



JOSEPH R. RYAN, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

The Miners' Magazine

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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Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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 communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

This issue is compiled by the third assistant editor, commonly called the printer's devil, who never expects to have the opportunity again, so will shoot it into you while he has you right.

First—He wishes to call your attention to the press committees; how ably they are assisting us in contributing to this magazine. Out of the 110 unions in the Federation this month we have communications from one press committee. We would like to have some member of the other 109 unions inform us if their committees have gone on a strike or if they just simply quit and did not want any one to know about it.

Second—He wishes the non-subscriber that reads this article to know that we have space on our subscription list for his name. Don't be a "grouchy piker" any longer; you will get good returns for your dollar; and if this issue goes through and we hold our job, we will give you a pipe dream occasionally if that is what you want for your money, "so let go of it." If you have no agent in your camp, go to the post-office and invest in a money order. All subscribers that have not renewed their subscriptions are cut off our list and will

not receive any more complimentaries. Magazines are not run like your Rand and Sullivan sluggers, "on hot air."

Third—We did not succeed in getting many specimens last year for our cabinet. This is a thing that each member should attend to himself, as there is going to be another prize to the union that sends in the best collection. N. B.—If the delegates bring their turkeys well packed with specimens we will assure them a good time, as the secretary of the entertainment committee will have full charge of them. He would like to welcome every one alike, but he has an icy mit that he can slip on very easily for those "that had some nice ones" and came away from home in a hurry; others that got back-dooed, and those that intended to.

Fourth—Any delegate producing the body of big Barney Riley (dead or alive) at the next convention will be suitably rewarded.

MARTIAL LAW ABOLISHED.

On May 4, 1899, ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho proclaimed martial law in Shoshone county, where it continued until April 11, 1901, when abolished by Governor Hunt.

This ends the reign of tyranny practiced by thugs and desperadoes who practiced their profession under the guise of law, but it does not end the blacklist and permit system in vogue. It is useless for union miners to apply for a permit from the mine owners' scab agent because it is his duty not to employ them.

CARNEGIE'S DONATION.

Carnegie's library donations are receiving more than passing attention from the plutocratic press of the country in a vain attempt to prove that this old murderer is a real philanthropist.

In each of his libraries we suggest that a painting of the Homestead scenes of 1892, with 300 Pinkerton thugs shooting down his workingmen, be placed in a conspicuous place. It would go further towards educating the average wage slave than all his blood-stained volumes.

CZAR AND EMPEROR.

According to reports the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany are much exercised over the plots against their lives, which are considered sacred. It is to be regretted that both these worthless tyrants did not meet the same fate as

Leopold of Italy—the world would move as though neither of them ever ruled.

It is not strange that men bowed down by oppression and goaded to desperation by military despots should seek revenge by any method when opportunity offers.

Let Czar and Emperor raise the burden of oppression under which the people groan and abolish their armies of uniformed murderers and allow them to engage in the peaceful pursuits of life and they need have no fears of assassination.

The men who plot against the lives of those two rulers have a just cause for such terrible work, and no one, unless a slave by nature, would submit without making some effort for their freedom.

IMPORTANT.

Again it becomes necessary to notify subscribers who do not receive their magazines and those who renew their subscriptions or change their address. If the following advice is adopted subscribers will save themselves and this office much inconvenience and delay:

Subscribers not receiving their magazine on or before the 3rd of each month should address a postal card to the Miners' Magazine, Denver, Colorado, saying they have not received their magazine for the month of May, or whatever month it may be.

The postal card should not refer to any other subject.

When renewing your subscription write the word "renewal."

When changing address send the following note to the Miners' Magazine: "Change my address to Market street, San Francisco, California; my former address was Seventeenth street, Denver Colorado," and sign name. If these rules are observed we will have no difficulty in making any change desired by our subscribers.

If they are not observed we will not be responsible for delays or mistakes that may occur.

NOTICE TO DELEGATES.

The ninth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners will convene in Denver at I. O. O. F. hall at 10 a. m. May 27, 1901, and continue in session until all business is transacted.

We have been unable to make arrangements for headquarters on account of the non-organized condition of the cooks and waiters of the city, who protest against delegates

boarding at non-union houses. We regret to state that the Cooks' and Waiters' Union have made no effort whatever to unionize the hotels of the city, which makes it inconvenient and disagreeable for union men who enter the city as strangers and wish to stop at a union house.

Upon the arrival of the delegates at the Union depot on Seventeenth street a reception committee will meet them and escort them to headquarters.

We have secured one and one-fifth fare for all delegates and their friends who attend the convention, except on the Southern Pacific, under the following conditions: Buy a straight ticket to Denver and take a receipt from your ticket agent for the same. This receipt will entitle the holder to return for one-fifth of the regular fare, and under no other conditions. Unless this receipt is preserved, the Federation will not be responsible for the one-fifth fare returning. Delegates who neglect to take a receipt from the agent from whom they buy their ticket must pay full fare both ways.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

This is the constitutional amendment passed by the last session of the Colorado Legislature which will be submitted to the people of the state at the next general election for their adoption or rejection.

The measure is of great importance to all workingmen and undoubtedly will be adopted by the people of Colorado if the workingmen of the state will do their duty between now and the day the people vote for or against the measure: Be it Enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Colorado:

Section 1. That there shall be submitted to the qualified electors of the state of Colorado, at the next general election for members of the General Assembly, for their approval or rejection, the following amendment to the constitution of the state of Colorado, which, when ratified by a majority of those voting thereon, shall be valid as a part of the constitution, namely: Article five of the constitution of the state of Colorado shall be amended by adding a new section thereto, to be known as section twenty-six a (26a), which section shall read as follows:

Sec. 26a. The General Assembly shall provide by law, and shall prescribe suitable penalties for the violation thereof, for a period of employment not to exceed eight (8) hours within any twenty-four (24) hours (except in cases of emergency where life or property is in imminent danger), for persons employed in underground mines or other underground workings, blast furnaces, smelters; and any ore reduction works or other

branch industry or labor that the General Assembly may consider injurious or dangerous to health, life or limb.

Sec. 2. Each elector voting at said election and desirous of voting for or against said amendment, shall deposit in the ballot box his ticket, whereon shall be printed the words, "For the Eight-Hour Amendment to Article V. of the Constitution" and "Against the Eight-Hour Amendment to Article V. of the Constitution," and shall indicate his choice by placing a cross opposite one or the other of said groups of words.

Sec. 3. The votes cast for the adoption or rejection of said amendment shall be canvassed and the result determined by the laws of the state for the canvass of votes for representatives in Congress.

CONDITIONS IN ROSSLAND.

On another page we print a statement of Bernard McDonald and Edmund B. Kirby, managers of the large mining properties in Rossland. This article specifically states that in addition to blacklisting members of the union and prohibiting its secretary from soliciting on the sacred ground of the companies, these two union wreckers will reduce wages if an attempt is made to put the men in Rossland on a level with men employed in other mining camps in the province. It appears that the threat of those two mine managers had the desired effect, as Rossland union voted in accord with their wish.

The statement has been frequently made by good union men that McDonald and Kirby had paid agents in the union to oppose any action being taken to prohibit the blacklisting of union men and abolishing the contract system, which is a reduction of wages, or increasing laborers' wages in the mines from \$2.50 to \$3 per day, the same as paid in other mining camps in the Kootenay and Slocum mining districts. We are not in a position to say whether these accusations are true, but we must confess that the recent action of the union in voting down the resolutions adopted at a previous meeting and the resolution of the district board, to say the least, looks suspicious.

We are not inclined to criticise the union, but we cannot see why it should not be placed on a par with the other unions of the province. It looks as though there is a secret agency at work in the union, and we advise the true members to devote all their time in the future to discovering who these agents are, for the union will never be a success while they are permitted to retain membership, as they will destroy the strongest union that ever was organized.

A CONTINUOUS SUPPLY.

For a number of years Joplin mining district, in Missouri, has been the recruiting station for scabs to take the places of miners struggling for their rights throughout the mining regions of the West. Cripple Creek, Leadville, San Juan and the Coeur d'Alene country were overrun with so-called miners from this abominable region. Wherever those men went they acted the part of the bully and thug at all times, and proved themselves to be hirelings competent to carry out the wishes of the corporations that employed them.

This insufferable influx of scabs has not abated in the least. The Mine Owners' Association of the Coeur d'Alenes is hiring them to take the place of the union men they have blacklisted and driven out of the country by the aid of martial law and United States soldiers.

A Democratic paper, the Globe, published in Joplin, Missouri, publishes letters from Joplin scabs now employed in the Coeur d'Alene mines, claiming that conditions in that region are good and employment plentiful; advising brother scabs to come there without delay. This same Democratic sheet, during the national campaign, published the congressional investigation for the purpose of carrying the state of Missouri for the Democrats, claiming that the Republican party was responsible for the reign of terror and martial law at that time, but this traitor sheet, as it has been justly called by an organization of Social Democrats, has changed its attitude and become an employment agency for the Coeur d'Alene mine owners.

We are in receipt of a letter from an old friend in Joplin, informing us that scabs now working in the Coeur d'Alene mines are writing letters back to their Joplin friends every day, requesting them to leave Joplin for Idaho immediately. It is strange how degraded some men can become, when, for a miserable job in a cold, damp mine, they will sell their honor and manhood and try to deceive others so they may follow in their footsteps.

However, this doesn't surprise us after our experience in the Joplin district. Going to the city of Joplin on a Saturday afternoon, one beholds more drunkenness and debauchery than can be found in all the mining camps of the entire West. One is led to believe, from observation, that a vast majority of the miners seen upon the streets in their digging clothes at a late hour in the evening have no other object in view except to lessen the supply of bad whisky. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that the Mine Owners' Association of Idaho has organized a scab recruiting station in southwestern Missouri.

Union men everywhere, especially in the mining camps of

the West, should pay particular attention to those who hail from the Joplin district, because they are a dangerous class of men and not to be relied upon. They will seek admission into unions when they find it is to their advantage, but union men should not tolerate them because they are a disgrace to themselves and to any organization that harbors them. After working for starvation wages in the Joplin district, they are willing to take advantage of better wages upheld by the force of organized labor in other districts, but they are not willing to co-operate and assist those who have been the pioneers in the struggle for high wages and decent living for miners and other workingmen.

No wonder that the few decent men who come from Joplin are ashamed of the name and deny that they ever worked in such a scab hole.

HON. JOSEPH R. RYAN OF NEVADA.

With this number of the magazine, we present to our readers the photo and a biographical sketch of Joseph R. Ryan, manager of the Comstock Pumping Association, the Con. Cal. and Va. Mining and Milling Company, the Hale and Norcross Mining Company, and the Andes Mining Company of Virginia City, Nevada.

Mr. Ryan is an old-time resident of Nevada, where he has continually held positions of honor and trust. At all times proving faithful, honest and industrious in the discharge of his duty to his employers. He is a native of Massachusetts, but came to California when a child, of which state his father was a pioneer. Mr. Ryan is a college graduate of the Golden state, where he was a classmate with Mr. James L. Flood of San Francisco, son of the bonanza king, and the friendship which sprang up spontaneously between the two young collegians "in the bright lexicon of youth" remains unmarred by time or change of place.

Mr. Ryan is possessed of all the attributes and attainments required by a man holding his responsible positions in the mining and milling world, being a first-class mining expert, knowing scientifically every move to make as a mine manager, is a thorough mill man and a first-class assayer. Notwithstanding the high positions Mr. Ryan holds in the mining circles of the Pacific coast, he has always been an unflinching friend of organized labor, and is the idol of the Comstock miners. He gives to all his engineers, top carmen and all hands working underground eight hours for a day's work, and miners and top carmen all get \$4 a day for this work.

Under his benign management all his employes are treated

with marked kindness and humanity, no unkind act to any one being allowed under his regime.

Politically, Mr. Ryan is a Democrat of the Jeffersonian school, and is a fluent and pleasing speaker, always commanding the attention of his audience, but he is very modest and retiring in his manner. The office seeking the man in his case every time. Mr. Ryan is the recognized leader of the Democracy of Nevada, with whom he is a great favorite. Four years ago he was chairman of the Democratic state convention and was nominated and elected a presidential elector and named by his colleagues to carry the votes to Washington, D. C.

Were all mine managers as fair in treating with their employes, strikes would become ancient history, even under our waning industrial system.

ANACONDA ORGANIZED.

After many fruitless attempts the mill and smeltermen of Anaconda, Montana, organized a union of their craft March 30th under favorable conditions, as all who took part in the proceedings were earnest and sincere in their work of organization.

This is the fourth attempt upon the part of the workmen of Anaconda to form a union of their craft, and every time it proved unsuccessful on account of the opposition of the manager.

It is hoped this attempt will be successful, and no doubt it will, judging the character of the men who took the initiatory step and the officers they elected.

The strike of the Machinists' and Moulders' Union for the same wages as paid in other shops and foundries proved an educator to the workmen in other departments of the large smelting concern, who were in a great measure doubtful of their ability to organize a union on account of previous failures.

However, a meeting was arranged for 8 o'clock in Hibernia hall, and before the hour of meeting arrived 500 men had assembled either to enlist as members of the new union or assist in its formation as members of other unions, and thus by their presence and active work show the men composing the mill and smeltermen that they had friends in other unions who were with them in their laudable work.

Mr. McKenzie, ex-secretary of Great Falls Smeltermen's Union, called the meeting to order and in a few comprehensive remarks stated its object and concluded by introducing the president of the Western Federation of Miners, who proceeded to enlighten the audience on the objects of the organization and its benefits.

At the conclusion of his remarks those who were members of other unions withdrew and the work of organizing the new union began with 280 charter members.

Richard W. Rule was elected president, Walter F. Remington vice president, and Frank Burke financial secretary without opposition, as the whole audience went wild with enthusiasm when the names of the three men who were to guide the infant union to success were mentioned.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the election of other officers and delegate to the convention was deferred to the next meeting, which was arranged for the following Saturday evening.

During the week Mr. Edward Monaghan, organizer for the Western Federation of Miners, who organized the stationary engineers of Anaconda two months ago, did what he could to assist the officers in their work.

The result was very satisfactory, as the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and many new members were initiated.

Messrs. Whitley and McCord, president and business agent of Butte Mill and Smeltersmen, attended the second meeting of the new union and were well received. After delivering short addresses and describing the benefits accruing to the smeltersmen of Butte through their union.

