

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

Sing a song of sunrise:

First a feeble gleam,
Glowing bright and brighter,
Spreading, soft and slow,
Upward and to westward,
Making stars look dim,
Rousing thrush and robin
To their matin hymn.

Sing a song of sunset:

Long the shadows lie,
Stretching out to eastward,
While the western sky
Dons a golden radiance,
Deepening into red,
As the sun, low sinking,
Slowly seeks his bed.

"ROBBING THE PILLARS."

A Peril of the Coal Mines.

By WALTER FENTON.

When a coal mine is being worked into the night, into the driving storm. The wife pressed her face against the pane, and strove to pierce the gloom, and after a mine is "worked out" these pillars are minded away. The operation of removing them is technically called "robbing the pillars," and it is the most dangerous work known to the miner; for the roof caves in as the sustaining columns are removed, not infrequently burying the miner forever beneath a mountain of rock and earth. With this brief explanation of our title we will proceed to narrate an incident of a thrilling nature that occurred not long ago in a Pennsylvania coal mine.

The night is bitterly cold, and the stinging north wind howls and whistles about a miner's hut in the Pennsylvania coal regions. Ever and anon a violent gust drives the drifting snow beneath the door, and through the many crevices of the rudely constructed cot, and each wild blast seems to shriek in the ears of those within that abode of poverty the dread words: "Famine! famine! famine!"

A man and woman are crouching beside a smoldering fire, and in a cradle between them an infant is sleeping. Hunger and want have stamped their dreadful signs upon them. Their faces are thin and pale, their eyes are hollow, and the wolfish glare of starvation flashes in their glance. The man's head has sunk upon his breast, and his attitude is that of sullen despair; his long, slender fingers, which he extends over the fire, work nervously, and a dark frown rests upon his brow.

The woman rocks the cradle, and in a weak, plaintive voice chants a nursery hymn; while, with a look of agony and yearning such as only the devoted mother can bestow, she gazes upon the skeleton face of her starving child.

The infant awakes from its troubled sleep, and its cry of hunger breaks upon that poor mother's ears, and wrings her heart with anguish for she has no food to give it. Mechanically she takes the baby to her breast, and strives to give it the nourishment for want of which it is perishing, but the fount is dry, and the little one looks up into its mother's face with piteous, wondering eyes. Then that mother's fortitude gives way, and she sobs aloud in a despairing burst of awful grief, while to her breaking heart she clasps the famishing babe.

In silence the man has looked upon the heartrending scene, but all the sacred emotions of the husband and of the father are stirred within his breast. Can he calmly look upon the awful grief of the woman? No, he springs to his feet, and standing erect, he smites his clinched hand upon his breast, and fiercely cries:

"By Heavens, I will have food for you this night! The good God never made man to starve in this land of plenty if he is willing to work. I am going forth to seek food, and I'll get it. Yes, I'll get it, and if in no other way than I will steal it! I am desperate; I am a wolf now, and I would tear the throat of him who dares to come between me and the food I seek for my starving family!"

As he spoke he drew his thin and tattered clothing more closely about his emaciated form, and strode toward the door.

"Oh, John, John!" cried the woman, rising and following him. "Where are you going? What are you about to do? Stay, do not go forth into the storm tonight. Wait until morning comes."

"Wait! I tell you Mary, the babe is starving. No, no, I must go now."

"But, John, help may come tomorrow. I have written to my father. I have told him that I—that I and my babe are starving, and he will not—cannot refuse to help us now."

"Ah, Mary, when you became my wife he drove you from his home, disowned you, because I was poor. He wished you to become the bride of a wealthy man; he is a hard, a cruel father, and your hopes will prove groundless. Mary, I would work until I fell dead at my task, rather than accept his charity. But there is no work, the mines are idle, and day after day I have sought in vain for some labor by which I could earn our bread."

"Oh, my father does not aid us, then God help us! Oh, must my baby die?—must we starve?—must we starve?"

