

**"BRAVE LOVE!"**

He'd nothing but his violin.  
 But we were wed when skies were blue  
 And summer days were long  
 And when we rested by the hedge  
 The robins came and told  
 How they had dared to woo and win  
 When early spring was cold  
 We sometimes supped on dewberries  
 Or slept among the hay.  
 But off the farmers' wives at eve  
 Came out to hear us play  
 The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes;  
 We could not starve for long,  
 While my man had his violin  
 And I my sweet love song.  
 The world has aye gone well with us,  
 Old man, since we were one.  
 Our homeless wandering down the lanes—  
 It long ago was done.  
 But those who wait for gold or gear,  
 For houses and for kine,  
 Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and  
 And love and beauty twine,  
 Will never know the joy of hearts  
 That met without a fear,  
 When you had but your violin  
 And I a song, my dear.

—Mary Kyle Dallas.

**ANCE TRY TO ORDER.**

BY CECIL CHARLES.



**PETER WOOD**  
 Peter's earliest recollection was of an unpainted story and a half cottage on a side street of a country town in Central New York State. There he lived with his mother and father—and the baby brother that died—until he was twelve years old. His father kept a grocery, also was superintendent of the Mission Sunday-school held every Sunday afternoon in the mission chapel on the outskirts of the town, where all the rolling-mill employees lived. Peter's father was a delicate-looking man, with long side whiskers, and, generally speaking, a pious tone of voice. His mother was more robust. She wore a black lace bonnet with purple flowers, a water-fall—it was then at the beginning of the seventies—and taught a class of boys in the same Sunday-school—Peter, of course, being in the class. They were a good family; thoroughly well respected in the town and fairly prosperous. Groceries are necessities; Mr. Woodburn provided for a good class of patrons. He owned his home and had a modest bank account. He believed in education and Peter was kept close at his books. Peter did not dislike his books; he was fond of reading. He studied well and passed high examinations. From the public schools he went into the Academy and got a taste of mathematics and higher classics. He had a great notion, too, for modern languages and his parents fostered it. An old professor took him in hand and found him an apt pupil. When Peter was seventeen he was thought so much of by the Young Men's Christian Association that they made him librarian at their library, to his infinite joy. It was a well-selected library and Peter read and read omnivorously. When he was nineteen his father died. Peter and his mother were alone in the world. She was an amiable, middle-aged soul—very proud of her boy and very content with him. He was quiet, studious, industrious. He spent his evenings at home with her, and read aloud a great deal. Of course, he frequently read fiction—generally English novels of higher class English life. Often he would discuss what he read with his mother. Once he laid down his book with a sigh, and said almost sadly: "Oh, mother, how delightful it must be to live in an old, old house, where your grandfather and great-grandfather have lived before you. It must be delightful to trace away back in your ancestry and know who they all were. We can't do that in America. For instance, mother, you don't know much about your great-grandfather, do you, now?"  
 The good woman shook her head. "No—that is, well, I don't know about all of them. You see I had two grandfathers—and—yes, I guess I must have had four great-grandfathers. But about as far as I can go is my grandfather on my mother's side—that's your great-grandfather; he lived down to Middle Forks and was a cobbler. But he was a real good man; read his Bible all the time he worked."  
 Peter drew another deep sigh. "I'll go on reading the next chapter, now, I think," he said, for his mother's recollections were not to his taste.  
 Another time he tried to find out something about his father's ancestors. But of these his mother could tell him little, except that his father, like herself, had been orphaned at a rather early age. There was an uncle of his father's out in California—might be very rich by this time, but she didn't know.  
 With another sigh Peter gave up trying to investigate. He simply went on conducting his father's business and laying aside a little money, and patronizing the library where he was still librarian during certain hours of the day—such as he could best spare from the grocery.  
 When he was lacking just a few days of coming of age, he had the great misfortune to lose his mother. He knew it was a great, an irreparable misfortune. He was now alone in the world; his best friend was gone forever. He felt a great deal of grief in a quiet way. He shut up the little house and went to live at the hotel. He hardly knew what he meant to do; it seemed to him that nothing now bound him to his native town. At the

