

HON. WM. CLANCY OF MONTANA.

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Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

Subscribers not receiving their magazine should notify the office without delay and not wait for months and then complain. We want all subscribers to receive it regularly and we will attend to it provided we are notified, but we can do nothing unless we are notified as we believe that each subscriber is receiving his magazine until informed otherwise.

GLOBE TIMES CHANGES OWNERSHIP.

Frank Aley, well known to our readers as the author of the "Man in Overalls," "Down in the Deep, Black Stope," etc., has purchased the Globe Times.

We wish Mr. Aley success in the enterprise, financially and otherwise.

THE PEOPLE.

The People, published at 184 Williams street, New York City, is without exception the best paper published in the United States representing the principles of Socialism.

It contains clean arguments and is entirely free from vituperation and abuse, even for its dying enemy.

Its subscription rate is fifty cents per year, which brings it within the reach of all who wish to read and study, whether they believe in Socialism or not. We are glad to congratulate the "People" upon its splendid success in the field of journalism. It is a credit to its manager and editor and especially to the cause it represents; it is always a welcome visitor to our desk.

POLLUTING RIVERS.

Travel where you may, and nowhere will you find such beautiful rivers and streams of cold, refreshing ice water constantly flowing from the snowy mountain ranges as you will find on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain states, yet there is scarcely one of those delightful streams free from filth of concentrators and sawmills.

Before the concentrators, sawmills and placer mines began to sluice refuse of all kinds into those rivers and streams all of them were well stocked with fish, but now the fish—what few remain—are confined to the small streams not yet polluted.

The numerous lakes that receive their supply of water from those rivers and streams are also barren of fish, for the water in them, while not polluted so much as the water in the streams, has the same effect.

When water becomes so filthy as to kill the fish that inhabit it what must the effect be on the people who are compelled to use it?

Small wonder we have an epidemic of smallpox, diphtheria and numerous other diseases caused by the accumulation of filth in the rivers from the above causes.

Mining and sawmill companies should be compelled to construct dams or receivers for the refuse or tailings that come from their mills; they are well able to do this and the various state Legislatures should compel them to do so or allow their property to remain idle.

It is strange how the people in a community will permit a company or corporation to ruin the water they use without offering a protest.

They should not suffer this intolerable nuisance so destructive to health.

TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

The telegraphers' strike on the Santa Fe railroad presents another spectacle of the helplessness of organized labor in its present condition.

The telegraphers went on strike because they had a grievance and in this action they had the sympathy of the other

railroad organizations, who declared that the telegraphers' cause was just and accordingly a meeting was arranged with upon the part of the railroad organizations that offered their vice president of the road and a committee representing the other railroad organizations.

After meeting the vice president of the road the committee reported to the respective organizations, who informed the telegraphers as follows:

"Your cause is just and you have our sympathy, but we have concluded to remain neutral."

It is hard to conceive of anything so stupid as this action sympathy and withheld their assistance in a cause of such importance to every man in the railroad service.

This has ever been the course pursued by employers of labor; set one class or calling to fight the other; if not able to do this, induce them to remain neutral while their associates were fighting for their rights.

By the action of the engineers, firemen, conductors and others on the Santa Fe and other railroads we must admit that the outlook for better conditions in the railroad service is dark and gloomy.

When men become so circumscribed in their views as to imagine that the telegraphers' strike did not concern other branches of railroad service we strongly suspect that the railroads will encounter little opposition when another reduction of wages is ordered.

SENATOR PATTERSON.

Two months ago we said the election of Thomas M. Patterson at the hands of the Colorado Legislature was a greater necessity, from a labor standpoint, than any, if not all, the measures favoring labor that would come before that body.

Mr. Patterson has been elected by a unanimous vote of the fusion forces. Out of the 100 votes the fusionists had ninety-one and the Republicans nine. We asked the miners of Colorado not only to overthrow Wolcott, but to make it unanimous, and our wish was practically granted.

Never was there a greater contrast between an outgoing and an incoming senator. Perhaps the only point of comparison is their prominence in their parties. But here the comparison ends. Wherever Wolcott has betrayed the people, Patterson has been their champion. Where the former helped the large corporations to greater privileges, the latter was trying to curb or even take from them powers they already possessed. Where one appeared in court to help the state prosecute men who went on strike, the other came there to

defend them and clear them if possible. But we could go on for pages with these comparisons.

Mr. Patterson enters the Senate at a time when a man of his caliber can do more good than at any previous period in American history. True, the Senate is not the brilliant body it was in the days of Webster and Clay. Millionaires have bought their way in, and the heads of state machines have crept in. The election of Mr. Patterson is in marked contrast to this and is a return to the old way of being represented, not by gold or political pull, but by merit. Great questions are already being discussed there with a good chance of greater ones for the future; never was there a more auspicious time to begin a senatorial career. Mr. Patterson will soon be in the front rank and among the leaders there. His courage and determination would put him there without his other qualities. His thorough knowledge of public questions, both from the politico-economic as well as from the legal standpoint, will make him a debater second to none, and we may soon expect him to occupy a position in that body such as is now held by Hale, Hoar, Morgan or Vest.

AGUINALDO AND DE WET CAPTURED.

The capture of Aguinaldo and De Wet has been accomplished so often by those brave soldiers of Uncle Sam and Queen Victoria that we are astonished to know how they made their escape through the military cordon usually selected to guard such important personages.

But perhaps it is more astonishing to know how those gallant generals come to life after being shot and mortally wounded in so many battles with those renowned warriors of the United States emperor and England's queen fighting in the noble cause of conquest. We think it is very unkind of Aguinaldo and De Wet to treat those homesick soldiers so cruelly, because they are not accustomed to fighting such savages that shoot to kill.

They have been taught to fight laboring men in their own country in time of strikes and were never in danger of being shot or wounded; the worst they encountered was a set of resolutions condemning their brutal acts, but that was considered an honor.

The Miners' Magazine has sent a message to Aguinaldo in the jungles of Luzon and De Wet on the veldt of South Africa to refrain from shooting their pursuers and respectfully submit to arrest and surrender their country to the kind speculators in New York and London who are to control the world's finance.

Such unpatriotic resistance is terrible, and both countries

want to use their soldiers elsewhere; the Philippines and the South African republics are not the only countries in the world to be conquered for the patriotic speculators by whose permission we all live.

Should those haughty generals fighting our soldiers with bows and arrows and stealing whole regiments continue their awful warfare for the independence, honor and welfare of their respective countries, the Miners' Magazine serves notice upon them that we will open a recruiting station for the enlistment of able bodied men to assist the brave generals now in the field with three hundred thousand men bent on the capture of those two outlaws. Gentlemen, be prepared to volunteer your service; neither is yet captured.

MILITARISM.

Elsewhere we publish part of a sermon delivered by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore; wherein the reverend gentleman speaks against an increase of the standing army and very logically illustrated the dangers of such a course for the young men joining the army as well as the people who are forced to pay taxes for its maintenance.

It is gratifying to know that the reverend gentleman is opposed to the administration's methods in saddling a tax upon the people for the maintenance of an army of one hundred thousand men at the instigation of the privileged classes to enable them to retain their hold upon the people and continue to rob them with impunity.

The war upon the poor Filipinos is a great excuse for an increased army. which will be used in the future to crush the laboring people whenever they come in conflict with the trusts that elect such men as McKinley and Roosevelt.

Heretofore it was always understood that in the United States a large standing army was a menace to a republican form of government, and the only reason we maintained an army of twenty-five thousand was on account of the hostility of the Indian tribes in the West, but this pretext is resorted to no longer.

The advocates of a large standing army boldly assert that it must be held in the large centers of population where conflicts between capitalists and laborers are liable to occur.

To illustrate this point more clearly, we refer the reader to the territory of New Mexico, which is inhabited by some of the most hostile Indians in the West, but notwithstanding this fact Fort Wingate is the only military post in the territory and the same is true of Arizona. All the military forts of that territory are being abandoned and with the exception of Fort Yuma and

Fort Apache, where there are a few soldiers, all others are abandoned, except for the guard that remains to prevent Indians and settlers carrying away the furniture, etc.

This demonstrates that there is no need of soldiers to hold the Indian tribes in subjection.

With the dismantling of all the forts in the rural districts large army posts are being constructed near the large cities convenient to the railroad centers so the troops may be quickly transported to the district where laboring people may be struggling against the tyranny of some trust magnate.

But the menace of a large army will not rest here. Its influence upon the people will continue to grow until they become reconciled to their fate and conclude that it is useless to offer a protest. With a large standing army people of wealth will leave nothing undone to secure a commission for their sons and in the end we will be governed entirely by the wealthy few in all the legislative departments of the government. Drunk with power the few will become restless and dissatisfied with an army of one hundred thousand men and some other scheme will be hatched to double it.

It will be said that we must imitate European nations if we wish to compete with them in the markets of the world, and to do this successfully we must be ready to meet all emergencies to enforce our edict with gun and sword. Nations are like men in this respect. Take the idle, blustering fellow with a gun concealed on his person; he is ever ready to cause disturbance because he is armed and can thus intimidate and abuse all he comes in contact with.

Were he unarmed he would not be anxious to interfere with his peaceful neighbor. So will it be with the United States with an increased army; the few in control of the government will not be satisfied unless we are constantly engaged in a war of conquest for the benefit of the commercial barons who invariably reap all the benefits, while the poor and ignorant do the fighting.

The influence of a large standing army upon the nation will be more degrading than we anticipate.

Neither a young man or woman can afford to associate with it and maintain their self respect, for army life is anything but respectable from the superior to the subaltern.

We realize, however, that it is useless to dwell upon this subject at length, for the people understand it fully, and with this knowledge decided by their votes last November that they favored a large standing army to hold themselves in bondage and we trust they will get what they voted for. Apart from this, we are glad to know the learned cardinal has taken a decided position against such czar like methods in a republic.

HON. WILLIAM CLANCY.

William Clancy was born of Irish parents at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, on May 31, 1843. Lived on a farm in Logan county, Ohio, near Quincy, from the fall of 1850 until September 10, 1857, when he moved by wagon to Missouri with his parents. Before going to Missouri he attended Cary's college at Sidney, Ohio, for three years. In Missouri he settled on a farm with his parents one and a half miles east of Edina, the county seat of Knox county.

He engaged in the hard manual labor of making white oak rails, making fence, grubbing roots and breaking prairie with a big ox team and all other work necessary in opening up a farm in those days in a new country. When the war of the Rebellion broke out young Clancy enlisted as a private soldier in K company, Second Missouri cavalry volunteers, and when honorably discharged entered St. Paul's college at Palmyra, Missouri, and at the end of two years concluded his course of study and then took up the study of law under Madison C. Hawkins of Canton, Missouri, and was admitted to the bar and practiced in the superior and inferior courts of that state for twenty-seven years.

When he was admitted to the bar he located in the practice of law at Edina, Missouri. He was elected and served as judge three terms in that state and was once elected prosecuting attorney by all the voters, without regard to party, and against his protest. An organized band of fee fiends and official county warrant scalpers and robbers had been looting the county for years, and the taxpayers knew that Judge Clancy had the law learning, honesty, ability and courage to break up this band if the people elected him prosecuting attorney, and this was why they elected him. He did not disappoint them. He landed the sheriff in the penitentiary of Missouri. Judge Clancy had always been a strict Democrat until the nomination of Grover Cleveland in 1892. Then he quit that party and joined the People's party, and voted for James B. Weaver on the first Tuesday in November, 1892. The next year he left Missouri and settled in Butte on the 14th day of July, 1893. He was elected district judge the first Tuesday in November, 1896. He has made a splendid record. He gives prompt rulings, keeps splendid order and dispatches business with alacrity that is very pleasing to litigants.

He is a pronounced Populist and stands for the Omaha platform. He placed the great Butte and Boston Copper and Silver Mining Company in the hands of a receiver. The properties were valued at \$41,000,000. His decision was sustained three different times by the Supreme Court of Montana. This was a very noted case and has been published in newspapers in South Africa, Australia and in all countries where they have

large mines. He tried another large case which involved about \$10,000,000. The case is entitled Montana Ore Purchasing Company vs. Boston and Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company. There was Thomas M. Patterson of Denver, Colorado, leading counsel on one side, and Charles Hughes of Denver leading counsel on the other side of the case. The trial lasted for ten weeks, commencing on the 11th of August, 1899, and closing at midnight on October 20, 1899. Judge Clancy declared himself publicly against martial law and the bull pen in Idaho; made an order allowing men working for his court receivers eight hours for a shift. In the case of Becker vs. Western Federation of Labor he decided for the defendant. All of his decisions have been with organized labor against the anarchy of wealth. This was why the laboring man's party was so anxious to place him on the state ticket as a nominee for Supreme Court judge. But the opposition leaders to the Amalgamated Copper Trust Company and the Standard Oil Company persisted that Clancy was the man to stand for re-election at Butte and force the issue on his record and decisions. This was finally agreed to, and the issues were so made up. The Butte and Anaconda Democrats and the Republican party of Silver Bow county fused as to judges, each party putting up and nominating the other party's man for judge, thus giving Judge Clancy a double race, but the voters, without regard to party, took in the situation and plan and gave the subject of this pen sketch a clean majority of 1,388.

The working men of Butte are now saying that Judge Clancy's ability and splendid legal mind, as well as fairness to the working man, entitles him to a place on the Supreme Court bench of Montana, and they are determined to put him there two years hence.

THE WORKING PEOPLE'S DUTY.

We have launched upon the new century to combat all the obstacles we left behind us in the century just ended, and like the mariner on the stormy ocean sailing for a distant port, his knowledge of navigation enables him to steer his ship through in safety to her destination.

So it is with the millions of laboring people who are organized into unions of their various crafts and callings for the purpose of bettering their condition in life. If they intend to reach that goal for which all humanity is striving—to make a living with the least amount of effort—it must be by a thorough knowledge of how to steer clear of the many dangers that confront them and by the power of intelligence sail straight for the port of destination.

