

LIFE OF THE MINE MULE

QUEER TRAITS OF THE BURDEN BEARER OF THE UNDERWORLD.

His Marvellous Intelligence and Skill in Avoiding Danger—All He Wants is a Clear Track—He Has a Certain Bravado About Him Too.

The mine mule, the sturdy burden bearer of the underworld, has enough of the abnormal about his make-up to induce curiosity, if not admiration, in the average person's mind. In the sunless black, the unwearied night, this Erebus of the beasts reigns supreme. His sinewy shoulders, just behind the long, flapping ears, rug down and up the tunnelled caverns and there seems something of the mystic and the magician about him as he stands immovable in the deep darkness of a passageway or cut-through. The pit mule, as his years grow, assumes a fine indifference to trivial matters. His life has been so full of half-averted tragedies that he has neither the time nor inclination to bother about the small things. His drooping ears would not move an inch if the cage fell five feet away from him.

But he does not leave his stubbornness nor his brains behind him. He can knock enough front teeth out of a driver's head to spoil his chances with any girl in the county deep down in the dusk of a heading just as easily as he would on a country road at high noon. His accuracy in gauging distances would make an excellent mechanic of him were he not a mule. He has a certain bravado about him, too, which runs into a cunning devilry as he grows older. If the lights go out he is sure to run away with a trip down a grade, and if it does pile up in a wreck the mule is almost certain to be the only thing which escapes unharmed.

Many of the mines in the Conneville coke region of Pennsylvania are shafts, running from 200 to 700 feet deep. To get the mule on the cage is not a pleasant duty. As soon as he smells the warm air from the pit, sometimes accompanied by streakings of steam on account of the difference of temperature between the air from the mine and that outside, the brute plunges and attempts to escape. He is usually put upon the cage by sheer force. Sometimes he is blindfolded before being dropped to the bottom. The trembling animal is taken from the bottom of the shaft to the stables. These are located at a little distance from the shaft bottom, and in the Conneville region are lighted with electricity, are cool and very much superior to many upper world stables.

The mine mule is obliged to keep his head under very trying circumstances, and he is in a short time a much wiser animal than his brothers above ground, whose every movement is guided by rein and voice. There is no harness worthy of the name in a mine, and never any rein. The mule is hitched to a singletree, which is at the end of a long chain or rope. There are no holding-back straps. The mine mule's business is to pull when he is on an up grade, and to keep out of the way on a down grade. His wonderful sagacity is shown in his accurate gauge of the speed of the wagons behind him. He maintains just gait enough to keep his rope well stretched and never allows it to become entangled under his heels, nor does he get his heels caught under the wagon. Just a bit stolid one would think the mule until a mine wagon gets away. Then he shows his brains. On he gallops, sure-footed as a chamois; over the crossties, over the ditches and waterways, over the steam pipes he pounds, with a roar like an avalanche behind him. A clear track is all he asks.

The agility of the mine mule was well demonstrated once in the mine of Leisenring No. 3 in the Conneville region. A gang of workmen were putting in an air line, and had their working truck on one of the main headings. Suddenly the laboring men heard a low rumbling up the heading. All the trips were being switched off to another track while the men were at work, but this one seemed to be coming nearer. It grew louder and louder. One of the men put his ear to the track and realized in a second that the trip was coming down the blocked heading. The men ran for their lives, leaving the truck on the track. As they went they saw there was no light on the runaway trip, showing that it was without a driver. Only a dim safety on the edge of the heavy truck showed where it stood. Like thunder the runaway wagons rumbled nearer, and with a crash struck the obstruction. The laboring gang came from their places of safety expecting to see the mule crushed to pieces. Instead their lights flashed on him quietly standing—upon their side of the track! He had, in one comprehensive glance, taken in the situation by the flickering light on the corner of the truck, and had jumped clear over the obstacle—to save himself! His trip was piled behind him in a crushed heap of debris.

A mule, which had been in the pit but a short time, once came up the main heading at Mammoth slope. He had gotten away in the mine and started for fresh air and green pastures. He had to keep ahead of the hoisting engines, and keep his feet free from the entangling ropes of the haulage way. He also was obliged to cross from one track to another when the down-going trip passed him. He galloped up all the long slope, and when he reached the top jumped from the mouth of the pit just in time to escape being hit by the fast up-coming trip.

At another mine there is an old mule which for years has pushed the cars into the cage. As soon as the cage is

lowered she puts her breast against the car and pushes it off, putting another on in the same manner. She stands by the shaft bottom just close enough to allow the descending cage to miss her nose a couple of inches, yet she has never been struck.