"No, no! By the God that made me, no! Food I'll have, if it costs my life to get it!" answered the man, and there was desperate energy in his wild words that told he was terribly in earnest.

He pressed a hurried kiss upon the brow of her who for love had given up a comfortable home to share his humble lot, and then he went forth

and he sets about the task of drilling a hole into a huge pillar of coal. He labors diligently, and when the "drill measure" tells him that the required depth is reached he puts the powder into the hole, and prepares to fire the "shot" that is to blast away the coal.

fuse that is to ignite the powder, and then hastens away to a safe distance to await the expected explosion.

One, two, three moments pass, and the explosion does not take place. The miner thinks the fuse must have gone out ere it reached the powder, but he waits a moment longer. He is no quite sure that the fuse has failed, and he returns to examine it. He is but few feet from it when there is a blinding flash, followed by a terrific explosion that seems to shake the earth to its foundation, and the same instant a mountainous mass of coal, rock and earth descends upon him. He is crushed to earth, but not killed outright, for a fallen prop that chanced to lie near where he fell supports the mass somewhat. He struggles desperately to free himself, but the effort is useless, for he is held down by a weight that no one could move. Air comes through the cracks about him, and he thanks God for that, for, with the blind infatuation that prompts the drowning man to catch at a straw, he yet hopes to be saved.

There seems little grounds for hope, and as the time drags on, and no rescuer comes to his aid a terrible despair takes possession of his heart.

"Oh, God!" he cries, "spare me, spare me for the sake of my helpless family!"

But no one comes, and he thinks that he is doomed to die alone in the darkness of that living grave.

The clock strikes six, and Mary, John Payne's wife looks anxiously forth from the window of their cot, hoping to see the welcome form of her husband returning from the mine, but sight of him does not gladden her eyes. A half hour passes, and the waiting wife begins to fear that some danger has come to the absent one. Another half hour is gone, and now the expected one is an hour late. For the last few moments the terrible fear that had arisen in the mind of the miner's wife has become almost a certainty.

At last she can wait no longer and throwing a shawl over her head she hastens to the neighboring hamlet and rouses a party of miners to go to the old North Mountain mine, to search for the missing one.

"Oh, hasten! hasten!" she cries, as she flees over the ground at the head of the rescue party. Love seemed to give her new strength, and speed. The mine was soon reached, and the very pillar beneath which John Payne had been buried was found. They saw that he had been at work here and they also saw that an extensive "cave in" had occurred. These men were experienced miners, and they shook their heads gravely when the almost frantic wife asked them if there was any hope.

"No, there is no hope for poor John Payne!" It would take days to remove that mass of coal and rock, and he would then be dead, as he no doubt now is, for I think he must have been instantly crushed," said an aged miner to a companion.

The work of removing the "fall" was commenced, and after a time the bereaved wife was induced to return to her babe. She had not gone far when a boy gave her a letter which had arrived but an hour before. She opened it, and found that it was from her father, and it contained a sum of money that seemed almost like wealth to her; but what was better, her father asked her forgiveness for his cruel conduct, and implored her to come with her husband, and cheer his declining years by making his home her own.

"Too late! too late! Oh, if John were only alive to share my joy! Oh, God! he is lost to me, and life is but sorrow now; no wealth can bring me happiness!" she exclaimed.

She had now reached her own cot, and had opened the door, when suddenly she reeled back and uttered the name:

"John!"

No pen can describe the thrilling joy, the heart and soul of gladness that she threw into that cry. The next moment she would have fallen fainting to the ground, but the strong arms of John Payne, alive and in the flesh, caught her to his breast. In a moment she recovered, kissed back to consciousness by the husband she mourned as dead.

