TRAMPING IN SNOW,

More Adventures in Arizona's Gorges and the Snowy Range of the San Francisco Peak.

SETTING A BADLY BROKEN ARM.

Miles Away From Any Human Being and With Only the Dog Shadow as a Sympathetic Companion.

HUNTING THE BLACK-TAILED DEER.

The Fur of a Great Wildcat Preserved by a Judicious lise of Teeth.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HEN life came back to me, Shadow was licking my face and whining plaintively. My whole body was afire with pain. and here and there were red drops upon the and lay rocks and snow and upon my clothing. My left arm was doubled under me and twisted between two rocks, and when at last I mustered strength and courage to rise, it

was to make a serious discovery. That armalways my largest and strongest-was broken two inches below the elbow, and the sharp, slantlur, lower end of the large bone prountiled from the Incerated flesh. Here was a tad job-an ugly fracture, and so far from any medical help that the arm would probably be past saving before I could get there. I thought very hard for a few moments. There was but one thing to be done-the arm was to be put in shape right there.

I placed the discolored hand between my set and tried thus to bring the bone back lace; but thesh and blood could not Ah lithe strap of my discarded It was very long and broad, and strong leather—just the thing! I gave it the third in the fat turns about the wrist, and buckled at around a redar tree. Beside the tree was a bar, aquarish rock. Upon this I mounted, factors the tree; set my heels upon the very ill threw myself backward very hard. ACTED AS HIS OWN SURGEON.

The agony, incomparably worse than the first, made me faint; but when I recovered usness the arm was straight and the proved to be. I cut some branches, held bem between my teeth, trimmed them with the hunring knife, and made rude splints. And then, with Shadow, who had been as tenderly and tautfully sympathetic as a brother through it all, plodding mourafully at my side, heedless of the rabbits, I staggered back toward the railroad.

At the torture of that walk! Cut and bruised from head to foot; that agonizing arm quivering to the jar of every footstep weak with pain and loss of blood, with cold wes fort, slipping in the middy snow-thousand years could not down the memory of that sitter 6th of January. At the track broad staves, cut crosswise and trimmed a limite, made good splints which never came of until the arm was ort. And so I walked remaining 700 mi sto 'es Angeles with as broken arm slung . a b cedanna.

GETTING EID OF S. LE CATTLE. proud of having fooled a conductor by some pite as tale, into bringing him all the way inquelito. He left Winslow next day my arrival, going through to California freight train in charge of a car load of cattle; and I afterward learned some curious The cattle had been gathered away south of Winslow by "rustlers," (stock roufal Countenance" to escort the stolen animals to a confederate of theirs in Los

Angeles, and gave him a ticket and money In those days emigrant cars were hauled on freight trains; and among the other pasman, with whom the irrepressible became acquainted, and who had a eket for San Francisco. As the train apthe theft of the cattle might be evered and officers might be waiting for im in Les Angeles. The more he thought he more he disliked the prospect. He be-



rancisco and to paint the attractions of Los Angeles in glowing colors, and at last persuaded the unsuspecting old man to wap tickets and take charge of the cattle

I can imagine the good man found this the hardest flock to which he ever ministered. At every step he had to get out and. see to his charges, prodding with a long, iron-pointed pole these that had lain down that they might get up before being tram-pled to death, and superintending their od and water. When the train arrived in as Angeles a tough-looking fellow with an northodox breath stepped up to the clergy-

"Yo' did durned well, pardner! Didn't nebody ketch on at all? Come over 'n' let's irrigate. Hey? Don't never drink? Wal, 'm binnkety-ldank-blank! Wal, take this, anyhow," and he slipped a \$20 gold piece nto the hand of the puzzled minister, who walked away wondering what it all meant, that people in California were so gratuitous

of profanity and double-eagles.

The noble snowy range of the San Francisco peaks drew nearer as we of shed the steady grade, and there was s. z to be trouble in their cold recesses. Six hours, indeed, after passing Canon Diablo, I met an unpleasant snow storm, which chilled us both the more after the hot sun at Winslow, From that on for over 150 miles we were never out of the snow; and for some days it was very troublesome. All the way across the noble timber belt, 80 miles wide and several hundred north and south, which is such a contrast to most of the treeless placeaus of Arizona, we were wading, much the time knee deep; but with many inter-

MOUNTAINS FILLED WITH GAME.

the Flagstaff region-thousands of square | Schnurrdiburr, which was noted for its exmiles of natural parks, unspoiled by underbrush, with giant, spar-like pines standing sentinel about the smooth glades of kneedeep grass, rent here and there by terrific canons, bathed in the clear, exhilarant air of more than 6,000 feet above the sea, and color of the color of the top floor of

many more. many more.

The day after passing the little sawmill town of Flagstaff brought us glorious sport. The snow was very deep, and I should have taken no extra miles of it, lest I catch cold in the wounded arm; but we could saiff game in the air, and who could help hunting? We poked through the drifts for many fruitless miles, but late in the afternoon came our reward. We climbed a long, wooded hill against the cold wind, and just as we cleared the summit Shadow sprang forward like an arrow, with ringing tongue There, under the steep brow of the bluff, not more than 30 feet away, was a royal buck, the largest black-tail I have ever looked upon. He was already in the air in the first mad plunge for flight, and I am sure my first bullet had sped before he touched the snow again. Bang! Bang! Bang! till the six-shooter was empty, and before the echo of the last report had ceased to ring through the forest, the antiered monarch sprang doubly high, pitched forward on the snow, and lay kicking upon his side. Shadow closed in with his usual temerity, and for his pains got a parting kick that sent him 20

feet in a howling sprawl. THE MARKSMANSHIP WAS GOOD, By the time I could reach the spot the deer was quite dead, and I was greatly clated to find that of my six shots at the flying target, five had taken effect. One ball-probably the last-had passed through the brain from behind one ear to in front of the opposite eye. He was a noble specimen, weighing certainly over 200 pounds, and with seven spikes on his magnificent antlers. It seemed a bitter shame to leave nim there to the wolves and ravens; but we were at least ten miles from the railroad, and there was no help for it. I carved out several pounds of steaks, wrapped them in a piece of the hide, and stowed the bundle in an accommodating peck pocket of my duck cont. And then those antiers—they must go home with me! But "how?" was a