When we look at this multitude of wage earners of men

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and women in the United States and Canada and conservatively compare their condition with other enterprises and organized efforts of men and women the comparison presents a wonderful discrepancy on the part of the former.

Science, art, inventions and all other innumerable devices have advanced with remarkable rapidity which certainly entitles the nineteenth century to be called "the age of inventions."

Compare all those devices for the production of wealth calculated to lessen man's burden of toil and add to his comfort with those of one hundred years ago and the most enthusiastic admirer of our progress is unable to comprehend the extent of their superiority.

All of this wonderful progress is due to the laborer who, by brains and muscle, made the discoveries and set them in motion for man's benefit, to be used by him in that capacity, for no man will continue to pursue any line of thought or use any instrument that will not benefit him.

This brings us to the question at issue, namely, if the laborer has done all this by his brain and muscle, why does he not enjoy the fruits of such labor?

Because he has not yet evolved from that stage of barbarism when "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" believed themselves inferior beings from the crafty chiefs or rulers who presided over them, living in idleness and luxury on the labor of their slaves or subjects.

While the great mass of laboring people remain inactive in their present state without giving a thought to their welfare or the welfare of their children, and continue to produce wealth by their labor to turn it over to combinations of men that do not produce one dollar, their conditions will not improve, and in this respect they are not different from the hewers of wood and drawers of water in ancient times. To the minds of the thinking men and women there is no sign of improvement, nor will there be any while the laboring people continue to pursue their present policy of compromise and vote for men representing political organizations that have actually legislated them into their present state of industrial slavery. While laboring men are willing to become the tail of old political party kites it is next to insanity for them to expect any relief because they are not in a position to secure it, for the men who make laws in state and nation know that they are not depending upon the laborer for their office.

Before any progress is made laboring people must sever their affiliation with Republican, Democratic, Liberal and Conservative parties and adopt a platform or set of principles that will benefit not only the laboring people, but the producers of all wealth, then with one accord they should support those

principles without equivocation, not only on election day but every day.

It is simply moonshine to imagine that our only hope is at the ballot box; such is not true.

Napoleon once said: "Give me one thousand men not afraid to die and I will conquer the world."

This saying is very applicable to the people of the United States who rail against trusts but go no further.

One thousand determined men who would say to our masters that we elect to office: "You must stop this robbery of the people," would have more effect than all the political schemes ever hatched.

While working men labor under the delusion that it is necessary for them to seal their lips and sit with owl-like wisdom unless when they chance to favor a fraudulent arbitration law in order to hold their position, there is no hope.

Dear reader, we ask you what would you think of the man standing in front of a six-shooter with his hands in the air and the words of the highwayman ringing in his ears: "Hand up!" Who would say: "Please, Mr. Highwayman, let us arbitrate?" Would you not think that the insane asylum was cheated if such a man was allowed to remain at liberty?

So it is with the laboring man and labor organizations that cry: "Be conservative; let us arbitrate!" This is certainly hypocrisy mixed with ignorance. Arbitrate; be conservative under conditions that overshadow the case of the highwayman, when we are told: "There is nothing to arbitrate," while we are being robbed not only of our means of existence but our liberty.

Intelligence, animated with a sincere desire to better the condition of all and obtain for the producers all they produce, if adopted, will create a system of equality that will be permanent and lasting before the century is very old and enable us to live on the fruits of our labor without fear of starvation or want in old age.

IMPORTANT.

Article 3, Section 3, By-Laws.

All unions of the Federation shall hold their semi-annual elections on the first meeting in March and September.

Nominations shall be made from the floor and remain open for two regular meetings prior to election, when each recording secretary shall, within ten days thereafter, forward the names of all officers elected to the secretary-treasurer of the Federation, who shall compile a directory of the same and forward a copy of said directory to each union.

It will be seen by this section that nominations for officers shall be made at the last meetings of this month and elected the first meeting in March for a term of six months.

At this election some unions may nominate delegates to attend the ninth annual convention to avoid the expense of holding an extra election for that purpose, or believing that a larger number of votes may be cast, or for other causes calculated to be for the interest of the union.

In the election of officers and delegates by the unions the officers of the Federation have never attempted to influence the members of any union upon the election of one candidate in preference to another, and it is not our intention to deviate from that principle at this time.

However, on account of our official position and experience, which is more extensive than a majority of the members, we are in duty bound to offer our advice whenever we deem it advisable for the best interest of the organization, or, when called upon to do so by any portion of its members. In performing our duty in this respect, which was frequently a delicate one, we have at all times been guided by what we considered best for the interest of the entire membership, and if mistakes were made the president alone is responsible. But we rejoice beyond measure as we look back over the life of this infant of the Rockies; when it was in its swaddling clothes hovering between life and death, suffering from the attacks of foes without and enemies within, and throughout this period of suffering, sorrow and despair, we were sustained in our policy by ninety-nine per cent. of our associates in the organization, which was an acknowledgment of their confidence which we shall forever remember.

We have stood by the cradle of this young infant when its star of life was almost obscured and watched it grow until it now stands before the world a full grown Hercules and God forbid that we should live to see the day when we will be compelled to mourn over its bier.

Unfortunately we cannot deny that we have traitors and spies in our organization, but this should not surprise nor discourage us in the work in which we are engaged.

Christ chose twelve apostles to preach his gospel: "Do unto others as you would that others shall do unto you," and among the chosen twelve there was a doubting Thomas, a denying Peter and a betraying Judas.

When we note the frailty of those men in the presence and under the influence of the Man whom they firmly believed to be the Son of God, we must not expect men to be superior in this age of commercialism, and especially workingmen who are ever haunted by the gaunt wolf of want. At no time since Burns wrote the truthful words could they be applied to men

with such emphasis as in the early morn of the twentieth century:

"I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricted;
 But, och! mankind are unco' weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!"

We trust our members will bear with us while we appeal to them at this particular time regarding their duty, not alone for their benefit, but for the benefit and welfare of those who are depending upon others for permission to labor to support themselves and their families, and we sincerely hope that we will not be misunderstood in what we say, as it is not our intention to give offense to any one or wound their feelings.

With this understanding, fellow-members, we say that your organization is whatever you make it; no one man can make it aught what the majority desire, and upon your intelligence and a faithful performance of your duty its success or welfare depends.

Upon the nomination and election of officers much depends, and we urgently request every member who desires the Federation to be free from corporation satellites, drinkers and gamblers to attend the nomination and election of officers and by your influence put men in office that will reflect credit upon the cause of labor. Elect men, not weak-kneed, nerveless, apologists that fawn and cringe at the beck and call of an employer, for we have already had too many such men elected to office and now is the time to serve notice upon such men that their service in a double capacity will not be tolerated. We have arrived at the period when we must make such men understand in no uncertain language that they must take one side or the other, for there can be no half way measures adopted, and corporation sycophants and hirelings must be relegated to the rear.

Do not be deceived and imagine that your union is free from such men, for there is not a union of any importance that is not honeycombed by such men, either in the pay of a corporation or seeking to be.

With reference to those men who unfortunately fall under the influence of liquor and gambling and are unable to resist those temptations, we appeal to our members not to elect them to any office, for by doing so you are doubling their temptation and placing them in a position where they will come in contact with those vices more frequently, so it is your duty, from a moral standpoint, not to place such men in a position

where they must succumb to temptation and not be able to protect themselves, and perhaps have a wife and family depending upon them for an existence.

In the electing of delegates to attend the convention too much care cannot be exercised in selecting men who are free from corporation influence and will work for the best interests of the Federation.

To point out the danger that confronts the organization in this respect, we may say that it is well known that men attended previous conventions in the pay of corporations. It is easy to imagine why a corporation will pay a delegate to attend a convention of laboring men; certainly it is not for love of them or the cause they represent. We have no assurance that corporations will not attempt to exercise this influence in many unions and elect men who will go under instructions to do the work of corporations or individuals, and if not successful in their efforts, then create all the dissension possible, for men who will accept money to perform such work will not hesitate to resort to the vilest tactics to accomplish their object.

At each convention the policy of the organization is announced for the ensuing year, and guided accordingly, therefore, we say to the members in all sincerity and frankness that it is infinitely better that a union be not represented than to send a delegate who cannot offer a suggestion or prepare a resolution calculated to benefit the organization.

Unions should elect men who will not hesitate to adopt an independent, progressive policy, untrammelled by political or corporate influence, determined to do their duty regardless of those we may offend.

The Federation owes no allegiance to any man, living or dead; its success is due entirely to the intelligence and ability of its members to protect themselves, therefore it is under obligations to no one; then let the independent men within its ranks do their duty by electing men to officer their unions and delegates to the convention who will use their influence to advance it still higher in the category of organized effort in behalf of the toilers.

FEEDING THE POOR.

Notwithstanding our blessed McKinley prosperity, the Minneapolis Journal says 25,000 of the suffering poor of New York city were fed by the Salvation Army on Christmas, and Senator Sullivan fed another 5,000 at the Bowery the same day—a total of 30,000 in all.—Waseca County Herald.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

THE SOWER.

Soon will the lonesome cricket by the stone
Begin to hush the night; and lightly blown
Field fragrances will fill the fading blue—
Old furrow-scents that ancient Eden knew.
Soon in the upper twilight will be heard
The winging whisper of a homing bird.

Who is it coming on the slant brown slope,
Touched by the twilight and her mournful hope—
Coming with hero step, with rhythmic swing,
Where all the bodily motions weave and sing?
The grief of the ground is in him, yet the power
Of the earth to hide the furrow with the flower.

He is the stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury and plush repose!
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His feet that know only the field's rough floors
Send lordly steps down echoing corridors.

Yea, this vicarious toiler at the plow
Gives that fine pallor to my lady's brow.
And idle armies with their boom and blare,
Flinging their foolish glory on the air—
He hides their nakedness, he gives them bed,
And by his alms their hungry mouths are fed.

Not his the lurching of an aimless clod,
For with the august gesture of a god—
A gesture that is question and command—
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand;
And in the passion of the gesture flings
His fierce resentment in the face of kings.

This is the earth-god of the latter day,
Treading with solemn joy the upward way;
Strong to make kind the grudging ground, and strong
To pluck the beard of some world-honored wrong—
A lusty god that in some crowning hour
Will hurl gray privilege from the place of power.

These are the inevitable steps that make
 Unreason tremble and tradition shake—
 This is the world-will climbing to its goal,
 The climb of the uncurable sure soul—
 Democracy—whose sure insurgent stride
 Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of pride.
 —Edwin Markham.

 NO UNDERTAKER NEEDED.

“Fill up up your Daddy’s bucket, Babe”—
 The little tot obeys
 For the faithful father who earns his bread
 In the black and stifling raise.
 Little she understands the care
 Which clouds the mother’s face,
 When the father departs with what he knows
 May be their last embrace.

Trudge up the mountain, soldier,
 For in its silent heart—
 In the gaunt grim reaper’s stronghold
 You are called to do your part.
 Trudge up the mountain, brave one,
 For in its sullen breast
 The die of fate is cast that you
 Shall find eternal rest.

* * * * *

“Just another cave in
 On the seventh level, men,
 Caught old Jim McGowan
 Down in the ‘Devil’s Den;’
 Orders to cut the cable,
 Abandon the rotten shaft;
 Be quick about your business
 Or you’ll lose your little graft.”

Who else upon the broad green earth
 Can boast so deep a grave,
 Beside the greedy, gormandizing
 Corporation’s slave?
 The tears of generations,
 Cannot reach the mangled breast;
 The flowers of human sympathy
 Can never grace his rest.

Only the God of Heaven
 Sees the burial of our dead,
 Where the miner dies and the miner lies,
 With never a stone to his head;
 And the poor old wrinkled mother
 Who gave the miner birth
 Now sees him blotted from his home
 And blotted from the earth.

Proclaim Thanksgiving's travesty,
 Proclaim fair Freedom's show,
 But the widow weeps, while the miner sleeps
 A thousand feet below.

FRANK ALEY

Globe Miner's Union, No. 60, Globe, A. T.

GETTING USED TO IT.

Annexation does not go very smooth; but this is because the Americans are not used to it yet. It will come easier after a while.—The Prison Mirror.

RESOLUTIONS FROM TELLURIDE.

Telluride, Colo., Dec. 30, 1900.

Organized labor having lost a faithful and efficient member by the death of Brother J. L. Glendening, we of the 16 to 1 Miners' Union No. 63, who knew him well in life, realize our loss and the loss to organized labor and do hereby extend our most sincere sympathy to the sorrowing relatives and friends left behind. That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be published in the Pueblo Courier and Miners' Magazine, and also sent to C. L. Glendening.

A. W. MARCH,
 JAMES DENNIS,
 V. ST. JOHN,
 Committee.

MOYIE MINERS' UNION.

Moyie Miners' Union is a very healthy infant, just one year old. It was organized with a membership of thirty-five in December of last year, and from that small beginning it has grown to a large and prosperous organization of 250 members, and has a good treasury. The members are all workers in the cause of organized labor, and the prospects are good for Moyie Miners' Union No. 71 becoming one of the banner unions of

the Kootenays. The membership now includes practically every working miner in the camp.—Industrial World.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, We deeply deplore the sad accident resulting in the death of our brother, Paul Kingsley, and realizing that we have lost an honored and esteemed member and an earnest and zealous worker. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Silver City Union No. 66 tender to his wife and family in their hour of deep affliction our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and we, too, bow with them in their grief.

And further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and family; also to the Miner's Magazine and local press.

(Signed)

B. B. LOWER,
WALLACE JOHNSON,
N. D. FOX.

THE GOOD THAT ARMOUR DID.