How did he escape? How came he here? He had, as we have said, given up all hope of escape, when he felt the floor upon which he rested giving way, and in another moment he fell with a portion of the floor into a chamber of a lower avenue of the mine. He was somewhat bruised by the fall, but not seriously injured, and as there was a ready way of egress from the lower avenue, he soon made his way to the surface of the earth once more, and hastened to his home. At this precise time the rescue party were entering the upper level, and consequently they failed to meet.

Thus was the peril escaped and comfort and happiness came to the miner and his family, who was no longer compelled by a necessity to go "Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground, where no ray of sunshine ever can be found."

The Fattest Boy on Earth.

Willie Harris, the "fattest boy on earth," lives on a farm near Du Quoin, Ill. Willie is eighteen years old, five feet four inches high, weighs 598 pounds, measures seventy-one inches around the waist and sixty-seven around the chest. His thigh measurement is forty-four inches and calf measurement twenty-two inches. At birth Willie weighed but seven pounds. He has always been healthy. Willie is obliged to use two chairs. Collar buttons, neckties and handkerchiefs are the only ready-made things that Willie can buy for himself.

Rules for Arranging Flowers.

In arranging flowers for the table there are a few rules to follow: Group them loosely with plenty of delicate leaves as a groundwork and above all things have some regard for color in arrangement. Do not place together all sorts and conditions of blossoms. Simple, unpretentious jars are the most suitable as flower holders. Clear glass jars that show the stems to perfection are appropriate for wild roses. A flower centerpiece on a dining table should be kept so low that it will not interfere with the view across the table.

What He'd Get.

Big Sister (angrily): Do you know what you will get if you break that vase?"

Little Sister (interested in play-houses): The pieces.—Life.

FOR HER ANSWER.

He pressed her for her answer, She, sighing, looked away Across the fields of clover; 'Twas at the close of day. Beneath the leaves the crickets In eager tones and shrill Called: "Give it, give it, give it!" She hesitated still.

The streaks of red were fading Far in the Western sky; They stood beneath the maple. He checked the crickets cry: "Oh, give it, give it, give it!" Her cheek fell on his breast— He pressed her for her answer, And pressed and pressed and pressed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

JUST FOR FUN.



"Did she marry the young heir to the estate?" "No; she married the attorney."—Cleveland Leader.

Wife (looking up from paper)—What was Hobson's choice? Husband—Mrs. Hobson, I suppose.—New Yorker.

Fully understood—I doubt if you know the difference between grand opera and comic opera. Oh, but I do. Grand opera is comic.—Puck.

Willie—My father is a Chicago man. Waldo—How distressing it must be to have a parent who is unable to answer your questions.—Puck.

Chicago Man—Must boil your drinking water, don't you? Cincinnati Man—Yes; and after boiling it we drink milk.—Chicago Daily News.

"What is he going to call it?" "Portrait of a lady." "But it doesn't look like her at all!" "Then he might call it 'Portrait of Another Lady.'"—Life.

Miss Fytt—Which do you think is correct—"I would rather go home" or "I had rather go home?" Mr. Neversgo—Neither. "I'd rather stay here."—St. Paul Pioneer.

Teacher—I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you? Harry—Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it.—Boston Transcript.

The Doctor—You don't like traveling on the cars? Well, I enjoy it very much, except for the dust and cinders. The Professor—Cinders? Eye! There's the rub.—Chicago Tribune.

More Troublesome—It's pretty hard to be worried by a lot of debts you can't pay. Nonesense! That's nothing being worried by a lot of debts you simply have to pay.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Newlywed—John, I think baby has swallowed my pearl necklace. Mr. Newlywed—Gad! You seem to be determined to bring the young-one up with the tastes of a millionaire's child.—Judge.

Ragson Tatters—Say, boss, gimme the price of a meal. I'm nearly starved.—Stingiman—Can't do it, me poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toothpick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mack—Do you thing Emeline had a good time? Kate—I guess so. Mother and I took to our beds after she left, and she writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home.—Cincinnati Tribune.

