

"ONLY A FRIEND."

"Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all!
But, oh, the brightness and sweetness
Of the day we can never recall.
Only one warm, sunny morning
One long, golden afternoon,
Only a stroll in the starlit evening,
Where the sea lay so calm, 'neath the moon.
"Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

Only a heart that is breaking,
A woman's heart, broken to-day
For love she might have been sharing—
While the world calls her happy and gay;
O, must it thus be forever,
Through each weary night and day,
Must life flow in words of laughter and song,
While the white lips dumbly say—
"Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all!

AT THE MINES.

As the adventurous traveler turns from the narrow strip of prairie land, and follows the Old Bolton Shaft road, where it winds in and out among the snow-dusted peaks of the mountains, he will come unexpectedly upon a small white wooden cross, standing, as if on guard, over a grave close beside the trail, its only surroundings being the moaning pine trees and the endless waste of snow.

On that simple cross, rudely carved by a knife in some friendly hand, is the name and date:

PHILIP MCGINN,
April 7th, 1888.

A little above, certainly not many hundred yards, but out of sight around the sharp spur of the mountains, are situated the great Bolton mines, their tall wooden shafts rising up in the midst of the solitude, noisy with never-halting machinery, and surrounded by marks of never-ending toil.

Here and there, along the gulches and the canons, which are crossed in every direction by black-ash paths, can be seen the little wreaths of smoke curling up into the blue sky, showing where the dark-browed delvers in the depths below make their humble homes. The snow lies trampled and dirty from the pit-house in every direction, and the great heaps of slack show the employment of a large force of workers.

Not one of them all to-day but as he passes that lonely grave beside the trail, will reverently bow his head and feel that, standing there, he is very close to God. If you have time to listen, I will tell the simple little story again for you.

I was acting as foreman over the night shift at the "Mohawk" mines all that winter; a hard, rough job enough it was, but was all I could get to do; and this boy McGinn, was a "helper" in Shaft No. 3.

I remember well the night he first came to us. It was in December, rough and blustering outside, so that even the thin boards of the little shaft-house afforded a small protection from the wind. I was huddled close to a roaring fire, trying to study some plan for making the Snake river dam safer before spring floods should come. Close as I kept, the red flames roaring up the chimney, yet I would shiver, as a heavier blast would come sweeping around the edge of the mountain and shake the cabin as if it were in air.

Just then some one knocked at the low door, and without even glancing I had to whoever it was come in.

A burst of icy wind swept over me, a foot shuffled along the floor, and I turned—to see a strange boy standing before me, his ragged, patched clothes covered with snow, his face red from the wind, and a pair of big blue eyes looking up anxiously into my face.

"What is it, my lad?" I asked gently, for something about his forlorn appearance had touched my heart with pity.

His eyes fell to the floor, and he stood there for an instant, twirling his ragged hat in his cold hands without saying a word. Then he gulped out, as if manfully trying to keep back the tears:

"Please, sir, I want some work!" His voice was honest, his face earnest, his words true.

"Sit down, my little man," I said kindly. "Where are you from?"

He put his well-worn boots out toward the heat of the fire and looked straight into my face as he made answer:

For a moment none of us spoke; then she looked up anxiously into my face.

"Did you give Phil something to do, sir?" she asked.

To resist the pleading hope in her soft voice was more than I could do. Swept by a sudden thought of my own sisters, far off in an Eastern city, I bent down and kissed her white cheek.

"He shall have work," I said gravely. "If I have to make a place for him."

And the sudden light of happiness which sprang into the blue eyes was my grand reward.

But this is McGinn's story and not mine, and I must hurry on to his sad and tragic ending. I found the boy odd jobs to do about the shaft at first, and as he proved always able and willing, I advanced him in a few days and placed him upon the night shift as a "helper" at the foot of the shaft.

The girl and boy—for she was the elder of the two; and quite a woman— took possession of an old, tumble-down shanty close to the trail. I helped them fit it up as best we might to keep out the cold winter wind, and there she kept house for the brother, and as the weeks passed by I used often to drop in there afterwards just to cheer her up a bit.

She made the lonely place very pleasant in so many simple ways, and, indeed, they seemed quite happy together, as the flush of health came back on her clear cheeks and the light of hope and comfort brightened her eyes again.

