

HOW TO SAVE MINERS' LIVES.

Public Demonstration to Be Held at Pittsburg.

PRESIDENT WILL BE THERE.

Twenty to Thirty Thousand Miners Expected to Be Present—Exhibition by Trained First Aid and Rescue Corps.

In line with its effort to reduce the number of deaths in the coal mines of the United States, the bureau of mines will hold a national miners' life saving demonstration on Sept. 16 in Arsenal park, Pittsburg. President Taft, Secretary of the Interior Fisher and Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, director of the bureau of mines, will attend and speak to the miners. The bureau of mines will have the co-operation of the Pittsburg Coal Operators' association and the American Red Cross. It is expected that between 20,000 and 30,000 miners will attend and that many of the important coal companies will send their trained first aid and rescue corps to take part in the exhibition. Already a number of teams have entered and are in training for the event, which promises to be the most important gathering of miners ever assembled.

Arsenal park is the site of the testing station of the bureau of mines, and the experts of the bureau are busy arranging for a unique program. The arrangements for the first demonstration are in the hands of H. M. Wilson, engineer in charge of the bureau of mines, Pittsburg. Major Charles Lynch, medical corps, U. S. A., in charge of the first aid department of the Red Cross, and Dr. M. E. Shields of Scranton, Pa., both of whom are pioneers in this movement, are assisting. The first aid to the injured work will be one of the features of the entire day. The teams from the various coal mines will not contest, but will give exhibitions of their skill in bringing injured miners from the mines and blinding the wounds and fractures. Many of these teams have been instructed in first aid by the surgeons of the American Red Cross and also by the rescue corps of the bureau of mines.

Thousands Injured Yearly.
Between 5,000 to 8,000 miners are injured each year in the United States, some so seriously that they die perhaps months afterward, and others are so maimed that they are cripples for life. The work of the first aid to the injured teams is to give the proper emergency treatment so that injuries will be lessened in seriousness and some of the fatalities perhaps avoided. In the anthracite region of Pennsylvania the first aid work has been highly developed through the good work of the American Red Cross, and many lives have been saved through the prompt and efficient work of the members of the various corps. This movement has become so popular in the anthracite region that annual field contests between the teams are held each year in the presence of thousands of spectators. Prizes are given to the winners by the American Red Cross, and the operators join in with contributions of badges and cups. Following the example of the anthracite region and directly as the result of the instructions in first aid to the injured and in the helmet rescue work being introduced in all parts of the United States by the rescue cars and stations of the bureau of mines, teams have recently been organized in the bituminous mining districts throughout the country. The members of these teams are eager to show their skill and will take part in the exhibition.

Real Explosions.
In addition to the exhibition by the first aid teams the miners will witness gas and coal dust explosions in miniature, which will be staged in the great explosives gallery of the bureau of mines. In Arsenal park there will also be a temporary gallery, which will resemble a coal mine. This will be placed at the bottom of a natural amphitheater, giving a clear view to thousands of persons. There will be a gas explosion in this play mine. Miners will be entombed, and one of the government rescue corps in oxygen helmet will enter and save the men. One side of the miniature mine will be open its entire length in order that the onlookers may witness everything that happens in an underground horror except the loss of life. The famous oxygen helmets that members of the rescue corps of the bureau wear and which have been instrumental in saving a number of lives will be on exhibition and explained to the miners. The oxygen reviving apparatus, which automatically takes the poisonous gases from the lungs of an asphyxiated miner and fills them with oxygen, will also be demonstrated. This apparatus has already brought back to consciousness a number of miners given up as dead.

Servants in China.
In China you can have a dozen servants for a total of less than \$100 a month. And they won't steal anything, they will do their work well, and they will stay after they have learned. In the Celestial empire there is no servant problem to vex the housewife's soul, but there are enough other problems to make up for it. Good water is one; sanitary arrangements are about forty-one.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Warning That Came to a Granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying some coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to assassinate Mrs. Rutherford.—London Standard.

GRAND CANYON.

An Ideal Place in Which to Realize the Insignificance of Man.

There is one place in this country where a man can step back not by hundreds but by thousands of years, back to the time when the continent was in the making. This place is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There the visitor sees a panorama in a million colors as the mists gather about the rugged peaks and the sunlight glistens on the metallic deposits of the cliffs. A whole chaotic world discloses itself. Rock forms of uncanny beauty stand out on those unrivaled cliffs, and far down runs the river channel.