hotel he became acquainted with a gentleman who was going out West and talked glowingly of chances out there for a young man. Peter became interested and soon made up his mind to go along. Within a fortnight's time he had sold his grocery and his home, drawn his bank balance and put the money in such safe shape that he could get at it at any moment. Then he went West.  
 Sober, steady, industrious and well-informed, Peter Woodburn prospered beyond his expectations. At thirty he was very well off—very well off for a young man. He had mining properties and other property; a home in Denver, a first-rate name. He had everything man could desire—except, of course, a wife. He had always been too busy to fall in love, it seemed. And his ideas of women were very excellent, chivalrous ones, derived from the excellent English fiction he had read.  
 As he came into his thirty-first year it began to dawn upon him that a man should have a good wife and settle down to family life some time or other.  
 With this idea in his head he came East—it was June—and went to stay at a delightful and fashionable watering place on the Jersey coast. Eligible men were not plenty that year, and Mr. Woodburn—he always registered as Mr. P. D. Woodburn, for it seemed to him that Peter was not exactly an American name and that Pierce was very much more musical and quite as easily written—and he had heard his mother say that his father's mother's maiden name was Delamater—Mr. Woodburn was very much in demand. He was a tall, blue-looking fellow and reported very rich.  
 The girl that most attracted him, and there were very many fine girls there, was a Miss Ruth Brett, of Philadelphia. She was tall, slender, graceful in dancing and swimming, charmingly well bred, according to Peter's notions—acquired from his novel reading—modest and dutiful, yet not simpering. Peter soon had fallen head over ears in love with Ruth Brett.  
 There was no opposition. Mrs. Brett gave cordial verbal consent and blessing; Mr. Brett wrote his approval—and Peter was in a sort of paradise.  
 And yet, underneath it all was a sort of gnawing apprehension of the possibility of the Bretts at some time demanding the history of his ancestry. Were they not Philadelphia folks? And was that not the terrible—the crucial test? Who was your grandfather? Was it not strange they had not already insisted on knowing?  
 The more he thought of it the more he lay awake nights. At length he could no longer endure the strain. He must be prepared for any emergency. The idea came to him one night that if one must make oneself, one might as well make one's ancestry. There could be no great particular harm in it, seeing that it was only to be used as a matter of reference.  
 The next morning he took pencil and paper and prepared a book of lineage. The only names he knew, Clinton and Morris on his mother's side, Woodburn and Delamater on his father's, were excellent. What he did know he told no lies about; what he did not know might have been true as easy as not—for all he knew. To be sure he purposely forgot to mention the great-grandfather shoemaker who read his Bible constantly while cobbling. His father, George Washburn, he made descend gracefully from Puritan gentilefolk through a gentlemanly line of New England farmers to emerge a "merchant"—he did not say "grocer." His mother, also from English stock, with just a slight drop of Huguenot blood, to account for preferring the name Pierre.  
 When, after several mornings' work, Mr. Woodburn had completed this ancestry in pencil mark, he very naturally knew it pretty well by heart.  
 There were blank pages in his family Bible—apart from those where the entry of his parents' marriage was made and that of his birth and his brother's. Upon these pages he copied carefully in pale, old-fashioned ink the precious lineage he had labored so hard to construct.  
 Days passed. At the proper time the subject was brought up of family, and Mr. Woodburn casually mentioned his ancestral record in the old Bible, and after some persuasion gave it to his betrothed for perusal.  
 The effect was excellent. The Bretts regarded him with new veneration—at least the parents did. As for Ruth, it seemed not to make so much difference.  
 But some few days later something else transpired. A letter, forwarded from Denver, came to Peter Woodburn with news that his father's uncle, the one his mother had once told him of, had discovered that his grandnephew was a fine, prosperous fellow. The old man, Delamater, was coming East and wanted to meet Peter. Of course Peter was glad to hear from the old man, who, it seemed, was an old bachelor and well off.  
 In due time old Mr. William Delamater came East and put up at the same seaside hotel and, of course, was presented to the Bretts. Peter had taken pains to meet him in New York and see what he was like in advance. The old man had passed muster very creditably. He had lived in San Francisco and had very good ways, dressed well and was not ungrammatical by any means.  
 He took a great fancy to Ruth Brett and they became great friends. The old man was a capital story teller and used to entertain Ruth's mamma for hours down at the beach while Ruth bathed or promenaded. One might almost have supposed that Peter would take certain precautions in the matter of a hint to his grand-uncle as to the matter of "family" and Philadelphia prejudices. But Peter omitted this. And so the mischief was wrought.

