

IN THE STEEL MILLS.

A WORKMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST DAY AT HOMESTEAD.

Awed by the deafening noise and roaring flames and blistered by the terrible heat—The Fate of One Poor Man—Tossed With Aching Bones at Night.

When I went to the superintendent and asked for work, he said, "What can you do?"

"Anything. I am large, strong, active and willing. I have been about machinery all my life and want work badly."

He touched a button, and a boy appeared. "Show this man down to the converting mill and ask Fred if he can do anything for him. Good morning!" he said, and my interview was over.

I put on my new overalls and jumper and followed my guide down through the mills. We made our way through piles of stock, raw material, rolls, etc., and came at last to the huge converting mill. The superintendent was found and the work delivered. He glanced at me a moment; then said, not unkindly, "You look good and strong. Jump in and help those fellows there on those vessels."

I hardly knew what he meant, but through the smoke and steam I saw some men beneath one of the vessels, or converters, working with sledges and bars to get the bottom off. The mill, with its ponderous and massive cranes, the immense vessels all covered with black scale and soot, the flying sparks, the roaring flames, the lights coming and going, the air filled with steam and smoke, and, finally, the shrill and deafening noise, awed, confused and even disconcerted me more than I should have liked to acknowledge.

I seized a sledge lying near and jumped in. We at last got out the "keys," as they call the wedges which hold the converter together, and by the help of a hydraulic ram took the bottom off. This left a white hot opening 8 feet in diameter and about 6 feet from the ground, under which we must work. It seemed to me as though the skin on my neck and hands would burst with the heat. My clothes even steamed and smoked. How I wished I had been anywhere under the sun—good old Sol—rather than under this fiendishly hot sun hanging so very near us!

When we had the new bottom on, we went up to the platform above the converters and drove the keys home more securely and stopped any small hole there might be with "ball stuff."

A shrieking engine passed by me and swiftly poured into the converter a "heat" of iron. Then the blast was turned on, and a cloud of yellow and saffron flame, mixed with sparks and small particles of metal, rushed out of the mouth of the converter into the air. One of the men caught me by the arm and pulled me away just in time to save me from being seriously burned, for I was not expecting the flame.

By noon I was so tired I could hardly stand, but I stuck to it for all I was worth. During the afternoon I frequently fell down because my knees were too weak to hold me up. My hands were burned and blistered, and my new overalls were filled with holes burned by flying sparks. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while working under the platform, I was startled to see a stream of red fire run over the edge of the platform and strike in the midst of some workmen. As it touched the wet ground it exploded with a report like that of a cannon. The molten metal flew in every direction. Many workmen were burned more or less severely, and in the case of one poor fellow—it makes me sick still to think of it!—the steel came down directly on the head and back. We got him out of the steam and smoke and carefully and tenderly cut his burned clothing from him. As we placed him on the stretcher the burned flesh dropped from his bones.

When I was relieved at 6 o'clock, it seemed as if it would have been utterly impossible for me to live in that mill another hour. I dragged myself to my room and went to bed at once. All that night I tossed and turned my aching bones, trying to get into some position less painful than the last. I was tortured by a thousand grotesque fancies and by the picture of the poor fellow who was burned so badly. At last I got into an uneasy drowse, but I felt as if I had not been asleep a minute when my alarm clock announced to me that it was 4:45, and that I must get up to my 5:16 breakfast. Oh, the misery of that rising and going to the mill! Every bone and sinew seemed as if made of red-hot iron, and the joints as if rusted together.

It was a dark, foggy morning, I found, when, having desperately got up enough will power to dress, I tumbled out to my boarding house. The Pittsburgh smoke and fog are proverbial, but I really think that on that particular morning one might have cut tangible chunks out of the black, wet air. The board walks in Homestead are never in repair, and on the way to the mills I stumbled along through mud and stones, over boards and into holes, carrying in my hand my tin dinner bucket, which contained my midday meal.

On my first Sunday we relined the converter, and it became my duty to stand up in the inverted vessel and hand up the ball stuff and limestone with which to reline it. The vessel had been left to cool simply over night, and I suppose the temperature of the dry air inside of it stood at about 140 degrees. I worked as hard as I could, but near noon I fainted, for the first time in my life.

My experience at Homestead was the experience of the majority of workmen there.—"Homestead as Seen by One of Its Workmen" in McClure's Magazine.

The resurrection plant, a native of South Africa, becomes dry and apparently lifeless during drought, but opens its leaves and assumes all the appearance of life when rain falls.

SHE HAD HER WEIGHT.

It Was a Posthumous Triumph, but It Was Hers All the Same.

"When a woman makes her mind up to anything," said the man with the ginger beard, "they ain't no way of preventin' her from reachin' the end she aims at."

"Thouten she dies, of course," remarked the grocer.