The Diamond Creek Canon. perplexing question. My hacke with the hunting knife upon that skull were very Shadow and I staid there caree days, resting very hard, and reveling in mail and some toothsome little boxes from mindful oles about the horns, and with a little

It was well past midnight when we camped in the snown little west of Williams, and on the summit of the Arizona Divide, 7,345 feet above the sea. There was a pile of new cut ties, which were soon transwide, 7,345 feet above the sea. There was a pile of new cut ties, which were soon transformed into a cubby-house, with a "bed-stead" of two dry ties; and there we passed the bitter night very cozily, with feet to a roaring fire and stomachs distended with a huge meal of venison roasted in the ashes.

SKINNING A CAT WITH HIS TEETH. In the rocky fastnesses of Johnson's canon—by which the railroad slides down from the shoulders of the great range to lower valleys-we started a couple of wild-cats, and a lucky shot finished one, though I missed a much easier shot at the other The fur was in prime condition, and I spent three laborious hours skinning the big cat—a job which could never have been omplished with one hand had I worn

false teeth. strange, natural column of stone 60 feet high and no bigger around than a barrel, which towers aloft upon a shoulder of Bill Williams Mountain, and is called Bill Williams monument. Bill was a famous scout of early days, and died in his cave on the mountain like a gray wolf in his den. The Apaches caged him there, and finally slew the grim old hunter, but not until he had sent 37 of their braves ahead to the

happy hunting grounds.

At last from the deep snows of three days before we had descended to the tropics, and found verdure and full-leaved bushes and stringing flowers. Birds sang and butterfli s h vered past. The wild, majestic cliffs l omed taller, nobler, more marvelous, at every step, until the Wash ran abruptly up against a titanic pyramid of roseate rock, and was at the end; and we turned at right augles into the grander

CANON OF DIAMOND CREEK, The sun was already lost behind the lefthand walls, but the rock domes and pinnscles high above were glorified with ruddy western glow. For another mile we hurried on clambering over rocks, pene-trating dense willow thicke's, leaping the from Mojave to Los Angeles. At Mojave they parted, Locke going north to San Pranciseo and the minister south to Los angeles.

Angeles. At Mojave than dead to be said the swift little brook a score of times wind a long, jarring leap was not the most comfortable thing for me just then. And at last, where the cliffs shrank wider apart, a vast rock wall 6,000 feet in air stood grimly facing us, and the brook's soft treble was drowned in a deep, hoarse roar that swelled and grew as we climbed the barrieade of bowlders thrown up by the river against the saucy impact of the brook and sank in silence beside the

the brook and sank in silence beside the Rio Colorado. I dragged together a great pile of drift-wood and built a rearing fire upon the soft, white sand—for there must be no catching cold in that arm. In tail an hour I moved the fire, secoped a hollow in the dry and heated sand, rolled our one blanket about Shadow and myself, and raked the sand up about us to the neck. And there we slept beside the turbid river, whose hoarse grow filled the night, and under the oppressive shadow of the grim cliffs, whose flat tops were more than a mile above our heads

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

RAPPELCHEN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) In the market place of a large city stood a stone house many years old. In the first floor of this building lived Count Stern. who was a very wealthy man, but who had neither wife nor child, and lived entirely alone in his handsome rooms. On the second floor a merchant by the name of Zimmet made his home. He was not so rich as the to E. R. Chappouns, Leciston, Maine, Count, but his wife and little daughter-Olga added much to his happiness, and the small family lived very contentedly. Among It is a beautiful area, that great forest of Olga's pets was a large, white cut called

On the top floor of the old stone house lived the tailor Schnapps, whose purse was ever empty, and whose healthy family of boys and girls was always hungry. Above of more than 6,000 feet above the sea, and full of game. In sidetrips off through the forest we came now and then upon all sorts of tracks in the snow—the rounded triangle of the rabbit, the besten runway of the lordly blacktailed deer, the pronged radii of the wild turkey, the big, dainty pat marks of the mountain lion, and the smaller ones of the wildest, the dog-like prints of the coyote and of foxes little and big, and meny more.

Schnurrdiburr loved to wander on moonlight nights, and here he often met his friends, at which time the cats would sing in such a manner that any one who heard them imagined them to be in great agony; but that was not the fault of the cats, for they had clear, strong voices, but had never had the proper training. the tailor's residence was a loft, where friends, at which time the cats would sing in such a manner that any one who heard them imagined them to be in great agony; but that was not the fault of the cats, for

had the proper training.
Under the foot-board in the tailor's workshop, lived a large family of mice. They had chosen this place for their home because the tailor greatly disliked cars, and would never allow Schnurrdiburr in his room. Thus all the mice of the second and room. Thus all the mice of the second and third stories sought refuge in the tailor's apartment. But they did not enjoy a very bountiful living; for work was often scarce, and the hearty children left very little of any food that was brought into the house One time, the mice were so hungry that they stole the bread and cheese which the tailor had put away for his dinner. This made the man so angry that he said to his daughter Katrine:

To-morrow you must go to Merchant Zimmer and horrow his cat and it will not take Schnurrdiburr long to rid us of these thieving mice."