They had gone down to the beach one morning and found there was no bathing. It was very rough. Mrs. Brett had ensconced herself in her beach chair, old Mr. Delamater had made himself comfortable at her side, Ruth was loitering about, and Peter Woodburn was some distance away smoking and looking out at the ocean. Suddenly Peter saw flying toward him his fiancée.  
 "Pierre, Pierre, quick," she whispered. "Quick, take your uncle away!" She was white and scared looking.  
 "What's the matter?" he asked.  
 "Oh, I—I'll tell you later. Only take him away—quick!"  
 Peter strode over to the old man.  
 "Uncle, quick, come along; there's the queerest looking thing down there—hardly ask the ladies to go just yet—there's such a crowd. Quick, uncle." And he dragged him away.  
 "Uncle, for Heaven's sake, what were you talking about to Mrs. Brett?"  
 "Talking about? Why nothing in the world—let's see. O, yes, she began to talk about her ancestors and asked me if I wasn't proud of mine—the old Puritan and the—the what'd she call 'em? And blamed if I know what she'd got in her head." And then she said—"Oh, well, you are one of those independent Americans that would prefer to be considered self-made. But your nephew, Mr. Woodburn, seemed to feel a genuine pride in being well born. I think it so admirable—his keeping that old family Bible and being able to go back generations. I certainly do approve it; and I up and says, 'Great Scott! You don't mean to say you put any credit in that balderdash—why, he just probably made that up to suit himself. Why, on his mother's side, now, they were just ordinary shoemakers and grocers and farmers and—just then Miss Ruth began to tell me you wanted me and—Good Gracious, Peter, you're as pale as a sheet! What's the matter?'  
 "Nothing, uncle; only I guess you've just ruined all the happiness of my life. Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut; that's all. Now, for pity's sake, keep away from the Bretts."  
 He turned and strode away, hardly knowing where he went until he saw Ruth coming to intercept him.  
 One look into her eyes reassured him; they were shining almost merrily.  
 "Oh, Pierre!" she cried, with a little laugh, "what an escape!"  
 "What do you mean, Ruth?"  
 "Why, your uncle was just giving you away for all he was worth. I have to laugh. He says you made up all your ancestry."  
 "And—Ruth—you—you couldn't forgive me if I did such a thing?" Woodburn's voice shook.  
 "Bless your old heart, Pierre! Listen; anyone around to hear? Why, you know mamma's father was just a plain dry-goods-store man—in—in Camden. But don't tell. Only just make your uncle hold his tongue."  
 "Then everything is all right?" The color leaped back into Peter's cheeks.  
 "Why, of course. Wasn't mamma cute? That's the real Yankee word. She pretended not to have heard anything he said. All she remarked was: 'Dear me! The old gentleman is always most garrulous when the wind blows away from me, and I can't catch anything he says. It's quite too bad!'"  
 Peter Woodburn burst out laughing. Ruth laughed with him. "Let's go back and sit by mamma," she said.  
 —New York Mercury.