His Friend—"You've been forging the name of a prominent individual, eh? Who is he? The Forger? Well, I'd rather not tell you. He's one of those well known men who prefer not to have their names used.—Puck.

Sweet Young Thing (in bathing suit)—Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water? Aunt M.—Indeed, I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I don't want to speak to you again about your reckless expenditure of money," said the stern parent. "All right, dad," replied the incorrigible youth. "Hereafter it will be up to you to hand out the coin and say nothing."—Chicago Daily News.

I da-I hear that Reginald's uncle left him a fortune. May—Yes; and I expect to derive much benefit from it. Ida—Indeed! Going to marry Reginald? May—No. I'm going to marry the attorney that settled up the estate.—Chicago Daily News.

The United States Government has placed an order with a monument firm here for the erection of 18 headstones, to be placed on the graves of veterans of the Civil War in Howe's, Easter and Mount Tabor Cemeteries, Connellsville.

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William H. Patterson, alias "Dude" Patterson, the negro charged with killing William Jackson, also colored, at Burgettstown Sunday, was captured at Burgettstown Sunday.

Jan Foyvstek, 24 years old, was killed by a Fairhandle train at McDonald. He was crossing the tracks and did not notice the train approaching.

Paul Juruc, Max Stander, Tony Delanki and Andy Teckle, trackmen at work on the section of the Pennsylvania railroad at Irwin, were run down by a train. Juruc, Stander and Delanki were killed.

Ground was broken for a \$100,000 sanitarium and hotel at Pulaski by Pittsburgh capitalists. Mineral water from the Pulaski springs will be piped to the sanitarium.

Mary Lattimore, 32 years old, of West Newton, was poisoned by eating tomatoes which had been cooked the second time, and died this morning.

Keystone State Collings

ENGINEER SCALDED TO DEATH.

Frank O'Neil, of Greenville Caught Under Engine and Dies in Hospital.

Frank O'Neil, of Greenville, was scalded to death in a smash-up on the Bessemer and Lake Erie railroad. The fourth section of freight train No. 35 stopped at the top of Filer hill near Pardoe, to set out a crippled car. In recouping the rear end was jarred loose and twelve cars of ore started down a 50-foot grade at high speed. The cars crashed into the fifth section coming up the hill. The first engineer and both firemen escaped by jumping. The second engineer, O'Neil, was caught in the wreckage and badly scalded. He was taken to Mercer hospital, but died in a short time.

Survivors of the Pittsburgh & Westmoreland railroad have been completed. The main line, from McKeesport to Irwin, will run through White Oak level after it leaves the former place, and through Stewartsville, Circleville, Jacksonville and to the Pittsburgh-Greensburg pike, near the borough line of Irwin. At this point a branch will run south through Harborton, Rillton, Madison Edna No. 2 and Herminie. The eastern extension from Irwin will run to Manor, and on through Claridge, Murraysville and Export.

Options covering 5,000 acres of coal land in the southwestern part of Indiana county were sold to Marcus Saxman, of Latrobe, who represents the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Saxman will secure rights to the coal underlying 45 farms at an average of \$40 an acre. The options were taken up by Bartley McIntire, a Jacksonville merchant, for \$200,000. The sale is the largest made in this county this year and means a new railroad in an entirely new field.

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The Rev. Dr. Henry Bain, for 25 years pastor of the Poke Run Presbyterian church, Washington township, Westmoreland county, preached his farewell sermon. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Snyder, pastor of the Emanuel Reformed church, Manordale, and the Rev. George D. Lindsay, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church.

A suit for \$10,000 for false arrest has been filed at Uniontown by Irvin Shipley, of Fairchance against Constables John Cooley and Frank Benson of Fairchance. The petition represents that Shipley's arrest was without cause, that the officers had no warrant and that he was acquitted by Justice Monteith.

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All the rights of way have been closed up for the trolley line between Washington and Library, which will be built by William Flinn of Pittsburgh and other capitalists. It was given out that \$20,000 has already been expended in preliminary surveys and for rights of way. It is estimated that the line will cost \$300,000.