The poor little mice, from their place be-hind the foot board, heard these words, and trembled with fear; for they knew what sharp claws and teeth the merchant's cat had. That night a family council was held, and an old mouse, who, on account of her age and wisdom, was called the counseller, thus spoke while all the others kept a re-

spectful silence: We have a cousin Knuppehen, who, provided with every luxury, lives on the first floor of this building in the Count's room. Since Schnurrdiburr's arrival, none of us dare to visit our relatives, for more than 20 of our number have perished by this cruel enemy. I know not whether our cousin still lives, but if he does he will be able to help us. He knows of a chest of gold which was buried in the cellar years ago by an old miser, who is long since dead. Knuppehen, thinking to find bacon, once gnawed a hole in his chest and was much disappointed to find gold. Of course the gold is no use to mice, but we could give a couple of pieces to the tailor, if he would promise to keep the cat out of his apartment."

'But how are we to do this?" asked one mouse, eagerly.
"I shall tell you," replied the counsellor.
"Katrine's doll Mina is very good to us, and often shares her supper with us. Rap-pelchen shall go to her and tell her our plans. Katrine always takes her doll to bed with her, and in the night-for that is the only time dolls can talk-Mina will tell the little girl what we propose to do. In the morning Katrine will relate her dream to her father, and thus the tailor will hear of our wish to save our lives by giving him gold, and surely he will pity us. All the mice were willing to profit by the tailor's family had gotten quiet for the night Rappelchen crept to the bed where Katrine lay with her doll clasped in her dell'element in her dell counsellor's words, and so soon as the arms. The brave little mouse told his

young mistress' ear. In the morning the little girl said: father, I have had such a strange dream. I thought that the mice were in | So he in great trouble; because you had told me to bring Schnurrdiburr here, and they said that if you will keep the cat away to-day they will bring us gold."
"H'm," said the tailor, "I have very lit-tle faith in dreams; but you can try if you

want to, and keep the cat out of the way."
In the afternoon Katrine said to her doll:
"Mina, I am going to Merchant Zimmet's room; but I cannot take you with me, for I

am going to play with Schnurrdiburr, so that he cannot run after the mice." The mice listened with delight to these words; and a moment later Rappelchen started on his way to the first floor, where he arrived in safety. He soon found a saug little hole, lined with wool and pieces of soft silk. Here was a large, fat mouse taking his afternoon nap.

Rappelchen recognized his cousin, and

poke politely to him. Knuppchen awoke knife work I got them with their uniting frontlet, afterward shipping them to Los Angeles from the first station.

It was well past midnight when we to the chest of gold. Rappelchen took two of the shipping gold pieces in him to a generous lunch from the Count's storeroom, he willingly led the way to the chest of gold. Rappelchen took two of the shipping gold pieces in him worth. kindly greeted his visitor, and, after treatworkshop, where he was received with the greatest joy and many questions concerning his trip. Rappelchen told that on his way home he had made a narrow escape. Just as he was passing the merchant's room, Katrine, with Schnurrdiburr in her arms, opened the door. The cat spied the mouse, and wished to spring after it; but the little girl held him so fast that he could not get away until Rappelchen had made his cape. The gold pieces were intrusted to Mina's care, who carefully placed them on Katrine's pillow after the little girl had

fallen asleep.

In the morning, the tailor was so delighted when his daughter gave him the precious gold, that he exclaimed in a loud "If the mice would furnish me with

enough money to buy this whole house, I would allow neither Schnurrdiburr nor any other cat ever to enter the building. When the mice heard this, they wondered if there was any way by which they could carry the gold to the tailor, for they thought how happy they would be if it was not for their constant dread of cats.

Another meeting was held, and the counsellor, as usual, did all the talking.

She said: "It would require much gold to buy the house, and we should be obliged to make many trips to the cellar, and run great risk of losing our lives before we could carry all the gold here. But we shall mark the place where the gold is buried, and then tailor Schnapps can find the chest himself. We shall, through Mina's friendship, persuade Katzing to keep Schnurghbur, out of our Karrine to keep Schnurrdiburr out of our way. Then Rappelchen shall go to our cousin, who will give him a couple of small bones, which he shall carry to the hole leading to the chest. The tailor can go into the cellar at any time, and when he has found these he will know that the buried

treasure is not far away."

All these plans Mina whispered to the sleeping Katrine, who in the marning told them to her father. The tailor laughed er the little girl's dream, and thought i hardly possible that a chest of gold could have been so long undiscovered. However, he determined to explore the cellar and see what could be found there. And taking a lantern and shovel, he descended the dark, narrow stairs. The tailor was greatly excited when he found in a remote corner two small bones. He at once began to dig, and his surprise and delight knew no when he found the chest filled with shining gold. Now he was richer even than the Count, and hereafter it would make no difference to him whether work was plenty r scarce. Tailor Schnapps did not forget his promise to the mice; for, as soon as he bought the old stone house in the market place, he told Merchant Zimmet that Schnurrdiburr must be sent away, and that no other cat should live in the house. Although the tailor and his family moved into a much more comfortable house, a rela-tive of theirs, who lives in the old rooms says, that Rappelchen and his friends are very happy, and now, without fear, make many visits to their cousin, whom they very happy, and now, without for many visits to their cousin, who often entertain in a royal manner.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Hom Amusements.

Address communications for this depo 1665-WHAT IS MY NAME! Across the ocean I am found; Behead; in anguish I abound; Bestore to whole and syncopate, And I revolve at rapid rate;

Industrious, too, I work with a will;
Cut off my head, I'm useful still;
Again behead, and if you look
You'll find me in some quiet nook.
Cuttail, and I'm myself again,
Though small, important I remain.
Bestore to whole and syncopate,
I'm doubly what I was of late,
And yet I hold but albrief space,
In worldly view, of time or place.
Reversed, I give you cease from toil
When wearied with earth's work and

broil.