**Pump Shotguns For Robbers.**  
 Messengers and guards for the United States Express Company are being furnished with rapid-fire repeating shotguns with which to guard the property in their charge. Beside the bullet and bomb proof doors to the express cars and the burglar-proof safes, which cannot be opened even by the messengers, train robbers will find guards and messengers supplied with these guns in addition to the revolvers they have always carried and ready and willing to engage in a shooting scrap at short range.  
 To ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, President of the United States Express Company, is due the adoption of the repeating shotgun. He has been experimenting for some time with guns of various makes, and perhaps he would yet have been undecided as to what make was best for the purpose, but a practical demonstration of the value of one gun was made when one Devery, a would-be-robber, drew a pistol on Guard Bell in the Washington depot. Bell had a Winchester "pump" shotgun with six cartridges in it, and he fired twelve large-sized buckshot into the person of Devery, and he was carried to a hospital to have his wounds dressed. The attending physician expressed surprise at the wounds, and said that at forty yards a man would be riddled with the discharge from it.—Detroit Free Press.

**Internal Temperature of Trees.**  
 The internal temperature of trees has been observed for some time past by M. Prinz, of Uccle, in Belgium, who finds their mean annual temperature at the heart of the trunk the same as that of the air, but the mean monthly temperature of the trees sometimes differs from the latter by two or three degrees centigrade. On certain days the difference in question may be as much as ten degrees centigrade. In very cold weather the internal temperature falls to a few tenths of a degree below the freezing point, and then remains stationary. In very hot weather the temperature of the tree stays at fifteen degrees centigrade or thereabout. A large tree is, therefore, cooler in hot weather and warmer in cold weather than the air.—London Globe.

**COAL MINERS.**

**SCENES OF DISTRESS IN THE ANTHRACITE REGIONS.**

**Dread Forms the Chief Food of Those Who Drove for "Black Diamonds"—Seven Ages of a Miner's Life.**

**M**AED times have often been felt in the mining regions, but never before, says a Wilkesbarre (Penn.) letter to the New York World, has starvation been so near as now. Employers can give the men no hope of improvement for at least five months to come. How to support a large family on \$10 or \$15 a month is a problem in economy so difficult that this miner, experienced as he is in such a necessity, has almost given up trying.  
 The condition of affairs in the Wyoming Valley may be taken as an example of the destitution that also prevails in the other two anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania—the Schuylkill and the Lehigh. Wyoming is greater than both, its mines are more prosperous, its output much larger and its miners double in number, but from Carbonate to Schuylkill not one of the hundreds of mines is being worked more than two days a week, and some have closed entirely. In this valley are 50,000 men employed in and about the mines. Nine-tenths of them have families to support. The highest wages made by first-class miners during January was \$25. A very large majority received less than \$15. For February the figures are even lower.  
 Such an amount of money is sufficient to keep a single man in comfort, but it must be remembered miners' families are invariably large, and the household without small children is an exception. The question of children is a serious one in mining regions, and has often been the subject of discussion among operators and company managers. Poverty and children seem to increase in the same ratio. "It is not a matter to be considered lightly or humorously," said the manager of a large company to the World correspondent. "Miners' families are growing constantly, and at a time when the parents can ill afford to feed more mouths. Every accident leaves a host of helpless children, who become subjects of charity. Raising a family of six or more keeps the father constantly in debt and creates a home in which there is the direst poverty. The miner argues his sons will keep him in old age, but the young men soon marry and have all they can do to support themselves. The subject is a most serious one for mining communities."  
 Bread is now the chief food in the majority of miners' homes. In some it is already the only article, and the number is increasing daily. "There is many a family in the valley where the bill of fare is dry bread for breakfast, dry bread for dinner and dry bread for supper." This was the statement of a mine worker who knew by sad experience that it was true. "The miner is poorer to-day than I ever knew him to be before. Out of his pittance of wages must first come \$5 to \$12 for house rent, and then see what is left for the family to live on—\$10 a month, or thirty-three cents a day, to feed and clothe six or more persons. This is what hundreds have been existing on for two months."  
 During 1893 there was an average of 180 working days in the mines, or a little more than half time. The first month of 1894 the mines averaged about eight days; the second not so much. The question of wages is little heard of any more. Now it is a question of work. Yet it took years of conflict and agitation before wages were adjusted to their present basis. The following list, taken from the