We predict a bright future for Anaconda M. and S. Union under the direction of its present officers, who are intelligent and earnest gentlemen worthy of the honor conferred upon them by their associates.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

This will be the last issue of the magazine before the delegates to the ninth annual convention assemble in the city of Denver for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Federation, and between now and that date there is much good work that can be done by unions and delegates which will be of great importance, not only to the local unions, but to all organized bodies of workmen everywhere.

This convention should go upon record with a well-defined, progressive policy to be pursued during the coming year, and it is necessary that all members of the organization should assist in outlining what this policy shall be. If every union in the Federation would appoint a committee to make recommendations that in the opinion and judgment of this committee would be most beneficial for the national organization, then let the union take up the report of said committee and discuss each question contained therein seriatim; in this way the subject matter could be thoroughly discussed and no doubt in the discussion much valuable informa-

tion could be gained, and perhaps other suggestions would be offered that would add much strength to the report of the committee.

This being done, the delegates could take the report, as adopted by the union, to the convention, and there present it as the findings of their respective union. This would give the delegates an opportunity to discuss various questions, thus broadening out from the old rut that has been pursued by organized bodies of workingmen for many years. It is not sufficient that workingmen, in these days of evolution, should confine themselves entirely to the old threadbare principle which is fast decaying, i. e., collecting dues and paying sick benefits.

We don't wish to be understood as condemning this laudable and praiseworthy object, but we are anxious that a step forward should be taken whenever it is possible. It must be admitted that organized labor, as a body, has not kept pace with the rapid advancement of industry during the past twenty years. There is no change in organized labor to-day and twenty years ago. In fact, it is doubtful whether it has retained its former influence because it has more to contend with to-day in the shape of combinations than at any previous time.

In former years bodies of workingmen in matters of dispute had little difficulty in obtaining audience with their employer. Employers then were willing to meet with them and arbitrate, but to-day such combinations as we see in existence refuse to treat with their employes as a body. In many instances it is impossible to tell who are the stockholders in any of the large trusts and syndicates, as they are generally represented by an attorney or manager, who invariably claims that he has no power to recognize bodies of workingmen, giving as his excuse, I am an employe myself.

Viewing the industrial system as it presents itself to the working people, it is necessary that a stronger organization of workingmen be perfected and better disciplined for the contest that must come between combinations of organized wealth upon one hand and the people upon the other. It is not well that laboring men, at this time, should remain inactive because this inevitable crisis may come much sooner than the average individual anticipates, for these combinations of wealth are fast gaining control of all the avenues of industry, and should this concentration of wealth continue five years longer at the same rapid rate it has continued during the five years just ended, no one can see the end.

It is useless to imagine, as some people do, that the industrial crisis through which we are passing will adjust itself without abolishing the influence of either of the forces now

engaged in the contest. Organized wealth upon one side is contending for supremacy, not over the workingman alone, but over the entire people, and in this contest it has the support of all governments. It relies entirely upon the government to protect it in its schemes to rob and plunder the people. Upon the other side stand the common people, the producers of all wealth, who are without, in a great measure, any representation in the governments of the world at the present day.

In the United States, a country where we hear so much about the free ballot, where workingmen ought to be represented, they have not even a voice or a vote in the halls of Congress, nor are they represented in the judiciary department of the government. On the contrary, the millionaire is represented by his attorney, or some other one equally as efficient in advancing his master's interests.

Delegates who intend to advance the cause for which they are elected, should realize that it is not sufficient for them to attend the convention without giving some thought to these economic questions before they take their position in the hall. They should prepare themselves and be prepared to give the convention the benefit of their intellect. It is impossible for a man to do justice to any subject without first considering it in all its phases and preparing himself to advance arguments calculated to advance the cause in which he is engaged. If each delegate will spend one hour each day between now and the date he departs for the convention on whatever subject he considers of most importance to the organization, it will enable him to co-operate intelligently with his associates.

In this way a declaration of principles can be adopted that will not only be satisfactory to the members of the Federation, but will command respect wherever they are read.

Delegates should not imagine that they are going to a picnic, because such is not the case, and men who are imbued with the desire to do their duty towards those who elected them understand that the duty which they owe to their organization is so important they cannot help but view it seriously from the side of the laboring people.

Every delegate elected should consider it a high honor and without reservation or hesitation do what he considers best for the interest and welfare of the organization which stands between him and those combinations of wealth that seek to further reduce his standard of living and make him more docile and subservient to his masters.

We trust our suggestions in this brief article will not be ignored by the unions or their representatives, but on the contrary, that all will use their influence to advance any idea calculated to benefit the organization and all concerned.

THE CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO.

With the capture of Aguinaldo we are told that the war in the Philippine archipelago is at an end, and already the administration papers are quoting McKinley as saying that it will not be necessary for him to use the large standing army that Congress placed at his disposal, and recruiting, to some extent, will cease.

Already the Republicans are loud in their praise of McKinley for his wisdom on this because they know that, although Congress did increase the army to 100,000 men, it was not popular with the people, and they have begun to retrieve some of the ground they lost by this arbitrary disregard for the people by attempting another game of deceit.

McArthur's report to the War Department shows that Funston bribed former officers of the insurgent army to lead them to the spot where Aguinaldo, with a small body guard, was encamped in the Grand Cordilleras mountains.

The Americans were dressed as Filipinos, and pretended that they had captured some American officers, which they were taking to Aguinaldo's camp. It required a man of Funston's reputation and brain to think of such a scheme. We imagine that his experience with railroad corporations in this country and looting churches in Manila made him an adept in his game of detective, but they are traits an honorable man would scorn.

However, the work in which the American army is engaged in the Philippines does not require men of honor, for honorable warfare is not the object, and bribing Aguinaldo's former generals to betray him is in keeping with our former action when we fawned upon him and his followers, arming them with rifles and furnishing them with ammunition to fight the Spanish army then in the island of Luzon.

When the American authorities supplied the Filipinos with modern weapons we remember that Manila became a gigantic military prison, for Aguinaldo drove the Spanish soldiers before him like chaff before the wind until he imprisoned them in Manila, and was only prevented from capturing the city by Dewey's guns.

When the American soldiers arrived in Manila it was then decided by the sharks and speculators in this country, in collusion with President McKinley, that America should take possession of the islands, and accordingly paid Spain \$20,000,000 for them.

This was a glaring shame, for Spain had nothing to sell, as her army was defeated in every island where the Filipinos gave it battle.

After a struggle lasting over 300 years the victorious Filipinos were successful in their struggle for their country's independence, and hailed the Americans with delight.

However, we soon changed their attitude, for no sooner had that subservient creature, Otis landed than he began to execute McKinley's plan and insulted and abused Aguinaldo and his followers and under his direction the American soldiers made an attack upon a body of Filipinos which was construed in Washington as an act of hostility by the Filipinos.

Then, without any delay, our former allies became our enemies and since then we have been pleased to designate them as rebels who ought to be murdered without mercy.

The object of this government in the Philippines is apparent to all, and every intelligent person knows it never was our intention to give their inhabitants self-government, but use them as slaves after we have given corporations and syndicates a free hand in robbing them of the wealth of their country.

Our army is nothing short of a thieving band of pirates, who, when not robbing the unfortunate people of the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, rob their own government.

The officers sell the provisions sent to feed the privates, as witnessed in the embalmed beef steal in Cuba, postoffice steal in Porto Rico and the late steal in the commissary department in Manila, and all this is done by patriots who yearn to shed their blood in defense of Old Glory, and no man is permitted to question their conduct.

General McArthur deports Editor Rice from Manila because he criticised the conduct of the army officers of the post who have since been involved in the wholesale robbery.

General Wood, in Havana imprisoned Editor Coranada because he published a cartoon of Wood and McKinley. Notwithstanding these atrocious outrages by pampered hirelings clothed with authority, there are people ignorant enough to uphold such contemptible work while it is done under the sanction of the law and by worthless bullies in uniform.

No fair-minded person can rejoice over the capture of Aguinaldo, for he is as great a hero to-day as he was when fighting our battles with Spain. Base is he who can rejoice in the defeat of a people struggling for their liberty. Although the outlook for the Filipinos looks gloomy, we believe that the struggle for home and country is not ended, and we hope it never will be until they gain that for which they have fought for 300 years.

No true American or lover of justice can wish them aught but success while they are fighting for their independence.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

BYRON'S ODE TO NAPOLEON.

Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing—
So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till they fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness.

Thanks for that lesson; it will teach
The after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
But vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The triumph and vanity—
Rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled—dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory?

The desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbitrator of other's fate
A suppliant for his own!

Is it some yet imperial hope
 That with such change can calmly cope—
 Or dread of death alone?
 To die a prince or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave.

He who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound;
 Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round!
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found;
 He fell, the forest prowler's prey,
 But thou must eat thy heart away.

The Roman, when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart
 In savage grandeur, home;
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom.
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld, abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crown for rosaries away—
 An empire for a cell;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well.
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung;
 All evil spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean.

And earth hath spilt her blood for him
 Who thus can hoard his own;
 And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb
 And thank'd him for a throne.

Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain;
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain.
 If thou hadst died as honor dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height
 To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
 Thy scales, mortality, are just
 To all that pass away.
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay;
 Nor deem'd contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride,
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?
 Must she, too, bend; must she, too, share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless homicide?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle
 And gaze upon the sea;
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee.
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,
 In loitering mood upon the sand,
 That earth is now as free—
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thy Timour! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage,
 But one: "The world was mine?"

Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock?
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst—
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very fiend's arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day, there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign,
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment—where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear—
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

“You ought to be ashamed to swear so dreadfully at the caddy. He is the minister's little boy.”

“It's all right. His father believes in infant damnation.”
 —Life.

INGERSOLL AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
 Of patriot, king and peer,
 The noblest, grandest of them all
 Was loved and cradled here;
 Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
 The loving cotter-king,
 Compared with whom the grandest lord
 Is but a titled thing.

"'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
 A hovel made of clay;
 One door shuts out the wind and storm,
 One window greets the day;
 And yet within this room I stand
 And hold all thrones in scorn,
 For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
 Love's sweetest bard was born.

"Within the hallowed hut I feel
 Like one who clasps a shrine—
 When the glad lips at last have touched
 The something deemed divine.
 And here the world through all the years,
 As long as day returns,
 The tribute of its love and tears
 Will pay to Robert Burns."

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Mr. P. C. Knox, the new attorney general of the United States, has been formally introduced to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Knox was the attorney for the Carnegie company prior to his appointment by the President to the office of attorney general. Had he not consented to sacrifice himself on the altar of patriotism we have no doubt he would draw fifty or a hundred thousand a year as attorney for the billion-dollar steel trust. After he gets through being attorney general and enforcing anti-trust laws in the ordinary course of his duties, as no doubt he will, he will return to the legal service of some billionaire combination.

But has a trust attorney reformed and become the attorney general, or has the office of attorney general been given to a trust attorney? Judging by Mr. Griggs, who has just retired from the office and who was a sort of guardian angel for trusts, leopards don't change their spots when they gain places in the Cabinet.—Rocky Mountain News.

LABOR HISTORY LESSONS.

By Henry Cohen.

LABOR IN EARLIEST TIMES—IV.

A GREAT LAPSE OF TIME.

We have gone over the ground which relates to the very earliest times—of man in the stone age. A great period of time had to elapse before even the art of making the stones smooth was learned. (The rough stone relics representing the most remote period—the rudest beginning in the way of tools.) But while insisting on the extreme remoteness of this period the reader will also remember the many tribes who, at the present time (or within the last two centuries) still resemble our ancestors in the crudeness of their ideas and simplicity of their implements. So before going into a description of the laborers in the great empires of antiquity, I will show how the products of labor are distributed among savage tribes whose condition is higher than was that of neolithic man, and yet lower than the civilization which grew up so wonderfully in the great empire.

This method of reasoning, by inference, is the only way the period indicated can be brought before us. This is because not having attained to anything further than picture writing, they have left us no recorded history, and while the geologists in their researches find many things of the greatest value to science, the materials for throwing light on the social customs of that day can hardly be turned up on a spade.

LETOURNEAU'S "PROPERTY."

Ch. Letourneau, a Frenchman, has written a work entitled "Property, its Origin and Development." This book has been translated into English, and is published by Charles Scribner of New York. It treats of property just as this series of articles treats of labor, and since the method of holding and distributing property always shows the condition of labor at that time, we can refer to this work with profit. And right here I want to warn readers who may get this book, that they must look out for the author's deductions, because he has a theory to defend and that is communism, he therefore tries to make all his arguments strengthen that theory. For the rest I know of no book in which as nice and popular a presentation is given of the subject of property.

PROPERTY AMONG ANIMALS.

The first chapter gives a very interesting account of property among animals. The part which tells how ants enslave

other and weaker species of ants by going to war and capturing them, and the laziness of this aristocratic slave-holding class is wonderfully interesting. It is a scientist's description of scientific research and has all the charm of a fairy tale. The next chapter tells of property among primitive hordes before they become either herdsmen or farmers. Under such conditions one would suppose the spoils of hunting would belong to the individual hunter, but far from it.

PROPERTY AMONG AUSTRALIAN TRIBES.

Says Letourneau: "If it is a native bear that has been slain, the beast is split longitudinally into two halves, of which the right is adjusted to the kinsfolk of the man, and the left to the kinsfolk of the woman. The hunter, for his share, takes only the head and liver; moreover, he gives a portion of this head to his wife and she assigns the ears to her sister if she has one. If a haul of fish has been taken, six eels, for instance, four of which are large and two small, the division is made thus: The man, his wife and his maternal uncle, with his wife, have each a right to one of the big eels; the last reverts to the elder and younger brothers. Of the two remaining small eels, one is destined for the children of the mother's brother, and the other, circumstances permitting, for the fisherman's married daughter."

These tribes hold all property in common. Hunting we see is excessively regulated, private property does not exist. However, we must remember these savages are inferior to the ants in persistent labor and in the foresight to store away the products.

Another illustration from the above author about Samoa is to the point: "It is almost a misfortune for a native to make a good catch. Scarcely had he landed, before every one surrounded him, each choosing from the canoe the fish he liked best, without any consideration for the owner, who could console himself by reflecting that he too enjoyed, in the case of others, the right they abused in his own."

The idea that what the individual captured was not his own, but belonged to the tribe, gave rise to usurpations on the part of the chief, and when he took things they could not be taken back in turn.

INCREASE OF THE CHIEF'S POWER.

As long as common property meant everybody's property it meant distribution, but when the chief grew in power, the common fund was his fund—this meant concentration. This has, no doubt, been the method in all countries, and the chief who, in time became a king, had to provide for his family. The royal family spreading out and increasing in numbers was

the beginning of an aristocracy, a nobility. After many generations while fully considering themselves of the blood royal, yet this relationship did not prevent conflicts with royalty.