Turn back again, behead, behold

A vessel, or a leaf of gold.

The skull preserving brain complete,
The earth deep down beneath your f
Behead and you'll be sure to see
A useful article in me.
Curtail, and I am still the same,
A useful article remain. Curtail, and I am senail.

A useful article remail.

Restore to whole, then twice curtail,
I give you health if you should fail.
Behead, a kindred near am I;
Curtail, a vegetable espy.

SEN

1664-A GLOBE-TROTTER



Around the world we'll take a fly, Like Jules Verne or Nellie Bly. From every place when we commence We'll borrow to defray expense; The footnote will the rest explain, Now, hurry up and catch the Train. Now, hurry up and from each geograp [Note-Take a letter from each geograp cal name so that an English word w emain, and that the deleted letters w pell the name of an eccentric celebrity.] W. Wilson,

1666-SQUARE 1. Strict devotion. 2. A title borne by pain and Portural, except the oldest, ssued. 4. Jeered. 5. To contain. (Obs.) one who directs the course of a vessel. Plants cultivated in France and Holland.

1667-TRANSPOSITION. He was taking a ride over mountains ar rocks.
But his horse one as lightly as rabbit or fox,
Till he happened to step on a smooth, rolling when the steed slipped and stumbled, the

rider was thrown ; He rose, badly shaken and bruised by the fail.

And fee himself roundly for coming at all: Then he limped to a cabin that atoo the way,
Where a three sat and smoked at a long pipe of clay. She stared when a stranger appeared at her

derstood
The simples that grow in the meadow and wood.
She looked at his injuries, rubbed them and bathed them.
Five his wounds with fir balsam, and skillfully swathed them;
So he mounted his horse and rode gingerly story, which Mina at once whispered in her While she jingled the fee that her surgery And sang to the sound of its musical chime;
"I wish he'd come often, and fall every time!"

M. C. S.

1668-CURTAILMENT. People in a one Often ride with fear; Total sits upon them, With aspect drear.

There may be a slip,
There may be a crash,
Spolling all their trip—
Things may go to smash. So they sit and fret, Nor enjoy the ride, But more nervous get, As they onward glide.

1669-HALF SQUARE. 1. Agrating of iron (Port.) The act of loading (Obs.) 3. Made (ppo ition. 4. Trusted (Obs.) 3. A small well on swivel. 6. To speak. 7. Spoke false vestibure proper name. 9. A preposition 10. A letter. Tully W. Hoocar.

BITTER SWEET

1670-CURTAILED DECAPITATION. Cartail the whole, its color shows; Tis dark, as every schoolboy knows Restore, behead, and you will find 'Tis strong and hard, to bones inclined. And yet in Webster may be seen

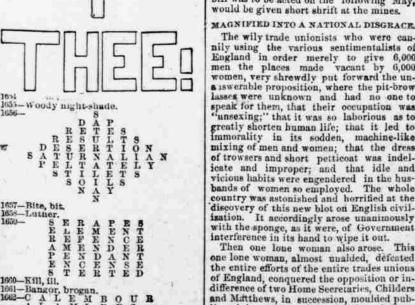
etimes is both red and green. 1671-CHARADE. There were one, two of Spain, There were one, two of Spain, Came sailing oo'r the main, In days long past and gone, With Ponce de Leon. They feared not seas nor savages, But only time's slow ravages. It seemed so hard to think Their sturdy whole must shrink; Their gallant hearts and bold, Grow leeble, fant, and cold; So here they came, forsooth, To find the fount of youth, But bravely though they sought, Their labor came to naught, Long, long those they of Spain Long, long those five of Spain Have crossed the silent main

Abides the fount of youth 1672-DECAPITATION. The autumn wind, With whole unkind Has touched this second flower, And dwarfed its bloom, Which, 'mid the gloom, Glows with etherial power. It courage speaks The difficult to dare; Lifting its eyes To cheerless skies, And braving wintry air. Bitres Sween.

where, in very truth

ANSWERS

1000-Kill, ill



Story of the Long War on Women and Child Labor in the Mines.

A GREAT AGITATION IN ENGLAND. It Came Near Abolishing Petticonts Even at the Mine Mouths.

THE WORK OF MRS. MARGARET PARK

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WIGAN, ENGLAND, July 31 .- The "Pit Brow Lasses" of England and Wales are about 6,000 in number. They are the girls and women of all ages who are employed about the "brows" or mouths of British coal and iron mines. No other working women in England have received so much notoriety from the press, owing to various futile about 6,000 in number. They are the girls efforts in Parliament to enact laws prohibiting such form of labor, and among the lowly of England I have never come upon a more nteresting or worthy class.

In former times women were employed "below grass" in the English mines, and it is scarcely 50 years since, in 1842, that all female labor in the underground collieries was put an end to, almost solely by the ef-forts of the late Lord Ashley. Wholesome forts of the late Lord Ashley. Wholesome restrictions upon juvenile labor in mines were also imposed a year later. But previous to that time, ever since English coal, iron and tin were first mined, the labor of women was utilized in a manner revolting and horrible beyond description. The prohibition of female labor in mines was, therefore, a wonderful revolution. In Lan-cashire, Yorkshire and Wales it was espe-cially as. Here thousands of girls had cially so. Here thousands of girls had found employment in the pits. Their chief labor was as drawers and "thrutchers" for the colliers who cut or dug the coal. They could never rise above this worse than slavish condition. Many could "pick" as well as any man, and at times "stood turns" with husbands or brothers in this extraordinary toil.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HARNESS. These female workers were chiefly girls from 12 to 20 years of age, and their work of drawing, or "hurrying" as it is called in Yorkshire, then consisted in dragging the coal in boxes on sledges or in trucks on wheels from the "stall" where the collier was at work, to the shaft of the pit. Often the miners would be cutting the coal, as is now frequently the case in a place not two feet in height, and from one to two miles from the only outlet to the world above.