Some children at the stock yards are boys who cut up the animals as soon as the hide is removed, little butchers, working directly in the slaughter house at the most revolting part of the work. These children stand ankle deep in water used for flooding the floor for the purpose of carrying off blood and refuse into the drains. They breathe air so sickening that a man not accustomed to it can stay in the place but a few moments, and their work is the most brutalizing that can be devised. Other boys cut bones with a buzz saw within fifty feet of the drying racks, where skulls and bones are scorching over a flame, and the smell of the smoking bones and rags of hides exceeds in horror all the smells for which the stock yards are notorious. Here in a dark, foul passage young boys work at a machine of the most dangerous character, an unprotected buzz saw. No criminal in the United States could be punished by an hour's imprisonment in such a place without a horrified protest ringing through the land. But these young victims are kept here by their employers day after day and no voice is raised in their behalf. Nor is there any excuse for such surroundings. The employment of any human being in any such a place is an outrage and should be summarily stopped, but the law confers upon the inspectors no power to stop it.—Report of Illinois Labor Bureau.

KEEP AWAY FROM ROBSON.

The Nelson Laborers' Protective Union has sent letters to eastern trades councils asking them to warn stone workers and laborers to stay away from here, as they have a Winnipeg contractor endeavoring to get work done at Winnipeg and eastern prices. The communication reads:

"Our wages are \$3.25 a day of nine hours for rock drillers and \$3 per day of nine hours for muckers or general laborers on rock work, also \$2.50 per day of nine hours for pick and shovel men. He (the contractor) is at present paying \$1.75 per day and that is a wage that does not meet the requirements of the laborers in this vicinity, owing to conditions, everything being so high in price compared with a place like Winnipeg or places further east. Apart from this, the country is practically overrun with idle men, so you see his object in importing men is simply to get cheap labor. We have good reason to believe that he will try to get men from Stonewall district, where he has a gang at present, so we are told."

In compliance with this request the councils have taken steps to place the facts before men who may be induced to accept offers of work at that point.—Industrial World.

THE BUSINESS OF THINKING.

The principal duty of a good citizen, after attending to his own special business for the day, is to take an interest in public matters and to think seriously on problems affecting the general welfare.

The best work that a newspaper can do is to stir up serious thought in its readers.

It is far more important to make a hundred thousand men think for themselves than to hire a dozen able men to think in print. We shall endeavor in this newspaper each day hereafter to select in the world's current history subjects worth thinking about. These subjects will be presented to readers as briefly as possible. We hope that we shall hear from many, giving results of their thinking and telling us frankly when they believe our subjects well or ill chosen.

Many things happen each day which are of general interest and importance. It is impossible to mention in complete editorials even a small percentage of these current events. But it is possible to call brief attention to the most conspicuous happenings and let the reader write his own editorials mentally.

We shall try to present to you to-morrow morning, if possible, some subjects for earnest thinking, and as nearly as possible every morning thereafter.—New York Journal.

WHO WILL PAY?

W. R. Hearst, Editor the Journal:

The Journal of Christmas morning announces as a matter of news that we are going to offer \$250 bounty for Philippine re-enlistments.

Where will the government get the \$250 it proposes to pay each volunteer?

"From taxation," you say. Taxation upon whom and of what?

Does the government propose to tax the great fortunes of America to get means to carry on this American war? Does it propose to tax American citizens according to what they are worth, or according to what they consume?

If this bounty money is to form part of the money cost of the Philippine war, ought not that cost be paid by the men who expect to enjoy the money benefits of the success of that war?

Does not the soldier who fights for his country in the Philippines or in South Africa fight for the men who own his country's resources and its wealth? Then who should pay him? Who would have been the great losers had Cervera succeeded in destroying the American fleets and bombarded New York city? Would it have been the masses of consumers or the owners of the city's wealth?

Who would have been the greatest money losers had that bombardment been followed by the landing of a Spanish army and the seizure of the railroad terminals?

Who, then, should be taxed to pay the fighting men who averted that catastrophe? Will the American workman get any better wages if our armies succeed in the Philippines, or the British workman any better pay if his fighting brothers succeed in South Africa?

Who, then, should pay the bounty and the bill?

Amsterdam, N. Y., Dec. 25.

DEBS ON THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In a late address Comrade Debs shows that he hopes for the growth of the Social Democratic party through accessions from the ranks of the Democratic party. After saying that the triumph of the Republican party will incite the trusts to "run riot" and bring about over-production that will result in a panic before the end of the second McKinley administration, he says:

"The Democratic party presents a picture never before exhibited in the political gallery. Its platform looks as if a cyclone had revised it, and its demoralization is complete. There

is no longer room for a party that seeks to ride into office by straddling the class issue. With the double-dealing Democratic party doomed, the political atmosphere will clear up and the working class will rally with the Social Democratic party. And yet the capitalistic class cannot afford to allow the Democratic party to retire from business. It must be used to arrest the progress of socialism, and so it is entirely probable that the radical element will be given full permission to galvanize the corpse with an injection of Public Ownership."—Coming Nation.

INDUSTRIAL WORLD CHANGES MANAGEMENT.

As noticed in the last issue, the World has changed management. And it will be noticed that there is also a considerable change in its appearance. From a four page, semi-weekly it has been deemed advisable to change it to an eight page weekly. This, in the estimation of the Miners' union, under whose control the paper is still being published, and the managers, permitting of much better opportunity to cover the subjects necessary to promote the interests of organized labor generally.

But it is not the object of the management to stop at this. Due attention will be given to local happenings, socially and otherwise, and an effort will be made to chronicle such items of general news as will interest its readers. We wish to make the World a publication for the home. We wish to have every home in this vicinity receive one, and when they receive it, we wish further that it will be such a paper as will meet their wants. We must apologize for the apparent lack of local news this week, for our time has been taken up with other matter always accompanying a change such as will be noticed in to-day's issue.

Let us say right here, however, that the aims of the World will be, as it has ever been, the upbuilding of and in every way furthering labor's cause. What has been accomplished in the past in this direction will in no wise retard the onward march until the man who labors will be recognized at his true worth. None will gainsay that much has already been accomplished in British Columbia in this direction, but there is yet much to do and in the doing we will assist to the best of our ability.

Trusting that the patronage extended this paper in the past will be continued, and wishing one and all a happy and prosperous New Year, we remain, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM VERRAN,
JAMES H. FLETCHER.

CROKER'S INCOME TAX.

About the time that the constitutionality of the income tax was being argued before the United States Supreme Court, much was heard in this country about the socialistic and populistic character of such a tax, and it was noted as an evidence in certain circles that in enacting such a law Congress had yielded to a clamor that was seeking to rob every rich man in the country.

It is now reasonably certain that some mistake must have been made in this matter. There is a certain class of wealthy New Yorkers who delight in spending much time abroad, who have large interests in England, and who are eternally contrasting England with their own country to the latter's disparagement. A few days ago Mr. Richard Croker of New York was served with summons to appear before the proper tribunal and make answer regarding his income tax. As England is neither socialistic nor populistic, but decidedly aristocratic, this income tax, which is of long existence there, must be a perfectly proper method of taxation, since it bears the stamp of approval of the British government.

What, therefore, have the opponents of this system of taxation to say? Is an income tax proper in England and improper in the United States? Does a tax maintained by a monarchical form of government become a populistic one when transported across the Atlantic? If other English laws and customs gladden the hearts of the wealthy classes of America, why not also the income tax? The simple truth is that the sooner this form of taxation is put in force in this country the sooner will the millionaires and multi-millionaires begin to bear their equal share of the burdens of government.—Rocky Mountain News.

AMERICAN VOTING KING SIZED UP.

This letter, from the Toiler, was received by Mr. Debs at Terre Haute last week, apparently from some capitalistic politician, and shows how the plutocrats who own the old parties measure up the working mules who vote for them. The Toiler thinks the workers ought to keep this letter next to their heart.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs:

Sir—Sitting here to-day thinking of my friends and acquaintances, you came in my mind for a share of my thoughts. I wish to beg you to leave off trying to do anything more with the cattle, for your own good. You surely have learned by this time that you can't control them in a strike or at the polls, so I beg you to sell or abandon them, as did Tom Watson and Jones of Toledo. We can control them by means which you

have seen. That is, at the polls by promises. A little whisky, cigars and a few dollars are greater persuaders than all your talk and reason. On a strike a few clubs and lead soon subdues them to our will. My advice is to leave the herd or sell them, for you cannot make anything but cattle of them.

I don't hesitate to tell you that the method that you leaders take to better the conditions of the herd is impracticable. You must see that it is a failure, so I beg you to quit. You can't handle the cattle, for we can stampede them every time you get them rounded up. We control them. Now if you could put the adhesiveness into them you could accomplish something, but you cannot. You could elect whom you please and make laws for their relief, but you see they have not sense to act, so it is the survival of the fittest.

Now if you and the other cowboys could handle the cattle on a strike you could frame your laws, send them to Congress and demand their passage without debate or action of the committee in five days. If refused let every railroad steer quit work, every telegraph operator refuse to touch a key until the bills were passed and you would get things. But, no, you have not the unity of action among yourselves. You demonstrated that in the Chicago strike. Therefore I have no fear to suggest this to you, so I say again dispose of your interest in the herd and get out. You have the ability of being something if you will use your energy in the right direction. See how, since the election, we have reduced wages, and they have to stand it. Cold weather is upon the calves; they must provide fuel. But in the spring we expect them to paw up the dirt and gore one another for a while, but a little lead salt will quiet them. We will have the army increased by that time ready for them, and a great many of the steers will quit this winter and join the army, especially the healthy, restless ones. By that means we will be rid of them. Negroes and foreign imported cattle will take their place and we may evade a strike, if not, a few shots from the American steers will quiet them.

By this time you certainly see you can only control them in the lodge room but not in a strike or at the polls. So sell your interest, or give it away, and take your station among men. If there was a Cromwell amongst them, in twenty-four hours there would be 150,000 of these steers landed in Washington demanding laws, and who could resist them with transportation and communication in their control?

But we don't fear that, for they have not the unity nor the sense to know what to do. And don't you know we control the leaders, so you can't act in unison. Look at the four presidential aspirants. Suppose they had united on you and put their funds together and presses. You would have compelled us to throw aside the mask and united the Democratic and

Republican parties to hold you in check. But you can't unite, so I beg you to quit stirring up the herd; it will be better all around. Friend Debs, I would give you my name, but I don't wish to become noted.—Coming Nation.

THE LONGFELLOW STRIKE.

(Mother Lode, Jan. 5, 1901.)

Ed. Mother Lode:—Having observed that the various papers of our county, in publishing accounts of the late strike at the Longfellow and Nonpareil mines, make note of the fact that the miners took occasion to discommode themselves and all the people of Big Oak Flat district for a mere trifle or because a couple of incompetent car men were put to mining at \$2.75 per day. Now, Mr. Editor, this affair with us was not a trifle, but a matter of principle, a matter that struck at the very foundation of our organization; a matter which we used every means to prevent and failed. We won our fight, not because it was a trifle, but because it was just.

When the trouble of last May was settled the management agreed with our committees to pay all miners \$3 per day and all shovelers and car men \$2.50. We considered this an agreement made on honor. As near as we could find out it was lived up to for some time, then the management told certain parties that unless we changed our standard and placed his mine on the same basis of mines further north that pay \$2.75 per day to miners, we would always have trouble. Later a committee man was discharged because he did his duty as such committee man. Then stories were afloat which made an investigation necessary, and a committee of three was appointed to ascertain if it was a fact that the management was hiring men at less than \$3 per day as miners. This committee obtained a signed statement from foremen and superintendents of Longfellow and Nonpareil mines that such was the case and that the manager, Mr. Dron, would continue to do so.

Not yet being satisfied, a committee waited on Mr. Dron to ask him personally for an explanation to deny or affirm it or to give his reasons for his actions for not living up to the honorable agreements made last spring. After hearing our committee he gave no answer, but said: "I have nothing to say; this interview is ended," thereby dismissing our case without a civil answer.

What could we do? Our principles were attacked and we had to defend them and the result shows the justice of our cause.

It was about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon when our committee failed to get an explanation. At 5 o'clock on the same

day every man in camp was idle and seventy-five men marched to Maccabees' hall where all business men and friends joined in open meeting. When the chairman arose to address the meeting 125 men were in the hall, and after hearing the miners' statement every man sanctioned and approved of our action. On Wednesday noon the men returned to work and the management has given a written promise to pay \$2.50 and \$3 in his mine.

We had not intended to publish any statement, but "friends of the corporations" have insisted on placing themselves so conspicuously before the people to the settlement of our motives and actions that we desire to be heard in self-defense.

JAMES OPIE, Pres. Tuol. Mine Union 73.

Groveland, Dec. 27, 1900.

MILLIONAIRES CAN DO NO WRONG IN AMERICA.

With all my ears I listen to the speech which Ernest Crosby make contrary to the rich. Greatly do I approve of those remarks, since everywhere I find in the America minds which are corrupt by the gold poison.

Here in this country there are much millionaires. There should not be any whatever, since here wealth have too much of the power. In the France one does not buy laws with his money, but here he does nothing else.

I bet you something—I bet you that in this country never could you electrify a millionaire in a Sing Sing dead chair, whatever was the thing that he did. That jury could never convict so sacred a thing as one of those millionaires.

Once we said in the France that a king could do nothing wrong. Now in the America you hold that whichever a millionaire does must be right, looking as you do into his pocket and not into his heart.

Great was the joy which I felt when I hear that Monsieur Crosby denounce the exceedingly fat millionaires which go to Delmonico's and stuff themselves as to their stomachs at the dinner of the Chamber of Commercialism.

There were the dangerous class, as he say. Like the robber which start the call "To the thief!" these millionaires point their fat fingers to the hungry ones on the East Side and exclaim how perilous were they and how this thing must stop of people making some kicks because their babies had no eatables.

Then at the same time those men of the Chamber of Commercialism possess themselves of all the pork and the wines—of everything worth eating—and the steak which one chucks they give to the danger men on the East Side. Never was I so glad as when I hear that Monsieur Crosby tell of the millionaires with their faces invariably in the fodder trough.