The wire department of the American Steel & Wire company, South Sharon, will be started double turn. The plant has not worked full time for many months. It is expected that the wire nail department will also go on double turn in a few days. About 200 men are affected.

While working outside the walls of the Huntington reformatory J. Timmering, of Erie, murderously attacked Guard John Taylor with a black-jack beating him into insensibility. Taylor is seriously injured. The guard shot his fleeing assailant, who was returned to the institution.

Paquale and Domenico Finello, by their attorneys, have brought suit against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company for \$20,000 damages for the death of their son, Rev. Cathello Finello, the Connellsville Catholic priest, who was killed in the Laurel run wreck, December 26.

Joseph Smith, of Seconery Hill, Washington county, accidentally shot his son Charles while handling a \$8 caliber revolver. The boy was shot through the body and lived about an hour. Coroner W. H. Sipe was notified.

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The Potato Bug is the Limit.

It now appears according to the statement of the wise men in our Agricultural Department that there is no cannibalistic insect which Uncle Sam can produce or import that will devour potato bugs. There is a species of ant, indigenous to Guatemala, which will eat any bug in South America. Colonies of these ants were imported and set to work defending Texas cotton plants from the attacks of the boll weevil. They have done fairly well in respect to the weevils, but have not given entire satisfaction. Next to the boll weevil the potato bug is the greatest enemy of the Southern farmer. The experts in Washington decided to put the Guatemalan ant on the trail of the insect which plays havoc with the grower's potato patch. The ant came and saw, but didn't conquer the potato bug. For reasons best known to himself he declined to give rein to his cannibalistic propensities. The Agricultural Department tancy is that any insect which a Guatemalan ant will not devour must be "pretty tough eating." Agriculturalists who have potato patches must get rid of the bugs by the old-fashioned method.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great New Discovery. Write for circular to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 A. S. S. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who first made steel pens got \$1 apiece for them.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Avenue, N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

One-tenth of the world is still unexplored.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when TURNAM'S FADELESS DYES are used.

Tobacco exports are decreasing.

A Campaign Curiosity.

These are the times when certain kinds of American citizens quit fifty-dollar-a-month jobs to bleed \$10 out of the campaign committee.—Los Angeles Times.

China's Medical School.

The Dowager Empress of China has given a sum of money for the establishment of an institution for teaching medicine, the management to be confided to the missionaries.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Curey for the last 35 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WATER & THAYER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His Just Deserts.

A Chicago railway ticket scaler was sent to serve eighteen months in the House of Correction for fraudulently representing himself to be a clergyman to obtain half-rate tickets.

Criminals Marked Forever.

The Bertillon system of measurement, with its accompaniment of photographs, seems to be firmly fixed as the surest method of identifying criminals who have once been in the hands of the law. Out of the hundreds of cases which the New York police department handles every year in which this system has been called into play, it has not failed once. Under this system the following measurements are taken: Head, two measurements, length and width; foot, length of left foot only; ear, length of right ear only; forearm, length of left forearm only—elbow to large finger ends; fingers, length of large finger and small finger, left hand only; arms, outstretched, or reach; height, in bare feet; trunk, length of body from seat to top of head; cheekbones, width. By securing the above measurements of an individual, together with an accurate description of the features, nose, forehead, chin, etc., color of the hair and eyes and the exact location, size and description of marks and scars, a criminal's record can be filed in such a manner that he cannot escape identification at any future time.

Take a tunning fork of large size and set it vibrating, and one in the same key across the room will soon give out the same sound.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Martine, of Colorado Springs, began to Fear the Worst—Doan's Kidney Pills Saved Her.

Mrs. Sarah Martine, of 428 St. Uraln street, Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrie Club, writes:

"I suffered for three years with severe back ache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found that it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would never get well.

A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