Through pitch-black passages, too low to permit of their standing upright, and up and down steep inclines they were compelled to crawl, pulling the heavy loads after them, or "thrutching," that is, pushing them from bahind. Executable transing, them from behind. Frequently two or three children were harnessed together to thus pull one or more loaded trucks. Leathern belts were put around their waists. and then the little ones were fastened together, by a chain passing between their legs from one belt to another, when the children clawed, scrambled and tugged along on their hands and toes after the man-

ner of four-footed animals.

The distance these loaded trucks had to be hauled was in most cases frightful. Instances are authenticated where grown-up temale drawers had to traverse over 5,000 yards of rugged galleries and inclines each journey, or in a day's work were compelled to travel a distance of 13 miles, always in a stooping, and often in a creeping, posture.

CRIMES ONLY TO BE HINTED AT. Then there were many sadder wrongs and outrages in those underground slave pens. where the law was unknown and not even dreaded. One of the horrors proven before the House of Commons was the case of a tiny lad who was compelled to drag a truck along a mine passage scarcely two feet high, in which there was a foot of muck and water, so that his head could be scarcely kept above the noissome stream. The in-famous treatment of women in these mines is only known to their Maker. The ex-

wrong brought instant legal prohibition under the gravest penalties.

But there was a large number of women left in every colliery region who clutched at any manner of labor that would sustain life. A few were already working with men and lads at the pit brow. Gradually nearly all of this work, such as dumping the trucks from the "cage" in which they are "brought to surface" from the bottom of the mine shaft, screening the coal and sorting out the slate and stone, loading the coal wagons with the coal ready for the market, and carrying the coal dust to the ovens where it is transformed into coke—came to the lot of women. Theoretically the collier opposed it at the public house and in meetings of his union. Practically, he secretly supported it, for his brother might have peen killed in an explosion and the wife or daughter at the pit brow took up the fight for bread where death checked it; and his own arm and leg might be picked off some day in the machinery, and his own mother or wife could spring to the spade or screen, and do a man's labor for half man's wage.

TO ABOLISH IT ALTOGETHER. So for a name for them all, though many were lasses no longer, and I have seen women of 50 and 60 years working nimbly at the screens, they came to be known as "Pit-Brow Lasses," and in time got nearly all the pit mouth labor into their dextrous hands. But, a few years ago, mutterings were heard in those districts like Northum-berland and Durham, where no women were employed, against the system. It meant, these fellows who had all the labor themselves said, the impoverishment of that many men and often of that many families. came a miners' conference at Birmingham in January of 1885, and a resolu tion there passed that women should not be allowed to work about the mines was covertly inserted as a clause in the coal mines' regulation amendment bill, which came up for debate in the House of Commons in March, 1886.

This was followed by broadsides against women's pit brow labor in the Miners' Journal and other influential trades' papers, as well as in a horrifying leader in the London Lancet. Then a vast army of female reform champions, headed by Emily Faithful, who afterward confessed her error in the matter, began writing to the press, writing to members of Parliament, and writing to anybody else who would assist in advertising their interest in the matter, much after the manner of our own noble phalanx of the shrieking sisterhood; and for a time it seemed that the poor pit brow lasses, as the oili was to be acted on the following May, would be given short shrift at the mines.

MAGNIFIED INTO A NATIONAL DISGRACE. The wily trade unionists who were cannily using the various sentimentalists of England in order merely to give 6,000 men the places made vacant by 6,000 women, very shrewdly put forward the un-a swerable proposition, where the pit-brow lasses were unknown and had no one to speak for them, that their occupation was "unsexing;" that it was so laborious as to greatly shorten human life; that it led to immorality in its sodden, machine-like mixing of men and women; that the dress of trowsers and short petticoat was indelicate and improper; and that idle and vicious habits were engendered in the husbands of women so employed. The whole country was astonished and horrified at the discovery of this new blot on English civil-It accordingly arose unanimously with the sponge, as it were, of Government interference in its hand to wipe it out. Then one lone woman also arose. This one lone woman, almost unaided, defeated the entire efforts of the entire trades unions of England, conquered the opposition or in-difference of two Home Secretaries, Childers

able social and labor victories ever won in It is a pleasure to make such a woman better known to Americans. Her name is Mrs. Margaret Park, late mayoress of Wigan. Her husband, deceased in November, 1890, was a leading iron merchant there, and per-haps the most popular individual in Lan-

haps the most popular individual in Lan-cashire—the one exception being his wife. He was elected to the mayoralty for five successive terms, between 1882 and 1888, the same being counted an extraordinary honor, as Wigan is the oldest borough in Lanca-shire, having a municipal history dating from the days of chivalry and the crusades. The city is the center of the Lancashire coal and iron trade. It is a district of collieries and colliers. Mrs. Park is a Lancashire lady by birth, and had all her life striven for the betterment of the lowly. She is a for the betterment of the lowly. She is shining example of a thoroughly cultured woman of wealth making use of her gifts and means in her own neighborhood, without requiring a "mission" or the recognition of the Sunday papers in order to reach the highest fruition of her genius for good.