Never do you hear anything about millionaires in the America except when they pay thousands of dollars for something to eat or for some son-in-laws. Then they purchase clothes and build houses more expensive than any one else. Never do you hear any reports that they did some thinking with their heads.

That Bishop Lawrence, who gave one of those call-downs to the Chamber of Commercialism right to the faces of them as they were being fed. For him I throw up my hat when he demand of them what it was that they steal their money. To the low with the brutally rich with their heads full of money blubber.

That money blubber, what it was? It was a cushion of callousness which the rich one has about him, just as a seal fish has the blubber of fat to keep him in the warmness.

The millionaire have a coat of money blubber round his heart and round his brain, which keeps out all feeling of human equalness between him and his fellow persons.

To the low with that money blubber! It must be stripped entirely off, even if the money comes with it.

Live the Crosby and the Lawrence, which give so many call-downs to the wearers of that money blubber.—Alphonse Le Mouton, per Alex. Kenealy, in New York Journal.

MINERS ON A STRIKE.

Forty-five miners, employed in the Longfellow and Nonpareil mines at Big Oak Flat, went out on a strike last Monday in response to the action of Sierra Gorda Union No. 36. As a consequence of the strike the operations in the mines closed.

Members of the union assert that the managers of the mines have violated a verbal agreement entered into last May, when a strike was precipitated by a reduction in the wage scale. The differences then existing between miners and mine owners were adjusted to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned. At any rate the miners were contented and returned to work at the agreed rate of \$3 per day for miners and \$2.75 for muckers. The reduction then sought to be made was 25 cents per day on each class of underground workers. The union claims that the rate of wages agreed upon in the settlement of the May trouble were paid during the months intervening until last week, when miners were put to work at the \$2.75 rate, which was in direct and positive violation of the agreement.

As soon as this fact was brought to the attention of the union a meeting was held and a strike ordered, the miners quitting to a man. Following this act the union caused to

be circulated broadcast over the county the following printed circular:

Warning to Miners!—Until further notice all members of the Miners' union and other workingmen are hereby notified to keep away from Big Oak Flat pending settlement of the present disagreement with the Nonpareil and Longfellow mines.

A. B. BAKER,

Pres. Sierra Gorda Union No. 39.

Thursday morning the mine owners signified their willingness to accede to the union's demands, or in other words to abide by the verbal agreement of May last. Under these conditions the men returned to work and at noon that day everything about the mines was running in full blast. An agreement in writing, specifying the permanent wages to prevail, and which the persons having control of the mines have agreed to sign, is being prepared, and the strike is practically ended.

The Longfellow and Nonpareil mines are owned and operated by the same company. The Longfellow has developed into a heavy bullion producer. A gentleman of Big Oak Flat, claiming to be familiar with the causes provoking the late strike, and speaking in behalf of the mining company, says that there was no intention of subjecting the miners to a general cut in wages. According to his story, a couple of young fellows were employed on the Nonpareil mine as carmen. They were anxious to become miners and sought and were given positions underground in the Longfellow mine. Being entirely without experience and merely apprentices at the work, the management thought it was dealing very liberally with them when it paid \$2.75 per day for their services. —Union Democrat, Sonora, Dec. 22, 1900.

QUICK WIT.

In every large mining crew there is usually at least one individual whose originality of character, ready wit, powers of mimicry or quaint expression prove a source of constant delight to his fellow workmen. Stammering or other impediments of speech, a rich brogue or foreign accent of any kind, when accompanying these amusing faculties, add immeasurably to the general effect and serve to endear their possessor to his associates in a way that the practice of the most laudable virtues would fail to accomplish. A certain esteemed member of the W. F. of M. residing in a southwestern mining town enjoys all the popularity among his brethren that a bright intellect, quick wit, accompanied by an elegant brogue and other distinctly Hibernian characteristics so readily command. Many amusing incidents in his career as a valued

employe of the — — M. Co. are related in that locality with never failing interest and amusement. In illustration of the peculiar readiness and mental alacrity for which his race is distinguished, one or two of these will bear repeating.

On one occasion when Tim was on night shift, in the wee hours of the morning while "tapering off" near the end of a hard shift's work, he inadvertantly fell fast asleep in a cozy nook of one of the lower levels and failed to hear the merry tune the shift boss always whistled while making his final rounds before the call of "time."

On approaching the slumbering youth he realized the situation and resolved to catch Tim for once without a ready answer and enjoy his embarrassment. So grasping him by the shoulder, with assumed asperity the boss demanded: "Tim, what are you doing here?" Tim was on his feet at a bound, and as he ruefully rubbed his sleepy eyes, answered without the slightest hesitation: "O'm, O'im looking afther the in-trists of th' comp'ny, soir." The shift boss turned away to hide the mirth he could not suppress and the sounds of feverish industry surrounded Tim during the remainder of that shift.

One morning, on his way to work, Tim indiscreetly engaged in an animated discussion with another stalwart son of Erin about the respective fighting qualities of two bull pups, to one of which he stood in the proud relation of owner. The result—to Tim—was a badly contused eye which immediately assumed the somber hue of mourning.

His lugubrious appearance drew forth shouts of merry laughter from the friends he encountered that forenoon while performing his duties as car man.

The superintendent, on his visit to the mine that day, heard of Tim's predicament and quietly took a position near the car track where he was about to pass with a car to enjoy a glimpse of the decorated optic. The car man, however, recognized his chief from afar, and by pulling down the brim of his slouch hat and averting his face, successfully concealed it from view.

Now, by tacit-understanding, each car man on the mine had one car which he habitually kept in order and called his own. The vague property right thus asserted was always rigidly respected by his fellows when he was present. The superintendent, aware of this unwritten law among the "muck-ers," and determined not to be thwarted in his desire, sought to surprise the wily car man and induce him to look round by asking: "Tim, is that your car?" "No, soir," promptly answered Tim, as he passed without turning his head, "it is not me cair; it belongs to the comp'ny, soir."

The superintendent stood for a moment gazing at the

rear elevation of the receding Irishman and then, with his curiosity apparently satisfied, walked briskly away, oblivious to an audible titter from those who chanced to be within hearing.

Beneath the rippling surface of wit and airy nonsense that marks Tim's daily walk and conversation lie concealed the sterling qualities of a zealous union man. He fully comprehends the objects of organized labor and by the prompt and faithful discharge of every duty imposed upon him assists in building up his local union, in which he holds a position of honor; and thereby augments the dignity and power of the W. F. of M.

T. H. ECKLES.

UNION LABELS.

Silver City, Idaho, January, 1901.

Apropos to the supplement of the last magazine, this pleasing and attractive method of presenting the union label is a praiseworthy effort on the part of the United Garment Workers of America which should commend itself to all unions producing goods that bear a label.

At the eighth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners a due book was adopted that will afford all crafts a similar opportunity of introducing their labels to the members of the Federation. This will surely accrue to the benefit of the organization taking advantage of this means of placing their labels in the hands of thousands of organized working men, many of whom are willing and anxious to patronize organized labor.

'Tis true we have some members careless and indifferent, guilty of the palpable wrong of buying an unfair product when the union made is at hand; the paltry excuses made are ridiculous; the truth of the matter is they are union men only in spots.

The union label is a sufficient guarantee to any well-meaning member of organized labor; its presence assures you that the goods are made under favorable conditions and by people imbued with the same ideas, upholding the same principles, struggling to the same ends that we are—"equality."

Remember, too, that money spent purchasing union made goods is but "throwing bread upon the waters," by helping others we strengthen our own position. This was clearly evinced by the generous contributions of labor organizations of all kinds during the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes.

The most effectual boycott that can be waged against "unfair labor" is to buy only union-made goods.

Fraternally,

WM. D. HAYWOOD.

THE MILITARY A MENACE.

Baltimore, Jan. 6.—Cardinal Gibbons to-day delivered a sermon at high mass, in which he reviewed briefly the events of the century just closed, with special reference to the wars which have been waged during that period as a preface to an urgent plea for universal peace. He incidentally touched upon the subject of the proposed increase of the standing army in this country, pointing out the evil results arising from the maintenance of large bodies of armed men in Europe, and expressed the hope that similar conditions may never obtain in this country.

Cardinal Gibbons' sermon was a plea for peace. He said, in part:

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will,” was the song of the angels on the night of our Saviour's birth in Bethlehem.

“Although these words have been resounding throughout the world for nearly 2,000 years, and though Christianity is the prevailing religion in Europe, it is a melancholy reflection that it has not resulted in resisting war and establishing the permanent reign of peace on that continent. In fact, the nineteenth century, from its dawn to its sunset, has witnessed an almost continuous scene of sanguinary struggles between the nations of Christian Europe.”

After enumerating the wars of the century and dwelling upon their horrors, he said:

“It is a subject of great concern to the friends of the gospel of peace that Christian Europe presents to-day the spectacle of a huge military camp. All the nations of the continent, as well as England, are armed to the teeth and are living in mutual dread and distrust of each other. They are devoured by an insatiable ambition of conquest and dominion or by fear of invasion. When you see heavy clouds surcharged with the electricity of war hanging over these nations, you may expect the thunder clap of battle to resound at any moment. Armed nations, like armed individuals, are a constant menace to one another and are easily provoked to fight.

“And these military forces instead of diminishing are, unhappily, increasing every year. As soon as one nation augments its armament its neighbor feels impelled to do likewise in self-protection. According to a report compiled and published in 1877 from official sources, the army of Europe on a war footing comprised nearly 14,000,000 men, and the annual cost of maintaining the military establishments, even in time of peace, exceeded \$600,000,000. At the present time the cost would probably amount to \$1,000,000,000.

"When we consider the immense number of men that are torn from the bosom of their families in the prime of life, that are withdrawn from active industrial pursuits; when we see these young men vegetating in idleness in time of peace and luxuriating in license and dissipation in time of war, we may form some idea of the moral, material and social evils resulting from such a system. In contemplating these standing armies the calm observer might be forced to conclude that European governments were primarily established to destroy, rather than to save life, to foster happiness and develop the resources of a country.

"May God so guide our legislators and statesmen that they may never be betrayed into imitating European governments by the establishment of formidable standing armies. God forbid that we ourselves, flushed with recent victories, should ever become intoxicated with the wine of imperialism or militarism, but may we always follow the traditions of the fathers of the republic.

"Hitherto we exhibited to the world a beautiful spectacle. Europeans accustomed at home to meet a soldier or gen d'arme at every street corner, on arriving in this country have been filled with surprise and admiration that a nation of so vast an extent, and with such an immense population, contained an army of only 25,000. They have been forcibly impressed with the fact that they can travel from Maine to California without meeting a single soldier. They see that every citizen of the United States is a soldier without uniform, engaged in the active pursuits of life and ready at a moment's notice to defend his country. They would feel that we are a strong nation because we cheerfully bow to the majesty of the law and are not confronted and intimidated by military satraps. May this fair picture never be defaced."—Ex.

**WANTED—REAL HARD WORK BY EVERY FRIEND OF
WESTERN UNIONISM.**

Since our last contribution to the Miners' Magazine twelve new unions, with an aggregate membership of more than six hundred, have been enrolled under the banner of the Western Labor Union. In connection with this it is well to state that, with the exception of but two or three, all of the old locals which have been carried forward to the new books for 1901 are in good standing and excellent working order. The quarterly reports, which at this writing are coming in daily, show that there has been an increase of membership by a majority of the

Only brief reference will be made to some of the new unions organized into the W. L. U. during the past sixty days. unions during the past three months.

organization, we feel that we are justified in predicting that, with earnest work on all sides, the present year will be one of remarkable growth for our young organization. But we must not allow a strong growth in one locality and a brilliant union victory in another to prevent us passing judgment on our real prospects in every part of the jurisdiction of the Western Labor Union.

At the convention in Denver last May it was decided to wipe out that line which had previously characterized the Western Labor Union exclusively as a sectional organization. That convention thought best to allow only the limits of the earth to confine our jurisdiction and influence. This was a wise step, but even at that time every one must have felt that the country west of the Mississippi, and particularly the mountain and Pacific states, must be the central field of operation and organization for some time to come. We cannot expect, and have no right to hope, for a single local body in the East until the workers of every city and town of the West have been brought under the fold of Western unionism. This was the original plan of the organization, and no friend of the movement should cease his efforts until the plan has been accomplished.

The Western country affords a vast field for the growth and development of an organization of the character of the Western Labor Union. The strongly organized unions and their progressive membership in Montana; Colorado's superb labor strength; the spirit of fairness and independence of a large element of the working and farming population of the Dakotas and Kansas; the radical and right thinking people of the great inland empire of western Washington; the union spirit of the mining population of British Columbia; the open field for organization along the Pacific coast; the unconquerable independence and magnificent and effective fighting qualities of the noble union women and men of the Coeur d'Alenes—all these things are indications that the seeds of independent thought have taken fast root among the hills, valleys and fertile plains of the great West.

The Western Labor Union is the one organization that can satisfy the Western people. A halting, non-political and non-progressive policy can never excite their interest or arouse gratulation. But there is a brighter future if each of us will and the present state of the organization is a matter of their enthusiasm. These people are deeply just in nature, but they understand their rights and are determined to assert the best means of securing them. For that reason they demand an industrial, educational and political organization, uncompromising in policy. The Western Labor Union, in the course of its development, will meet these requirements. It is not

simply a political party; nor is it merely a pure and simple trades organization. It is more, for with the benefits of compact labor organization it combines broad educational principles and practical and effective political methods. Our organization is broad enough in principle and sufficiently humane in character to embrace every class of toil, from the farmer to the skilled mechanic, in one great brotherhood. Let us work for such a result.

Considering the numerous difficulties (financial not the least) which beset a new organization, the progress has been material and gratifying. But when we look into the great field for development, and see the hosts of unorganized working people of this great western country, we must feel indeed small in comparison with our possibilities.