What had been the royal privileges were now divided among a goodly number of people having separate ambitions and with these to gratify, the lines of demarcation between the kingly property and privilege and their own was more and more sharply drawn. Thus the property which once belonged to the whole tribe, was absorbed by the king, then granted to the nobility, thus forming a ruling class whose greatest quarrel has been, which one has the right to rob certain laborers the most.

QUESTIONS.

What models have we at present of ancient societies?

What was the earliest method of representing thought?

Of what does Letourneau's book treat?

What is the weak part of the book?

How does he describe the acquiring of property by animals?

To whom do the spoils of hunting belong in Australia?

How are they divided?

In what are these savages inferior to animals?

How did the power of the chief increase?

What was the beginning of the nobility?

How did their interests become diverse?

What is their principal contention?

DENVER MINISTER SCORES HIS CONGREGATION.

When Rev. Robert F. Coyle, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, resigned from his pulpit yesterday morning the great congregation sat spellbound with surprise. Not a trustee, an elder, nor a deacon was prepared for the occasion. The brief reasons given by their pastor cut like a blizzard into the feelings of many of the most influential members of his church, for without reserve he spoke plainly his sincere convictions, and, as a fashionable and influential church, the members were not accustomed to hearing their worldly inclinations treated with such frankness.

A pin falling would have echoed like a whisper in the halls of death, so potent was the effect of Dr. Coyle's words to his people, over whom he has administered only since October. He said he found in that time that the task is not the one attuned to his ideals of what a Christian life should be. Dr. Coyle said he could not smile upon many of the iniquities of the fashionable life. Wine suppers given by members of his church he would not tolerate. Dancing he could not affiliate with a fitness for church membership. The sound of rus-

ting silk down the aisles of his church on Sunday morning might represent the kind of cash basis to carry on a big church with the pomp and splendor that would dazzle the eye, but it was no lure to him. Vanity of vanities it seemed to him, and an awful vision of a withered soul sprung up in the very sound of it all.

Dr. Coyle refused to be housed in an expensive parsonage, preach beautiful, poetical sermons on a Sunday, make fashionable calls through the week and overlook all this poverty of service for the betterment of mankind, just for the sake of being paid a good salary and the accompanying "flesh pots." Not only does he refuse to do it, but he has told his people so, and at the same time handed in his resignation to take effect on June 1st.

Since Dr. Coyle came to Denver in October he has found his way down among the laboring classes of the city. He discovered that the laboring men and women did not come to church and he investigated the reasons. He found that many of his church members were cold to the thought of drawing in this class of people and drew aside their skirts from any such contact.

Dr. Coyle is said to give one-tenth of every dollar he earns to the poor. He believes that the tithe system laid down in the Bible is a command and he lives up to it. The cold storage idea of Christianity, as practiced by some of his people, is an atmosphere he will not even seem to approve, he said. For that reason Dr. Coyle will leave Denver and take up his work where the seed he believes in planting has a better chance for life and growth.

It was stated yesterday by one of the family that no plans for the future had been made by Dr. Coyle. He will leave the city with his family, some opening probably showing itself before the time comes. He is one of the eminent ministers of his denomination and a field will be offered him elsewhere. In the meantime and at the present moment his present congregation is getting its breath.—News.

MINERS' UNION NEW HALL.

Victor Miners' Union No. 32 dedicated its new hall last night. The building is located on North Fourth street. It covers a ground space of 150 by 50 feet, is constructed of brick and is two stories high. The upper floor comprises a fine, airy assembly hall 50x70 feet, adjoining which in the front are a number of ante and office rooms which provide ample accommodations for such purposes. The lower floor is taken up with two fine store rooms 150 by 25 feet. The building is modern in all its essential features. Electric lighting

and water connections prevail from top to bottom. The interior of the building presented a pleasing effect as it was lighted up last evening for the first time. It has cost over \$30,000 to construct, including the cost of ground.

There is no union labor organization in the West which has erected a more substantial structure for its own and others' uses than the one which was formally opened last night by the members of Victor Miners' Union No. 32. It may be conservatively stated that it stands as a monument representing the energy and the progressive character of the city, as well as being an ornate addition within the city's business section. Victor Miners' Union now has a membership of 1,100 in good standing, which is increasing monthly.

The ball and banquet given last night to dedicate the new structure was the most notable social event yet held here by the Miners' union, and it has held many delightful and successful functions during the past six years. A large delegation of labor representatives with their ladies came from almost every town in the district to take part in the affair. Five hundred couples were present. Two full orchestras, directed by Messrs Brennan and Bohn, rendered delightful music to a versatile dance program. The several committees were actively engaged all day and during the evening in an effort to provide for the comfort of a very large crowd, and general satisfaction was the result. The grand march was begun at 9:15 o'clock, led by John Curry, president of No. 32, and Miss Nellie Flannery. There were probably 800 persons in the line.

The lady friends of the union presided over the banquet held on the lower floor. They made everybody feel at home in the new building. Following are the names of those who acted on the different committees:

Arrangements—Oscar Walker, A. Bernier, John Curry, I. N. Jarvis, Samuel Moore.

Reception—John Horgan, J. C. Sullivan, Fred Symmes, Andy Boyle, John Chisholm, George Jeffries, J. F. Brady, B. S. White, Joe Sommers, John Coombs, Dan Cullin, Tom McNamara.

Floor—W. A. Bryant, John Lambe, E. J. Gallagher, Ed Powers, James O'Neill, E. W. Stone, W. A. Morris, E. C. Walsh, D. Singleton, John O'Brien, John Nicholson, Dan Ringlin, Frank Shovelin, Joe Bodfish.—Press.

PROCLAMATION.

State of Idaho, Executive Office.

Whereas, on the 4th day of May, 1899, a proclamation was issued by the governor of Idaho declaring the county of Shoshone to be in a state of insurrection, thereby inaugurat-

ing martial law as the rule by which the people of that county should be governed temporarily.

Certain acts of violence culminating in a riot on the 29th day of April, 1899, resulting in the loss of life and the destruction of very valuable property, were the causes that led up to the arbitrary and necessary power of the martial or military rule, established to preserve the peace and tranquillity of the state and to afford due protection to life and property interests.

To aid the state in its efforts to restore and maintain order the federal government was asked for aid, and in response sent to Shoshone county federal troops to assist the state authorities. Many arrests were made and the troops were used as guards in securing the custody of those arrested, until the state, at a later date, furnished citizen guards. Since then the federal troops have remained in the county, taking no part whatever in the conduct of government or the enforcement of martial law, and they have only within the past month been removed from the county by direction of the War Department.

Since the inauguration of martial law in Shoshone county order has been maintained wholly by the civil authorities, it has not been necessary to use the federal troops, though they have been held in readiness at all times to support the state. The courts have been in the unrestricted operation of their functions, and the civil officers have remained in the full performance of their duties at all times.

Upon assuming office, I felt it my first duty to investigate conditions in Shoshone county, and the necessity of the exercise of a military form of government either in name or effect, to maintain order and protect property. Therefore, immediately upon the adjournment of the Legislature, then in session, I proceeded to visit the districts in which this trouble had occurred, stopping at the towns of Wardner, Wallace, Mullen, Gem and Burke, and passing through the principal mines and mills, meeting and consulting with miners in sympathy with union labor as well as those opposed to labor unions of the Coeur d'Alenes, and consulting as well with the owners and operators of the mines, with business men in all the towns mentioned and with railroad interests.

I have found a wonderfully prosperous country, in the full growth of its earlier development, employing thousands of men and producing thousands of tons of ore daily. It was my object to observe the condition of this country and to know whether any great part of the citizens of Shoshone county approved of the acts of violence committed in April, 1899, and also whether there was still danger of further disturbance and riot.

My investigation has convinced me that the citizens of Shoshone county are to-day law-abiding and law-loving, united for their desire for peace, and frowning on any element that would bring again trouble and anxiety and suffering into peaceful and prosperous homes.

Martial law is the spirit of force necessary in its employment to protect life and property, and applicable at any time for that purpose. Its operation in time of peace, after danger and peril are over, is repugnant to our form of government and a menace to our institutions. Our constitution safely places the administration of law in the hands of the civil authorities, there to remain during their ability to maintain it. New officers have been elected and are in active performance of their duties since January, 1901, unopposed by organized violence of any description, and outspoken in their ability to maintain order.

Wherefore, in consideration of the premises, I, Frank W. Hunt, governor of the state of Idaho, believing that the time has arrived when martial law should be abolished in the county of Shoshone, and that the people should rely upon civil government as constituted and established by the organic law of this state, do, by virtue of the authority vested in me by law, declare that martial law in Shoshone county shall be, and hereby is abolished, this proclamation to take effect and be in force immediately upon the signing thereof.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the state of Idaho. Done at Boise, the capital of the state of Idaho, this 11th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

(Seal)

FRANK W. HUNT.

By the governor: C. J. Bassett, Secretary of State.

MINE MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

Rossland, April 1, 1901.

To the Employes of the Undersigned Mining Companies:

It being a matter of common report that a certain element in the Rossland Miners' Union is insisting upon the abrogation of the settlement that was entered into a year ago at the instance of Messrs. R. C. Clute and Ralph Smith, we think it only right to all concerned that we should state at the earliest opportunity offered that if any action is taken by the Miners' union looking to a change in the existing labor conditions in this camp, we, the undersigned, will have no alternative but to close down our mines and reopen only under a reduced scale of wages.

The accumulating burdens that have been imposed upon the mining industry in this province are already heavy to bear, and if those burdens are increased it will be impossible to operate these mines on a business basis.

We have been struggling for a long time past to put these mines on a paying basis, and have been devising all manner of ways and means for the accomplishment of this end without resorting to the reduction of wages.

Consequently, any further trouble or expense to the companies at this time will leave no alternative but to abandon our effort to maintain wages at the old standard, and we will be compelled to adopt the long-considered plan of reducing miners' wages to \$3 per day, and muckers and unskilled surface labor to \$2 per day.

LE ROI MINING CO., Ltd.,

LE ROI NO. 2, Ltd.,

ROSSLAND GREAT WESTERN MINES, Ltd.,

KOOTENAY MINING CO., Ltd.,

By Bernard Macdonald, G. M.

THE WAR EAGLE C. M. & D. CO., Ltd.,

THE CENTRE STAR MINING CO., Ltd.,

By Edmund B. Kirby, G. M.

MRS. NATION AND HER HATCHET.

Some weeks ago the attention of the country was drawn toward Kansas, as it often is, by the peculiar actions of some of its inhabitants. Mrs. Carrie Nation was taking a hatchet and starting to demolish saloon fixtures. She was arrested from time to time, but was not punished because, saloons being illegal in Kansas, have no standing in court, and therefore could not complain, and she would be released only to start in again in the work of destruction. Mrs. Nation is vulgar and uncouth, and she is not of the stuff that martyrs are made, for as soon as she reaches Chicago or St. Louis, where saloons are not illegal, and she would be liable for a long term of imprisonment for malicious mischief, she says the Lord don't want her to smash. Of course this is nonsense. Now to what does Mrs. Nation owe her popularity, and why do many people admire her who do not agree with her methods? The answer is simple. She does not suffer from the great malady of the present day, the diseased will. The great body of the people are like one of Ibsen's heroes, who says: "I will think about it and dream about it, but doing it, that is beyond my comprehension." Now a great many people thought as Mrs. Nation did about the saloon, but it stopped with thinking. With her it was different; thought is followed by action, and it is so rare that every one is surprised. The best exam-

ple of what I am trying to show was when 1,000 men and women, led by Mrs. Nation, started from the capitol building in Topeka to smash all the saloons. After smashing one Mrs. Nation was arrested. Of course the arrest meant nothing, but it threw consternation into the ranks and they marched back to the capitol to confer what they should do. They knew well what they wanted to do, but they lacked the will. To remedy the weakness of will, as shown by all the evils that surround us, is the most useful work in which one can engage. H. C.

WHITNEY'S BALL.

William C. Whitney, multi-millionaire, gave a ball at his new house on Fifth avenue last week and the affair was pronounced the grandest and finest ever held in New York. There were 600 guests present, and nothing money could buy was spared to satisfy their desires. The papers report in detail the magnificent decorations and sumptuous elegance of Whitney's home and the gorgeous costumes of the guests. Ninety-five debutantes danced in the cotillion, representing more than two hundred millions. The pick of society was there. Undoubtedly, for splendor and grandeur, the occasion surpassed all previous efforts in this line. Undoubtedly, also, the guests enjoyed themselves immensely. Many new and rare features were introduced for their amusement. One of these consisted in a couple of "young men" making themselves up as a horse, and prancing around the ballroom amid the laughter of the on-lookers. It must have been very funny. Our "best citizens" are endowed with an extremely fine sense of humor.

We have been requested to comment at length on this ball of Mr. Whitney's, to point out the contrast between its luxury and the poverty of the "lower classes." But what's the use? The "lower classes" are very well satisfied, are they not? Why, one of their chief diversions consists in reading the reports of such functions. It does them good, for these reports are given in such detail that they can almost believe they, too, share in the enjoyment of the feast and festivities. It is possible the "lower classes" derive more real enjoyment from the accounts of the entertainments of the rich than the rich do from active participation therein. All that the working people have to do is to read intently, close their eyes to their own scant and pinched surroundings, and presto! the trick is done.

Why, then, should we disturb the halcyon dreams of the "lower classes?" They are content to continue struggling for a living, creating wealth so that the Whitneys and Astors and their ilk can give grand balls and receptions, to provide racy and comfortable reading for the workers' edification. Base is

he who would dare infringe upon the right of the "lower classes" to produce the wherewithal for "good society" to enjoy itself! Heartless and devoid of feeling indeed is that person who would attempt to deprive the well-fed, sumptuously clothed working class of the delicious satisfaction gained by reading, digesting and mentally chewing over the enjoyment by other people of the things produced by the labor of the working class.

The working people have a good time, knowing their masters are having a good time. Their own burdens are lightened by it, and their kind employers feel glad that their burdens are lightened. Everybody directly interested is happy. Go to, carper! Why should we complain?—People.

REGRETS.

"So drink brought you to this," said the ministerial old gentleman; "do you never look back with regret upon the days of your youth and" "Oh! don't" sobbed the poor old sot; "many's the time I wisht I could live dem over." "Ah, poor man, there's hope for you yet." "No dey ain't. I'll never have de capacity I had in dem days."—Philadelphia Record.

