

A young knight made his battle-cry,—"I'll fight the evil till I die!"

THE MINERS STRIKE.

BY GEORGE E. MERRILL.

It is quite ten years since the Little Nugget Mine was opened. It is situated on Knob Mountain, ten or twelve miles from the now thriving city of Aspen.

At eight years ago, when the Little Nugget strike occurred, in which Ellen Lybec played so conspicuous a part that one still hears the miners speak her name with a sort of wondering reverence.

Her father, Christopher Lybec, had brought his family to Colorado several years before, and his wife had died, after many hardships in their frontier life, just before he had undertaken the superintendency of the Little Nugget Mine.

He had brought Ellen, his only child, to the mine, and there she had lived two years, taking care of his little house, and pouring in upon his lonely life the only sunshine that it knew.

It was rare sunshine for any man's life. At eighteen years of age Ellen Lybec was not what every one would call beautiful, but there was a native refinement in her features and manner quite out of keeping with the rough mining camp.

It was not often that the wives and daughters of the miners cared to deck themselves with the wild flowers that grew in the canons and covered the borders of the Little Nugget Creek with bloom; but Ellen was rarely without some blossom tucked into the bosom of her dress, or twined in her brown hair.

It was one of many things that showed her to be of a different stamp from the few other women in the camp. It was a lonely and rough place for her, but there was nothing to tempt such a girl to yield herself to the moulding influences of the life around her.

What she was in her own home, she sought to be in the homes of others, and she had not been a week in the little settlement before it was plain that the camp would be better for her presence.

get more wages, if they can find the place. Take them over to the Clara; perhaps they can get work there."

Lybec laughed as he said this. Yellow Jim knew that the Clara Mine had shut down two days before.

The taunt put an idea into Jim's head. Lybec had probably engaged the miners thrown out of work at the Clara. The game was up.

Jim reported to the men, who agreed with him in his conjecture. No other explanation could be given for Lybec's prompt dismissal of his whole force, when Little Nugget was showing a splendid output, and every day's idleness of men and machinery meant serious loss to the company.

"What do you say, men? Shall we fight it?" It was nearly a unanimous vote to fight it.

When Lybec awoke the next morning, the narrow gulch in which the mine opened was walled across by a formidable breastwork six feet high, closing in the mine. Not a man was to be seen in the camp. Not a gun was to be found in any of the cottages.

Lybec was pale with rage, but he mounted his horse and rode away without a word. Meanwhile the men proceeded with their undertaking. After Lybec disappeared they came out, collected all the food they could find, took one or two of the women of the families to do their cooking, sent the rest into town in charge of two of the younger miners, who were hardly more than boys, and then worked on completing their barricade.

At noon Lybec returned. Ellen met him at the door, and told him what had occurred. "What's the use of their fighting me?" he said. "They are cooped up in that hole; I have the whole universe. The sheriff will be here in an hour, and the new men, too. They have a dozen Winchester behind the wall; we have fifty, and all the arsenals outside!"

The sheriff and his party, with the new miners lately discharged from the Clara, arrived sooner than Lybec had expected. He and Ellen were still talking, and their hasty dinner was hardly finished before the party appeared.

A hurried consultation followed, and the sheriff looked a little discouraged when he saw the great wall that protected the strikers. He thought it might be better to starve them out.

and then we will see who shall work the mine. "Come out—you and all the men, or let me come in and talk there."

"No, ye'll not come in here, Miss Ellen," answered Mike. "It'll be no good at all, and nobody knows what may happen. The girl that risked her life nussing my Nora ain't going to run no more risks if I can help it. Just keep them fellows from shooting, and we'll come out."

He disappeared a few minutes, and Ellen used the interval to obtain from the sheriff's party the promise that no shot should be fired and no movement made to arrest the men, until she herself should give the signal.

Mike reappeared, and Ellen again went forward to the spot where the wounded sheriff had fallen. She had sent some of the men to remove him, and he was now in her father's cottage.

"Is it all right?" asked Mike, doubtfully. "Yes," responded Ellen. "Let them come out. I want to see John Randal, and Yellow Jim, and little Tom, and Nugget Dick—yes, and Beady may as well come out, too."

They came, and ranged themselves in line, beginning with pale-faced young Tom, and ending with the giant Beady. Then Ellen began to talk to them. She appealed to each one of them by name; she showed them the folly of their undertaking. She told them she did not want them to go away to work elsewhere; they would not be so well off in any other camp. The Little Nugget had been their home for nearly two years. What would become of the children?