Thus far the work of organizing, and, in fact, the very maintenance of the union and the conduct of its necessary business, has been hampered and interfered with for the want of funds. Under these discouraging conditions the work done but do our whole duty. Let us get into the harness in real earnest during the next few months. Build up your locals, bring in new members and send your delegates to the next convention imbued with enthusiasm and courage. With such a spirit of determination at Denver next May the future will be certain. We will no longer be compelled to falter and hesitate, but can press ahead and assume that position to which we are entitled—the recognized representative and embodiment of that which is good, hopeful and beneficial for the toiling masses of the West.

CLARENCE SMITH.

LABOR HISTORY LESSONS.—LABOR IN EARLIEST TIMES.

(By Henry Cohen.)

I.

The old method of writing history was to take the various traditions which had been handed down from one generation to another, gather them into coherent shape and call it a history. The new method is very different. Of course the writer of the present day must take the information which has accumulated, but he does not accept it with the same literalness that former writers did. He does not believe things simply because they are old. The facts are gathered with more care, and the process of sifting and testing follows. This is really the most important and difficult part of the work. It is not a mere weighing of evidence, a balancing of probabilities. It is an inquiry into the circumstances which surrounded a certain event, and by which it can be proved that the occurrence could not by any possibility have taken place.

An illustration given by Sir John Lubbock in his "Origin of Civilization" will bring out this point clearly. A writer named Haliburton was trying to prove that mankind all lived in one part of the world in earliest times, and the dispersion took place when they were still savages. Proof of this, he claimed, was shown when the invading Spaniards reached Peru, and were celebrating mass for all souls, the heathen Peruvians were doing the same. From this he argued the common origin of the custom. In reply Lubbock shows to make his point he must show that the calendar was in use before the dispersion, and as the calendar could not have been for thousands of years afterwards, the whole theory falls to the ground.

Since the development theory has been generally accepted, and all forms of society and all governments are found to be the result of growth, historical deductions have been made more certain. There are existing to-day nearly all forms of society, from the lowest savage to the high civilization we see around us. If, therefore, we wish to get a good idea of some remote period, of which we know a few things, we can study a tribe that is living now and who resemble them. This is done by comparing the tools and the weapons they use, their language, customs and beliefs. We are then justified in thinking that our ancestors at the time they used the same rude implements had similar ideas, must have resembled the particular tribe, and having this tribe before us for careful study, we can learn many things which history has not preserved regarding ancient people.

This brings us properly where we can make a beginning of our subject. Labor at first consisted in gathering vegetable products, fruits, nuts and the like, and in capturing insects and such fish and animals as could be easily caught. Those that could not be killed with sticks or stones were not obtained. Every member of the tribe must have worked, for it must have kept them all busy getting enough food to go around. Laborers, as a class, did not exist at this time: With the advancement in weapon making, when the stick became a spear and the stone became a hatchet, skill and strength in using them developed. When this was coupled with speed and endurance in chasing and capturing game, it made the possessors thereof a class by themselves, who very soon stopped such other work as they may have performed in preparing it, or in making the weapons used. This fell to the lot of the weaker males of the tribe and the women.

All the qualities which made the hunter also made the warrior, and these considered their work well done when the beasts or the men were killed. Any protest which the less strong members of the tribe may have made were quickly si-

lenced by the superior brute strength of the hunting and warrior class.

In such a rude society there was not much work to do; the tribes were poor, for the material with which to work was necessarily limited. With the domestication of animals the growth of herds of cattle and sheep and the beginning of agriculture, the laboring class became still more distinct. The powerful class of hunters and fighters now began to be able to acquire property, for up to this time property was in so perishable a shape that permanent accumulation was impossible. Now it was possible to save something, and from this point in history progress may be said to have begun, but it was a sorry day-for labor; it was from then on that labor began to have its status fixed as a class.

QUESTIONS—I.

What was the old method of writing history?

How does the new method of history differ from the old?

What were the earliest kinds of labor?

When did laborers begin to be a class?

At what time did the status of laborers as a class become fixed?

When was property at first acquired?

When did progress begin?

What effect did property have on the condition of those who labored?

Directions—Write out the answers and then compare with the lessons.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

(Count Tolstoi in *Les Temps Nouveaux*. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker for Liberty, New York.)

When kings are executed after trial, as were Charles I., Louis XVI., and Maximilian of Mexico, or when they are killed in palace revolutions, as were Pierre III., Paul, and sundry sultans and shahs, nobody says anything about it, as a rule; but when they are killed without trial and without a palace revolution, as were Henri IV., Alexander II., the Empress of Austria, the Shah of Persia, and lately King Humbert, these murders arouse great astonishment and indignation among kings, emperors and those who surround them, as if they themselves had never taken part in murders, had never commanded them, had never made use of them. And yet even the best among these assassinated kings, as Alexander II. or Humbert, were guilty of having caused or aided tens of thousands of assassinations—counting only the assassination of those who per-

ished on fields of battle, and saying nothing of the executions occurring within their own countries. As for the kings and emperors endowed with less goodness, they were guilty of hundreds of millions of murders.

The doctrine of Christ abrogates the law, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but men have always followed it, and still follow it, to a terrifying extent; they do not even confine themselves to applying the principle, "An eye for an eye," but order the murder of thousands of persons without the slightest provocation, as is the case, for instance, when a war is declared. These men, therefore, have no right to be indignant when this law is applied to themselves and in so insignificant a measure that, for a hundred thousand, and perhaps even for a million, of persons killed by the order and consent of kings and emperors, scarcely one king or emperor is killed. Not only should kings and emperors not be indignant at such murders as those of Alexander II. and Humbert, but they should rather be astonished at the rarity of these murders, in view of the example of continual and general assassination which they set mankind.

The men belonging to the masses are so thoroughly hypnotized that they see what goes on before them without understanding its meaning. They see the pains that kings, emperors and presidents take to maintain military discipline; they watch the reviews, maneuvers and parades which these rulers organize and of which they boast in presence of each other; they run eagerly to see their brothers, dressed in laced and motley costumes, clownish costumes, transform themselves, to sound of drum and trumpet, into machines that execute, at the word of a single man, the same movement at the same moment, and they do not understand what it means. And yet the meaning of these exercises is very simple and very clear; they are simply preparations for murder.

It is putting men to sleep in order to make them instruments of murder. And those who do it, who direct these preparations, and who are proud of it, are the kings, the emperors, the presidents. And it is they who, though making a specialty of murder and always wearing military uniforms and instruments of murder, sabres and swords, at their sides, revolt and become indignant when one of their own number is killed.

If the assassinations of kings in general, like that of Humbert in particular, are terrible, it is not because they are cruel and undeserved. The acts executed by the order of kings and emperors, not only in the past—witness Saint Bartholomew, the religious persecutions, the terrible repressions of the revolts of peasants, and the massacres committed by the Versailles troops—but also in the present—witness the capital executions, the slow death in prison cells and disciplinary bat-

talions, the gallows, the guillotine, the volleys and massacres in war—are incomparably more cruel than the assassinations committed by the Anarchists. It is not, then, because they are undeserved that these assassinations are atrocious. If Alexander II. and Humbert did not deserve death, still less did the thousands of Russians who died at Plevna and the thousands of Italians who died in Abyssinia deserve it. If these assassinations are atrocious, it is not because they are cruel and undeserved, but because of the lack of reason in those who commit them.

If the assassins of kings act under the influence of a personal feeling of indignation, provoked by the sufferings of an oppressed people, sufferings for which Alexander, Carnot or Humbert seem to them to be responsible, or under the influence of a personal feeling of revenge, their acts, however immoral they may be, are comprehensible; but how is it that a whole organization of men, of those who are now called Anarchists—an organization which, it is said, delegated Bresci and threatened the life of another emperor—has found no better way to improve the condition of men than to kill persons whose suppression may be as useful as the beheading of that legendary monster which immediately acquires a new head in the place of the head cut off? The kings and emperors long ago established among themselves an organization analogous to the mechanism of those rifles in which the bullet just fired is at once replaced by another. The king is dead; long live the king! Why, then, kill them?

It is only to a superficial observer that the murder of these men can seem a means of safety against the oppression and wars that decimate human lives.

It is sufficient to remember that this oppression and these wars have always taken place independently of those who happened to be at the head of the government—Nicholas or Alexander, Frederick or William, Napoleon or Louis, Palmerston or Gladstone, McKinley or some other—in order to understand that it is not specific persons who are the cause of this oppression and of these wars by which the people suffer. These evils are caused, not by individuals, but by the entire organization of society in which men are so bound together that the fate of all is in the hands of a few or even of a single individual; and these few or this one are so demoralized by this unnatural situation which gives them power over the life and destiny of millions of men that they are always the victims of a morbid state of mind, always more or less smitten with the mania for grandeur—a mania which passes unnoticed only because of their exceptional situation.

Without even speaking of the fact that from their early childhood and even to the grave these men are surrounded by

the most senseless luxury and a constant atmosphere of falsehood and flattery, all their education, all the instruction that they receive, reduces itself to this single thing—the study of past assassinations, the best means of assassinating at present, the best means of preparing for future assassinations. From their childhood they learn murder in all its possible forms; they always carry on their persons instruments of murder—sabres and swords; they dress in various uniforms, attend reviews, parades and maneuvers, pay visits to each other, and bestow decorations and régiments upon each other; and not only is no one found to call these acts by their real name, to tell them that it is criminal and repulsive to make preparations for murder, but they are greeted, on the contrary, with enthusiasm on every hand, and it seems to them that the entire people is expressing its approval of them. The only portion of the press which they see, and which seems to them to express the sentiments of the entire people or of its best representatives, exalts in a servile fashion all their words and acts, however stupid or wicked they may be. The persons about them—women, priests, officials—none of whom add any value to human dignity, rival each other in flattery of them, encouraging them and deceiving them in everything, and thus preventing them from seeing life as it really is. They may live for a hundred years without ever having seen a really free man, without ever having heard a word of truth. Sometimes it terrifies one to listen to these men's words and to consider their acts, but one needs only to carefully reflect upon their situation to understand that in their place every man would act the same.

What, indeed, must be the effect upon the mind of a man like William of Germany, contracted, insufficiently educated, ambitious, having no other ideal than that of a German "Junker," when he sees that there is no word so stupid or revolting that it fails, when uttered by him, to arouse an enthusiastic "hoch," be welcomed as something very important, and be commented on by the press of the entire universe. He says that at his command the soldiers must kill even their fathers; they shout "Hurrah!" He says that the gospel must be introduced by an iron hand: "Hurrah!" He says that the troops who are going to China must not take any prisoners, but must kill everybody, and, instead of putting him in an insane asylum, they start for China to execute his orders. Or take Nicholas II., who, though modest by nature, begins his reign by declaring to venerable old men that their desire to discuss their own affairs, "self-government," is a senseless dream, and the organs of the press, at least all those that he sees, unite in praising him. He proposes a plan of general peace—a childish, stupid and lying plan—while at the same time ordering an increase in the number of his effective troops, and there is no limit to

the praises that they sing to his wisdom and his virtue. He insults and torments an entire people, the Finns, unnecessarily, cruelly and pitilessly, and again he hears nothing but approval. And finally, he organizes the Chinese massacre, revolting in its injustice, in its cruelty, and in the contradiction that it offers to the plan of general peace, and from all sides they praise at the same time his victories and his policy, by which, they say, he continues the peaceful policy of his father.

Under these conditions what must go on in the brains and hearts of these men?

The responsibility for the oppression of peoples and for massacres in war falls consequently, not on Alexander or on Humbert, not on William or Nicholas or Chamberlain, the directors of these oppressions and these massacres, but on those who have put them in a position where they are masters of the lives of other men—on those who maintain them in their position. What is needed, then, is not the killing of the Alexanders, the Nicholases, the Williams and the Humberts, but a discontinuance of the support of the social order that produces them. And what sustains the existing social order is the egotism and blindness of the men who sell their liberty and honor for paltry material advantages.

Men placed at the foot of the social ladder, brutalized as they are by a patriotic and pseudo-religious education and moved on the other hand by their personal interest, give up their liberty and their human dignity in favor of those who are placed higher than they and who offer them material advantages. Those who are placed on a little higher round find themselves in the same situation; under the influence of their brutalization, and especially in view of material advantages, they likewise give up to others their liberty and their dignity. It is the same with those who are placed still higher, and this continues up to the highest rounds, until the persons or person acquire, and are moved by one motive only—ambition and love at the top are reached. Those at the top have nothing left to of power; they are generally so demoralized and brutalized by the power of life and death given them over other men, and by the flattery and platitude with which, for this reason, they are surrounded, that, though doing evil continually, they are persuaded that they are benefiting humanity.

It is the peoples themselves who, in sacrificing their dignity to material advantages, produce these men incapable of acting otherwise than they do act, and then the people get angry when these men do stupid or wicked things. To kill them is like first spoiling children and then whipping them.

To prevent further oppression or useless war, and to prevent any one from becoming indignant and killing the parties seemingly responsible, a very little thing would suffice, namely,

that men should understand things as they are and call them by their real names; that they should know that the army is an instrument of murder, and that the act of assembling and directing it—performed with so much assurance by kings, emperors and presidents—is a preparation for murder.

It would suffice were each emperor or each president to understand that his post as commander of troops is not an important and honorable post, as his flatterers would have him believe, but that such command is a base and shameful act of preparation for murder; it would suffice were every honest man to understand that the payment of taxes to be used in maintaining soldiers, and, all the more, then, military service, are not indifferent acts, but bad and shameful acts, for he who performs them not only permits murder, but participates in it himself. Then the power of kings, emperors and presidents—a power which makes us indignant and on account of which we kill them—would fall of itself.

What is necessary, then, is not to kill the Alexanders, the Carnots, the Humberts, and the others, but to explain to them that they are assassins themselves; it is necessary especially to prevent them from killing men at their command.

And if hitherto men have not acted in this way, it is due solely to the sort of hypnotized state in which governments, by an instinct of self-preservation, carefully keep them. To help to bring about a state of things when men shall neither kill each other nor kill kings, it is necessary not to kill—for that, on the contrary, can only deepen this hypnotism—but to awake.