"It does look to me," said the man with the ginger beard to the rash interrupter, "like you have the most natural gift of tellin' what you don't know every time you open your mouth of any man I ever knowed. I will admit," continued the man with the ginger beard as the grocer assumed a humbled expression, "that you are all right in the grocery business. Fact is, a man would have to be pretty smooth to make a livin' out of the kind o' stock you keep. Now, the time you explained the hair bein' in the butter because the butter wasn't strong enough to hold itself together without it was plumb good. Howsomever, it looks like rain, an' I can't waste no more time on you. Now, this here woman?"

"Which woman?"

"This here woman I was thinkin' of when I spoke was just like all the rest of 'em. When her mind was set, it was set. Pore thing, she had to die to git her own way, but she got it."

"Love affair?" asked the man from Potato creek, who had a romantic streak in his mental composition.

"Love affair nothin'. She was marrit to her third husband. They hadn't been marrit fer more'n a week, I guess, before the old man begins twittin' her cause she was so thin an' wonderin' why the Lord couldn't 'a' seen fit to make her weigh as much as his first wife."

"How much did the dear angel weigh?" she asked him kinder sarcasticlike one day when they had been jawin' a little more than common.

"Just exactly 155 pounds," says he.

"Well," says she, "I'm a-goin' to git to that weight if it takes me a hundred years."

"Howsomever, 'stead of gettin' any fatter she gits thinner an' thinner right along till at last she ups an' dies."

"Well," says the old man, "seems like she didn't git to that there weight she started fer after all. I guess she weighed nearer 55 than 155." But that's all he knewed about it. About two years after there was a boom in real estate, an' the old graveyard turnin' out to be pretty good town lots the folks had to move, this here woman among the rest. When they came to dig her up, she had patried."

"Patried, I suppose you mean," said the schoolteacher.

"Anyhow, I mean she had turned to rock. An' just fer curiosity they weighed her. Funny thing too. She come exactly to that there 155 pounds she allies said she'd git, an' they won't never nobody make me believe that she didn't know what she was doin' all the time."—Indianapolis Journal.

SHE WANTED HER PACKAGE.

And She Got It, Too, After Some Euphatic Explanations.

Judging from something that took place in one of the express offices, I am satisfied that all women don't acquire the faculty for scolding after they are married. A young woman who lives a long way out on Jefferson street came into one of the express company's offices with a postal card she had received from the company stating that a package was there for her. She presented the card and asked for the package. Then the trouble began. The agent first asked her where she expected the package from.

"Most anywhere," she replied.

"But that isn't satisfactory," said the agent. "Is there any place in particular you expect a package to be sent from?"

"Yes, a good many places in particular," she answered very sharply.

"Well, what is it you expect?" asked the agent.

"I expect a good many things," she retorted, banging the point of her umbrella down on the floor very sharply, "and, what's more, if there is a package here for me I want it."

"Excuse me," said the agent, with tantalizing coolness, "but our rules must be observed, and the rules are that persons unknown to us must be identified, and you must be identified before we can give you the package that this card calls for."

The girl's eyes snapped. She choked a few times, and then, punctuating every word with a sharp rap of her gloved fist on the desk, she said:

"Look here! My name—name—is— I'm—going—to—be—married—next—week—and—this—package—is—a—wedding—present—I—expect—many—more—but—I—want—this—one—and—I'm—going—to—have—it!"

The agent looked as though some strong man had struck him behind the ear.

"Yes, ma'am, you can have it," he said. "Sign your name right here," and he pushed the big book toward her without another word. He brought the package and handed it to her. She snatched it away from him spitefully and walked out as though she weighed more than the soldiers' monument.—Buffalo News.

The Outlook.

Aunt Maria—I think you and Mr. Mann ought to get along nicely together. You know you both like the same people.

Matilda—Yes, and, what is better, we hate the same people. Just think what nice long talks we shall have together.—Boston Transcript.

Two chemists of Hamburg, MM. Forster and Nijland, have published some studies on the cholera infection, from which it appears that soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

HE GOT INTO THE DIET

A MEMBER OF THE LIARS' CLUB HEARD TISZA'S LAST ADDRESS.

He Made a Bold Play and Carried His Point, and His Conscience Only Bothered Him When He Saw That He Would Be Successful in the Scheme.

The party was in conversation over its beer of all shades and all degrees of excellence, and tales had been told in several languages and of diverse degrees of trustworthiness when the Hungarian pounced upon an opportunity—he had his glass empty first—to tell for the hundredth time of the beauties of his native Budapest. The baths, the theaters, the bridge, the palaces, the music and the "incomparably beautiful women" had all been described, and Hungarian statements, from Kosuth to Kalmok, landed when a story teller interrupted with:

"Budapest may be all that you claim for it, but I'll never forget an experience I had there when I fooled some of its bigwigs. It was only a few years ago, when I stopped there for a rest on my way from Paris by the Oriental express to Constantinople. I noticed an unusual excitement at the Hotel Hungaria, and across the Danube, over the Schloss, floated the royal standard of Hungary as a sign that the king was there. You know the Hungarians never speak of Franz Josef as emperor, always as king."