AN EASY ESCAPE.

Curry—"What kind of a talk did you make to your wife for staying out so late last night?"

Murray—"Didn't have to make a talk at all. She had just got in from the Country club's shindy and had turned the clock back three hours before she discovered that I wasn't at home."—Ex.

HOW SHE KNEW.

Dell—"What makes you think that your cousin Austin proposed to Belle last night and was accepted?"

Nell—"Because she asked me to go over to his mother's and see if I couldn't quietly find out whether he prefers a cotton top mattress or feathers."—Ex.

A MERE AMATEUR.

"Did Mr. Sloman really propose to you last night?" asked the first summer girl.

"Yes," replied the other. "He told me I was the only girl he had ever loved."

"Told him to go get a reputation, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

COMMUNICATIONS

NOTICE.

Any person knowing the whereabouts of one John Henry Page, will confer a favor upon his mother who has valuable information for him, by writing.

JOHN H. ADAMS, 119 N. Van St., Brazil, Ind.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM TEXADA UNION.

The following interesting letter was received from the secretary of Texada Miners' Union, and although not written for publication, its contents are so interesting and instructive we take pleasure in publishing it for the benefit of our readers, and trust other unions of the Federation will pattern after it and write us information concerning the situation in their respective localities.—Ed.

Van Anda, B. C., April 1, 1901.

Mr. James Maher, Secretary-Treasurer W. F. of M.:

Dear Sir and Bro.—I have much pleasure in informing you that the per capita tax due from our union was ordered paid this evening at the regular meeting of the union, and I herewith enclose you a postoffice order for the amount.

In accordance with our books, we have at this date a total of eighty-three members who have paid their initiation fee and only seven members who have not been able to hold up their end in good standing. This, I think, is a good showing for our union, organized when a strike was imminent and had to be declared. No work has been done here since January 31st, and we still hold the fort and valiant, noble men are still joining our ranks—even to-night. We have a good treasury and only a few bills due. Yours amongst the few.

The employers of the (shall I say ill-fated) Van Anda miners took the bull by the horns and put in Japanese to work the mines and after working about 300 of the little brown men for thirty days they almost got enough ore out to run the fifty-ton furnace twelve hours, which places the company on the horns of a dilemma. The foreman says the company is considerably out of pocket on the speculation and the superintendent says the Japs are out of the mine, but would not say they were out for good.

We were asked to declare the strike off, as the Japs were out, but refused unless we had some official guarantee; and the strike is still on. New men were imported from Vancouver, but we persuaded them to go back and paid their passage and meals. Last Tuesday we heard the company had

engaged thirty men to come up on Friday's boat. We at once printed handbills, denying that the strike was off and had them distributed at all hotels in Vancouver. As a result only seven came and all refused to work under such conditions, which leaves but four scabs at work. Their names have been furnished to the B. C. executive committee for information.

We are asked to go to work and be paid if the ore comes out of the mine. Wasn't that rich? What a lot of miners could work nowadays on such a plan. Eh? We refused. We ask for our wages guaranteed and we will go to work at once. But as most of us have wage accounts due us by Van Anda Copper and Gold Company, Foreign, for work done prior to last September (when they assigned to the Debenture holders) we don't feel like taking any more chances. The cause of non-payment is not the fault of the property, as the Van Anda is capable of putting out a lot of ore at any time. But the thing is hampered by a few heavy shareholders who think they understand mining—actions speak louder than words, as results have shown.

I may just say, I, as a justice of the peace for B. C., was asked to appoint some special constables to protect the company property. I refused to do so. I knew that no violation of law would be committed in any way and to meet them I offered to make any of their watchmen specials without pay, to give them power to arrest any violator of the law—if any there were—but that did not meet their wish. I would not step beyond this, and I am proud of our boys. They all kept orderly and so far have not given any cause for complaint, and I will pledge my honor they will do so still.

The Van Anda Copper and Gold Company, Foreign, Ltd., owns about 800 acres here and have two mines at work, generally, but at present only one, the Cornell. This mine put out 6,000 tons of ore the first half of last year—average value at smelter \$24.75 per ton. The other had a smaller output, but the values per ton were higher. Our ores run from \$20 to \$60 per ton last half year. The company claims to have made a profit of \$150,000 for the year, and almost all the workmen were heavily in arrears for wages. The puzzle is, where did the money go to. You may see some of our members out your way. It would be interesting to know a little from them.

The island is thirty-three miles long and about three to seven miles in width. We have lots of good outcrops and (like some of your districts) all kinds of minerals—gold, galena, zinc, copper, platinum, graphite, molybdenum, iron—in abundance, and eighteen miles across the straits coke ovens, at Cumberland, Vancouver island.

Our formation is blue and white limestone, granite, porphyrys, diorites and amydaloids. The copper is chalcopyrites,

glanse and native copper. The gold, free and in sulphides. Deep ocean shipping; no long hauls. All to make a practical management of mines an A-1 proposition. Any quantity of fine timber and water. But, alas! the poor V. A. C. and G. Co. are in the hands of Debenture holders. They want to sell out. Let us hope they will succeed, as any change must be for the island's good. Yours fraternally,

ALFRED RAPER, Financial Secretary.

FROM RANDBURG, CALIFORNIA.

The near approach of the annual convention of the W. F. of M. doubtless suggests many vital thoughts to those about to participate in its deliberations, as it does to many not thus favored.

The year elapsed since the last convention has ushered us into the glowing dawn of a new century and we do not yet fully realize the intensely utilitarian character of the one just past.

The marvelous achievements in subduing the forces of nature and compelling them to contribute to the convenience and welfare of mankind, the wonderful utilization of the products of mother earth which have through past ages lain waste, the development of the applied sciences along every line, render the nineteenth century an epoch in material progress with which no similar period in the known history of the world can compare.

When we pass from this impressive phase of modern civilization and seek evidence of a corresponding advancement in our social and industrial conditions, in our religious and political institutions, or in the tone of our literature and art we experience a feeling of disappointment. In every intellectual realm we find standards of excellence established in remote ages to which the most gifted and the wisest amongst us today may not attain.

Gradually the conviction is forced upon us that our much-flaunted modern progress is along material lines only and that in consequence our civilization is as yet misshapen and chaotic, retaining essentially all the evils of the ancient article as a heritage for poverty, with the newly developed good entirely monopolized by wealth.

As members of organized labor we should not undervalue the manifold blessings that science and invention have conferred upon our age, even though we may not at present be permitted to enjoy our share. The world is better off for their presence and our especial mission is to procure to all mankind equal participation in their enjoyment. We should not rail at the machine capable of doing the work of fifty men, but seek

to benefit ourselves by the shortened hours of human toil that the machine renders possible. Strong evidence of the awakening of the public mind to existing evils is the universal discontent of the common people throughout the Christian world. A dim consciousness is rapidly pervading the masses that the bounties of nature designed for the enjoyment of all, are, and have always been, wrongfully appropriated by the comparatively few. The marked tendency towards concerted action in the interest of monopoly is confronted by a similar condition on the part of the forces opposed. Year by year the situation grows more strained, and portends great danger in the near future if no equitable basis for the adjustment of their hostile interests can be found.

The Western Federation of Miners forms an element in the opposition, and as such wields a potent influence in determining the basis of that adjustment. Will the coming convention favor a continuance of the old methods, content to yield up to capital all the profits of human industry and be compelled to resort to physical force to maintain a living wage rate, or will it repudiate the wage-slavery system entirely and shy its glove into the arena of socialistic reform? In either case, will it decide to fight the battle alone, or will it seek affiliation with the great American labor organization which dominates many regions within its own jurisdiction? Will it utilize the sympathy and intelligent zeal of the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of its members by organizing a woman's auxiliary, or will this great and vital force be neglected?

These and other important measures will doubtless receive attention, and upon their determination will the potency of our organization, as an agent of industrial reform, largely depend.

Our hopes for the future lie in an independent and intelligent ballot.

To accomplish that end organization and education are the only known means.

That the energies of the Federation may be exerted as never before to teach its members how to vote is the earnest wish of your humble servant,

T. H. ECKLES.

Randsburg, Cal., April 15, 1901.

SLOCAN CITY UNION PROSPEROUS.

Slocan City, B. C., April 5, 1901.

The Slocan City Miners' Union is in better condition now than it has been since its organization. The Arlington mine, which employs about eighty men, is shipping steadily, besides carrying on a large amount of dead work. The output from this property since January 1, 1901, to date, is over 1,300 tons.

The other properties working in the Slocan City division are the Speculator, with forty-six men; Enterprise, thirty; V. and M., ten; Black Prince, twelve, and several other prospects with small forces. With a very few exceptions all the employes are members of the union. Several prospects are now under bond and work is expected to start as soon as the snow leaves.

The union has gone so far toward owning a hall as to secure a deed to a centrally located lot in Slocan City, and two lots and a building suitable for hospital purposes have been purchased. The hospital is well equipped and has engaged the services of trained nurses and one of the best medical men in the province. It is entirely under the control and ownership of the union and has the entire support of the mines and prospects of the neighborhood, as well as many of the residents and business men of Slocan City.

The Miners' union of district No. 6 has become a very strong factor in British Columbian politics, and the good results are evident in the laws that are made and the proposed laws that are smothered at the suggestion of the union.

The United States has lost many good citizens who, as residents of this country, would not renounce their allegiance to the United States in order to obtain the monetary advantages given British subjects, but when the chance came to vote for the cause of labor and its representation in the legislative bodies of this country they could not resist the temptation to ask to be received as naturalized citizens of Canada.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

(In your issue of April you state that the Texada union is composed of coal miners. I believe you are in error, as its members have been operating the Van Anda and other copper properties of that neighborhood.)

THOS D. TOBIN OF P. C.

OURAY UNION.

Whereas, Death has again entered our union and removed Brother Edward Phillips, who was a worthy member of our organization and the first of its officers to be claimed by death.

We extend to his wife and relatives our sincere sympathy in their great loss.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning and a copy of these resolutions spread upon our minutes, one sent to his wife and another published in the Miners' Magazine.

W. J. ELLIS,
THOMAS HOGAN,
W. J. BRAND.

 MOJAVE UNION.

Whereas, We are again called upon to bow in submission to an over-ruling Providence, who, in its divine wisdom, has removed from our midst our beloved brother, Charles E. Boyd; and,

Whereas, By his death the Mojave Miners' Union No. 51, W. F. of M., has lost a tried and faithful member, and all organized labor a devoted and ardent supporter, and the community in which he lived an honored citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the brother's relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement and that our charter be draped for thirty days. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our union and a copy forwarded to the Miners' Magazine.

A. H. DOUGLASS,
J. H. UNDERHILL,
T. F. DELANEY.

 PITKIN COUNTY UNION.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Brother John Shea;

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Shea Pitkin County Miners' Union has lost an old and trusted member, and the community a good citizen.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and our heartfelt sympathy be extended to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this union and a copy forwarded to the Miners' Magazine.

R. A. M'KNIGHT,
H. C. ANDERSON,
RICHARD MERRICK.

 HALF INCLINED TO ACCEPT IT.

He—"What do you think of the idea of adopting the sun-flower as the national flower?"

She—"It's typical of quite a numerous class of Americans. It makes a big spread all summer and is seedy in the fall."—Chicago Chronicle.

FICTION

THE RHYME FOR RACHEL.

Seated in a street car, Miss Marjorie Hollis was absorbed in the latest issue of the Literary Post. It contained this week a most unusual announcement, and it was this which now occupied her attention to the exclusion of all else. The announcement read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, executors under the will of a person whose name we withhold for the present, desire to announce that, in accordance with the terms of said will, the sum of \$250,000 will be paid to the first person who will submit to us a rhyme for the name Rachel. This bequest is based on the following conditions, viz: 1. The rhyme must be a legitimate one. Dialect, foreign or invented words will not be considered. 2. This offer is limited to one year, dating from December 31, 1899.

"In explanation of the foregoing offer it is deemed proper to state the following facts: Among the effects of the testator above referred to is an unfinished poem addressed to a lady whose full Christian name was Fedora Lilian Grace Lorraine Hildgarde Louise Rachel. The said poem was written by the said testator for the purpose of bringing into rhyme each one of the names aforementioned. He succeeded in writing six stanzas, in which the first six names were respectively introduced in accordance with his aforesaid purpose; but he was unable to complete the poem because of his failure to find a rhyme for the last name—Rachel. For certain personal reasons he provided in his will that an attempt be made, in the manner above set forth, to discover such a rhyme.

"As full conditions and all necessary information are contained in the foregoing announcement, the undersigned must decline to consider any inquiries for further explanation.

"DUNBURY & BORDEAU,
"Attorneys at Law, Washington, D. C."

Miss Hollis was rudely interrupted in her reading by the curt demand of the conductor for her fare.

Mechanically she opened her pocketbook and handed out a silver coin, which was immediately refused. It was a Canadian 25-cent piece. The young lady turned scarlet and then pale as she again searched the pocketbook and found but two coppers. The conductor divined the trouble at once and wasted no time.

"You'll have to get off if you can't pay," he announced, with unbecoming loudness. "It's no use talking about it," he

went on, bluntly, interrupting the girl as she attempted to expostulate. "It's pay or get off," and he gave the bell-cord a vicious pull.

Burning with mortification, Miss Hollister was about to rise, when a young man seated next to her took the conductor none too gently by the arm. "Here's the lady's fare, you brute," he said, abruptly, at the same time thrusting a nickel into the man's hand.

The conductor grunted and passed on, while Miss Hollis turned her blushing face to her benefactor. "Oh, I thank you so much!" she said, impulsively. "And won't you let me know to whom I am indebted for this kindness, in order that I may repay it?"

"Please don't mention it. It was a pleasure, I assure you. My name is Carter Dillington—and you are Miss Hollis, if I am not mistaken?"

"Why, how do you know who I am?"

The young man looked embarrassed for a moment. "Oh," he answered, attempting to smile unconcernedly, "I have seen you quite often. You are employed in one of the offices in the Chester building."

"Yes."

"Well, so am I. Is there anything of interest in the Literary Post this week? I noticed you were reading it very intently."

"The most extraordinary thing you ever heard of," answered Miss Hollis, as she hurriedly turned the pages of the magazine. "A Rhyme for 'Rachel'—"

"You don't mean it!" interrupted the young man, staring at her with a face that had become suddenly ashen. "It can't be true! There is no rhyme for 'Rachel!'"

"No, no; you don't understand. It's an offer of \$250,000 to any one who will furnish a rhyme for 'Rachel,'" and Miss Hollis looked at her companion with ill-concealed surprise at his evident excitement.