That is what I have tried to do in this short article.

FICTION

THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

On the heights of Portland, the December mist, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison building from the roads, where several ships of the channel squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope. In the prison itself there was no light, as yet, save in the corridors, up and down which the ever alert warders paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's hewing of stone and uncongenial tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of thirty-five, good looking in spite of prison garb, close cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a west of England city, listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damnatory, and the foreman of the jury, after absence of half an hour, answered "Guilty" to the usual question, with a ring of conviction in his voice. The judge's words to Thomas Harborde fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing. At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of "O, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me!" rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harborde, but by various numbers; at Portland convict prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him—contrary to all preconceived notions of writers of fiction—no meed of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and day out with the crushing sense of legions of hours, minutes and seconds before he could hope to be a free man—if ever he were to be one again. By good conduct—against the very thought of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce those years to two-thirds, may be. What then?

Millions of seconds, éach one to him, a prisoner, an appreciable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes, each one filled with poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes became embodied in the persons of the warders and his fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains. From a possibly dangerous man he became almost an inanimate machine, a mere cogwheel in the round of daily toil and prison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood; at last, he tooled it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of a man of Harborde's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence, and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of the lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and whilst the sirens sounded from the lighthouse gallery almost continuously, answered faintly by others from vessels far out to sea, or booming harshly from others near at hand, Harborde lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours and minutes which comprised the remaining two years of his term. He had just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder come to tell him to tidy up, he saw the governor and chaplain, with the familiar warder in the background.

What could it mean. He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dull brain. Free! Free to go where he willed! Free to walk out of the jail gates. Never to return within the stone walls which had shut him in from the outside world, as surely as though no world other than that contained within them existed. The prison bell clanged, startling him into a state of wakefulness. The governor had finished reading the official-looking paper, and with the conclusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harborde seemed to have no comprehension of their meaning. He remained standing in the center of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him.

"Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The clanging of the bell afresh, the slamming of doors, the echoing of foot-

steps down the resounding corridors recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb; worn, soiled with weather and labor, and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick prison tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick, worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look around his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity bred by the terrible silence and sense of loneliness, "No. 27," now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was home, escape whilst the governor was willing for him to depart. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, drank a few gulps of cocoa, and then with the allowance money in his pockets hurried to the gateway.

He was free. Free to go wherever he liked. Free to start for home as fast as steam would carry him. Free to stretch out his arms to the placid gray-blue waters of the Western Bay, now denuded of their mantle of fog and sparkling in the sunshine. Free to breathe the pure air uncontaminated by companions criminal and vicious. But the waters, the hill-sides, the lovely stretch of verdant country extended before his eyes had no charm for him save that they spelt freedom. Behind him lay the prison house, the flagstaff, from which no ensign of dread fluttered to tell of his escape. Before him lay freedom.

He rushed down the road, waving his arms with the re-awakened instincts of a boy escaping from school, oblivious alike of the sympathetic gaze of women he passed and the half contemptuous remarks of the men. He dashed into the bleak, shabby little railway station, only to learn that there was no train for an hour. Already his limbs, unused to such riotous movement, and still feeling the lag of the chain, had begun to fail him, making the half-jocular suggestion of the solitary porter that he should "take a little exercise and walk to Weymouth" out of the question.

"I'll have to wait," was all he could think of to say.

"Doin' time ain't altogether exhilaratin' nor strengthenin' work," the porter remarked.

Harborde nodded his head, yet longed to tell him that he was an innocent man. The porter, however, had vanished, to return in a few moments with a paper.

"Here, mate," he exclaimed with rough kindness. "You won't know all yesterday's news, I'll go bail."

Harborde seized the paper. No, he knew nothing of yesterday's news, nor that of thousands of days which had once

been yesterday. He could see nothing at first. The print swam in a confused jumble before his eyes. When his sight cleared he commenced to read. How strange it all was! He used to be a great reader before he became "No. 27." And now he seemed to know nothing of the world. New names confronted him everywhere. Names of those in authority, names of towns, names even of countries. Where was Mashonaland and Matabeleland? He was confused. He read on. This delicious new-found turmoil of the world—how good it was, after all.

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read it and reread it over and over again: "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harborde, who was convicted of forgery at the Westchester assizes some ten years ago and is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harborde will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, pointing to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harborde?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say it's a hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missus? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had it would have cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harborde, as though speaking to himself, "I was to have been married; but that's years ago now, and I'm an old man."

"Old!" interjected the porter, "you're no more than five-and-thirty, I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit; you'll soon rub off them lines and look a bit more uppish."

The engine at the end of the short train of carriages relegated to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harborde, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, tick-etless.

The porter came to the door. "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you. Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harborde, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; "here's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you'll want all you've got. Good-by, mate, and good luck to you."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Shesil Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harborde was one of half a dozen passengers, but there was no one else in his compartment. He sat thinking of all that had happened. He had heard nothing of those at home for many months; they might all be dead. How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility? What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station, and Harborde got out. His fellow travelers regarded him with curiosity because his friend the porter had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly the while against the caustic humor of pardoning an innocent man.

Harborde noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train on to the junction for Applebury, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the houses on the Parade and at length found a quiet little eating house, where he was served with a meal by a girl, who had a pitying eye, after consultation with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in the train, in the company this time of other fellow creatures, who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harborde noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children sidled as far from him as possible and asked the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station. He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know what he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had perhaps they would not believe that he and Thomas Harborde mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw him a glance, shrugged their shoulders and then became

It was quite dark when Applebury was reached, and Harborde, luggageless, speedily passed out of the station without

being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas goods and finery—in the main street now had large plate glass windows in place of more countrified fronts, but were otherwise much as fifteen years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by street, and then again turning take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he had reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the drive to the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the very idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the house. What if she were ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive, which swept round the little front lawn in a semi-circle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. The sound seemed like home. All at once he remembered how, years ago, he had banged it with a long-handled broom till it jangled against its fellows on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on the gravel. It was a strange face and the fact sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he heard a voice he did not recognize as his own asking if Dr. Harborde was in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said "No," adding: "Did you wish to see him particular?"

"Yes."

He'll be in in half an hour."

"Is—is Mrs. Harborde in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her when once his tongue had consented to frame them.

"Why, lor' bless ye, yes! Come, none o' that!"

But it was no use. The man, whom she had noticed had suspiciously short hair and a strange, wild-looking face, had pushed past her, thrown open the sitting room door, stumbled into it, and thrown his arms round a sweet-faced old lady, who rose in alarm at his sudden entrance.

"My son! my son!" rang out through the house. "Mother! mother!"

The girl stood rooted to the spot, then she ran to Jane, and the two of them came out into the passage. In the sitting room with its pink-shaded lamp a woman was seated kissing every line in her son's face—every line that the long years had written. And he stroked the hair that still lay thick, though white, in a coil at the back of her head.

Suddenly the man started up.

"Jess?" he asked huskily.

Some one who had lain, half-stunned with joy, in a wicker chair well out of the range of the lamplight came into his vision.

"Jess!" he cried, folding her in his arms whilst the room swam round. "My Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old!"

"And I, also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again."

The voice of the elderly woman broke the silence after a moment: "For this, my son, was dead and is alive again."

And they began to be merry.—Black and White.

THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

In my father's nursery were born twelve little girls. Two went early home. The other ten grew up, married, and fulfilled their several duties, we will hope, to the best of their ability. Alas! judging by myself, the second living, the fourth in order of birth. I look back to that nursery, and mourn that through my long life I have done so little. Is this the natural feeling of age, that it should be full of regrets? Regrets for lost opportunities—for moments wasted—for gifts neglected—for warnings unheeded? 'Tis well to remember that we have been young, that we may know how old age should look kindly and forbearingly on youthhood. Let age regret, but let it also use its regrets for the good of all around.

Our nurseries formed part of an old-fashioned rectory in the North of England.

The day nursery looked into the world; it was a square room, with two windows on one side, two high chests of drawers on another, in which we had each an individual right to a large and a small drawer. A long table on the third side, and a wide, old-fashioned, Dutch tiled fireplace on the fourth. The bars of the grate came out in a curve, bright as silver, and two substantial hobs gave a dignity and breadth to the fireplace. It was one of our childish delights to see the nursery-maid do up the fire. First, the ashes were all raked out of the bottom bar—then all the bars were swept, and the hobs. Then "nubs" (as Bell called them) of coals, shining black nubs, were piled on in a most artistic manner, and sputtered out at once into little merry blazes. Then Bell swept out the hearth with a vigor and a routing that left not an atom of dust or ashes in the remotest corner. Why Bell never burned her red arms, or why they never fizzed, as we had seen legs of mutton fizz in the kitchen, was always a wonder to us. She was reckless in her manner of doing up that fire—for if a red-hot cinder dared to

fall, after she had swept up the hearth, she coolly took it up in her fingers, and tossed it back. The toss seemed occasioned more because it had fallen at an unpropitious moment, than because it was hot. We concluded, as soon as we were old enough to read of them, that Bell was born a salamander, though what a salamander really meant we were at a loss to determine. But to return to the fire. After Bell had sifted out the largest ashes, and banked them up behind the "nubs," where they soon sent out a ruddy glow, she proceeded to perform what we considered the most interesting part of the whole ceremony. She went to the cupboard, and brought out an old pipkin, generally much chipped and ill used. Within this was some lumpish gray stuff, half liquid, half solid, with a disreputable bit of old carpet, old mat, old flannel, remnants of our old cloaks, in fact, anything that no one else would touch. Bell proceeded to saturate the hearth, to dab those places vacated by a Dutch tile, to flop the two hobs, and apparently make a most hideous mess of the whole thing. Then came our pleasure—we crowded round to see. First appeared, in the sea of slush, a little snow-white island; then another; these joined a dozen more, suddenly, until, as if by magic, the hearth, the hobs, the Dutch tiled vacuums, shone out white as sugar, pure as snow. While this metamorphosis ensued, Bell, with another piece of objectionable cloth, had wrenched the fire-irons, each in its turn, round and round. Then, as if they were desperately wicked, she flung them into their usual corners, with a violence that seemed to declare she would have nothing more to do with them. Finally, she threw herself on to the high nursery fender, and polishing the brass rim, with apparently her whole body, she thrust it into its place, with a vehemence that seemed to say, "Stir, if ye dar." So restricting as regarded us, the great nursery fender was helpless in the hands of Bell.

On one side of the fireplace hung an instrument of dire import to us, namely, the taws. The taws consisted of a long piece of leather, cut into six smaller strips. Some of us were more intimately connected with the taws than we liked, for they were very handy for nurse's use, and nurse's temper was equally ready to avail herself of them. We regarded this side of the fireplace with dislike, but the other with awe. For there was a deep closet or recess on that side, wherein was a blocked-up window. Light was taxed in those days. Also a great cupboard, in which was kept all the nursery crockery and stores, with a place at the bottom for coals and sticks.

In the daytime we had no fear of this recess. But at night, at the precise time when we were all dressed ready for a summons to go down to "dessert," when Bell scurried off to what she called "right hersel," and nurse went down to the pantry, ostensibly to find out when dinner was over, generally

being in such good time, dinner could only be going in, when I was left in charge of the whole nursery, and the smallest baby asleep in its cradle in particular, then we began to have an awe of the left side of the fireplace. By the ruddy firelight (being allowed no candle), we sat and watched the recess, all as nearly huddled together as was consistent with the fear of tumbling our frocks. For at this time, out of a little mysterious hole that we could see, from underneath the coal and stick closet, from behind the closed-up window, little bright-eyed, nimble mice took entire possession of the recess, and enacted all sorts of gambols and vagaries, in a very ghostly manner.

With fascinated eyes we watched them; if one ventured so far as to touch the edge of the carpet, a universal dismay was silently exchanged through the eyes among us. But if they came beyond—if, with a daring that made our hearts quake, they ventured in a body a full yard across the carpet, then we rose with a simultaneous flutter, and all that could fled to the safe refuge of chairs and tables. I alone dared not leave the cradle; I must remain to save baby, as I could not lift her cradle out of danger, and to take her up out of it would have brought the other side of the fireplace into speedy competition with the mice side. In other words, I should have felt the taws; and I only made up my mind which I disliked most, the right or the left side of the fireplace, as I felt the effects of the taws or the fears of the mice. We never learned, by the sudden vanishing of the enemy upon our moving, that they might be as frightened of us as we of them. On the contrary, we regarded this inexplicable disappearance as the most alarming thing of all. Where had they gone? We did not see them go. Could they make themselves invisible? Were they in the cradle? concealed in our clothes? anything and everything, but that they had scrambled back to their respective homes. When I left the nursery, ten years old, this awful matter was still inexplicable.

Our nursery had two large windows, and, because they looked out into the road, they had been modernized. The casements had been taken away, sashes put in, with strong bars across, for the presumed safety of the children. As far as my safety was concerned, I can solemnly affirm, these bars never prevented me putting my head out as far as I liked, to the imminent peril of dislocating my neck, or leaving an ear behind. On one occasion, three of us were in such danger, all jammed together; it was thought at one time nurse must send for the blacksmith to extricate us. Nothing but the occasion being an extraordinary one saved us all from a severe application of taws for thus alarming her. The occasion was this.

Our father and mother were very hospitable people. At certain seasons of the year they had certain parties or clubs

to dine with them. Sometimes it was the mayor and corporation; then there was the literary society dinner, and again the twenty-four elders' dinner; at each and all of which we appeared at dessert highly charmed; and if not able to appreciate the pride with which our mother showed us off, we were not without a very sensible impression as to the delights of almonds and raisins, candied peel, preserved ginger, with famous figs (such as one never sees now), all of which we only saw and tasted on these great occasions.

