

THE FREE LANCE.

*"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance
thrusteth sure."*

Vol. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 6.

THE ROUND OF DAILY LIFE.

How swiftly pass the hours of day,
The morning dawn, the rising sun,
Breakfast is o'er, a task begun.

A little toil, a brief respite;
The task renewed, more toil, more pain,
Time flies, and ere we are aware
The night comes stealing swiftly on.

The day is done, the toil is o'er,
We leave the uncompleted task
In sorrow that we failed to do
As we had planned, and find at last
So little done for all our pain.

Then wearily we seek our cot,
To find relief from care in sleep,
To rest in sweet oblivion,
To sleep and rest, and mayhap dream.

C., '00.

ANTHRACITE COAL WASTE.

THE methods employed in mining anthracite coal have been, for sometime, of such a nature as to cause a large percent of the coal to be thrown aside as waste. As is well known by everyone, the coal, on being taken from the mine is passed through a breaking maching, attached