SHE LEAVENED THE WHOLE LUMP. These 6,000 helpless women had no dewith her ringing urgency upon the influen-tial women of England of the principle that all avenues for voluntary labor by women should be expanded rather than restricted, such noted women as Emily Faithful, Lady Latham and Lydia Becker, of woman's rights fame, gave the pit-brow woman's cause their support instead of opposition. Intelligently presented facts and clear, cogent logic on the subject were at once supplied to Home Secretary Childers and to members of parliament. With the en-thusiastic co-operation of Vicar Mitchell, of Pemberton, an important colliery town near Wigan where a large number of women work at the pit-brow, great meet-ings of the pit-brow women themselves were held, and these were followed by like were held, and these were followed by like great gatherings in Yorkshire and Wales.

This class of women are noted for their integrity and bluntness. "They are jannock right through," as they say in Lancashire. They not only have ready tongues, but there was a, to them, terrible conviction and necessity behind their rude speech. Petition after petition was dispatched to London. These extraordinary gatherings of extraordinary women, with an extraordinary woman as their leader, interpreter and deliverer had an electrical effect throughout Britain. A complete revulsion of feeling and conviction was the result. was the result. .

FOUGHT THEIR OWN CAUSE. But their first victory was a temporary one. The trades unions, appearing to gra-ciously accept defeat, were only awaiting better opportunity. Just a year later, early in the spring of '87, word came to Mrs. Park from London that the clause against pit-brow women's work was agains being pressed, secretly but powerfully, by trades union and other political influence, and that there was great danger of the Government recommending the measure, through the then new Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews. Mrs. Park at once determined that the pit-brow women should go in person before Parliament and the Home Secretary. She wrote and telegraphed mine owners employing women to call meetings, explain the threatened danger, and ask the women at the mines to elect by ballot two of their number from each mine to join the deputation. This was done, the lasses bearing their own expenses by subscription, so that no taint of mine owner's interest could be charged. A continuous ovation greeted them all the way to London. Mrs. Park had meantime secured permission from Sec retary Matthews to present the deputation. The women were lodged at the Girls' Club and Home, Soho Square. Their arrival created the greatest interest and excitement. Royalty itself never attracted greater crowds. They were taken to Parliament House, and were also granted a peep at the House of Lords. The lawmakers of Great Britain were won over in a body.

A PICTURE FOR A PAINTER.

And so the pit-brow lasses won. But I have often thought it a pity that some great painter could not have caught this splendid scene, where the hopes of the 6,000 women -whose work and home life I shall describe in a succeeding article-were centered. The Home Secretary of a mighty Government, with all the austerity and insignia of State surrounding him, reserved, puzzled, yet thoroughly kindly; one woman, accompanied by tamous women, lords and commoners, standing before him as petitioner, her face—the prototype of that noble one the artist has given us in Isabella before whom Columbus is urging his cause—beaming with infinite kindness and subduing glances upon her irrepressible charges, yet half turned in grave respect and apprehension to the one who could grant or defeat their aims; and, to complete the picture, a crowd of rosy-cheeked, buxom pit-brow lasses, with heads craned eagerly forward, their sparkling eyes wide with wonder and alert attention, lips half parted as if to "speak oot" on the slightest pretext, and every one of the sturdy wenches with muscles tense with anxiety, and the whole figure, in posing and attitude, unconsciously the embodiment of defiance and defense

ICE IN YOUR DRINKS.

Not Every Alcoholic Beverage Is Improved by the Cooling Solid. Men make a mistake during this hot weather by drinking anything that is cold and that feels good going down their throats, says William Schmid, the author of "What and When to Drink," in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Now there are only about ten different liquors that should come in contact with ice. Ice won't hurt whisky, brandy, gin and beer, but it does hurt claret, sherry, champagne, burgundy and other high-grade liquors and cordials. Champagne can be put in an ice box without being damaged, but no ice should be put into it. Soda and ginger ale should not be iced any more than to be put into the ice box. In the summer time liquor should not be consumed directly after a meal. On a very hot day, if you are moving about actively, don't drink iced stuff. If you can sit down for an hour or two and get cool it is all right, but it is dangerous to partake of iced drinks at any other time. A little gin and milk well shaken up with seltzer, but without ice, is a good hot weather decoction. A glass of vichy, with a few drops of absinthe in it, will not excite the stomach and will calm the brain. Another good thing is a mixture of gin, cream, maraschino and a dash of claret. If taken slowly it will prove very refreshing.

TIRED OF OPERA MUSIC.

Theodore Thomas Says the American Peo-ple Want Independent Compositions.

The taste of the people in this country in musical matters is becoming of a more critical stamp every day, says Theodore Thomas, the great musical director. Since the inaugurations in the Madison Square Garden this summer I have become more impressed with the fact than ever before. The prevailing taste is for what can be best described as independent compositions. I mean those compositions not included in operas. These embrace sacred numbers, symphonies, descriptive airs and the like. For instance, one night we gave a Strauss waltz, a theme and its variations by Tshaikowsky, a dance suite by Saint Saens, an extraneous composition by Dvorak and half a dozen other compositions not included in operus. Such a programme is popular, and a large

proportion of the requests we receive to place certain selections on our request programme, given one night every week, designate such compositions. Quite different are they from those that came in years ago, when four-fifths of the requests named lic opinion to the cause of the pit-brow lasses; and achieved one of the most remarkoperatic music, and usually of a light character, too. The love of music in this country is growing all the time, and the day is not far distant when we shall number among us composers who will command the attention of the world just as those of the old countries command it now.

WHEN SORROW COMES

There Is No Philosophy That Can Hold Out the Consolation

THAT RELIGION HAS TO OFFER.

In All the Theories of the Wise There Is No Such Word as Pardon.