"Parodn me," he answered, "I did misunderstand you. Yes, I know about that foolish offer. It looks as if we would have some snow to-night, don't you think so?"

He rose as he spoke. "This is where I get off," he continued, without giving Miss Hollis a chance to reply, and politely raising his hat he passed out of the car.

* * * * *

Circumstances compelled Marjorie Hollis to earn her living, and against these circumstances her aristocratic and artistic soul waged constant rebellion. Her family and her acquaintances generally regarded her as a spoiled child, troubled with extravagant tastes and a lack of practical sense. On

her side, she felt that she was not understood nor properly appreciated—until she met Carter Dillington.

After that first evening she frequently found herself in the same car with him, and the episode of their initial meeting served as an introduction to an acquaintanceship which proved at once mutually congenial. Like herself, Mr. Dillington was poor and had literary aspirations, and Marjorie felt that in him she had at last found a sympathetic fellow-mortal. Her friends regarded him as a most peculiar young man, but she looked upon his peculiarities as indications of originality and intellect, which won her admiration from the first. She discovered also many lovable traits in the depths of his nature, and she soon learned to ask no greater pleasure than to be in his company.

He accepted special invitation to the house, but rarely called of his own accord, appearing quite content to ride home with her in the evening. He was excessively reserved—that was one of his peculiarities—so that notwithstanding the increasing familiarity of the acquaintanceship, Marjorie knew no more of his personal affairs at the end of nine months than she did during the first week.

There was one other subject on which he was equally reticent, and that was the discussion regarding the rhyme for "Rachel." The remarkable offer in connection with this matter was a subject of unending curiosity and discussion in literary circles, but Carter Dillington pointedly avoided every allusion to it. To Marjorie, on the contrary, it was one of alluring interest. She knew that all literary authorities contended that no rhyme for "Rachel" existed; but Marjorie Hollis had faith in the potency of \$250,000 to produce a rhyme, and, despite the ridicule of friends and family, she asserted her determination to win the prize.

She hesitated a long time before venturing to speak to Mr. Dillington about it. His peculiar aversion to the whole matter embarrassed her. The mere mention of the name "Rachel" disturbed him, and her occasional efforts to lead the conversation around to the subject were promptly frustrated.

Finally, however, she decided to appeal to him for help. Only one more week remained, and she beheld her dreams of wealth fading into the dull reality of drudgery. So, as he was about to take his departure after a short call on Christmas eve, she said suddenly: "If a person were to find a rhyme for 'Rachel' it would make him famous, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," he answered dryly.

"And it would make him rich?"

"Oh, yes." Then in the same breath he abruptly changed the conversation. "Perhaps, Miss Hollis, it may interest you to know that I expect in the next week or two to come into

possession of a small fortune, and I hope then to be married;" and holding out his hand he bade Marjorie good-night.

"Good-night," she responded mechanically; and as the door closed she staggered into the parlor, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, burst into a torrent of passionate tears.

The fond hope that had gradually nestled into her heart during the year was rudely, pitifully shattered. He did not love her! For many minutes her emotions could find expression only in choking, moaning sobs.

Then after the first shock of her grievous awakening came a fierce jealousy of the woman who had gained the affections of the man she loved, and coupled with it there arose in her wounded heart a mad desire for retaliation—revenge for the sorrow he had caused her. She had been neglected because she was poor, because she was a mere wage-earner, because—

Suddenly her sobbings ceased. She sat up, bewildered, startled. In the midst of the turmoil of her troubled spirit there had burst upon her—without warning, without thought—a rhyme for "Rachel."

* * * * *

Two days later Marjorie Hollis was in Washington, and on the morning of December 27th she walked into the office of Dunbury & Bordeau and quietly announced to those two gentlemen that she had come to claim the \$250,000 for a rhyme for "Rachel."

For a moment the two men stared at her without uttering a sound.

Mr. Dunbury was the first to find his voice. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. Then noticing the sudden flush upon the girl's face he checked himself. "Pardon me, my dear young lady; I did not mean to doubt your word; but you have astonished us beyond measure. Let me explain," and he placed his chair beside hers.

"The extraordinary offer to which you have responded was made in compliance with the will of our late client, Mr. Benjamin F. Morton. He was a trifle eccentric, and one of his hobbies was writing poetry. He took a great fancy to a nephew of his and spared no money to have the boy well educated. The old gentleman himself had a very limited education, and he was determined that his nephew should not be handicapped as he was. Well, just about the time the boy got through college the old gentleman struck a snag in this poem of his about Fedora Lilian Hildegarde et al., and he called upon his nephew to help him out with a rhyme for 'Rachel.' The young man informed him that there was no such rhyme, but his uncle refused to believe it. He insisted that as the lad had had a college education he could find a rhyme if he chose. Well, the upshot of it was the old gentleman took it

into his head that his nephew was obstinate and ungrateful, and he cast him off. A short time before he died, however, he finally concluded that perhaps there really was no rhyme for 'Rachel,' and he decided to reinstate his nephew in his will; but with this proviso: That a rhyme should first be advertised for and that should any person produce such a rhyme within a year, then the money should go to such person, instead of the nephew.

"As the executors, we, of course, followed the provisions of the will, but we were definitely satisfied there was no such rhyme. And yet you say you have found one. I am free to say it seems incredible, incredible. Still, at the same time, the offer is a bona fide one and will be carried out to the letter if your rhyme proves to be a legitimate one. It will certainly prove a most astonishing revelation to us and—to the nephew, Carter Dillington."

Marjorie felt that she was about to faint. With a strenuous effort she recovered herself. The lawyer was still talking, but she did not heed him until he repeated, "And now if you will let us hear the rhyme."

"May I have just a moment to think?" she asked faintly.

"Certainly, certainly! I did not mean to hurry you. Of course, I understand you feel a trifle agitated; but take your time and you'll recall the rhyme in a minute or two."

Several moments passed in silence. Then Marjorie arose. She faced the two lawyers, and with a tremor in her voice that she struggled bravely to subdue, she said slowly: "I have not forgotten the rhyme; but—I have decided not to submit it."

* * * * *

It was New Year's Day when Marjorie again saw Carter Dillington. He called late in the afternoon. Why had he come? she asked herself. Was it to torment her? To cause her wounded heart to bleed afresh? He appeared not to heed her constrained manner, nor the quick flushes that reddened her cheeks.

"Marjorie," he said suddenly, with an impulsiveness and a familiarity he had never before manifested, "you have wished me a happy New Year. Do you know that it is you alone who can make the year happy for me—supremely happy? I did not dare express my feelings before I was absolutely sure that I could offer you the comforts and the pleasures you deserve. Now, I am independent—wealthy; and you, Marjorie, will you share my fortune with me?"

It was late ere the lovers were ready to part. "Is it any wonder," he was saying, as he lingeringly prepared to leave, "that I avoided the subject of my uncle's outlandish offer? Supposing that by some possibility there had been a

rhyme for 'Rachel;' supposing some one had succeeded in finding it! But thank fortune, dear, there is none!"

"Yes, but there is a rhyme for 'Rachel,'" she answered softly, casting down her eyes to hide her sudden emotion. "Would you like to hear it? Let us sit down here—on the sofa, and I will tell you."

She waited a moment after they were seated, and then in a half tremulous whisper she recited the following lines:

A fitting rhyme has long been found
 For each and all of these—
 Fedora, Lilian, Grace, Loraine
 And Hildegarde, Louise;
 And in these names themselves we find
 The hidden rhyme for Rachel:
 For, lo, the letters of these names
 Are F. L., G. L., H. L.

Then in the quiet glow of the midnight firelight she told him her little story.—Clifford Howard in the Black Cat.

THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

AN EPISODE.

During three of the summer months we removed from our smoke-enveloped home to the cramped space of seaside lodgings. The village was a large one, and contained good houses, but, excepting the hall and the rectory, there were none that would take in the whole of our family. Thus we were divided, and the life we led had a gypsyish tendency that highly charmed us. The house containing nurse and the babies was also the house of general entertainment; papa and mamma lived next door, and had six children with them; Bell, intrusted with Marblette and me, lived in what was called the Cross house. The severe eye of nurse noted the doings of the Cross house with a very vigilant lookout. If Bell, whose love of gossip pervaded even her sleeping hours, dared to venture out, or even so much as merely stand at the door, nurse's shrill voice came down the bank right into her ear:

"Bell, my woman, let me just get hand of ye!"

We were never quite sure that Bell did not sometimes taste the taws as we did.

Poor Bell! I have often thought that nurse was thus strict for her good. We knew too well that Bell was a genius in falsehood—accomplished as a deceiver, and given to a dexterous self-appropriation of little things, in the shape of half-used reels of thread, battered thimbles, an odd end of ribbon,

or a remnant of calico; and, as for anything to eat, Bell's power of resisting a tid-bit was wholly impossible.

I think nurse saw through her, for when we had been credited with the abstraction of her supper, or supposed to have drank the glass of port wine her master gave her on Sundays or birthdays, and which was always brought up stairs to be thoroughly enjoyed, she confined herself to a hasty remark, but nothing more.

Poor Bell! I wonder now if she would have been good under any circumstances.

We conceived it our duty, at times, to lecture her.

"Lawks, Miss Dudu, who expects a pair frindless lass to be guid?"

"You are not friendless, Bell; you have a mother, you have us, and an Almighty Father in heaven."

"And div ye think, young leddies, as onnybody i' the heavens would be after minding the loiks o' me?"

"But He does, Bell; you are very wicked to think otherwise."

"Ech, miss but it's far easier to be wicked than guid I'm thinking."

"Of course it is, Bell; that is what we are to strive against."

"O, miss, I'm no' a striver! Mither says I'm feckless, and mun just gang on as I can."

"Then your mother is very naughty; she ought to encourage you to do your best, or God will not love you."

"To hear that noo. I'll never believe it, miss, and I can tell ye, I dinna want to be believing on it."

"If you talk like that, Bell, we must tell papa."

"Dinna do that, my darlings. Mither will pay me, I'se warrant, if I lose my good place, and think o' me wi' no nice dinner, naething but what I may scrape oop at oony back door. Whiles I think, may be I'll be a striver, but ye ken little leddies, nurse is fachious, and I hae no time to think aye onny thing but her whimseys."

This being true, we allowed it, and Bell took advantage of the admission to talk us down ever after.

Poor Bell! she had but one opportunity of rushing to destruction, and she took it.

The only time when she was really withdrawn from nurse's eye, happened when she took us elder ones for a longer walk than nurse and the babies could venture.

We knew what was impending when Bell rushed in, and, contrary to her wont, helped us on with our walking things.

"We're to gang to Byer's Bay, young leddies, and we're to have a good spell, and need na be home till tea time."

Byer's Bay was a small but most beautiful little nook in

the rock-bound coast, where the pilot boats lay at times, watching for vessels making for the mouths of the Wear and Tyne rivers.

The whole coast was dangerous, but this bay, not 200 yards across, held deep water in it at high tide, with a long shelving platform of limestone rock running out to sea that formed a sort of natural pier. On the opposite side rose a single detached rock, fifty feet high, which ages and centuries had so shaken that it was now a beautiful and picturesque arch. When the waves ran, white crested, from end to end, they parted at the head of the arch, then met again between, bubbling, boiling and buffeting, until the cliffs were covered with the light tufts of foam that the winds gathered up and played with as they creamed up underneath the archway. Then the waves joining again, sped up the shingly bosom of the bay with a force and power that made a noise like thunder in hollow caverns.

The arch served as a guide and breakwater, and the pilot boats, finding the little bay, though turbulent, yet a safe shelter, had built two cottages in a hollow on the bank and had settled their wives and families in them.

We loved, for our own sakes, to go to Byer's Bay. If the tide was out, down in that deep sea way we found innumerable curious things, not the least of which was a spring of fresh water that was uncovered by the sea but one hour out of every twenty-four.

If we caught the fortunate half hour of the tide, when it was permitted to bubble up, free and sweet, how we lay down, regardless of wet seaweed and hidden pools, drinking it in as if it possessed some sweet charm.

What haunts of great crabs lay about the base of that grand old storm-beaten arch, which now, exposed to its very bed, seemed riveted and chained together by monstrous coils of seaweed. And further out, in deep, never-emptied pools, we paddled with bare feet, capturing the rose-colored rock codlings that were so disappointingly gray, when cooked; carefully avoiding the great polypuses that spread out their long, red, horrid, hundreds of fingers, as if to clasp us somehow, clustering under the archway, so often the turbulent pathway of a resistless flow of waters. We shouted, in childish triumph, that we could stand where the sea rolled twenty feet deep twice a day. When the tide was in we sat sheltered under a hanging cliff and watched the rising, rolling, resistless wave come with such slow, such steady, such inexorable purpose, and breaking against the archway, sent its spray up to the very top, and yet it united again and rolled up with a mighty clattering of shingle to our very feet.

While we were thus employed, poor, unfortunate Bell was cultivating the acquaintance of the people in the cottages.

We knew they were an indifferent set. They looked wild and had rough, rude manners. The children were mischievous and wicked; the women, a very handsome race, with dark skins, but beautiful bloom, and large, finely-cut gray eyes, were bold and masculine.

Bell's love of gossip and dislike to being a "striver" led her to take great delight in these people. She enjoyed telling them wonderful stories of civilized life, and regarded them with great complacency, as being certainly still more averse to "striving" than herself. Always a little in disgrace with nurse, conscious that she deserved it, and had no desire to "push herself to do better," it was a sort of comfort to her to converse with people below herself.

She surprised them with tales of things about which they were wholly ignorant, and they regarded her with a species of admiration.

This new sensation, never before felt by Bell, awoke in her a very strong vanity. It seemed a strange and melancholy thing to us that when Bell took up a new idea it was always of a stronger and more baneful character than any preceding one. We were too young to guess the real mischief that was brewing, yet we knew enough to be aware that at last Bell's chief delight in getting to Byer's Bay was to meet her lover.

She confided to us that a little, lame, ugly, red-haired youth belonging to one of the pilot boats had won her affections, and he doted on her to such a degree that as soon as ever he had earned a "one pu' note," he would make her Mrs. Spraggan.

Even at our early age we divined the loyalty of a love secret, and while we wondered at Bell's taste, as much in regard to the appearance of her lover as to the inharmonious sound of his name, we never told.

Content to follow our favorite amusements, we left Bell and her lover, Bill Spraggan, to pass the time in "courting," as she called it, without any claim upon her attention. Sometimes, indeed, we had to remind her of the lapse of time—a wholesome fear of the taws if she were late for tea sharpening our wits, even if she forgot it. And more than once we had been almost at home ere she overtook us.