Stand on some ledge and realize the insignificance of man when compared with the handicraft of nature, watch a party of travelers threading their way down some winding trail that clings to the great wall and see them grow smaller and smaller until they become mere specks in the great rift, then some idea is gained of this wonderful place. Yet the canyon is so symmetrical and so unlike anything else that it is with difficulty that one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Niagara poured in would hardly have the dignity of a mountain stream.—New York Sun.

Humors of "Hamlet."

William Davidge related in his "Footlight Flashes" that during his strolling days in England, when companies were small, he had on the same evening done duty for Polonius, the ghost; Ostric and the first gravedigger, and Edwin Booth remembered Thomas Ward dying in sight of the audience as the player king and being dragged from the mimic stage by the heels as Polonius, crying "Lights, lights, lights!" Hamlet in a one night town, swearing he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers, has watched her through an open grave packing her trunk in the place beneath, while the ghost, her husband, waited to strap it up. There are more things in Hamlet's existence behind the scenes than are dreamed of in the philosophy of all his commentators and all his critics.—From the Green Book.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale. In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in corn the department of agriculture has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Her One Idea.

"His wife is a woman of one idea." "That so?" "Yes; whenever he starts to do anything she has the idea that he's doing it wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? Why?" "I was cultivating my voice."—Exchange.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.—George Herbert.

GOLF IN THE SOUTH.

The Game Was Played in Charleston as Early as 1788.

Golf was played in Charleston as far back as 1788. In the City Gazette or Daily Advertiser of Sept. 27, 1791, appears the following notice: "Anniversary of the South Carolina Golf club will be held at Williams' coffee house on Thursday, 29th inst., when members are requested to attend at 2 o'clock precisely, that the business of the club may be transacted before dinner."

For several years following may be found calls for the anniversary meetings to be held at "the clubhouse on Charleston's green," a tract of land south of Boundary (now Calhoun) street, between the present Coming and Rutledge streets.

The fact that it was the anniversary meeting in 1791 would show that the club had been organized before that date, but unfortunately the file of newspapers in the Charleston library is not complete for some years just prior, and one finds no earlier notices of meetings or mention of the club. But in the same journal of Sept. 18, 1788, there is an advertisement of an auction sale of a farm on Charleston Neck, between three and four miles from the city, adjoining Cochran's shipyard, bounding in part on Shipyard creek, which, after describing the different items of property included in the sale, states that "there is lately erected that pleasing and genteel amusement, the golf baan." This certainly indicates that golf was one of the local amusements of that day.

The word "baan" (English-Dutch dictionary) means path, walk, way, etc., and golf, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is derived from the Dutch "kolff," a club, and the game is doubtless of Dutch origin and introduced into Scotland about 1450.—Charleston News and Courier.

RIGHT ON THE JOB.

He Didn't Believe in Letting the Place Seek the Man.

A little story of success starting with the use of want ads. is contained in Business and the Bookkeeper. A Minneapolis manufacturer explains his liking for men who, even if they lack certain important qualities, have "initiative and originality."

The manufacturer, who at the time of which he spoke was just out of college, in Chicago and out of work, answered an advertisement offering a position, addressing, as instructed, "T24." He inclosed his reply in a large red envelope that could be seen and recognized at a distance. He was in the newspaper office early the following morning. In one of the boxes in which replies to advertisements were kept he saw his red envelope. He waited three hours until the letter in that box was given to a man calling for them. He followed the man to a west side factory. As the messenger laid the bunch of letters on the manager's desk the job hunter was standing by it.

"I'm ready to go to work," he said. The manager's reply was not "elementary" but in addition to being exclamatory it was interrogatory. How did he manage to present himself on the scene? The young man in need of the job pointed to his red envelope. The manager looked at it and looked at him. Then he turned to the messenger. "Find out who this young fellow is and put him to work," he said.

Discretion the Better Part.

Mr. Callahan had received a long tongue lashing from Mr. Hennessey, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor with his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Callahan dubiously, "and look at the size of 'm'."

"Sure an' you don't want folks to be sayn," Terry Callahan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend. "Well, I dunno," and Mr. Callahan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that to 'ave 'em sayin' day after tomorrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"—Metropolitan Magazine.

How a Hindu Uses Clocks.

The Hindu places a clock in his showrooms not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself with one good clock he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled above the horizon.