CHRISTIANITY REACHES THE MASSES

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The subject is the Consolation of Religion. A wise man wrote a book once about the consolations of philosophy. No doubt he discovered a great many philosophical consolations. One of the difficulties, however, about that sort of consolation is that one must be a philosopher in order to appreciate it. Philosophy is for the wise.

truth they taught was exceedingly helpful and uplifting. Put the best teachings of those two philosophers together, and you get a pretty fair imitation of Christianity. But the Epicureans and Stoics never got much influence over the people. They lived in the most irreligious and immoral era of all history, and included nearly all the good men of their day, and they were always trying, as we say, to "reach the masses." But they never succeeded. With all their truth and with all their goodness, the world about them still went on believ-ing lies and following the devil, absolutely

NO MODERN SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION. These philosophies were of necessity reerved for the educated and the cultured. They were like the substitutes which some excellent people propose to-day to take the place of religion—elevated, ethical, altruis-tic, spiritual, but essentially philosophical; and, therefore, unpersuasive and, indeed, imcomprehensible, except to people of a philosophical turn of mind; having no understandable message to the common people, who, after all, make up a considerable majority of the inhabitants of this planet. These schemes—positivism, secularism, ethical culture, and that sort of thing—are most excellent and indeed Christian so far most excellent, and, indeed Christian so far as they go, but the immense difference be-tween Christianity and any sort of philos-ophy is that Christianity has something to say, and is able to say it, to every man, wo-man and child, learned or unlearned, the world over. It is not only the philosophers that need consolation. The "consolations of philosophy" are not enough.
Philosophy, indeed, is able to console the

philosophers only when they stand in no great need of consolation. Philosophy is an excellent religion for cultured peoplein fair weather.

NICE FOR FAIR WEATHER. When the skies shine and business is prosperous, and there is money in the bank, and home is pleasant, and books are friendly, and nobody is sick, and no sense of sin darkens the past or the future—why then, if one is philosophically inclined, and "up" to that sort of interesting speculation, philosophy may, perhaps, give all the con-solation that is needed. Philosophy, that is, is an admirable consolation when there

But let the skies be overcast; let trouble follow trouble in funereal procession along the way of life; let discouragement and doubt and discord and doctors' bills and death come in to take away all delight and desire of living; let the sense of sin and the necessity of salvation get hold upon the conscience, and where are the consolations of philosophy? What can the philosopher say beside the sick bed and the death bed? The only thing I know that he can say out of his honest heart is that cry which Pliny uttered in the midst of his bitter bereavement—Pliny himself a philosopher of the real sorrows of life, in the face of death, in the sight of sin, philosophy is simply dumb. There is no strong and abiding consolation n philosophy, even in philosophers.

DOESN'T REACH TO HEAVEN.

Philosophy is all down here on the ground. There is no voice in it speaking out of the sky. It has nothing to say to us about God, or about the life beyond the grave. Its teaching is entirely ethical; its concern is with daily conduct. That sort of teaching is immensely important, and that concern ought to be the chief concern—and was, in Christ's day-of the Christian religion. But you have got to have something more than that in a life which has the mystery of death at the end of it, and the

hystery of pain all through it.

Somebody said to me the other day that he could very readily accept the ethics of Christianity, and if there were nothing but ethics in it he would very gladly become a member of the Christian church. But a simply ethical Christianity would have no answer to the profoundest questions of human life; except "I know not." It would have to stand here among the ills, and pains, and sins, and funerals, with dumb lips. It would be like philosophy, offering no consolation. It is the peculiar blessing of religion that it is able to

WIPE AWAY MEN'S TEARS.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," is the errand on which the ministers of the Christian church are sent. "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," is the gracious invitation which they bring. 'And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven
saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is
with man, and he will dwell with them,
and they shall be his people, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall

there, be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

It is worth while to read that amid the prophecies of the millenium which are just now so plentiful. It is somewhat different from most of them. What St. John saw was not what Edward Bellamy or William Morris see. But it is the Christian vision of the twentieth century. It is a look into a land of universal consolation. Consider the Christian revelation of divine love.

THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

The Christian religion teaches us that God is our father, and that He loves us more than the tenderest of human fathers loves his children. The central symbol of Christianity is the cross of Calvary. And one of the blessed revelations of that cross one of the biessed revenitions of that cross is the truth that human pain and divine love can go together. God loved Christ un-speakably. Christ was the "only begotten Son of God," whose giving to take away our sins was the supreme assurance of God's love for us. And yet Christ suffered. All through life he went, poor, of humble sta-tion, accustomed to hardship, having no place to lay his head, unpopular, subject to insult, acquainted with weariuess, having intimate knowledge of disappointment and ngratitude and injustice, finally enduring the shame and agony of crucifixion.

God loved him, and yet all this was in life. And when we see that, and have such And just that is Christ's message, and the Church's mission. That is the consolution

ills in our lives, we know that the pain is not a contradiction of the fatherhood of God. God's own son suffered as we do, and worse. It is not likely that we will ever understand, with our human understanding, the mystery of pain. It will always remain like the mystery of life, one of the unan-swerable problems. Why, in this case and in that, in your case and in mime, things happen as they do, nobody can adequately

But this, at least, we want to know about it—is there an angry tyrant or a loving Father over us? And philosophy cannot tell us. When prosperity attends us, it

looks as if God loves us; when adversity befalls us it looks as if God hates us. Which s the truth? That is the question which the Christian religion unhesitatingly an-

wers.
The Father himself loveth you. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. In the world ye shall have tribulation; the dis ciple shall be as his Master; and yet, peace I leave with you, let not your heart be troubled. Come unto me and learn of me, came from God to tell us what God is. "God is love," said one whom the Master taught. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" asks another disciple, "shall trib-ulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" And he answers his own question: "Nay, in all these things we are more than con-querors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, not things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The disciple who said that knew the con-solation of religion.