Often as I passed up the road to my work just in the edge of evening, I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while all unconscious of anyone outside she sang some old melody, the clear, sweet voice floating up the mountains across the snow like the notes of a lost bird, and making the work of the long night pleasanter, as I remembered.

The cold months of the winter rolled on into the dangerous spring—dangerous in all mines, but doubly so in ours, because the rising waters of Snake river were only kept from flooding our galleries by an artificial barrier of earth and rocks. We watched with anxious eyes, as inch by inch, the waters, fed by the mountain snow, steadily crept up higher, the owners had pronounced it safe, and we had to believe them.

Such was the unchanged situation of things, when one night early in April, I pushed up the rocky path to my work, and, turning the edge of the pines, saw Mary McGinn standing in the door of her poor shanty shading her eyes with her hands and watching Phil's stubby little figure trudging away in the after-glow.

As I came up unnoticed, I spoke to her and marked the light of welcome in her eyes as she held out her hand to me.

Oh, sir," she said looking up into my face, as if reading every thought, "I have wanted to see you all day. I heard some of the men saying at the store last night, that the mines were unsafe while the river was so high. I asked Phil, and he laughed at me. But oh, sir, is it true?"

It was hard for me even to attempt a lie to her, yet could I tell the truth just then?

"Bolton and the engineer both pronounce them safe," I said gravely, "and they should know better than the rest of us."

She read my face while listening to the words.

"But you? you do not?" she cried.

I struck my tin pail against the post and drew a long breath, pronounced it safe, and she said, with a tenderness new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I hope for the best."

She stood there as if the news had touched her very life.

"Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper, "and all I can do for him is to pray for him."

I bent lower and closer to hear the words.

"And will you forget all the others?" I asked, longingly. "It makes men stronger to think some one remembers them at home."

She looked up into my rough face a moment with tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you," she said, and a shrill whistle came down the frosty air, recalling me to duty. I followed the impulse of my heart and kissed her cheek, now flushed with red. What I saw in the blue eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier—without knowing why—than I had been in many years.

Twenty of us went down in the cage that night together, and I remember yet the last grand scene as we sank slowly into the shaft. The sun was just going down behind the ridge, and the distant snow-crowned peaks stood out like cathedral spires against the rosy sky, while across the skies a bridge of golden veils seemed suspended in the air; and then we dropped away into the black, damp depths below.

After seeing that the men were well at work, I led a small party up into one of the side tunnels to fix up some props which had fallen down.

It was hard work, pressed together as we were in that narrow space and breathing the hot, damp air, the room lit by the small oil lamps flickering on each miner's cap. They took turns with the timber, and for over an hour nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the men, and occasionally a low-spoken order.

I thought over my little talk with Mary as I stood there leaning against the rocky side, and was building air-castles and making her their queen, when suddenly we were startled at hearing swift footsteps echoing along the tunnel, and the next moment, with face ghastly white, under the glare of his hat-lamp, McGinn burst in among us.

"Run!" he cried. "Run, lad, for the stables! Snake river has broken out!"

With pale faces and cries of fright, the men dropped everything to plunge into the darkness, and we stood there alone. I needed to ask no questions, I was miner enough to understand it all.

"Come, Phil," I said, for the boy stood there panting for breath; "we must get out of this!"

He looked up startled at hearing my voice.

"You here!" he cried, "why didn't you go with them? Don't wait, sir, I must out to the barricade."

Like a flash the whole situation burst upon me, and my cheek paled at the thought. Every life in the mine de-

ended upon that. Impulsively I stepped forward and clasped my hands on his shoulders.

"I had forgotten," I said. "We will go together, my lad."

Hand-in-hand, to steady our steps over the wet rocks, we went down into the main gallery, feeling our way in the intense darkness, hearing the gurgle of the water, already sweeping to my waist.

We could distinguish some cries far off in the mine, and hear the frightened bats fitting about our heads, as we finally struggled up to the heavy timber, and I hacked at them with an ax.

They would not start! The lives of every man in the stables hung with that barricade, yet still it clung there, and as we toiled, the water kept creeping up, until it had reached the boy's throat. Like rain I showered my heavy blows, scarcely able to keep my own feet in the sweep of the current.

"For God's sake, lad!" I groaned in despair and agony, "what can we do?"

"I don't see my eyes now, for I could not see him in the darkness, "and may God help me to do it!" And catching the lower timbers he clambered up.

