

How the Poor Miners are Made to Suffer.

I met an intelligent miner—a mine boss—to-day whom I have known from boyhood. He was standing idly on the corner and I asked him to give me the real explanation of the existing condition of affairs. I knew he could do it, for he is a man of much more than ordinary intelligence and well educated.

He asked me to walk with him and he led the way to a point where no one could get within ten rods of us without being seen and then he said:

"I can't explain anything to you in a satisfactory manner, for I do not really know how things are myself."

"That is strange," I said. "Years ago you could penetrate the profoundest secrets of your native town, and in the war you were entrusted with the most perilous missions where tact and judgment and penetration were your only safeguards."

"The penetration of the enemy's lines," said he, "during the war was an open book and a mere pastime compared with the state of things that exist in this valley. There is a mysterious terror here that the great mass never see even in outline, and yet we all fear and try to avoid it."

"I am told," I said, "that a majority of the miners here who are on strike are willing to go to work even at the reduced wages proffered."

"That is true."

"Then why don't you go to work?"

"We dare not invoke the unseen terror of which I have spoken."

"But the operators have guards here to protect you?"

"These guards would afford us but little real protection. They are regarded simply as employes of the operators, as we would be regarded if we had the temerity to go to work."

"Then how could protection be afforded you?"

"I can hardly tell. I do not believe that anything short of the state itself could furnish the necessary protection."

"Are the prices for mining below a just figure?"

"Undoubtedly; but I would gladly take the price offered so as to earn bread for my wife and children. In one of the mines burning up yonder I used to earn what kept them in all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Now they are living on charity—I am compelled to accept that charity because I dare not take the risk of going to work."

"Are there many of the miners who are willing to work at the reduced wages?"

"The majority of them are. More than that we all feel that prices would be advanced with a complete resumption, provided the union of which we are members were disbanded."

"And will it disband?"

"I dare not give even you an answer to that question, and I hope you will not press it. We are deplorably situated, and we have no idea when or whence relief will come. I think that the companies and operators are much to blame, but all the blame does not rest on that side. The majority want to work even at what they regard as unjustly low wages, but they dare not. Starvation stares us in the face on one side, and worse than starvation on the other. Who shall deliver us and how shall we be delivered? We take that question to bed with us every night."

The conversation was continued much further, and one or two other miners with whom I had some acquaintance, while they talked less freely, talked in a similar strain. Citizens who are not engaged in mining would express no opinions, and only deplored the existing condition of things, and vaguely wondered when there would be an improvement.

A farmer told me that the farmers generally sympathized with the miners and gave them freely of their provisions. "Wagons call for contributions, and they are never refused," said he. "My own family will have to live sparingly this winter, for much that I had intended for my own use has been given to help the poor fellows who haven't earned a dollar for the last six months. I would hesitate a long time before I would refuse to give the last bushel of potatoes in my cellar."

"Why?" I asked.

But the granger only shook his head

and placed his two fingers upon his lips.

Pigs, calves, poultry, sheep, and even large cattle disappear from time to time, but the loser, with a discretion unknown in any other portion of Ohio, never tries to trace them.

Mines have been fired, hoppers, houses and bridges burned and men shot down. These facts are matters of history, and men tell me with bated breath that they fear that the worst has not come yet—that the comparatively small lawless element that terrorizes the valley will add to the impending horrors of starvation that will swoop down upon the pinions of winter.—*Nelsonville Letter in Columbus (O.) Times.*

Tea-Table Politics.

Mrs. Pugmire was taking tea at the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Tarbox, a few evenings after the election, and naturally the conversation drifted on to the all-absorbing topic.

"Your husband voted for Cleveland, didn't he?" asked the widow.

"No," replied Mrs. Pugmire, "he wanted to, but I told him if he did I wouldn't sew a button on his clothes for six months, and finally I got him to promise he would vote for St. John; but men are such deceivin' critters that like as not he did vote for Cleveland after all."

"Why, I didn't think you were in favor of St. John," said the widow; "I imagined by what you said awhile ago about woman's rights, that you were in favor of Mrs. Lockwood, and your husband of Cleveland."

"So I am in favor of woman's rights up to a certain pint" was the reply, "but I don't believe no woman has the right to be settin' herself up as a candidate for President, and go trapezin' or bicyclin' around the country making speeches, when she might a known she had no more chance than I have of goin' to France."

"But St. John didn't have a much better chance, did he?"

"Yes, indeed; I should say he did; and even if he didn't, every vote for him was a vote for principle," said Mrs. Pugmire. Then waxing eloquent, she continued: "I tell you, Mrs. Tarbox, something must be done to stop this traffic in liquor—this hydrogen-headed monster that is daily sweeping into its apex the best and noblest men of our land; a reform is need much more in this direction than in woman's rights, which ain't so very wrong after all, when you come right down to solid facts. And I do think the burning of St. John in filigree in Kansas yesterday was the most outrageous thing I've read of since President Garfield was surreptitiously shot by that wretch, Guiteau. It's always the way with reformers, though, from the time when St. Paul was prosecuted for preachin' the gospel to now. But let me tell you that the time is coming—you and I may not live to see it, Mrs. Tarbox—when the sale of liquor, except for medicated purposes, will be entirely tabooed. 'The stun that keeps rolling will gather no moss,' you know, and the prohibitionists will yet sweep away the cursed stuff as with the bosom of destruction." And Mrs. Pugmire in her excitement passed her cup and had it filled for the fourth time, and swallowed a mouthful so hot that she burned her throat quite badly.