THE CONSOLATION OF HOPE.

Consider also the Christian revelation of The old philosophers, the Epicureans and the Stoics, whom St. Paul met at Athens, taught an immense deal of truth; and the rest of us know, too, how hope brings strength, makes endurance possible, and taking tired travelers by the hand leads them to the end of their journey. The task does not seem so hard if there is a reward worth working for at the end of it. The pain is not quite so bitter under the sur-geon's knife if health seems likely to come after it. No ill 'condition is quite unbearable if it is only tempered with hope. Hope

is a universal consolation. Human life is so lamentably out of balance, full of injustice, people so seldom get their full deserts of good or ill, the world is such a disordered tangle that another world seems a logical necessity. Or else God puts us to intellectual and spiritual confusion, A life to come is the best explanation we can think of for a thousand strange condijons. The truth of the very central assertion of all religion, the truth of the existence of God, seems to demand, if we may so say, for the justification of God himself,

A WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE. Otherwise, God is not love, cares not whether we serve Him or curse Him, distributes benedictions and maledictions without regard to character, suffers the saint to go miserable and the sinner to go happy into a common grave, sets Cæsar on a throne and Christ on a cross, and answers the defiance of the one and the love and faith of the other with the same answerthe answer of impartial and unending death. Even philosophy has guessed at hope. But we know. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." There shall sin meet its merited punishment, and love be rewarded with love, and all the tangles straightened out at last, all wrongs made right, ideal justice done in the kingdom of heaven, in the city of God. Look with hope into the blessed future, O soul oppressed with the world's injustice, smitten with disappointment, misunderstood, borne down with pain of body, laden with care, stricken with the separation of bereavement. Only wait, and there shall be an end, and a beginning,

Trust God, and He will bring it to pass. ROBS DEATH OF ITS STING. The dead are not dead. Death is but the lifting of the veil which hangs between us and the larger life. By and by there is a meeting again, and no separation after that, forever. For those who have served God there will be no crying in that other country. Only keep heart and work on, in the midst of tribulation. "I will come again and receive you unto myself," He said in whom we put our hope. And that will be the be-ginning of life and joy eternal.

If the consolation of the love of God and the consolation of the hope of a life to come are ever imperatively needed both together, it is in the case of one who has his eyes open to the fact of sin. A quick, impulsive, unexpected passion sweeps away the reason of a man, and down he falls into some black, shameful sin. He has encountered dis-grace. At the least, he has come into that In the presence of the pitiable state in which he is despised by his own conscience. He has often said, follow-ing the service book, that he was a miser-able sinner. Now he says that over again and means it. That is what he is—a miser-able sinner. And what has a miserable sinner to do with a righteous God? What part or lot has he in any future happiness of

the saints? The man is lost. THE GREATEST POSSIBLE LOSS. That is something quite different from losing money. This man has lost his soul. Where now shall he look for consolation? Never man needed it more. Will philosophy console him? You know what sort of consolation philosophy gives in such a case: philosophy says, you are a fool. You have sown and you shall reap. There is no have sown and you shall reap. There is no love, no hope, no reconciliation with God, no offer of forgiveness, in any of the ethical philosophies. They are all intended for well-behaved people.

That, however, is an extreme case. The majority of people do not lie—a great deal,

nor steal-a great deal, nor drink-a great deal, nor offend God in any way. They do not get away down into the depths. But it happens sometimes in the life of every-body who learns the real meaning of religion, that there dawns upon the soul a great, strong consciousness of sin. The ideal life is set before a man; thus and thus must be live whom God loves; and the man looks at himself. And he sees sin. He sees that by temperament, by natural dis-position, that is, by nature, he is undevout, inprayerful, eareless of spiritual things, selfish, far removed, very far removed, from the kind of life that God loves. And he reads how without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and he realizes that in him dwelleth no good thing.

PHILOSOPHY OFFERS NO PARDON. And death is coming, and judgment after And death is coming, and judgment after it, and this man must stand before the righteous God; and what shall he say? "Miserable man that I am," he cries, as a better man than he cried before him, "who shall deliver me from this dead body," from this perpetually besetting sin? And has philosophy any answer to make here, any way of converting this man, of giving nim a new heart, and a new hope, of bringing him near to God, and setting him at peace? There is no such word in all the philosophies as pardon, no such fact as philosophies as pardon, no such fact as atonement, no taking away of the sin of the world. "O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, have mere; upon us!" That is the only prayer that has pardon and peace for an answer. There is no consolation for the sinner except the

consolation of religion.

People think sometimes that they can get along without religion. Philosophy is just as good, and even better. So long as there are lecture rooms and music halls and Court Houses there is no great need of churches. Books and the reviews will take the place of sermons.

WHEN A DARK CLOUD COMES. But there comes an hour in every human life when there is a sudden end to all illusion and the soul looks straight into reality.
Out from the depths of some great darkness of pain, of death, of sin, the soul cries for consolation, prays for light. What a man wants then is to know if there is a Father in heaven or not, a meeting again after death or not, a Savior from sin or not. He doesn't want any guess about it; he doesn't want any philosophical speculation and conjecture about it; he wants somebody who knows to tell him, so that he can know.

of religion. GEORGE HODGES Chemically Pure Sugar.

There is only one refinery in all the world which makes absolutely pure sugar. "This manufactory is in Germany, and it supplies chemists and druggists with sugar for solutions which must be unclouded. This chemically pure article would not find much sale for table use, as it is a dirty, grayish white in appearance. When dissolved it white in appearance. When dissolved it gives a perfectly clear solution, there being no artificial coloring matter in suspens