The demands made on the mules' strength and intelligence are so indelibly stamped on their minds that even if they be brought up to the surface for other uses they do not forget them. When two mules are needed to haul on an especially steep grade in the mine they are hitched tandem, and when two mules that have been hitched this way in the mine are let loose in the pasture field they tramp about the meadow all day, one behind the other, in their accustomed order, nor can they be induced to reverse their position. This is one of the after effects of their rigid training. In his own sphere the mine mule is a very ungallant animal. He hates a woman. It may be that he wishes the Pennsylvania State law to be respected, but whatever his reasons, he dislikes the sight of a petticoat in his domain. A hundred men may push him aside and pass in some narrow alley-way, but it is not wise or safe for a woman to attempt to pass the same quiet animal when he is not busy. He is not an argumentative animal, the mule, and the only way to get along with him in the pit, as well as on the surface, is to respect his likes and dislikes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Facility of Barbers.

"I have noticed one thing that is peculiar to all barbers in all sections of the country," said a traveling man, "and that is the fact that they never completely dry the customer's face after having smeared it with lather, dashed it with perfumeries and other sweet smelling things found in these places. Wonder why this is? Now, the most disagreeable thing in the world is for a man's face to feel wet. It is worse than wet feet. It is worse than the wetting which one occasionally gets in a leaking boat while on a fishing trip. The mistake is not made by careless barbers. The most expert men in the business overlook this important thing of drying one's face well when the razor is laid aside. It is a bad thing for one's complexion, and is even worse in its effect on the skin of one's face. This thing of putting powder on one's face before it is dried well is an abomination in the sight of men. One's face feels like a wad of dough, and one does not like to feel like a dough-face. But this same condition is met with everywhere, whether the barber is rushed, shaving a man a minute, or whether he goes about it in the most leisurely way imaginable. He will do it slowly, patiently, deliberately, and occasionally I have wondered if there was not an element of malice in it. Barbers are ordinarily such polite and affable fellows, and they do so many little things in an effort to make one feel well and satisfied with the work, that one is really ashamed to say anything about one's face not being dry enough, and so the average man will just grin and bear it rather than hurt the barber's feelings."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Scientific Treatment For Deafness.

Mr. Marage has lately communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a scientific treatment for deafness which is substantially as follows:

(1) Measure accurately the auditory sensitiveness by causing the patient to listen, at a constant distance, to the sounds of a siren reproducing the fundamental vibration of the vowel sounds. The intensity of sound being proportioned to the pressure of the air, the auditory acuity is—when the pressure must be a millimetre in order that the sound may be heard. The normal acuity, unity, is that of the ear which hears the sound under a pressure of one millimetre.

(2) Make the patient listen to the sounds of the same siren through a tube provided with a membrane which transmits all vibrations without introducing or suppressing any of the harmonics. This is a kind of massage of the ear made by vibrations which it is destined normally to perceive. This treatment is never painful and never produces buzzings or increases the deafness, and has frequently produced excellent results.

The "Keystone State."

Pennsylvania has been called the "Keystone State." Two explanations have been given of this name. According to the first, the Declaration of Independence was trembling in the balance, six colonies having voted for and six against it, the vote of Pennsylvania was cast in favor of the declaration, and thus a majority was secured. According to the other explanation the name was purely an accident. When the Rock Creek bridge was constructed, near Washington, the stones of the great arch were inscribed with the names of the States, and when it was finished the discovery was made that the name of Pennsylvania was on the keystone of the arch, and thus was applied afterward to the State.

Fright Turned a Black Mule Gray.

A remarkable freak of the flood was unearthed at the Maple Hill Colliery. A big mule, the only one of thirteen to escape death, has turned gray with fright. The animal before the deluge was coal black, but is now a light gray. Identification was established by means of a flesh brand.—Philadelphia Times.

California's Mineral Belt.

The mineral-bearing belt in California extends through its entire length, a distance of over 800 miles, and only a small fraction of it has yet been explored.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS.

An Industry That Has Been Growing For Many Years.

"Perhaps more fruit is imported from the State of California to the National Capital and other Eastern cities each year than from all other States in the Union combined," said W. W. Loughrey, a prominent California fruit grower, to a Washington Star reporter. "I have noticed this fact particularly during the Christmas holidays. Nearly all of the finest fruits displayed by your dealers were the products of my State. The exact state of the fruit culture in California is best told in the report of a Government field agent of the Division of Statistics who recently visited the State and says:

"Few people know that the fruit industry of California was practically begun during the establishment of missions by the Franciscan monks. As early as 1792 there were about 5000 trees growing on the different missions. Apples, pears, oranges, limes, lemons, and olives constituted the greater proportion of these trees, and as they nearly all did well they proved the possibility of fruit culture in California.