"During the day I heard that the ministry would resign the next day, and that Premier Tisza would make his last address in parliament. Well, you can well imagine I wanted to be in at the death and set about to secure a ticket of admission to the diet hall. Those whom I asked simply laughed at me. Tickets were at a high premium, and some to whom I applied gave me a Hungarian look of withering contempt which made me only more anxious to get there."

"But the morrow came, and I saw the chances for a peep at the show growing exasperatingly less, when I suddenly felt myself possessed of an idea. I went to the house of parliament and after much inquiry learned that the librarian of the upper house, and he alone, could admit me, and I succeeded in seeing him. 'I'm surprised,' I said to him, 'that you have made no provision for the press at a time so important as this.' 'Press?' said he. 'Why, press tickets have been issued to all who are entitled to them, and if you have received none it's a mistake—an oversight.' He called a servant, said something in a jargon which I could not understand and made me a bow of dismissal. The man, who was dressed to go on in the chorus of the 'Beggars' Student' or the 'Black Hussar,' beckoned me to follow him, led me to an inner room, where he left me with a desk, two chairs and my guilty conscience. I began to wish myself back at the hotel, with its good wine, good music and fine view on the Danube. Visions of police investigation and an exposure, with possibly a term in a Hungarian jail, rose before me, for you know I had no more to do with newspaper business than I had with African exploration, when a clerk entered and with many a flirt and flutter proceeded to make out my credentials for admission to the press loge."

"He was a funny little man, this clerk, who labored under the hallucination that he could speak English, and he was further afflicted with that mild form of insanity which manifests itself in the dyed mustache. He took my name and pedigree, asked me whence I came and how long I proposed to remain in the city, and I answered all with that promptness and strict truthfulness which one acquires by years of association with the members of this club."

"Finally he put the poser, 'What is the name of your paper?' I thought with right that all great papers must be represented and feared that if I mentioned one of them I would be discovered and lost; so, thinking of the motto of the club, 'God loves a cheerful liar,' I said without a moment's hesitation, 'The North Adams Transcript.' He didn't just remember the name and had to ask as to the spelling several times while making out the documents by means of which I was to secure an admission card, but if he had pressed me after I saw that the bluff went I would have told him a circulation story which—well, which would not be in keeping with The Transcript's books."

"Well, I got into the press loge in time to hear Hungary's grand old man, Tisza, make the greatest speech of his life. Of course I could not understand his Hungarian, perfect as it no doubt was, but the enthusiasm which he aroused seemed contagious, and once during his talk, when a great shout of approval filled the chamber, women waved their handkerchiefs and fans, and members of the opposition even looked pleased. I caught myself applauding, but I quickly recalled the fact that I was there as The Transcript representative and as such had no opinion."

"The picture from the gallery where 'we of the press' sat was one I shall never forget. Every inch of room in the spectators' pens was occupied, every deputy's chair was taken, and on the floor the monotony of the black and white was broken by the picturesque costumes of the bishops, whose office entitles them to a seat in the house."

"After it was all over I went with my new companions of the press to a nearby restaurant, where we ate all sorts of things, all seasoned more or less with paprika, and drank tokay wine. I told my story, and The Transcript received its baptism of Hungarian fire—Kellner ein glass Dankles bitte."—New York Tribune.

A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 8,000 times its own weight in food. It will take a man three months before he eats an amount of food equal to his own weight.

Solid Emery Wheels.

In the production of solid emery wheels the best cement that can be employed is one that binds the emery together with that degree of strength which will resist the centrifugal strain due to the high speed at which emery wheels cut best—about 5,000 feet per minute. It must not soften by frictional heat nor glaze nor burst nor become brittle and break with cold, nor must it hold the cutting grains until they are too dull to cut nor release them so readily as to waste away the wheel too fast. It must be capable of being thoroughly mixed evenly with the grain emery, so that the wheel may not have either hard or soft spots and be out of balance, and must also be capable of being tempered to suit different kinds of metal or work. Great care and skill are required in the matter of selecting only pure and strong chemicals for these cements.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Substitute.

He—I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling.

She—Oh, how kind of you! Now I shan't miss you when you are away.—Lyons (France) Republican.

So broad is the scope of modern charity that in many cases, particularly in Europe, it has taken forms fanciful if not absurd. London has three or four refuges for lost dogs. These establishments are kept up by bequests and donations.

"Xmas" is often written instead of Christmas, and the authority for so doing is that X is simply the initial letter of the Greek word for Christ.

"Remedies for toothache, my friend," said a philosopher, "will be found to afford instant relief in every case but yours."



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Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U.S. Bonds, Stocks, Securities, etc.

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State of Pennsylvania, County of Jefferson, ss: I, John H. Kaucher, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN H. KAUCHER, Cashier, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1894.

ALBERT REYNOLDS, Notary Public. CORRECT—Attest: C. MITCHELL, SCOTT McLELLAND, Directors. G. W. FULLER.

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