What he succeeded in cutting I can only guess, but I heard a cry, and a crash, then down came that great mass, completely blocking the passage and sending an immense black wave over my head, and clear to the top of the tunnel.

Oh, heaven, what a night of horror that was! I have wondered since that it did not turn my hair to snow. Back of me the black, gloomy, silent mine yawning like a grave; before me the barricade and on every side the eddying currents of the water.

In vain I called for Phil, and felt my way back and forth along the wet rocks. Nothing answered but the fitting of the bats and the gurgling of the waves.

Sobbing, crying, praying, half crazed the long night wore away; sometimes dreaming that I saw the boy's face in the darkness—calling to him only to have the echoes of my own voice come back in mockery. I think I was truly mad when the party of rescuers came at last, guided down the tunnel by my cries.

In the flickering rays of their lights, the first thing I saw was the poor Phil lying crushed under the timbers. At the sight and before they could reach me, I fainted dead away.

It was up in the pit-house, with a crowd of rough sympathetic faces about me, that I came back to life once more and looked eagerly around.

"The girl?" I asked, for she was the first thought, where is the girl?"

They drew back silently, and then I saw her kneeling over a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake she must be taken away, while the men did all they could with the poor battered figure. The lads helped me to her tent.

"Mary," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help Phil any more, now. Come, let us go home."

She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in the clear eyes.

"It is so hard to leave him here," she said, piteously, "is it right?"

"Yes, my girl," my own voice trembling. "I think so, and you must trust me, Mary."

I led her out of the sad place, down the hill toward their little cabin. At the bottom she stopped and looked wistfully back, and as she did so, the tears broke forth at last.

"Oh, Phil," she sobbed, "you were all I had in the world!"

The heart came up into my throat at the pitiful loneliness of that cry, and I knew I loved her.

"Not all, Mary," I whispered, tenderly. "Not all, if you will turn to me."

She looked up into my face bending over her, and I think, read there my earnestness.

"You were good to him," she said, simply, "and I love you!"

The early morning sun came out above the crags, and showered a gleam of gold across the brown hair, as I led her into the little house alone.

That is Phil's grave out yonder, by the trail, with the white cross and the snow-covered cedars standing silent guard above it, and somewhere in the years, I think, God has wiped away the trouble, has covered up the roughened hands of toil, and rewarded the boy according to his deeds.

Montana Woman's Heroism.

A woman living near Glendive, Montana was the owner of a pet dog, which recently, was playing, when it gave a yelp of almost mortal terror, as a large eagle, with wings far spread, swooped down, swooped down and picked up the little cur in his muscular talons. With the true Western woman, brought up amid all the dangers of a rough border life, and with no tight-fitting skirts to prevent the free movement of her limbs, to think is to act. On the instant this noble representative of a noble sex flew into the kitchen, where her husband kept his shotgun, with which, in the early days, when bloodthirsty Indians were rampant on the plains, he had often gone out and shot foot hens.

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come," she cried, "Oh, do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

"This will bring my workmen," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon, among ourselves, for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front, and I'll go up and settle the fellows."

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken red-handed, the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"Oh, Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

He smiled.

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't!" said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand. In his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said "she would see."

And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home.

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars!" said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings!" hysterically cried Mrs. Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, mother, don't you?"

Whistling.

I never knew a good whistler but had a good constitution. Whistling is composed of pucker and wind, and these two accomplishments denote vigor. Sure people always whistle where there is danger. This they do to keep the fraud out of them. When I was a boy, I always considered whistling the next best thing to a kandle to go down cellar with in the night time.

The best whistlers I ever heard of, have been among the negroes, (I make this remark with the highest respect to the accomplishments of the whites.) I have heard a South Carolina darkey whistle so natural that a mocking-bird would drop a worm out of his bill, and talk back to the old boy.

Uncle Grinler was one of the closest-fisted men that was ever permitted to live in civilized America. He was a bachelor, and rich, but not a farthing did he ever bestow on charity. He resided with his old housekeeper in some low-lying, out-of-the-way place near Morrisania, because of his cheapness and railed at us whenever we saw him for our extravagance in preferring a healthy place to live in.

We—by the bye, 'we' means myself and my cousin Ned, Uncle Grinler's two nephews and sole relatives—we, I was about to remark, should have cut him dead long before, but couldn't for we were in his power.