A dinner to the mayor and corporation was impending. We knew of this fact, because papa called us all down to the hall to see a live turtle that had been sent to him as a present for the occasion; also the giver had promised to send his cook to dress it. To our infantile minds, the notion of eating anything that alive was so hideous, was simply disgusting. We felt a great deal for the people who had to eat it, and could not reconcile to our minds that our kind father and mother should propose to feed them on such a beast. But they surveyed it themselves with so much complacency, and spoke of those invited as persons who would felicitate themselves when they heard of the treat in store, that we shifted our pity from them to the shoulders of the cook.

What that cook would have to endure before he (we heard him mentioned as a he) transformed that horrible thing into a piece of nice roasted beef (our Sunday dinner, as well as principal idea of what was good, with Yorkshire pudding and browned potatoes), occupied our minds night and day.

We were constantly on the watch for his arrival. The nursery windows commanded the ingress and egress of both front and back doors, as well as a telescopic view of the principal street to the house, over one corner of the churchyard.

We had a sort of vague idea of letting him know we sympathized with him. If he came at a propitious moment, perhaps we might drop him a bit of our plum bread lunch.

But when least prepared for it, Bell cries out. "Ech me, but if there isn't the mayor's coach coming oop Ripelgate, wi' summut awfu' inside!"

Up we all jumped, opened the windows, crammed our heads out, three of us through the bars. It was the mayor's coach—we caught glimpses of the "awfu'" thing inside. They drove up to the front door; a parley ensued; the word "cook" was mentioned. Nothing got out; the door was shut, the coach wheeled round, and in wheeling we caught a full and perfect view of a creature inside, totally black in the face, with a white linen cap. The coach drew up at the back door; we stretched out to look farther; the door opened, and out got a black creature, grinning, and bowing, and gesticulating; and, to our dismay, the back door opened, the coach door shut, the coach

drove away empty, and the black man entered our walls, and was now within our house. No wonder we had all got fast in the bars, and in our struggles to release ourselves, partially forgot our fright at the black cook, in our fright at being nearly choked.

If I remember right, the mayor and corporation, as well as our father and mother, all made excellent dinners, and enjoyed themselves very much. I know we had each a tiny sip of lime punch, which was so good we would have tasted again, even had we been told it was soup concocted from the beast by the black cook.

The churchyard was a very large one, and the great town church stood at the extreme end. Our father used to take us up in his arms, and say—

“See, my children, what a view God has given you. You can see beyond the grave. Let my children think, and picture to themselves, whenever they look at the churchyard, what is like the world beyond.”

As for me, I saw my own tombstone there. Every time I went to church, I passed a little gravestone with my name on, and my rank in the family, as second daughter to my father. I held that place now, and she who had it before me was gone away to the other world, of which we had to think. It was a world of spirits or angels, as we knew—the world which it was our desire, and must be our endeavor, to reach. There was but one road to it, which was narrow and straight. My little sister had found it, and gone straight there.

Was it because she had some virtue in her that I did not possess? One little sister had merely opened her eyes on this world, and closed them again; but she whose place I occupied had lived some time.

I always spoke to her, in my heart, as often as I passed. I asked her if she was pleased with me; if I was doing what she wished. I was desirous to please her, and felt an inward happiness, that somehow I was mysteriously linked to an angel in another world.

On Sunday evenings the church was lighted up with dim candles, making its vastness more vast (gas was not much used then, if invented); the organ pealed more solemnly; our father's voice had a distant warning sound in it. I liked to look up and fancy I saw angels listening up in the great roof; and one soft pair of eyes, that beamed in sisterly love, more particularly at me. I don't know that I was a good child. I think I was naughty, when tempted to be so; but I never lost the impression that I was answerable to an angel in heaven for performing her part in the world. The little tombstone was like a conscience to me.

Our night nursery was a large one, with beams across it;

it opened into a smaller one, called, par excellence, the young ladies' room. Both rooms had casemented windows, at which the sprays of ivy tapped in the night, in a friendly and confidential manner, while flocks of sparrows rushed out in the early morning, with sharp, bustling wings, and noisy, quarrelsome twitterings, as if their whole household were overwhelmed with a sudden and unforeseen domestic misfortune. The last time I saw that room, it was piled up to the beams with the dust, rubbish, and gatherings of the garret of a railway station. Plenty of noise, of whistlings, screams, and puffings from never quick engines; but no sparrows, no ivy, not a twig left.

Nurse was great at soap and water. She thought everything in life should begin and end in soap and water. She scrubbed us as if we had been floors. As we each emerged out of her sinewy hard hands we rejoiced that the most painful part of the day was over, and five of us prepared to go and read the Psalms of the day to papa while he shaved. This was a pleasant duty. Papa, whether in his dressing gown, his face enveloped in soap, or dressed, waiting for us, was always pleased at our appearance. We never seemed to come amiss, but were sure to be greeted with some little quaint joke, that made us forget the soapsuds in our eyes and nurse's hard hand. Moreover, there was a little money transaction enacted at this time, upon which part of the happiness of the day depended. One of us always received, after we had read the Psalms, the sum of a halfpenny, sometimes a penny. We have even experienced the delight of two, or even more.

It was supposed that papa gave this vast sum as a reward to the best reader.

But, imperceptibly, it dawned upon us that the best reader did not so often get it. We have made happy dashes at long words, glibly run over a familiar verse, and made successful, though amazing, guesses at proper names—all without a reward.

A reverent manner, a perception of the sense at the risk of orthography, an absorbed attention, very often got a penny, notwithstanding faultless pronunciation.

Some little eyes watched papa's razor, nervously nearing his nose, and thus lost their places.

Others, thinking their turn a long way off, ventured to count his shoes (papa never had a pair of boots in his life), and if the number of gaiters hanging on pegs above matched the number of shoes. They were always discovered counting.

Again, there was a round mirror, that had the effect of making us the broadest faced, oddest looking children ever seen. The temptation to see if we had grown any thinner, in

the estimation of this mirror, was great, even to the oldest ones.

On birthdays, which papa was so wonderfully clever as never to forget, his wardrobe was opened, and from the uppermost shelf he took from peaceful repose a very fierce sword. That it was of a savage nature we know, because, besides its own scabbard, it was encased in a bag of wash-leather, which again was guarded by one of green baize. When drawn forth it was very bright and dazzling, and so delightful was the interesting ceremony of seeing it taken out of its bags we should have been glad had there been several more. It was so sharp and bright, we thought, had it a mind to do so, it could easily cut through its own scabbard and the two bags. Therefore, for safety, more would have been desirable, let alone the additional pleasure to us of lengthening the interesting ceremony of unbagging it.

It belonged originally to our grandfather, and had been worn by him at the Bristol riots, many years ago. As papa bagged it up again, he always pronounced, in a solemn tone—placing it back in honorable repose—

“Perhaps this sword has killed a man.”

Prepared as we were for this announcement, constant repetition never weakened its effect. We felt sure it was a good sword—a sword made to kill wicked people. Of course, so good a sword had done its duty.

After leaving papa we went to breakfast.

On one long table, against the wall, were seven little mugs of rather blue milk, and seven large lumps of bread. I am trying to remember if we ever had butter in those lumps of bread. I think not. Nurse was very fond of buttered toast. Her table was round, and near the fire. One baby sat on her knee, and she who had been a baby sat on a high chair at her side. Bell took her breakfast in the recess after nurse had finished, under difficult circumstances, too, as there was neither chair nor table, only the shelf of the closet. Baby, on nurse's knee, was at that age when a laudable anxiety to know the meaning of everything develops itself. Through the medium of her fingers she was making all sorts of discoveries. Now they were pattering over nurse's buttered toast, in a minute they were in the sugar basin, then they wandered to a glittering knife, grasping, with baby bravery, the sharp blade. Finally they popped themselves into nurse's cup of hot tea, and of course upset it.

Old baby, who seems to us to have been the first baby that ever was born, hears baby proper's scream of dismay with a certain satisfaction. She explains, in language that borders upon the unknown tongue to us, that this sad catastrophe was no more than what might be expected from the awful behavior of baby ever since she grew up. Though desirous to teach her

how to behave, and having, at great trouble to herself, set her a very good example, baby has gone on all the morning in a heedless and defiant manner. Now, even while nurse is wiping up the great slop she has made, and she is listening with much sagacity to old baby's lecture, she laughs a little laugh of defiance, and thrusts her still tingling fingers into nurse's butter. Nurse is easily angered through her butter. So baby is scolded, slightly shaken, and popped upon the floor. She sulks for a minute, but catching sight of old baby's warning face peeping round, she petulantly turns away, and sighting the coal scuttle, takes advantage of nurse's devotion to tea and buttered toast and with marvelous rapidity wriggles herself to it. In a few minutes she has made herself the dirtiest little baby ever seen.

"Ay, but yer aggravating!" exclaims nurse, and carries her off, to be washed and dressed again.

The rectory had a large garden attached to it, appended to one side of the house, like a wind-blown flag. There was a long walk from end to end—up and down it eleven times made a mile. At the lower end the garden took a sudden turn upwards. In this latter part lived thirteen apple trees. I don't remember that they ever bore apples, but perhaps that was not their fault, for we were surrounded by smoke of all kinds. Amongst these apple trees there was a venerable pump. We delighted to pump very hard for a minute or two, then, rushing down to the wall that bounded the garden, we peeped over and waited with nervous delight for the water which we had pumped to come with a sudden noisy rush through a hole in the wall. We have done this every day for months, and it does not seem to me we ever tired of it.

Our grandmamma had given us a carriage suited to the exigencies of so many children. It was of circular form; five, even six, could sit inside. Two pulled, which, by some hallucination peculiar to our brains, we supposed to be the most honorable situation of all. Three pushed behind, which was a duty also much coveted—because, when urged by great tugging, shrieking and pushing, together with the advantage of an incline, the family coach was propelled into something like speed, the three pushers jumped on the bar behind, and shouted that they were having a ride as well as the others.

No flowers grew in the garden, for the same reason that the apple trees would not bear apples; but we had a beech hedge in one part of it, whose tender green leaves afforded us much delight as if they were flowers, until they became smoke-dried. We were also greatly interested in the strange chrysalis things, that hung in every variety from venerable old currant trees, nailed against the wall, and which never had anything else hanging on them.

Our garden had two arbors; one, a dark, infelicitous den,

much frequented by spiders and earwigs; the other, on the highest, most open and sunniest part of the garden; wide, large, enriched by a green bench, ornamented by a wild clematis, and inhabited by Adam and Eve. This statue, of apparently very youthful art, presented Adam on one side, with a very blooming complexion, a hooked nose, a long open gown, displaying the costume of a blue-coat boy of the present day; Eve, on the other, attached so indissolubly to Adam, that they were indeed one, and united from head to heel, had not so decided a complexion, and had lost her nose before our day. But she had an elaborate headdress, the remains of gilt earrings, an attempt at ruff, a flowered gown, clocked stockings, and high-heeled shoes.

It was our pastime to divide and take to imaginary living in either arbor. By common consent, being the oldest and strongest—our eldest sister did not live with us—I was always obliged to take Earwig Cottage as my tenement, for there was a mysterious door close by, with a great lock in it and two bolts, which we knew led into an evil and dark scene. Indeed, whenever we had some one on whom we could depend, as regarded strength and courage, we were morbidly desirous always to have this door opened, that we might peep out and challenge danger. We challenged in vain, while we feared the door, when alone, as much as if a wild beast lived the other side, waiting to devour us.

Those that lived with me in Earwig Cottage always did so by lot, and not by choice. Independently of the dreadful door, the earwigs and spiders were great hinderances to our comfort; and still further, we had to acknowledge ourselves as inferior beings to those who lived in Sunshine Palace. They called themselves lords and ladies; at times, queens and kings, with a lot of princes and princesses, while we never ranked higher than respectable farmers, and even went so low as to be gypsies, camping out.

Our furniture consisted of bits of old brick, broken shreds, of garden pots, some valuable oyster shells, and part of an old wheelbarrow for a table; while they had two crab shells, a painted mug, a set of old doll's tea-things, and a regular table, besides the constant company of Adam and Eve. In fact, when visitors came to call, Adam and Eve did the principal part of the entertaining. Should you chance to come when Eve was showing her once beautiful face to the company, you were formally introduced to her, requested to admire her dress, her air—even her shoes; and, after every beauty was pointed out, and you were not likely ever to forget Mrs. Eve, at some moment, when you looked away, she was adroitly turned round, and you were then called upon to be introduced to Mr. Adam, and go through all his perfec-

tions. Though we Earwigites rarely ventured up to Sunshine Palace without leave, or unless in the orthodox figure of beggars, the inhabitants of that favored abode were very condescending in their visits to us. Sometimes they came in their coach, namely, the circular carriage, and we were honored by being ordered to drag them up the hill again. They made us magnificent, but imaginary, presents of food, clothing, furniture and money. They ordered invisible carpenters to mend our house, imperceptible masons to build us a new one, and were more profuse in their offers, and louder in their commands, the more improbable the fulfilment. But it made us all very happy, and I think, to this day, was not without its use. We exercised our wits in imaginary conversations, we exerted our faculties in devising make-shifts, and we taught each other the habits and modes of polite life, and were not without the ambition of practicing the higher virtues of patience, forbearance and generosity. It is true, all was done in play, but the love of acting rightly grew with our play. Adam and Eve joined in it all, and, in the innocent hilarity and simple pleasures of these days, I am not sure if we did not think our garden an earthly paradise.

Alas! when last I saw that strongly attached couple they lay side by side, still clinging closely together, but so battered and misused it was hardly possible to say which was Adam and which was Eve. Now, in my old age, I would give much to see their well-remembered forms again, and would even kiss their stony faces, as we used to do so long ago, when we childishly bade them good-night. In the long winter evenings, when we could not do more in the daytime than run up and down in the gardens, papa used to play with us in the hall. Blind-man's-buff, prisoners' base, and French and English, made the house sound again. A rare romp was papa; we had need to run, to be wary, to creep under chairs, to make bold dashes—he was everywhere in a minute, and yet so discreet we never met with any accident. If any company were staying in the house, papa took a dish of apples or oranges, and, cutting the whole dish up, fed us all like a nest of birdlings, taking his turn with us, which was highly gratifying, and then sending us to play quietly by ourselves.