A year elapsed, and still Bill Spraggan had not gained the vast sum requisite to set up a household. One stormy day, after a series of quarrels between nurse and Bell that out-rivalled the elements, and made Bell howl about the house as if some one had beaten her, the sky cleared and the sun tried to shine.

Tired of the house, Marblette and I asked her to go out for a while.

Nurse gave us permission, and, being a kind-hearted woman in reality, at the same time said (I believe wholly out of compassion, and thinking it would do Bell good after her crying):

“Pit on yer bonnet, and gang oot with the young leddies; and tak care, my woman, ye don't come back to me wi' sore een, or I'll sort ye.”

We, understanding nurse's ways, were aware she meant Bell to forget the past, cool her temper and eyes in the fresh air, and come back happy.

No sooner were we out of sight of the houses than Bell, suddenly snatching hold of a hand of each of us, cried out:

“Run, hinneys! O, run! I meen get to Byers' if I die by the way.”

The sun had gone in; the clouds were gathering again; the wind howled in hollow gusts. We knew as well as possible we had no business to go to Byers on such a day. But such was the force of Bell's manner and words we ran as fast as our legs could go.

Conjectures as to some untoward fate having occurred to Bill Spraggan mixed themselves up with the more pleasurable excitement that we should see Byer's Bay in a storm of the grandest beauty. We ran every inch of the way. What an awful thing it was, I have ever since thought, that run—a run to headlong destruction for one of us. Bell did not take the trouble of cautioning us against any danger. The moment we came in sight of the cottages she loosed our hands and ran towards them.

We crept down cautiously, clinging to each other, and to the stunted growth of the cliff. The wind was now furious; hail and rain pattered in a bewildering, half-stunning manner, right in our faces. The roaring of the sea deadened every sound. We could not hear each other speak, though Marblette's lips touched my ear. A little awed, but still determined to see our favorite arch battling with waves as high as herself, we struggled on. A little further, and a deep cut for a pathway down the cliff would shelter us. But we were not prepared for the wind whistling through this, with a power and strength that almost blew us away at the first rush. We hurried back and threw ourselves on the ground to recover breath.

“Let us creep into the lookout,” said Marblette, in a sudden hush of the elements.

This was a round cairn of stones that the pilots had erected on the highest point of the cliff as a lookout for vessels, and a shelter besides. We struggled bravely to reach it,

and, after being twice blown down, succeeded. There we sat down and laughed—laughed with glee, breathless as we were. The roar of the waves, the rattling of the shingle, were still too great to admit of any words passing between us. But we were quite sheltered from the wind.

Perching ourselves upon one of the loopholes, we saw the sight we had so desired to see. The waves rushed with terrific force against the arch; the foam flew up into the air a hundred feet, and was borne by the wind even into our shelter. As the torrents of water fell with rushing sound and left our beloved arch bare, still firm, unshaken and bold as ever, we clapped our hands with joy. A wild merriment possessed us, born of the intoxicating wind, the excitement, the wonder of the scene, the delight of the archway battling with the waves, and the mighty strength that left her unscathed, unmoved by ocean's hardest blows.

Suddenly Marblette touched me and pointed with her finger. Following its point I saw beneath, on the natural platform of the rock, Bell and her lover.

Unlike ourselves, absorbed by the wonder and beauty of the scene, Bill Spraggan had his arms akimbo and his ugly face had a jeering, mocking expression upon it. Could we have heard, it might have been a cruel, hard laugh that was coming from his lips. For Bell was in a passion, her face all red and fiery, her fist doubled, and struck out, with the force of agony, right in Spraggan's face. We watched, spell-bound. As Bell's passion increased her lover retreated; she followed. Suddenly he seized her clinched fist, and, as if also in a rage, he threw her against the cliff, on the side farthest from the seething, roaring surge that boiled up the bay with a power that would have wrecked the mightiest ship ever built.

She rose, and with sullen passion seemed to upbraid him. Then she became frantic. She pointed to the mad sea; she tore asunder the strings of her bonnet, and the madder wind took it. In an instant it was as if it had never been. She flew upon him and struggled; again he threw her away. But in their strife they had drawn near to the edge of the rock. A false step over its edge and a plunge of twenty feet into a whirlpool, out of which there could be no escape, was the fate of either. I was ten years old, Marblette nine. I shut my eyes now and think over that scene. It was the work of a moment, but with a scream that arose above the roaring of the wind, the dashing of the waves, the rolling of the shingle, we saw Bell as she uttered it, with uplifted arms, in the vortex of that awful whirlpool.

Simultaneously we sprang down—we fell on our knees.

"O God! save Bell, poor Bell! lift her up out of the dreadful sea!" Then we ran out, down, swift as birds.

As if that awful scream had paralyzed nature, there was a solemn hush and pause in the elements. It is true, the sea dashed on—such was the order from the time of its creation; it was never to be still—but there was a moan in its hollow reverberations and the wind was still.

Appalled and horror-stricken we found Spraggan. A rope was in his hand, one end floating far out into the bay.

"Bell, where is Bell?" we cried, as we both pulled at him. He started with a guilty horror, and, dropping the rope, tried to get away.

"Bell! where is Bell?" we screamed.

A horrible, demoniac look came over his face. He looked at us, and then at the sea, which had carried all that was left of poor Bell down into its awful caverns. We then both thought, at the same moment, he had drowned Bell and would now drown us. But, turning deadly white, he cried with a shudder, and his hands over his face:

"She's drooned! She slipped in her ain sel', and is drooned!" He dropped on the ground, as he said these words, as if in a fit.

We flew up to the cottages. The words of children have a force even in their very simplicity.

The women—for no men were at home—startled out of their rude, hard ways, ran down to the bay. They were absent some time. When they returned the senseless body of Spraggan was carried between them.

With a sort of rough kindness they forced down our white lips some very hot spirit, which, while it nearly choked us, brought back the blood from our hearts.

"Bell," we whispered; "we want Bell to go home." A vague hope urged us to say these words.

"Bell, my bonnie bairns? Ay, but ye'll never see the lass more, if ye saw her in the sea."

We again told our tale.

"Did he push her in, think ye?"

We were silent. Some intuition told us the awful fact that a human life rested on the words that fell from our lips.

"I'd best gae wi' the lasses hame. I'm thinking," said one woman, "if the puir body is i' the sea, it ull be mony a lang day or it gies her oop, if ever it do. And we dinna want folks here, speering and cackling."

There was a murmur among them, and they withdrew to a corner, whispering long and earnestly among themselves. Meanwhile Spraggan's sister, who had been attending to him, had succeeded in restoring him to his senses.

"Bill," said she, with a hard callousness as to the effect it might have on him, "did ye shove her in?"

A spasm came over his face; he fell back, as white as before.

"Bet, is't true? Is she drooned?" he gasped.

"The little lasses say sae."

Dreadful words came from his mouth.

Marlette, appalled, ran to him and laid her hand to his mouth.

"Why do you say that of us?" she demanded, her little sweet face all in a glow.

"Ye'll tell her and me was fighting."

"We shall speak the truth," she answered, with childish boldness.

"Coom awa', lasses," interrupted one of the women. "I'm gaeing to tak' ye hame. Bide silent, noo, while I red mysel' to walk wi' the loikes o' ye."

During her absence the other women kept up a sort of conversation among themselves, but we were wise enough to see it was meant for us.

"She was a feckless body, puir thing! though I wadna say aught agin her, sae awfully taken."

"I hae thought mony a time as she wad do hersel' a mischeeve, she were that crazy-minded about Bill."

"He hadna made his pun', ye see, and she was mad at it. She hae telled me she wished she wor' dead if she couldna marry Bill."

"Ay, mony's the time her has said that; and she wor' just the bit passionate lass as wud do't."

We were aware that our countenances were strictly watched, as the women thus discoursed; but by this time our horror had been replaced by the more natural feeling of grief. We both cried bitterly, and said low to each other, "O, Bell! poor Bell!"

This seemed to have a good effect upon the women.

"Ay, they're fine and tender-hearted; no fear of them. They're little ladies, every inch, and wadna hurt a fly, puir bit bonny things! To hae seen sich a awfu' sight has a most doighted 'em."

The one who was to take us home now appeared. As if desirous to make a good impression, they all crowded round to bid us good by; but, with a shudder, we heard from the bed on which Spraggan still lay: "Lasses, if ye dare say as her and me was a fighting, I'll hae yer lifes—see if I don't."

On our road home the woman spoke to us of the power we held in our hands of life and death to Bill Spraggan. She was so far wise she gave us no threats, but with some force painted the terrible feelings that would pursue us through life if we were the means of hanging a man. She interlarded her advice with a great many sugared phrases regarding our cour-

age, our sense, our likeness to little angels; and she tried hard to get out of us some other account of what we had seen than that we had already given. But, word for word, we repeated our first tale.

"But, my bonny bairns, did ye see him shoo her in?"

"They struggled; then we saw her in the water."

Arrived at home, nurse, divining something dreadful, instantly began to take off our things and put us into her own bed, having sent for papa and mamma to speak to the woman. Giving us each a cup of tea that had long been waiting for us, she darkened the room and bid us go to sleep.

Clasped in each other's arms, we essayed to do so, but previously prayed to God for poor Bell. "Then," said Marblette, "let us pray for Spraggan, that he may leave off those words and be good."

"Do you think he did it, Marblette?" I whispered, after we had finished.

"No," she said.

"Neither do I," and in a few moments we were asleep.

It was about 10 o'clock at night when we awoke. Mamma was sitting by the bedside, and papa was reading a book at the farthest corner, by the light of a shaded candle. "My children," said mamma, with that sweet, cheerful voice, that sounded in our ears like angel's tidings, "you have had a sweet sleep; we have watched you, darlings; you have been safe with us."

We raised ourselves as she kissed us. All the little baby beds were empty. A table was prepared with chicken, and ham, and cakes, and papa brought us some to eat. I can remember how each mouthful tasted better than the last; and how we looked at each other, ashamed to ask for more. Seeing Marblette turn suddenly pale and shiver, mamma brought us some hot sweet wine, and thus strengthened and cherished, we lay back on our pillows, ready to answer papa's questions. Very solemn they were. And we told him all. Then he prayed with us, and while he asked God not to permit us to forget the lesson we had learned, in so fearful a manner, of the power of sin, yet he besought Him to comfort us with the thought that, little children as we were, we had not been permitted to see such a sight but for a good purpose. Without the truthful witness of a child's lips, another life might have to suffer for one heedlessly cast away. We must not let our minds dwell upon the horror of what we had seen so much as on the truth that must come to light by our means.

But Marblette wrung her little hands and cried: "O, Bell! poor Bell!"

Then mamma lay down by us, and papa kissed and blessed us both, and, taking the candle, left us with mamma in the

dark. So, after a while, Marblette's sobs hushed, and mamma kept saying little soft things to us; and it seemed to me that either she kept saying them to us all night or that we slept. For with the low murmur of her tender voice yet in my ears I woke up and it was broad daylight. Marblette was sleeping soundly, a soft flush on her face and a pretty smile on her mouth. Mamma went gently away and I dozed a little again.

At last Mrs. Alexander, the nurse that always came into the house when we had a new baby, entered the room with our clean frocks and shoes.

We loved nurse Alexander; she was very quaint in her ways, and very pleasant. A snowy handkerchief of mulled muslin was pinned over her shoulders, and fastened at the throat with a garnet brooch, of which she was proud. She always wore a very high cap, beautifully starched and plaited, with a broad, black ribbon bound round it.

She had a fair, beautiful face, though she was old. All her features seemed to match each other; and though she spoke broad Northumbrian her manners and thoughts were as fine as her face.

"My little leddies must rise." And if we had been each a little newly-born child she could not have been more tender of us—all the while talking to us in the deep, low, sonorous voice peculiar to her.

"The guid God sent we worrd in a drrame that the mustress haad sore need forr me. I sawr in my drrame two leettle leddies, rinning, and theirr heeds were bar; the curls o' the ane were black, and stramed far behint i' the wind, and the fair hair o' the tither was blawed off her face, and I seed the pratty blue e'en of ma leettle ledy here, and there was a mortal blast o' fearr in 'em. Then I looket behint to see what forr the leettle leddies rran wi' such affrightment, and behint 'em cam' a coffin, gliding, gliding, wi' no visible hands to push it. And I looket lang, and stretched farr oot to ken the letters o' the coffin, and I read the naame o' that poorr, ne'er do weel lassie, Bell. So I awaaked oop, and prrayed to the Lorrd God Almighty forr the lass. And when I haad red mysel', I went till herr mitherr, and in ma pouch I tuk her a pinch o' tea and a few nubs of whetened shuggar, and I loike notified as there worre but ill news i' the wind. But the woman (wha moost be prrayed furr as ane wha has nae thought o' prrayer furr herseffm) wore no to be frrighted. She wished me gone, that she might hae her kettle o' the firre, and tak the tay and shugger whiles as sune as her could. She had, puir misguided boddy, sore words for puir Bell when I did hap herr naame oot. And no to add to herr sin, I did oop and shut to the doorr atween herr and me, and cam' to ma mustress; and noo, leettle led-

dies, I am to bide wi' ye, and thou'st to be ma bonnie leettle babbies."

Nurse Alexander was always great at dreams, and we listened with awe to this one, as bearing such immediate reference to ourselves.

When dressed, she took us into the day nursery, where breakfast for three was laid out—no little cups of milk, but tea and cream and white sugar, with buttered toast for us as well as nurse Alexander.

Nevertheless we felt we could have given up all these delicacies if to-day might be but two days ago.

When seated, later on, with books on our knees, nurse Alexander between us knitting, we besought her to tell us more of her dreams.

To us there was a sort of comfort and deep contentment in the thought that the great God condescended to show His signs now and make Himself so near us as to warn nurse Alexander about us as he had done Joseph, so many hundred years ago, in a dream. Perhaps my other self, in heaven, had been sent to give the sign, for the sake of the little sister who was doing her duty on earth. But either way, we earnestly regarded the fine old face that talked of God and all His ways with the simplicity and familiarity of one who conversed daily with Him and read His signs in everything; and we thought she might have been, in those ancient days, an Elizabeth, or a holy Anna, or some good woman who dwelt in the temple and did "good works."

The first time that she dreamed a dream that was to be regarded, occurred when she was sixteen years old. Her father was a store merchant and lived on Tyne Quay side, where he did a good business with the Dutch cheese vessels, the Danish ships laden with corn and oil, the rich but ugly coal barges, and the rank and storm-beaten whale ships.