Miners, first class	2 25
Miners, second class	2 17
Miners laborers	2 15 to 2 25
Timbermen	3 17 to 3 25
Track cleaners	3 40 to 1 75
Riggers and drivers	1 69 to 1 98
Patchers	1 00 to 1 25
Door boys	75 to 1 00
Plane footmen	1 10 to 1 25
Boiler engineers	2 25
Carpenters' helpers	1 69 to 1 98
Masons	2 00

From the list it might be imagined the mine-worker was in prosperous circumstances compared to many other trades, but the difference appears when it is found that eight days a month is the average time worked. Not one man in the whole list made over \$20 during January, and many of them are of considerable education and experts in their work.  
 Despite their almost desperate condition, hardly a word of denunciation of employers and the rich is heard. There are no strikes, no meetings of unemployed, no agitators and no labor organization. This change in a region, once the very centre of such



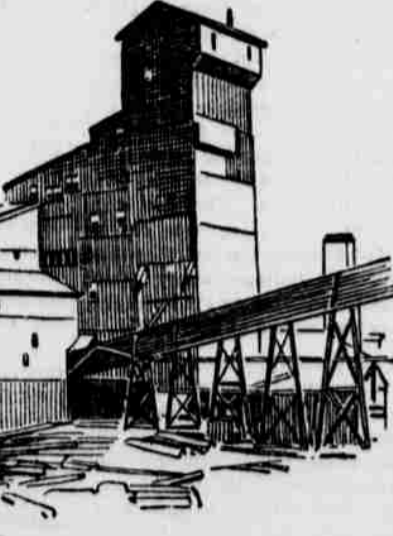
A MINE CABIN OCCUPIED BY EIGHT PEOPLE.

discontent, is most remarkable and is accounted for in two ways. The operators say the men are more intelligent and read the newspapers. The men say: "We have had enough experience with such things." Therefore, in this present stringency, there is no complaint, because the men recognize as well as the operators the causes, which are very different from those which affect other business.  
 The total product of the anthracite mines for 1893 was 43,000,000 tons, of which Wyoming Valley put out 25,000,000 tons. At the end of the year, when the entire product should have been sold and the mines worked full time to supply the demand, there remained on hand 5,000,000 tons of coal. The mines closed at once. Adding to the prevailing dullness of trade came the warmest winter known in years. There was no sale whatever for coal. Ninety-five per cent. of the



HOME OF FOURTEEN MEN AND ONE WOMAN.

anthracite coal is consumed in household stoves and furnaces, and the weather has an immediate effect on trade. So while warm weather has proved a blessing to the city poor, it has taken away the work of many thousands of men in Pennsylvania. Weather is the cause of three-fourths of the destitution. The price of coal at the mine is seventy-five cents lower per ton than for several years past, although retailers hold to the same old lofty figures and make greater profit. This causes a most decided disinclination on the part of the opera-



AN IDLE COAL BREAKER.