There was not a motive that she did not appeal to. Insensibly, as she spoke, she drew nearer and nearer to them. The observers at her back lost her words as she passed away from them. They could see that she was not wasting her argument, however, for the men were now gathered about her, listening attentively, and occasionally answering. Now and then Mike could be seen gesticulating with impetuosity.

Ellen's father smiled as he noted that Yellow Jim turned away, and quickly brushed his sleeve across his eyes. Then came a strange word. Ellen laid her hand on Mike's Winchester. He gave it to her. She took his revolver from his belt. Yellow Jim handed her his gun.

When her arms could hold no more, the other weapons were given to little Tom. The two brought them down into the camp. In a few moments all the miners filed out from behind their barricade, and marched doggedly down the slope.

"I told them," said Ellen to her father, "that they must do it. I told them you had said you would not take one of them, but that you and I would arrange the whole business, and not one of them should be hurt. Won't you call in Mike Bender, and see what can be done?"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Veneers are cut by electricity. Asbestos is supposed to have a great future as a lubricator for machine bearings.

Berlin, Germany, has refused to grant any franchises for electric street railways. The telephone between London, England, and Paris, France, is to be opened on March 1; charge for three minutes' conversation, 22 cents.

A lineman who received an electric shock in Louisville, Ky., has become insane and believes that he is constantly pursued by an electric ghost. It has been recently ascertained that the resistance of bricks to crushing force varies from 5000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, according to quality.

Drapers and others showing window goods liable to lose color by fading are advised to put yellow-colored glass in their windows, as the bleaching is caused by the white rays of the sun's light.

Yachtsmen who do not like the black tar in their deck seams can now get it white, a white pitch having been invented that can be run into the seam hot and which will then stand the sun's heat in any climate.

An English engineer has designed, and is now manufacturing, a portable cross-cut saw; that is, a large two-man saw, that can be folded up into small compass. It is really a flexible chain of saw-teeth riveted together.

Experiment has proved that, if a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disk of gunpowder, and the latter be detonated, the lace will be annihilated, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.

Photography is being used in the Paris (France) morgue to determine, if possible, identification of the deceased. A photograph on a large scale is taken of the hands and put on exhibition. Persons are frequently identified either by scars of injuries or marks of various kinds which indicate the probable occupation.

A meteoric stone, resembling granite, recently fell near the mouth of Pistol River, in Curry County, Oregon. It weighs something over 400 pounds and imbedded itself several feet in the earth. Parties who saw it went to dig it out, but found it so hot nothing could be done with it. After it had cooled it was removed, and will soon be placed on exhibition.

Some nickel-steel plates recently tested at the Carnegie Works, in Pennsylvania, the specimens being cut from a three-fourths inch plate, gave excellent results. The elastic limit is said to have been 59,000 to 60,000 pounds, and the ultimate strength 100,000 and 102,000 pounds. The reduction of area was twenty-nine and one-half per cent. and twenty-six and one-half per cent. respectively.

One of the highest aims of an expert fireman should be to keep the largest possible portion of his grate area in a condition to give radiant heat the largest possible part of the day. This may be done as follows: When using anthracite coal, by firing light, quick and often, not covering all of the incandescent coals; when using bituminous coal, by coking it very near the dead plate, allowing some air to go through openings in the door, and by pushing toward the bridge wall only live coals; when slicing, to open the door only far enough to work the bar.

History Depicted on Fans. In this country a fan can scarcely have any more serious definition than an elegant adjunct to the toilet of a lady. But in Japan even the commonest variety may possess a deep political significance, and even in the present day, according to a London paper, fans have occasionally to be suppressed for much the same reason that a Western newspaper has been confiscated—for being a vehicle invented to sow ill-feeling and contempt for statesmen or officials by means of cartoons and epigrams.

On examining an ordinary bamboo fan it must not be supposed that it is a mere creation of the artist's fancy. Those queer little men and women, to our eyes the fac-similes of each other, represent to the Jap well known historical or romantic characters. Those impossible looking landscapes on the reverse side all depict localities around the capital, famous shrines and pilgrim goals, at once recognizable by any traveler in the country.

A collector of Japanese fans of ancient date finds himself in possession of a complete history of the times, for before the newspaper was established in the land, the fan to a large extent supplied its place. There is no doubt, as an instance of this, that much of the ill-feeling displayed in Japan against foreigners some thirty-six years ago was due to the extensive circulation of fans bearing outrageous caricatures of Western life and manners.