"In 1850 some attention was given to the cultivation of fruit in Sonoma County, and several small orchards were planted. Several years later the planting of fruit trees began in Los Angeles and Yolo Counties, but only in a small way. It was at the time of the great gold excitement, however, in 1849, that the industry really received its first impetus. While the majority of the immigrants to the State thought of nothing but gold, a few of the more conservative obtained possession of some of these old orchards and found a handsome profit in selling their fruit at exorbitant prices.

"Since that time the demand for fruit from our State has steadily increased. The climate of the State is particularly favorable to the industry, and as a result there are many kinds of fruit produced successfully in California which cannot be raised in most Eastern States. This is particularly true of the citrus and subtropical fruits which grow in great profusion with us and pay handsomely. Even the high mountain valleys are adapted in both climate and soil to the raising of hardy Northern varieties, and between these and the low valleys of the south may be found conditions of climate admirably suited to the production of nearly all kinds of fruit known to domestic commerce."

A Hundred Years Hence.

The twentieth century is not closing without issues to be settled, says John Bates Clark, in the Atlantic. You know what foreign relations now mean; not a struggle to keep from fighting, but an effort to adjust trade connections and other vast and involved interests. The very intimacy in which nations live, while it guarantees peace, makes work for the international courts. In individual morality we are not yet at the portal of the millennium; for prosperity has brought its sore temptations. Here, indeed, our gains seem to be in some danger, and in this direction the strongest effort is needed in order to save them. A certain manly quality in our people gives assurance that we have the personal material out of which a millennium may grow. Fraternity abounds where once it was rare. We can all look with toleration on our new billionaires, knowing, as we do, how little the excess of their fortunes really does for them. In the retrospect it seems to me as if the ship that carries our fortunes had once been half disabled by storms, but had outriden them, and were well on its way to port. More wealth, strength and virtue are yet to be attained, and in the struggle against evils we shall gain moral stamina. There are contests enough still in progress to give virility to the popular character. You have work before you, children of the twenty-first century; but my hope is that the area of greatest danger has been passed, and that your tasks will be lighter than ours have been, and your strength greater.

Locking the Gibraltar Fortress.

The Gibraltar correspondent of the Military Mail describes the ceremonial of locking the fortress. Twenty minutes before first evening gun fire, the drum and life band of the regiment detailed for this duty parade at the Convent and pick up the key sergeant, who takes the keys from a safe in the Convent and falls in rear of the band with an escort of one non-commissioned officer and two men, with fixed bayonets. Then, led by the sergeant drummer, they play with great ceremony through the main street to Casemate square, where the key sergeant proceeds to lock all the gates leading into Spain, while the drummers sound "retreat" on the gun firing. The same ceremony is observed on his return, and he duly locks up the ancient keys securely in the safe on again reaching the Convent. Once the gates are locked they cannot be unlocked unless by special sanction of his Excellency, the Governor.

Valuable Pebbles.

Between the northern point of Long Island and Watch Hill lies a row of little islands, two of which—Pium Island and Goose Island—possess peculiar form of mineral wealth. It consists in heaps of richly colored quartz pebbles, showing red, yellow, purple and other hues, which are locally called agates. They are used in making stained glass windows, and there is sufficient demand for them in New York to keep the owners of one or two sloops employed in gathering them from the beaches, where the waves continually roll and polish them, bringing out the beauty of their colors.

California is the home of the orange, the olive and the fig.

BEFORE HE TOOK VOGELER'S

He Could Not Touch His Wife's Dinner and They Were "Fit For a King."

So writes our esteemed friend, Mr. Frank Chambers, of 9 Bennett St., Chiswick: "For over two years I suffered agonies from indigestion, and became reduced to a mere shadow of my stalwart self. I would return home from my business feeling so faint that I could hardly drag one leg after the other; my dear wife did all she possibly could to tempt me with dainty dishes, and as I entered the house I sniffed and thought: 'Oh, how good; I know I can eat that.' But alas! no sooner had I eaten a few mouthfuls, when I felt sick; severe pains shot through my chest and shoulder blades, my eyes swam and everything seemed black. I became alternately hot and cold, and got up from such a dainty dinner heartily sick of living, and feeling I was a sore trial to everybody. I may mention that I was also very much troubled with a scaly skin, and often boils. But one evening I noticed my wife seemed more cheerful than usual. I questioned her and found she had been reading a pamphlet she had received, of men afflicted just as I was, and who had been cured by Vogeler's Compound. Said she, 'What gives me more faith in it is that it is made from the formula of an eminent physician now in active practice in the West End of London, so I am sure it is no quack thing.' 'All right, dear, let's have a bottle,' said I. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt very much better, and determined to give this remedy a fair trial, and I can positively assure you that a few bottles have made a new man of me. I can sleep well, eat anything and thoroughly enjoy my life. I have told several of my friends, whom I knew were suffering the same as myself, and they all wish me to say that they are like new men. I sincerely bless the great physician who gave you the formula of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and also yourselves for making its virtues known to a suffering public." The proprietors (the St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore,) will send a sample free to any one writing to them and mentioning this paper.