Ned and I had started in the world together, but at first, having little means to carry on our business, we applied to our Uncle Grinler, whom we didn't thoroughly know then, just for a small sum. He granted it, but with interest. What we considered sufficient when we began trade sunk to the smallest dimensions. We obtained more at a higher interest. Then we had to ask for time—of course paying for the favor—until we got in a fearful tangle of embarrassment. Rain confronted us.

"If we were only free of the usurer," said we, "we'd be all right!"

Ned was a passionate fellow of a fierce nature, capable of strong feelings and of losing his head under the sense of wrong. And I, of a quieter disposition, felt some uneasiness about him, especially when he began absenting himself from my society, and on occasions taking more than was good for him.

"He's up to no good," I reflected, "and it's all owing to ruinous debt. If anything, Uncle Grinler prefers Ned. I'll try once more to move him. I'll tell him my fears concerning him and ask his help or advice in the matter."

I consulted Katie. Katie and I were engaged, but our union was problematical while I was in such straits.

Didn't she hate Uncle Grinler—and give me a woman for hating as for loving downright. She, who so much liked Ned, agreed with me and my idea, so I started. It was an awful dark night. A fog hung like a curtain over the low fields through which I passed on the train. As we rushed through the Harlem tunnel a train coming in the opposite direction flashed past us. As it did so, changing to look up, I saw a scene that chilled my blood with horror. In a second it was gone.

"Horrible!" I cried, leaping up, alarming all the rest. "A foul deed is being perpetrated. I saw a man assassinating another in a carriage that just passed us!"

What could we do? Nothing. We must go to the next station, where, on alighting, I acquainted the station-master with what I had seen. Then I went to Uncle Grinler's. His old housekeeper told me he had gone to town that evening on business. I didn't believe her, but I had to accept the intelligence. Next morning I was in town and read:

"Horrible tragedy—A man found killed on the rails of the Harlem road."

I waited—I knew what would come. Having given my address to the station-master, I was summoned at the inquest and recounted what I had seen—a man crouched back on the seat, another with his knees against his chest, his hands about his throat. Could I describe the latter? No. Not only did he appear muffled, but he had his back toward me.

"We must view the body, gentlemen," said the coroner.

We went. The mutilated remains were those of Uncle Grinler. Search was made for the assassin, but without result. The crime had been for robbery—as both watch and purse had disappeared.

A week later I sat in my room wondering where Ned had gone, when the door opened and he entered. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I looked at him. He was haggard, hollow-eyed and like a ghost.

"Look here, Ned," I said, hurriedly. "I'm off to South America, but I could not go without letting you know we are free—you are free by my hand. Yes, don't start—I killed Uncle Grinler. I couldn't bear it any longer. The miserable wretch drove me to it. I went down disguised. I sent a false telegram calling him to town. From the papers you know the rest. His watch and purse I took to throw off suspicion. They are at the bottom of the Hudson. I wouldn't touch a penny of the hateful money."

"Oh, Ned!" I gasped, horror-struck.

"Yes, it is terrible, isn't it?" he interrupted. "But such men are better out of the world than in it, though I wish he had gone by better means. Good-bye. You can marry Katie now. Will you shake hands?"

I grasped the one hand he extended firmly. I couldn't help it. Poor Ned! Holding it I would have detained him, but he jerked it away, repeated his farewell and was gone. I never saw nor heard of him again.

When Night Workers Should Eat.

For night workers the best regimen includes a hearty breakfast when they rise, which is generally from 12 to 3 o'clock; after this some moderate outdoor exercise, which should be followed by short interval of rest and relaxation; then a good dinner, partaken of between 5 and 8 o'clock, at least an hour before beginning work. If labor is to continue until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, a light nutritious repast should be eaten shortly after midnight, in order to fortify the system for work during the hours immediately following, when the vital powers are most enfeebled. When work is finished, and before retiring, a simple luncheon should be taken, in the form of a glass of good hot broth or beef tea, or a cup of light wine and a couple of crackers; this will generally insure sleep by withdrawing the blood from the brain, where it has been concentrated by mental effort. In ordinary cases of wakefulness after night work, not confirmed by habit, a light meal of this kind will usually prove to be a remedy. By attention to these details, and by taking sufficient sleep, night workers can preserve their health under ordinary circumstances.