He traded in everything and invested his savings in houses along the Quay side. He calculated that, as trade increased, this property would become very valuable. And, as it was now, they brought him in a goodly sum yearly as rent roll.

All but one. And this was a house detached from all the rest, and which had, very many years ago, longer than any one could tell, been used as dwelling and storehouse by an Amsterdam merchant.

He had a pretty English wife, whom he loved so much that he did not care to leave her to go in any of his ships to his own country, but appointed captains for all of them, and they accounted to him for what they brought and took away again.

But though making money fast, it was said this merchant of Amsterdam was not wholly happy. His captains did

sometimes hint of something at home that with good reason troubled him.

Tyne, at that time, was a broad and beautiful river, with a good tide-way. It had beautiful green banks with fine woods and well-watered valleys running up from it, and, in truth, there was not in all the world a more delectable place to live in than on Tyne Quay side in those days. Now, one would as lief be down in a coal pit.

It would seem that the trouble of the merchant grew. He began to make, as it were, preparations for leaving his fair house on Tyne side. He collected his money and dues, and it or was sae, for he's deed these twenty yearr. But his son ye hae seen oft; thon was him a-riding on a gran' horse to meet the joodge. He's joost high sheriff."

"What! the gentleman whose stirrups were held by the two little pages?"

"Ay, yon's him; and he's a mon highly respected."

Had not we, but six months before, admired him as the finest of gentlemen, and fallen in love with both his pages?

"Ah, nurse Alexander, if your mother had attended to your dream, you would have been high sheriff, perhaps."

At this nurse laughed, but added:

"Reeches and goold were not for us, leettle leddies. The wealth of the Amsterrdam marrchant fell in guid honds. There are none in Newcassel sae respected."

But still we mourned for nurse Alexander, though we tried to comfort ourselves with the thought that had she been a great lady she would not now have been with us.

A knock at the door drew our thoughts to other things. It was our dinner arriving, so quickly had the morning passed.

It came on a tray—three covered plates, within which were slices of roast mutton and browned potatoes. We helped Mrs. Alexander to arrange the table, but we were silent and a little sad. There was something still impending over us; we were not to dismiss poor Bell and her fate, as our childish hearts prompted, as we might dismiss one of nurse's ugly dreams.

All this seclusion and care for us showed the reality of the horror of yesterday. After our dinner nurse recommended us to read some of the books mamma had sent us, for she was wanted down stairs. We noticed that she locked us in when she left.

We read, and slept, and talked low until nearly 4 o'clock, when we heard with joy papa's creaking shoes coming up the stairs.

We ran joyfully to meet him as he unlocked the door.

"I am going to take my little girls out for a walk," he said; "put on your things quickly and let us be gone."

He had no reason to complain of our tardiness. In a few minutes we were out in a lane that was called the Moor lane, which we entered by a little garden at the back of the house. Had we looked up, we should have seen many of our little sisters peeping at us from the windows of the adjoining house; but we were thinking how glad we were to be in the lane—how thoughtful of papa not to take us near the sea.

After chatting for some time of what we had been doing all day, and hearing the wonderful story of the Amsterdam merchant, and getting papa's opinion of the use of dreaming, or rather attending to dreams, he said:

"I am, at all events, glad that nurse Alexander took it into her head to dream that she was wanted here; for, my children, the sea did not keep your poor maid, Bell, down in her caverns. She was found this morning."

"Dead, papa?" we both exclaimed.

"O, yes, my dears; it was impossible to hope otherwise. But God is very good, now her poor body can be decently buried in the churchyard, and my little girls need no longer fear looking at the sea, and dreading to see her poor battered body thrown up at their feet. Indeed, it was an especial mercy of God, for not a single fisherman whom I consulted yesterday gave me the slightest hope that on this rocky coast her body would be recovered. It was within your favorite arch she was found lying. She must have been drawn in there by the current, and wedged so firmly as to remain unbruised by those cruel rocks. When the tide was out she was discovered and brought to the dead house in the church."

"And Bill Spraggan, papa—is he not glad she is found?"

"He has gone away, my dear, which is foolish of him, for constables are sent out to look for him and he is sure to be taken and will be sent to prison until it can be known if he pushed her in."

"But he did not, papa; we both think she slipped in accidentally."

"I have no doubt it is as you say; but he has given rise to great suspicion that it was otherwise, by flying from the inquiries that must be made. You will now understand, my children, the reason that I have kept you from your sisters, and have suffered no other persons than ourselves and nurse Alexander to be with you. All the evidence for or against him must be given by two children, nine and ten years old. That no one might question them, or distract their minds from the solemn thought that a human life hangs on their lips, and yet that they will be sworn on God's Holy Book to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, we have secluded you. At half past four o'clock I am to take my little girls to the vestry. It is customary, when a person has been sud-

denly summoned out of this life into the one that is to last forever, to call together a certain number of persons to inquire into the cause of death. As soon as the body of poor Bell was found and brought to the village, I sent to the person whose duty it is to arrange these matters, and who is called a coroner, to come and view it, with those persons whom he would select to assist him. They are performing this duty now, and, at the time I mention, I must take my little girls to give their evidence."

"Papa, we are not to see it?"

"I hope not, children, but I know not; you have suffered enough. But, even if it is expedient, you will remember that it is a duty God has imposed upon you. Though you are young to look upon death, and death in so terrible a form, yet death ought to be familiar to us all. We dread it naturally; but we must all undergo it: it is not a thing from which any one of us can escape. Remember, very few have to endure it as He who underwent the agony of the cross, that he might conquer death for our sakes. You will think of this, my little girls; the Son of God, who lived in the holy heavens, free from sin, sorrow and death, came down to have his righteous soul pierced with seeing the sin of the world—his tender heart agonized even to tears and drops of blood with sorrow, and endured a dreadful death, that we might be saved. You are called upon, at an early age, to speak for a life. I have that opinion of my little girls, that, even if called upon to suffer bodily pain, they will do it. How much more when nothing is required but testimony and the words of truth!"

"Have you, papa?" I hesitated.

"Yes. I have seen the poor body. I will not disguise from you it is a very sad sight. When death takes possession of our earthly bodies, he puts so solemn a seal on the familiar face, that the lightest heart must be struck with awe. It is very right that it should be so."

"Have you seen many dead people, papa?"

"Yes, many. Marblette, you can remember the sad day when the Felling colliery exploded, and so many lives perished in the pit. I was there, assisting our neighbor, the clergyman of Felling, to bury the dead and comfort the mourning. Some of the corpses were dreadful to look at, and I had need to remember 'this is but a castaway garment, now done with, and fittingly consigned to the dust from which it sprung.' 'They are sown in corruption, they will rise in incorruption,' even as the little brown seed that you sow in the ground rises to be a lovely flower in your garden."

"Was Bell good, papa?"

"My child, I am not her judge."

"I think I would not mind seeing it so much, if I thought Bell had another body in heaven."

"God is merciful," said papa.

His voice was strange. We looked up. Then we saw, for the first time in our lives, tears running down his cheeks as plentifully as tears were wont to run down our own.

We hung our heads. Something seemed to whisper to us was reported that he had it in bags of gold, in an inner chamber within the one that he and his lady used.

It seemed he but waited for the time of year when his ships would be coming, for he sold his house to the town council and had the money paid all in gold.

He was right glad to see the ship, and that she was his best and swiftest. As her cargo was carried out all his valuables were put in her, and at night, it was reported, he carried down himself, from time to time, his bags of gold. But before all things were complete another of his ships arrived. The morning after there was no light seen in the merchant's house; neither was it opened as heretofore, and the vessel that came in the day before was gone from her moorings without unlading so much as a hand's weight of her cargo. But, inasmuch as she had not paid the necessary dues and freightage, swift messengers were sent down to Tyne mouth, to stop her.

Meantime, the merchant's house was broken open and he was found still in bed, with his fair English wife by his side, but both dead. A stab in the heart had ended their career.

Though the other vessel was brought back, nothing transpired to tell the tale, but that a passenger, claiming to be brother to the merchant, had come in her and gone ashore that night. He was absent but a short time, and then came back with orders that they were to return at once to Tyne mouth and meet a third ship of theirs, which was waiting a tide, as they knew, to cross the bar. The passenger went in a boat across the bar and got into the ship, which sailed away without ever coming into Tyne, and the other returned, as said before. Nothing could be done; justice in those days was dealt out according to the supply of facts. The merchant and his wife were buried in one grave and the town corporation took possession of the house. It was whispered that the passenger was a disguised woman, and the real wife of the merchant, who had brought her from Spain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CORRECTION.

Deacon Goodly—"Boys, don't you know that you should not play ball on Sunday?"

Johnnie—"Oh, that's all right, deacon. We ain't playing; we're practicing for to-morrow's game."

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH

March 19—Notwithstanding the famine in India, the British government received £1,640,000 surplus for the fiscal year.

March 20—Two hundred girls working in the overall department of Swofford Bros.' dry goods factory were locked out to-day. The firm recently reduced the price for making overalls from \$1.25 to 98 cents a dozen and the girls had threatened to strike.

March 21—Sixty men employed in one section of the Rapid Transit tunnel in New York city are imprisoned by the explosion of a fifty-pound box of dynamite at the bottom of a 130-foot shaft. The shaft was completely wrecked and the imprisoned men would have perished were it not for a steel compressed air pipe that escaped destruction. Through this pipe the sixty imprisoned workmen received air until rescued.

March 22—In Marseilles the cabinet workers', locksmiths', engineers', caulkers', oil workers', millers' and bakers' unions went out on strike in sympathy with the dock laborers. It is estimated that 18,000 laboring men are on strike in that city. The strike is so complete the military authorities were obliged to detail a corps of soldiers from the different garrisons to replace the members of the bakers' union.

March 23—Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipinos fighting for the independence of their country against the American invaders, was captured in the province of Isabella, island of Luzon, through the treachery of some of his former officials, who betrayed him to General Funston of the U. S. V.

March 24—Before a special committee of ministers—sitting in Peking—appointed to consider China's ability to meet the indemnity claims, Sir Robert Hart stated it would take the country twenty years to pay them. No wonder the Chinese love foreign missionaries.

March 25—A tornado in Birmingham, Alabama, swept the southern portion of the city, killing and injuring twenty-five people and destroying \$250,000 worth of property.

March 26—A mine was discovered under the country palace of the Czar of Russia at Tsarskoe Selo, where he was staying. Over 300 people are arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the plot, including many prominent men who were high in the service of the Czar. It is said the Czar was so unnerved by the discovery his physicians advised him to go on a yachting cruise.

March 27—Emperor William, thinking his life of some importance and fearing an attack from some of his military-

ridden subjects, adopts a new scheme. When he appears in public four body guards on bicycles shall accompany his carriage. His coachman and footman will be armed with revolvers and woe be unto the unfortunate Dutchman that approaches the gilded chariot where "Me und Got" are seated, without My permission.

March 28—Emperor William, in the course of a speech to the Alexander regiment in the court yard barracks, according to the Kreutz Zeitung, said: "You must be ready, day and night, to act as the body guard of your king, and give your life-blood, if necessary, for the Emperor and his house." The paper does not say how heartily the soldiers responded to the pleadings of the insane Emperor.

March 29—The factory of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company at New Brunswick is closed as a result of the strike of forty boys in the winding room of the plant. The factory employs 500 hands and the youths control the situation.

March 30—Roland Reed, the renowned actor, dies in New York city from cancer of the stomach, from which he had been suffering for a number of years.

March 31—American army officers in Manila steal millions from the Commissary Department while they are offering their lives in behalf of their country and patriotism. It is believed the steal exceeds anything ever known in the American army and outshines the postoffice steal in Cuba.

April 1—Reports published in the Rocky Mountain News say that the output of ore in the Cripple Creek district for the month of March is the largest of any month since gold was discovered in the district. The average for each day was 1,700 tons, with a value of \$78,000, or a total of 53,000 tons, with a gross value of \$2,225,500.

April 2—Representatives of the Transvaal and Orange Free State republics entered proceedings in the United States Supreme Court in New Orleans to prevent the sailing of the steamship Anglo-Australian, loaded with mules consigned to the British in South Africa. Judge Parlange issued an order requiring the defendants in the case to show cause on April 6th why a preliminary injunction should not be granted.

April 3—American stable boys sail from New York on the White Star and Atlantic steamers for England to take the place of the stablemen on strike at Newmarket. No scabs for this purpose could be found in England, but New York supplied the required number.

April 4—The committee appointed in the House of Commons to consider changes in the civil list for the maintenance of King Edward's household recommended that the same be fixed at £470,000 sterling, which is much higher than the

amount allowed his mother. Mr. Labouchere dissented from the report, claiming a continuance of the pomp and pride of ceremony of the court is not desirable.

April 5—Nearly all the great railroad magnates meet in New York to formulate plans for the consolidation of all the railroads in the United States into one gigantic combine.

April 6—Governor General Wood, President McKinley's handy man in the island of Cuba, suppressed *La Discussion* and arrested Editor Coranada for publishing a cartoon representing the Cuban public personified by a Cuban soldier being crucified between two thieves, McKinley and Wood, with Senator Platt as a Roman soldier giving vinegar and gall in the form of the Platt amendment, while Public Opinion, as Mary Magdalene, was weeping at the foot of the cross. Beneath the cartoon was the following inscription: "Will destiny reserve for us a glorious resurrection?" On account of its truthfulness the cartoon did not suit the American Weyler, whose mission in Cuba is to overawe and terrify the inhabitants with the punishment in store for them if they don't accept our offer of suzerainty and abandon their struggle for independence.

April 7—According to the Associated Press dispatches this was the coldest Easter weather experienced in the United States and Canada in many years. In Montana snow fell in the afternoon and the weather in general resembled Christmas day.

April 8—It is reported from New York that the litigation between the American Smelting Company and the Standard Oil Company were settled at a joint conference and the United Metal Selling Company becomes the selling agent of the consolidated company. Certificates increasing the capital stock of the company were filed with the secretary of state at Trenton. This transaction practically places the control of the mining industry in the United States in the hands of one company.

April 9—The United States Steel Corporation gets control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's interests.

April 10—French, Russian and Italian squadrons assemble at Toulon, where President Loubet welcomes the officers of the Russian and Italian squadrons. The assembling of the three squadrons was for the purpose of uniting the people of the three nations in the event of a European war.

April 11—At a meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, it was decided to call out all the employes of the American Sheet Steel Company at McKeesport on Monday unless all men discharged for being members of the union were rein-

stated. This will be the first battle between organized labor and the steel trust.