Dream of an Onyx King. According to William Cooper, the Mexican onyx king, there is enough onyx in Mexico to last about a decade and then it will become an extinct material, unless mines are discovered elsewhere. Such a great demand exists for onyx, both in this country and Europe, I cannot supply with all my mines, he said. I keep hundreds of miners at work quarrying onyx, and yet I cannot half supply the demand. No man now would think of erecting a fine house without having the interior decorations largely composed of the finest onyx. A certain millionaire who is building a house on Fifth avenue intends to have a grand stairway of onyx, which will cost something like \$300,000. The famous stairway of the famous "peacock" mansion of Mr. Leland, of London, will sink into insignificance beside this grand Corinthian stairway of translucent onyx. I expect to see a solid edifice of onyx in this city. It would stand longer than the Coliseum.—New York Herald.

The Dog Milliner of Paris.

The American Register describes the story of a "dog modiste" in Paris: The sights were very amusing. The place was not so much of a store as an establishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped in and out all day long, most of the visitors having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting its turn. Many small mats and rugs were around the waxed floors, and every bit of carpeting of the kind was occupied by some pretty little creature. These dogs have various dresses. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is called a paletot, and is lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along. Sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of a dog. On very cold days the pet is clad in sealskin of the same pattern, the collar being fur, mounted in silver.—Chicago Herald.

In Praise of Hackney Horses.

The introduction of the hackney horse of England into this country marks an important era in the breeding of carriage horses. There is great need in this country of a good, fine acting carriage horse and I think you will find him in the hackney. Both the hackney and our trotting horse are founded on the same blood, that of the Arabian, in fact, our trotter came originally from a Norfolk hackney, old Bellfounder, who was very fast and of great bottom. A horse to trot must have a reach, and to have a reach his shoulders must lie well into his back, or in other words he must have what the English call a "tobby" appearance. The hackney undoubtedly has this, and having been bred so long for one purpose their every idea is bent toward that one thing—to trot.—New York Telegram.

The Telephone as a Weather Prophet.

The telephone is about to have a new application—that of foretelling storms. A new discovery has been made as to one of the properties of this means of transmitting sound. By placing two iron bars at seven or eight meters distance from each other, and then putting them in communication on one side by a copper wire covered with rubber, and on the other side with a telephone, a storm can be predicted at least twelve hours ahead through a dead sound heard in the receiver. According as the storm advances the sound resembles the beating of hailstones against the windows. Every flash of lightning, and, of course, every clap of thunder that accompanies the storm, produces a shock similar to that of the stroke of a stone cast between the diaphragm and the instrument.—Chicago Herald.

Beet Pulp is Good Fodder.

An important fact in the beet sugar industry is that the refuse pulp makes a valuable fodder for cattle. The tops are also available for the same use. This refuse is stored in mounds, and will remain in good condition for six months. Wherever beet-sugar factories have been established there has been an immense improvement in the agriculture of the surrounding country. It is found that although three tons of the pulp are equal in nutriment value only to one ton of the best hay, yet when fed in connection with coarse provender it possesses a value of its own in keeping animals in a sleek, growthy condition, and, strange to say, one not indicated by its chemical analysis.—Chicago News.

The farmer who does not preserve his implements inflicts a great loss on himself. An account of the sum annually expended for repairs would show that a great leak in the expenses exists from carelessness in the care of tools and implements.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dr. Williams' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1864. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

GERMANY is the classical land of suicides and Saxony is its most suicidal province.

Deafness Can't be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by catarrh that we cannot cure by taking Halls Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

LOVERS of Spanish olives are misled to hear the predictions of a scarcity of them.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Chesapeake Manufacturing Company, which appears in another column. This company are the original discoverers and only manufacturers of Vaseline, which is known all over the world as the best emollient, and the most valuable family remedy in use. Their goods are sold by druggists throughout the country, but we wish to caution our readers, when buying, to accept only goods in original packages, and labeled Chesapeake Manufacturing Company, as sometimes unscrupulous dealers try to substitute preparations which are of little value when compared with Vaseline, and some are injurious and unsafe to use.

By sending the company a dollar by mail, the sender will receive free quite an assortment of these beautiful and valuable goods without any charge for delivery. We know whereof we write when we say the "Vaseline" Soap is a revelation.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

A Girl Worth Having.

After hearing Mr. Gray's experience in the plating business, I sent \$5 to the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., for a plater, and cleared \$25 in a week. Isn't this pretty good for a girl? There is tableware and jewelry to plate at every house; then, why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand. A. STROGGER.

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Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure is universally conceded to be the only safe and safe remedy for croup, cold, it speedily allays inflammation to throat or lungs. Sold by druggists, or address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 50 cts.

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The Erie is the only railway running solid trains over its own tracks between New York and Chicago. No change of cars for any class of passengers. Rates lower than via any other first-class line.

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