This was our favorite game: we divided into two parties, one at one end of the room, the other opposite. One side began, "How many miles to Coventry?"

The answer from the opposite party—

"Three score miles and ten."

"Can we get there by candle-light?"

"Yes, and back again."

Upon which answer both parties set out as hard as they could run, and exchanged places.

Then they began again, the other party asking, and the first party answering.

This game sent us breathless and rosy to bed, and though apparently monotonous, never seemed to weary us.

Thus our childhood glided on. If our pleasures were more simple, our duties less arduous, our minds less cultivated than is now the case with the children I see around me, at least we learned many things that held their sway over us through life's journey.

An early reverence for God, and His commands, shadowed forth in the mixture of fear and love with which our earthly father ruled us.

When Marblette, who is younger than I, and myself were selected to say our catechism in church, before the whole world, with the town children, her little sensitive nature shrank from the ordeal.

"My two little girls," said papa gravely, "will not only say their catechism in church on Easter Sunday, but will repeat it without fault, that all may see I exact no more from other children than what my own can do."

And we said it, as he wished, without fault. In our play-time with our two arbors, we early learned that there are and must be situations in the world disagreeable, but still unavoidable, and that nothing more can be done than to make the best of them.

(Continued Next Month.)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

December 21—The first passenger train to go through the big Cascade tunnel, in Washington, made the trip yesterday. The tunnel is 13,813 feet long and cost the Great Northern several millions.

Dec. 22—The telegraphers' strike is off. No concessions were asked or offered for this action.

Dec. 23—The imported laborers who were brought to Florence to work in the Rocky Mountain smelter left and things look well for the new smeltermen's union in that place.

Dec. 24—The street cars of Scranton, Pennsylvania, are tied up by a strike.

Dec. 25—It is doubtful whether England will accept the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

Dec. 28—Mrs. Nation, the Kansas woman who smashed the saloon furniture, has been arrested. She says she will resume operations as soon as she is released.

Dec. 31—General Kitchener is not checking the invasion of the Boers. The latter are meeting with considerable success.

January 1—All the Australian colonies are now federated, with the Earl of Hopetown as its first governor.

Jan. 2—Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, who was the Middle-of-the-Road candidate for vice president, died at Minneapolis.

Jan. 2—Notices of a reduction in the wages of 4,000 men were posted at all the blast furnaces in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys. Here is some more prosperity.

Jan. 3—Lord Roberts reached London from South Africa and received a great reception.

Jan. 3—President Kruger of the Transvaal is down with bronchitis at The Hague and is causing his friends much anxiety.

Jan. 4—The miners employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at Gallup, New Mexico, have gone out on strike.

Jan. 8—A fire in the Rochester, New York, orphan asylum burned twenty-seven children.

Jan. 9—Another transport arrived from Manila with 600 soldiers, 437 of whom are sick. Thus does the good work go on.

Jan. 10—There has been an unprecedented snowstorm in southern Russia. Many trains were blocked for days and quite a number of passengers died from cold and exposure.

Jan. 11—The grip epidemic is at its height all over the country. In Washington over 2,000 government employes are laid up.

Jan. 13—The coal miners in Fremont county, Colorado, have decided to strike in sympathy with those now out at Erie and at Gallup, New Mexico.

Jan. 13—Governor Hunt of Idaho issued an order abolishing the permit system in the Coeur d'Alenes.

Jan. 15—The Colorado Legislature elected Thomas M. Patterson United States senator for the six years beginning March 4, 1901.

Jan. 16—Alvord, the defaulting New York note teller, was found guilty and sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment. He stole nearly \$700,000.

Jan. 17—The bi-centenary of the kingdom of Prussia was celebrated with the greatest pomp in Berlin.

Jan. 18—The Colorado Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the coal strike. John Kennedy is one of the members.

Jan. 19—The cadets at West Point have decided to stop hazing. A letter signed by the president of each class was presented to the investigating committee.

Jan. 20—Queen Victoria has been stricken with paralysis and her death is only a question of hours.

Rocky Mountain News

Denver, Colorado.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The great representative Newspaper of the Rocky Mountain States and Territories.

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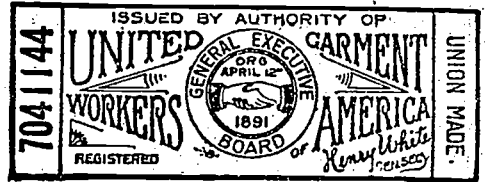
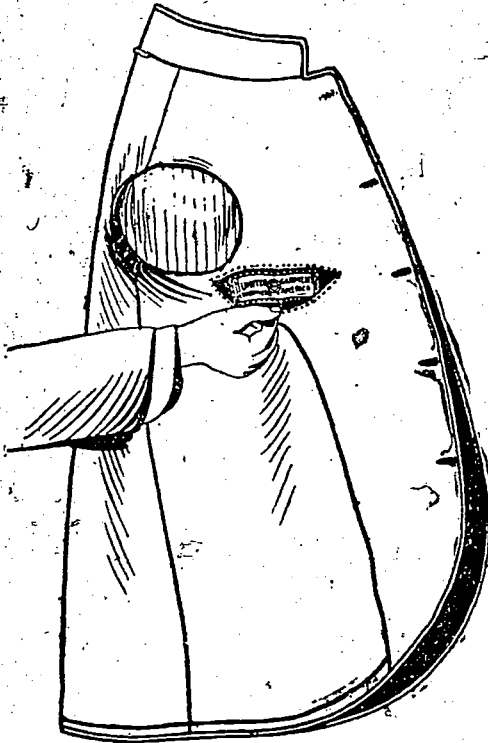


DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

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

No.....	Name.....	Meetings Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O.Box..	Address..
COLO.—Cont'd.						
110	Florence M. & S.	Sat..	Joseph Lloyd...	E. C. Atkins.....	...	Florence.....
19	Free Coinage.....	Fri..	W. B. Easterly..	D. P. McGinley..	91	Altman.....
92	Gillett M. & S.	Sat..	N. E. Boggs.....	E. S. Timmons..	...	Gillett.....
50	Henson.....	Thur	W.C.Bredenstain	W. E. Laird.....	...	Henson.....
55	Lawson.....	Wed.	H. Cadwalader..	M. O'Hagan.....	...	Lawson.....
15	Ouray.....	Sat..	W. J. Beard.....	Jno. M. Hogue..	571	Ouray.....
6	Pitkin County...	Tue..	Theo. Saurer....	R. K. Sprinkle..	397	Aspen.....
36	Rico.....	Wed.	Chase Kelly.....	Thos. C. Young.	662	Rico.....
26	Silverton.....	Sat..	E. U. Fletcher..	E. L. Riggs.....	23	Silverton.....
27	Sky City.....	Tue..	T. B. Walker....	A. J. Horne.....	...	Ironton.....
63	16 to 1.....	Sat..	V. St. John.....	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride.....
41	Ten Mile.....	Tue..	B. T. Holder....	W. P. Swallow..	212	Kokomo.....
32	Victor.....	Thur	John Currey....	Jerry Kelly.....	134	Victor.....
84	Vulcan.....	Sat..	James Cassidy..	J. H. Thomas...	...	Vulcan.....
108	Whitepine.....	B. F. Killey.....	...	Whitepine.....
IDAHO.						
10	Burke.....	Tue..	Chas. Tilford...	John Kelly.....	207	Burke.....
52	Custer.....	Sat..	Wm. J. Bowen...	Thos. H. Steven	...	Custer.....
53	DeLamar.....	Sat..	Jos. G. Wilson..	Wm. Mitchell...	...	De Lamar.....
11	Gem.....	Wed.	Frank Monty...	A. S. Bolch.....	107	Gem.....
37	Gibbonsville...	Wed.	Thos. Barber...	R. R. Dodge.....	19	Gibbonsville...
9	Mullan.....	Sat..	R. Wheatley...	Jno.Hendrickson	30	Mullan.....
20	Rocky Bar.....	Sat..	Myron Lester...	W. J. Edworthy	...	Rocky Bar.....
66	Silver City.....	Sat..	W. D. Heywood	Wm. Williams..	...	Silver City.....
18	Wardner.....	Sat..	S. C. Stratton...	Victor Price....	162	Wardner.....
65	Wood River.....	William Batey..	...	Halley.....
MISSOURI.						
88	Joplin.....	Wed.	Ben Housley...	S. P. Cress.....	...	Joplin.....
MONTANA.						
57	Aldridge.....	Sat..	Jos. Gulde.....	Alix Hynd.....	...	Aldridge.....
12	Barker.....	Thur	P. Franklin....	Joseph Boland..	5	Barker.....
23	Basin.....	Wed.	John Mulcahey.	R. H. Pierce....	1	Basin.....
7	Belt.....	Sat..	C. H. Conner...	Wm. Cheek.....	...	Neihart.....
45	Bridger.....	S. C. Keath.....	...	Bridger.....
1	Butte.....	Tue..	W. H. Eddy.....	Jerry Hanley...	498	Butte.....
74	Butte M. & S.	Wed.	Luke Williams.	S. P. Johnson...	841	Butte.....
83	Butte Eng.....	Wed.	Bernard Lindsay	Jos. Creighton..	2	Butte.....
67	Carbonado.....	Tue..	Jas. Dougherty.	J. R. Miller.....	...	Carbonado.....
78	Gebo.....	D. B. Spears....	...	Gebo.....
86	Geo. Dewey.....	Fri..	W. S. VanEtten	H. Bussey.....	284	Granite.....
4	Granite.....	Tue..	Harry Lewney..	Wm. Enderlien..	D	Granite.....
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat..	Chas. Wilson...	James Finley...	790	G. Falls.....
35	Hassell.....	Sat..	V. T. Patterson	J. W. Galvin...	71	Hassell.....
107	Judith Mt.....	Sat..	Robt. McMullan	Otto Anderson...	...	Malden.....
103	Marysville.....	Tue..	Wm. Walsh.....	Joseph Harvey..	...	Marysville.....
29	Red Lodge.....	Mon.	Alex. Fairgrave	Thos. Conway...	207	Red Lodge.....
104	Red Bluff.....	Sat..	Hugh Elliott...	B. G. Crawford..	...	Red Bluff.....
105	White Hall.....	Tue..	Jerry O'Rourke	Whitehall.....
25	Winston.....	Sat..	A.E. Wenstrom..	R. F. Whyte....	...	Winston.....
NEVADA.						
72	Lincoln.....	Wed	A. Burke.....	W. D. Geck.....	...	De Lamar.....
49	Silver City.....	Tue..	S. Armstrong...	T. C. Wogan....	76	Silver City.....
31	Tuscarora.....	Wed.	W. J. Plumb...	S. S. Turner....	12	Tuscarora.....
46	Virginia.....	Fri..	W. A. Burns...	J. F. McDonell..	1	Virginia City..
N. W. TERR.						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott..	W. Goddard.....	...	Fernie.....
59	Lethbridge.....	Sat..	Henry Noble...	K. McDonald...	...	Lethbridge.....
OREGON.						
42	Bourne.....	Mon.	Al Johnson.....	John T. Rusk...	...	Bourne.....
91	Cornucopia.....	Sat..	F. W. Sharp...	N. L. Skiff.....	...	Cornucopia.....
S. DAKOTA.						
56	Custer.....	Geo. Knowles...	...	Custer.....
3	Central.....	Sat..	A. Erickson....	W. G. Friggins..	23	Central City...
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	A. Forester....	J. E. Evans.....	950	Deadwood.....
2	Lead.....	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols	J. C. McLemore..	290	Lead.....
30	Keystone.....	Wed.	John Lynch.....	Wm. Bacon.....	...	Keystone.....
5	Terry Peak.....	Wed.	Geo. Hendy.....	C. H. Schaad...	174	Terry.....
68	Two-Bit.....	Sat..	Seth Galvin....	H.J.VanAlstine..	...	Galena.....
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic.....	Tue..	Mich'l Callahan.	Jas. B. Duggan..	157	Republic.....
24	Sheridan.....	Sat..	Abe Hanson.....	C. M. Wilson...	...	Toroda.....
WYOMING.						
98	Battle Creek.....	Thur	E. E. Lind.....	F. L. Miller....	...	Osceola.....
UTAH.						
99	Valley S. U.....	Tue..	Wm. Bogart.....	H. T. Hofeling..	...	Murray.....
34	Sandie S. U.....	Sat..	C. B. Brown.....	Wm. Halstead...	...	Sandie.....

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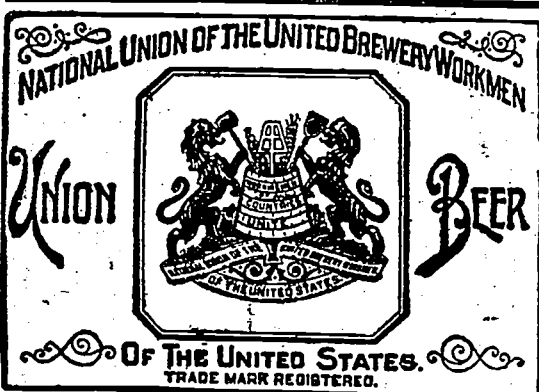
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2

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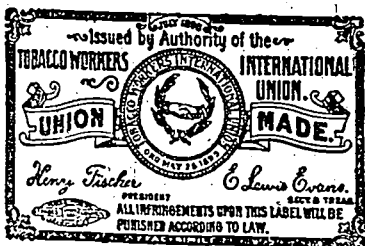
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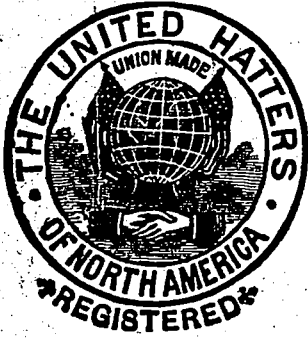
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