April 12—George Q. Cannon, the recognized head of the Mormon Church, died at Monterey, California after a brief illness.

April 13—The laying of the corner stone of New York city's new hall of records, to cost \$2,000,000, was the most elaborate affair of the kind ever witnessed in the city. The new building is seven stories high and will present an imposing appearance when viewed from the city hall.

April 14—Representatives from twenty-one unions in New York city, at a joint conference, decided to enter politics and organize a labor party. This is the first attempt ever made by the labor unions of the city to take independent political action.

April 15—It can be announced on the best of authority that all the preliminary arrangements have been made for the acquisition of the stock of the Boston and Montana Copper and Silver Company and the Butte and Boston Mining Company by the Amalgamated Copper Company.

April 16—The close of the second day of the strike at the W. Dewees wood plant of the American Sheet Steel Company at McKeesport shows a condition of affairs that forebodes a stubborn fight between the company and the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, involving the possible shut down of every union plant in the country controlled by the company.

April 17—The smelter trust enters into agreement with mills to advance treatment charges from \$1. to \$2 a ton.

April 18—Train crew of four men on Colorado & Northwestern railway swept to death by snowslide in Boulder canon, Colorado.

A QUANDARY.

First Tramp—"Why don't you go in? 'E's all right. Don't you see 'im a waggin' his tail?"

Second Tramp—"Yus; an' don't you see 'im a gawlin'? I dunno which end to believe."—Punch.

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Tess—"Rapid strides? I guess she means high kicks."—Philadelphia Press.

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- James B. Furey.....Butte, Montana
- W. N. Burns.....Ouray, Colorado
- Charles H. Moyer.....Lead City, South Dakota
- Chris Foley.....Rossland, British Columbia

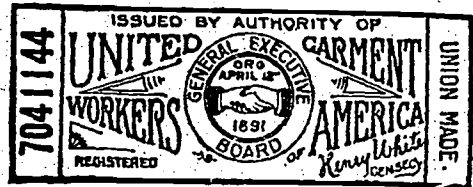
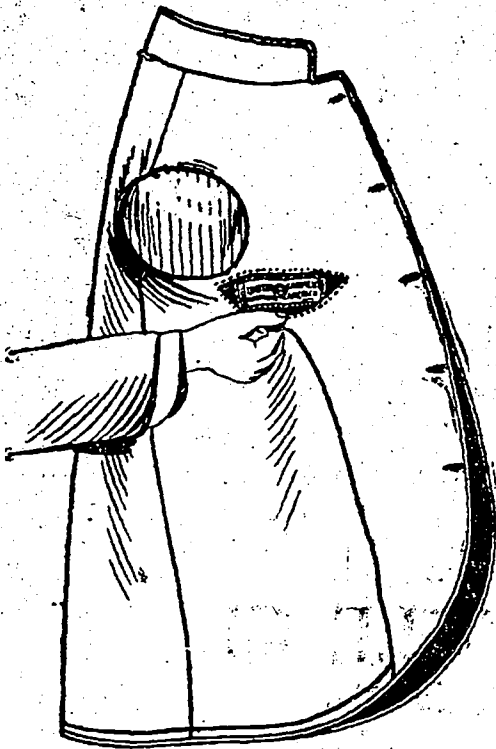


DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meetings Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O. Box..	Address...
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Chas. Praisia....	...	Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue..	J. T. Lewis....	J. E. Counts....	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	Frank Briggs...	I. C. Collie.....	...	Helvetia.....
101	Jerome.....	Thur	Clyde Hoyt.....	120	Jerome.....
102	Ray.....	Thur	P. A. Schilling.	W. A. Weeks....	...	Ray.....
BRIT. COL'BIA						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	T. P. Goddard...	Wm. Taylor....	77	Fernie.....
22	Greenwood.....	Sat..	Geo. D. Sankey	M. Kane.....	134	Greenwood....
69	Kaslo.....	Sat..	Henry Cody....	D. M. McPhall..	75	Kaslo.....
100	Kimberly.....	Sat..	J. E. O'Riley...	Harry White....	C	Kimberly.....
112	Kamloops.....	Sat..	Hugh Murphy...	Michael Delaney	17C	Kamloops.....
43	McKinney.....	Thur	E. D. Walsh....	S. A. Sanborn...	...	Camp McKinney
71	Moyle.....	Tue..	H. H. Dimock...	P. T. Smyth....	32	Moyle.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat..	Robt. D. Hunter	James Wilks....	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver....	Tue..	D. J. Weir.....	J. Byrnes.....	...	New Denver...
8	Phoenix.....	Tue..	C. H. Towns...	John Riordan...	...	Phoenix.....
94	Rossland Mech'ic	Fri..	Rossland.....
38	Rossland.....	Wed.	Rupert Bulmer.	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland.....
81	Sandon.....	Sat..	Sandon.....
95	Silverton.....	Sat..	J. M. M. Benedum	John C. Tyree...	85	Silverton.....
62	Slocan.....	Wed.	J. V. Purviance	J. A. Foley....	...	Slocan City...
113	Texada.....	Tue..	M. W. Hewitt...	Alfred Raper...	888	Van Anda....
79	Whitewater....	Sat..	B. F. McIsaac..	Jas. McDonald..	...	Whitewater...
85	Ymir.....	Wed.	A. J. Hughes...	Alfred Parr.....	...	Ymir.....
CALIFORNIA.						
61	Bodie.....	Tue..	Chas. Lavery...	Jas. Kavanaugh	6	Bodie.....
47	Confidence....	Thur	A. D. McCormick.	J. B. Allen....	26	Confidence....
70	Gold Cross.....	Tue..	J. P. Williams.	J. A. Vaughn...	...	Hedges.....
90	Grass Valley...	Fri..	James Harvey...	R. D. Gluyas...	199	Grass Valley..
51	Mojave.....	Sat..	T. F. Delaney...	O. W. Marten...	1	Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco..	Wed.	R. Reynolds....	L. M. Sane.....	5	Coulterville..
44	Randsburg.....	Sat..	J. B. McAnear.	Wm. A. Linn...	...	Randsburg....
73	Tuolumne.....	Thur	F. C. Bastian..	Geo. W. Jenkins.	63	Stent.....
87	Summerville....
39	Sierra Gorda...	Thur.	J. B. Baker.....	H. C. Stine....	...	Big Oak Flat..
COLORADO.						
75	Altman St. Eng'	Tue..	John Mast.....	D. C. Copley....	...	Altman.....
21	Anaconda.....	Tue..	John Mangan...	R. S. Mitchell..	296	Anaconda.....
13	Baldwin.....
89	Battle Mountain	Sun..	Charles Gilmer.	E. E. Mooberry.	27	Gilman.....
64	Bryan.....	Sat..	John McAskill.	James Spurrier.	184	Ophir.....
106	Banner M. & S.	Thur.	C. M. Greene...	Carl Nelson....	254	Victor.....
33	Cloud City.....	Thur	John McGillis..	C. R. Burr.....	132	Leadville....
40	Cripple Creek...	Sat..	Thomas Wilson	E. J. Campbell..	1148	Cripple Creek..
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs.	Wed.	E. A. Emery...	E. L. Whitney..	279	Cripple Creek..
93	Denver S. M....
58	Durango M. & S	Sat..	William Lewis.	Frank Wride....	1273	Durango.....
80	Excelsior Eng...	Mon.	Charles Lamb..	F. W. Frewen...	...	Victor.....

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P. O. Box..	Address..
COLO.—Cont'd.						
110	Florence M. & S.	Ed F. Boyle.....	W. B. Easterly..	91	Altman.....
19	Free Coinage....	Fri..	N. E. Boggs....	E. S. Timmons..	Gillett.....
92	Gillett M. & S.	Fri..	W. A. Triplett..	Eugene Otis....	395	Henson.....
50	Henson.....
55	Lawson.....
15	Ouray.....	Sat..	Jas. R. Downey	W. M. Burns....	Ouray.....
6	Pitkin County...	Tue..	Theo. Saurer....	R. K. Sprinkle..	397	Aspen.....
36	Rico.....	Wed.	O. Zimichilla...	Thos. C. Young..	662	Rico.....
26	Silverton.....	Sat..	Joe Morgan.....	Ernest Allen....	23	Silverton.....
27	Sky City.....	Tue..	Paul B. Walker	A. J. Horne.....	Red Mt.....
63	16 to 1.....	Sat..	V. St. John....	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride.....
41	Ten Mile.....
32	Victor.....	Thur	John Currey....	Jerry Kelly.....	134	Victor.....
84	Vulcan.....	Sat..	C. M. Swinehart Jr	J. H. Thomas....	38	Vulcan.....
108	Whitepine.....	Thur	A. C. Howell....	M. C. Smith....	Whitepine.....
IDAHO.						
10	Burke.....	Tue..	Bernard Smith.	Martin Dunn....	126	Burke.....
52	Custer.....	Sat..	Henry Bushell..	J. T. Danielson.	Custer.....
53	DeLamar.....	Mon.	Ed Parker.....	A. Warren.....	25	DeLamar.....
11	Gem.....	Wed.	John Hayes....	A. S. Bolch.....	107	Gem.....
37	Gibbonsville....	Wed.	H. H. Dunwoodie.	R. R. Dodge....	19	Gibbonsville....
9	Mullan.....	Sat..	William Powers	Jno. Hendrickson	30	Mullan.....
20	Rocky Bar.....	Sat..	Myron Lester...	N. D. McLeod...	X	Rocky Bar.....
66	Silver City.....	Sat..	David Porter...	W. D. Haywood	124	Silver City.....
18	Wardner.....	Sat..	M. Campbell...	Victor Price....	162	Wardner.....
65	Wood River.....	Wm. Batey.....	Halley.....
MONTANA.						
57	Aldridge.....	Sat..	Jos. Gulde.....	James Moore....	97	Aldridge.....
12	Barker.....	Thur.	Henry Daniels..	L. A. Bruce....	5	Barker.....
23	Basin.....	John Mulcahey.	Wm. Winkelman	Basin.....
7	Belt.....	Sat..	Robert Wedlock	Wm. Cheek.....	Neilhart.....
45	Bridger.....	Tue..	W. B. Altimus..	D. A. Tinkcom..	Bridger.....
1	Butte.....	Tue..	John J. Quinn..	J. J. Hanley....	498	Butte.....
74	Butte M. & S....	Wed.	Chas Whiteley	D. R. McCord...	841	Butte.....
83	Butte Eng.....	Wed.	E. H. Neeley...	Jos. Creighton..	1625	Butte.....
88	Elkhorn.....	Sat..	Harvey Davis..	W. E. Magers...	Elkhorn.....
73	Gebo.....	Tue..	Wm. Cummings	Joseph Friel....	Gebo.....
86	Geo. Dewey, Eng	Mon.	Alfred Jose....	Thomas Callow..	284	Granite.....
4	Granite.....	Tue..	John Judge....	Thomas Dyer....	D	Granite.....
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat..	C. E. Mahoney..	Jas. Lithgow...	790	G. Falls.....
35	Hassell.....	Sat..	V. T. Patterson	J. W. Galvin....	71	Hassell.....
107	Judith Mt.....	Sat..	James Longmier	J. J. Lewis.....	8	Maiden.....
103	Marysville....	Sat..	John Wallace..	Joseph Harvey..	73	Marysville....
29	Red Lodge.....	John Brown....	William Dick....	Red Lodge....
104	Norris.....	Sat..	W. A. Lawler...	B. G. Crawford.	Norris.....
111	N. Moccasin....	Sat..	F. Flannigan..	S. Whipple.....	Lewistown....
105	Mayflower....	Tue..	Jerry O'Rourke	James Foster...	Whitehall....
25	Winston.....	Sat..	A. E. Wenstrom.	E. J. Brewer....	A	Winston.....
114	Anaconda Eng..	Mon.	Dave Storrar..	Arthur Bliss....	Anaconda....
117	Anaconda M. & S	Sat..	R. W. Rule....	Frank Burke....	Anaconda....
54	Horr.....	Fri..	Joseph Harmon	John Garr, Jr..	Horr.....
NEVADA.						
72	Lincoln.....	Wed.	Thos. Tresider..	W. D. Geck....	De Lamar.....
49	Silver City....	Tue..	E. T. Powers...	David Armstrong	76	Silver City....
31	Tuscarora.....	Wed.	O. Laman.....	S. H. Turner....	12	Tuscarora.....
46	Virginia City..	Fri..	W. A. Burns....	J. F. McDonell..	I	Virginia City..
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	T. P. Goddard..	William Taylor..	77	Fernie.....
59	Lethbridge....
OREGON.						
42	Bourne.....	Tue..	W. S. Bonner...	C. G. Kinnison..	Bourne.....
91	Cornucopia....	Sat..	James Lee.....	W. A. Kidwell..	Cornucopia....
56	Custer.....
3	Central.....	Sat..	Otto Peterson..	W. G. Friggens	23	Central City...
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	Mike Elward...	J. E. Evans.....	950	Deadwood.....
2	Lead.....	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols	J. C. McLemore.	290	Lead City.....
30	Keystone.....
5	Terry Peak....	Wed	Geo. Hendy.....	C. H. Schaad....	174	Terry.....
68	Galena.....	Wed.	George Leech...	Richard Galvin..	39	Galena.....
116	Perry.....
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic.....	Tue..	David Felker...	Frank Hanlon..	157	Republic.....
24	Sheridan.....	Andrew Johnson	C. M. Wilson...	Toroda.....
115	Northport M. & S.	Chas. P. Friend	Northport.....
WYOMING.						
98	Battle Creek..
UTAH.						
99	Valley S. U....	Sat..	Chas. T. Hollis.	H. T. Hofelng..	Murray.....
34	Sandie S. U....	Wed.	Albert Dobson..	Arthur Leslie...	28	Sandie.....

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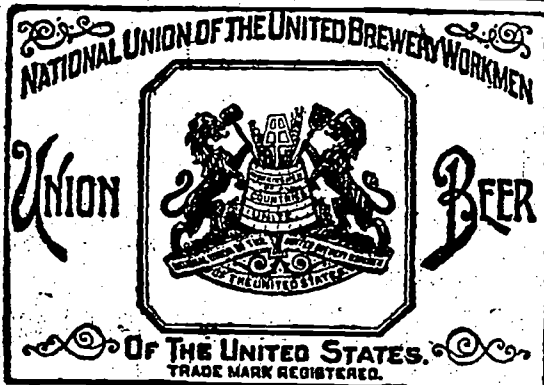
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This is the Union Label

OF THE

UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

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