Too Many Numbers.

"You have forgotten your name?" said the kind policeman. "Yes," said the victim of aphasia. "You see, I overtaxed my memory trying to remember my name and my house number and my telephone number and my automobile number and the number of my dog's license all at once."—Washington Star.

He Lost Out.

"Yes, sir, he wuz afraid o' the banks bustin' on him, an' so he buried his money!"

"Has he got it yet?" "No; he forgot to blaze the tree whar it wuz, an' the man who owned the land put up a sign, 'No Trespassing on These Grounds.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Among the Fliers.

"I took a flier in Wall street." "And the result?" "Same old aviation news—a fine start and all of a sudden a fearful bump."—Exchange.

Waste not fresh tears over old griefs.—Euripides.

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MOLDED HIS DEATH TOLL.

Legend of "the Poor Sinner's Bell" That Was Cast in Breslau.

The poor sinner's bell is a bell in the city of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia, and hangs in the tower of one of the city churches. It was cast July 17, 1886, according to historic records. It is said that a great bell founder of the place had undertaken to make the finest church bell he had ever made.

When the metal was melted the founder withdrew for a few moments, leaving a boy to watch the furnace and enjoining him not to meddle with the catch that held the molten metal, but the boy disobeyed the caution, and when he saw the metal flowing into the mold he called the founder.

The latter rushed in and, seeing, as he thought, his work of weeks undone and his masterpiece ruined, struck the boy a blow that caused his immediate death. When the metal cooled and the mold was opened the bell was found to be not only perfect, but of marvelous sweetness of tone.

The founder gave himself up to the authorities, was tried and condemned to death. On the day of his execution the bell was rung to call people to attend church and offer a prayer for the unhappy man's soul, and from that it obtained the name of "the poor sinner's bell."

SEEING A PURPLE COW.

Perfectly Natural Under Certain Conditions, Says an Artist.

H. Anthony Dyer, painter of water colors, was explaining the matter to some possible buyers of his wares.

"Suppose while you are in the country in summer," said he, "you chance upon a Holstein cow grazing on a hillside. Holsteins, of course you know, are black and white. The pasture is green. Off at one side is a gray unpainted barn. Do you stagger with surprise when you notice that that cow is purple? Not a bit of it. If it were not purple you might reasonably consult an oculist. That would be a sign that your eyes needed attention."

"But you may never have tried to figure out why the cow is purple. Here is the answer: The complementary color of the green pasture is red. The sight of green always suggests red, although we don't realize it. Flooding the scene is the yellow sunshine. The yellow, the red and the green combine to tint the grazing neutral colored cow purple, and purple it undeniably is, as you must admit when next you encounter one under such circumstances. Nevertheless, therefore, may you sing with Gelett Burgess:

I never saw a purple cow.
I never hope to see one.
—New York Press.

The Bug Bible.

The bug Bible was printed in 1549 by the authority of Edward VI. and its curiosity lies in the rendering of the fifth verse of the Ninety-first Psalm, which, as we know, runs, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow which flieth by day," but in the above version it ran, "So thou shalt not nede to be afraid of any bugges by night."

Ludicrous as this sounds, it is not etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use today—"bugbear"—and Shakespeare once or twice uses the word in this primary sense, notably when he makes Hamlet say, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."

Daffodil Superstitions.

Daffodils are not only poisonous and libelous, but most unlucky flowers, especially when single specimens are encountered. Herrick, who must often have gone through the experience without much harm happening, declares that—

When a daffodil I see
Hanging down her head to me,
Guess I may what I must be.
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried.

In Herrick's own Devon to this day if you place a single daffodil on the table of a farmhouse the farmer will jump up and exclaim, "Now we shall have no young ducks this year." The evil spell can be broken by increasing the single flower to a bunch.—St. James' Gazette.

Your opinion on reciprocity with Canada doesn't count much, but what do you think of street improvement at home?

Cheer up, boys—another holiday on the Fourth!



Look Around and Don't Get Stuck

There's a difference in the quality of lumber,—and in the prices too,—and unless you look around a bit before placing your bill for that new—well, whatever it is you are going to build—you're mighty apt to get stuck. What's the use of taking chances anyway? We'll be only too glad to make you an estimate on whatever you want in lumber or any kind of building material, and if we can't prove that it's to your advantage to buy from us, then you can go elsewhere. But get our figures before buying.

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