Explorers have approached within 238 miles of the North Pole, but the nearest approach to the south has been 772 miles.

Garfield Headache Powders are especially adapted to the needs of nervous women.

Chin music must be the result of the wind whistling through a man's whiskers.

Best For the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cassara's help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cassara's Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. O. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The New York Chamber of Commerce was incorporated by George III. on March 13, 1770.

Garfield Headache Powders! Powders are sold for 10c. One Powder cures a headache.

The poor we have always with us, but that is better than having them against us.

Are Anxious to Pay Their Fines.

Among the anomalies which the prohibition law has given rise to in Kansas is a fervent desire on the part of certain law breakers to pay the penalty of their crime. At Wellington the temperance folk started to get out an injunction prohibiting the city treasurer from accepting the fines which are imposed on jointkeepers every month. And the jointkeepers headed off this move by rushing in and paying their fines, \$300 each, six months in advance.

Wants Warm Hotel Bedclothing.

Congressman Charles F. Scott has received a demand from a Kansas woman for the passage of a law "to compel keepers of hotels or sleeping rooms to keep on each bed four quilts and one blanket, each quilt to contain not less than five pounds of cotton batting (not coarse hair), and to be covered with at least 14 yards of cloth (seven yards on each side), two and one-third yards long and at least two yards wide; and the blanket to weigh at least two pounds; this covering to be kept on the beds from September 10 to May 1.

There were 3,516 immigrants refused admission to the United States last year.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

There are on the Swiss lakes sixty-five steamers, of which the largest can carry 1200 passengers.

Send to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for samples Garfield Tea and Headache Powders—two invaluable remedies.

The Chinese have twice sacked Moscow, once in 1237 and again in 1293.

FIT Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Taking everything into consideration the suspension bridge is without a pier.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The total length of ocean cables is 100,842 miles.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The woman who marries a crank discovers that life is a grind.

Garfield Tea cures constipation.

Some people are so lazy that even their lives won't work.

My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly."
A. K. Randies, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WET WEATHER MATS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING

ON SALE EVERYWHERE FREE CATALOGUES OF GARMENTS AND MATS. A. TOWER & CO. BOSTON, MASS.

HAVE THE SAME POINTS OF EXCELLENCE AND GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

SALZER'S SEEDS

BROMUS INERVIS

The greatest grass of the century. We are the introducers and the only large growers of same for sale in America. We are head-quarters. Our Bromus yields 4 tons of hay and a large amount of pasture food per acre. It will grow where other grasses fail. It is an agricultural wonder. Every farmer ought to plant it. It is a money maker. Try it for 1900. Catalogue free.

SPELTZ

The great cereal, producing from 80 to 90 bushels of grain and 2 tons of hay, as good as timothy, per acre. We are the introducers.

TRIPLE INCOME CORN

How would 250 bushels per acre suit you at the present price of corn? Well, better acre crops will produce this for you in 1900. Send for it.

Fodder Plants, Grasses and Clover

We have the largest array of fodder plants found in any catalogue in America. We have the finest varieties, the biggest yields and surest crops. Our Italian Lucerne Clover produces a crop of 10 to 12 tons per acre after mowing. Our Pea that gives 5 tons of hay per acre, our Timothy is good for 50 tons of green fodder, our Thousand Headed Kale and Dwarf Victoria Kale make silage and stover and cattle grower's best. A good possibility. We warrant our green mixtures to furnish a substantial crop of hay on every well watered place. (Over 2,000,000 pounds sold the past two years.)

VEGETABLE SEEDS

We are the largest growers. Choice onion seed at 50c, and up to \$1.00. We have a tremendous stock of fine vegetable seeds, such as earliest peas, sweet corn, radishes, beans and many other money making vegetables. Our seeds are money makers, the kind the market gardener and farmer wants.

For 10c—Worth \$10.

Our great catalog with a large number of rare farm seed samples is mailed to you upon receipt of 10c. In exchange. These seeds are positively worth \$10 to get away.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.