tors to mine much coal. Not until late shipments to the Northwest commence, about July 1, will there be an improvement in the anthracite regions. As the weather continues to get warmer there will be less work than at present, and the miner will have to exist in some way on nothing.  
 The mining companies are doing as much as possible to alleviate the distress. Effort is made to give all the men a little work each week. Mines are worked when it would be more profitable to shut down. All kinds of necessary improvements are put under way. New shafts are sunk, tunnels driven and gangways opened. This furnishes employment for part of the men all of the time, and the most deserving are chosen. The Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Company, which usually employs 15,000 men, is able to keep 1200 on these improvements. The widows and orphans are cared for and special cases of destitution are relieved. Coal is supplied free and house rent is

allowed to lapse. Some of the larger companies build many houses for their employes to live in, and the collection of rent for these is deferred until more prosperous times. Companies that have general stores extend long-time credit to the men, and in this way food is obtained. As a rule, the miner is honest and pays when he can. Public charity, however, is not organized, and destitution has been so common for years that little notice is taken of it.  
 The seven ages of man in the mining region are successive periods of privation, danger and hard work. The miner begins and ends his days in the breaker picking slate. First, as the boy, he enters the breaker. Then he aspires to tend door in the mine, carry a whip and chew tobacco. Next he becomes a mule driver and learns to swear. As a miner's laborer next he loads the coal his employer digs. Then he reaches the summit of his ambition and is a full-fledged miner. As old age comes on and he gets too feeble to handle the pick, he goes back to the breaker, where fifty years before he commenced life full of ambition and strength.  
 In every breaker in the valley, boys and old men work side by side, and yet, despite the inevitable end which can be so plainly seen, there is never a lack of youngsters to fill every vacancy in the ranks.  
 The mine worker has characteristics that can be found in no other man. As the father grows old, the son takes his place, and the clans remain together, until they gain a kind of proprietorship over the company in whose employ the families have long been. The past five years have, however, been marked by the beginning of great changes in the old ways. The son no longer thinks his father's place high enough. The mine has no attraction for the young man, and he becomes a clerk or a student. Very few of the rising generation at present will become miners.  
 Education and newspapers are largely responsible for the change. At Scranton the miners have a philosophical debating society. All of the members read one or more newspapers and keep posted on public affairs. Fraternity and honesty are the two most noticeable traits in the miners. Credit is given by merchants for the asking. The Welsh, who predominate, possess these characteristics to a marked degree, and their influence has pervaded the whole region. With such a class of men the suffering of poverty seems more acute. They starve with the submission to philosophers.  
 This new order of things has three most remarkable results—the decline of lawlessness, the extinction of labor organizations and the exodus of Huns, Poles, Bohemians and Slovaks. The Mollie McGuire, once the terror of the mining regions, are no longer known. The reign of murder and assassination has completely ended. Crimes are few and life is safe anywhere along the lonely mountain roads. Only a few years ago it was an almost uncommon occurrence to find a superintendent or disliked boss lying dead in the road, and mysterious disappearances were frequently reported. The radical change to the present quiet and orderly state is a most astonishing one to those who knew the mining regions in their former days of lawlessness.  
 A strange exodus from the anthracite mining regions, especially the Wyoming Valley, is the emigration of Huns, Poles, Bohemians, Slovaks and Finns. They formerly swarmed into the mines and were employed in large numbers by the operators for very low wages. They were put in places of experienced men, but were soon found to be a most costly experiment. By ignorance and carelessness they caused many accidents that proved expensive to the operators. The old workmen allied against them, the companies found it more profitable without them and suddenly the tide of immigration ceased and an exodus commenced. The foreigners moved in large numbers to Western Pennsylvania to work in mills and soft coal mines. Those who remained in the anthracite regions are employed for the cheaper class of labor, and form now but a small portion of the mineworkers.  
 Many improvements have been made in mining methods. Strict laws governing ventilation and safety appliances are in force, but there still remains one great permissible crime—robbing pillars. It is a question of engineering judgment in which science is often overpowered by corporation greed. Weak mines are numerous in the valley, and the most dangerous of all are the abandoned workings that have been robbed of every pound they would stand. When they cave, death and destruction are spread to the working veins. This was the case in the Gaylord mine, at Plymouth. Years of natural chipping and wearing away of pillars left barely strong enough to hold up the roof finally caused this to collapse and nearly ruined the whole mine, costing thirteen lives.  
 Mammoth does only a cash business.