hassell	Sat.	V. T. Patterson	J. W. Galvin	71	Hassell
107	Judith Mt.	Sat.	Robt. McMullan	Otto Anderson	...	Maiden
103	Marysville	Tue.	Wm. Walsh	Joseph Harvey	...	Marysville
29	Red Lodge	Mon.	Alex. Fairgrave	Thos. Conway	207	Red Lodge
104	Red Bluff	Sat.	Hugh Elliott	B. G. Crawford.	...	Red Bluff
105	White Hall	Tue.	Jerry O'Rourke	.....	...	Whitehall
25	Winston	Sat.	A.E.Wenstrom	R. F. Whyte	...	Winston
	NEVADA.					
72	Lincoln	Wed	A. Burke	W. D. Geck	...	De Lamar
49	Silver City	Tue.	S. Armstrong	T. C. Wogan	76	Silver City
31	Tuscarora	Wed.	W. J. Plumb	S. S. Turner	12	Tuscarora
46	Virginia	Fri.	W. A. Burns	J. F. McDonell	I	Virginia City
	N. W. TERR.					
76	Gladstone	Sat.	John Hescott	W. Goddard	...	Fernie
59	Lethbridge	Sat.	Henry Noble	K. McDonald	...	Lethbridge
	OREGON.					
42	Bourne	Mon.	Al Johnson	John T. Rusk	...	Bourne
91	Cornucopia	Sat.	F. W. Sharp	N. L. Skiff	...	Cornucopia
	S. DAKOTA.					
56	Custer	.....	.....	Geo. Knowles	...	Custer
3	Central	Sat.	A. Erickson	W. G. Friggins	23	Central City
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	A. Forester	J. E. Evans	950	Deadwood
2	Lead	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols.	J. C. McLemore.	290	Lead
30	Keystone	Wed.	John Lynch	Wm. Bacon	...	Keystone
5	Terry Peak	Wed.	Geo. Hendy	C. H. Schaad	174	Terry
68	Two-Bit	Sat.	Seth Galvin	H.J.VanAlstine	...	Galena
	WASHINGTON.					
28	Republic	Tue.	Mich'l Callahan.	Jas. B. Duggan.	157	Republic
24	Sheridan	Sat.	Abe Hanson	C. M. Wilson	...	Toroda
	WYOMING.					
98	Battle Creek	Thur	E. E. Lind	F. L. Miller	...	Osceola
	UTAH.					
99	Valley S. U.	Tue.	Wm. Bogart	H. T. Hofeling	...	Murray
34	Sandie S. U.	Sat.	C. B. Brown	Wm. Halstead	...	Sandie



UNION MINERS ATTENTION

Show your loyalty to the cause by insisting upon the emblem of fair union labor being attached to the clothing you buy.

Costs you no more for a well made garment. Insures you against Chinese and diseased sweat shop product.

For list of manufacturers, (Clothing, Overalls and Shirts) using label write to Henry White, Gen. Secretary, Bible House, New York.

The Western Federation of Miners

IS THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Underhill's

GARMENTS WHEN WORN BY

Members of the Western Federation are also the right thing in the right place.

WESTERN MADE, UNION MADE, BEST MADE.
THE LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT.

Underhill Manufacturing Co., Factory in Denver. Make Shirts, Corduroy Pants, Miners' Coats, Duck Clothing, Overalls and Things.

NATIONAL UNION OF THE UNITED BREWERY WORKMEN

UNION BEER

OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

This label should be pasted on every package containing

Beer, Ale or Porter,

As the only guarantee that said package contains Beverages produced by Union Labor.