"I had no idea you were so eloquent, Mrs. Pugmire," said the widow; "really I shall not be surprised to hear of your lecturing on temperance yet."

"You never will, Mrs. Tarbox; if can convert Pugmire I shall do quite well;" and here the poor woman heaved a sigh to windward. "Besides, I never could talk in public with a lot of people staring at me. It is only with a friend like you Mrs. Tarbox, over a cup of tea, (by the way, this is splendid tea—where did you get it?) that I can talk, though Pugmire sometimes tells me, when he has drank too much beer that my tongue is hung in the middle, which is better, I tell him, than having it soaked in beer half of the time. Well, really, Mrs. Tarbox, I must be going; and I do think Pugmire will come out all right yet. He is doing much better lately and don't drink anything stronger than beer, I really think. And he kept straight on election-day, which is a good sign, I take it. Come over and take tea with me Sunday evening, won't you, and,

tell him your experience with your dear husband before he died. It does me good to hear you talk."

"Does it, indeed!" said Mrs. Pugmire; "well I'm sure it's a relief to me to talk to such a neighbor as you are, Mrs. Tarbox; it is not everybody that is so kind to a worried woman as you are. Goodbye. Kiss Johnnie for me when he comes in, and tell him to come over and play with my boys." And she went home full of emotion and gunpowder tea.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Victim of Opium.

"The man is in a fit," said a police man on Sunday afternoon, as he stooped over a man who was lying on the sidewalk near Sixth avenue and Smithfield street.

"No, he is only drunk," was the opinion of a woman with a censorious cast of countenance, as she glanced contemptuously at the writhing figure of the tall, well-dressed man about 40 years of age. The sufferer's mouth twitched convulsively; his eyes, over which the red lids drooped, were covered with a glassy film; from between his chattering teeth bubbled a speck of white froth; his limbs trembled, and his hands groped aimlessly, as if seeking succor from some undefinable peril. Then his weak fingers reached his vest pocket, and from thence were transformed to his mouth with a hasty, secretive movement. The result was magical. Instantly the man straightened up, the anxious twitching of the mouth ceased, the eyes beamed with the fire of lusty manhood and the whole manner of the whilom shivering wretch was changed.

"It is nothing," he said to the policeman. "A sudden faintness that is all. I am subject to such spells."

The crowd dispersed, and the man was left alone save for the presence of the writer. "Rather an awkward thing to be taken that way on the street," was the remark. I suppose it was the old trouble—opium?"

"Yes; I am under treatment for it, but occasionally it gets the better of me, and I am obliged to carry some pills in my pocket in case of emergencies. I have not been so bad before for several weeks. When opium once gets you down it holds you there. I have been studying rather hard lately, and that has run me down."

"What made you commence the use of opium?"

"It happened to me as it has to thousands of others right in this city of Pittsburgh. I went to my physician to be treated for nervous prostration, the result of overwork. He commenced on me with bromide of potassium. Then when that lost its power he administered morphia by hypodermic injection. That fixed me up. But in allaying my nervousness it implanted in my being a craving for the drug that would not be satisfied. The hypodermic operation would have been too troublesome for me, so I bought opium in the form of tincture. As you well know, it is necessary to increase the size of the dose slowly but steadily, and in a very few weeks I was a confirmed user of the drug. Opium-eating is erroneously called a habit. It is worse than that—it is a disease, as the opium fiend who is giving his experiences in this city will tell you."

"Is there any particular pleasure when under the influence of the drug—after smoking it, for instance?" asked the reporter.

Only such as is contained in a sense of relief. The stories about opium-smokers finding themselves in a paradise, peopled by houris of surpassing loveliness, and where more delicious dreams than ever strike the imagination in waking moments are enjoyed, is all nonsense. Plain, work-a-day people have no such dreams. They simply enjoy a rest from bodily and mental torments engendered by the very means they are employing for their relief. Then, when the influence of the opium dies away, there come such horrors as would seem impossible to those who have never fallen victims to their soul-destroying vice. In their sleep they suffer from terrible nightmares. They are constantly on the edge of imaginary precipices, or falling down dizzy heights. Now they are the victims of some fearful accident; again they are hurled on by some malignant persecution. They fancy that they are drowning, that they are being burned at the stake, inhaling the sick-

ening odor of their own burning flesh, feeling it peel from their aching bones. Then comes the awakening with a start or scream. The gradual realization that these things are not real; the cold sweat, the trembling of the limbs, as you saw in me just now; the sense of utter exhaustion, from which you sink into sleep once more, to live again the agonizing scenes of a diseased mind."

"You say you are under treatment. Have you any hope of being cured?"

"Yes; but in the meantime the suffering is horrible—worse than can be described. But if cure does not come, then—"The gesture was even more suggestive than words would have been.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Rules for Winter.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.—*Farm and Fireside.*

The Sorrows of Harriet Lane.

The first bachelor president had quite a brilliant administration socially. His niece, Harriet Lane, was in many respects a magnificent woman. Her appearance was striking and her manner winning. Intellectually she was very strong, and she presided over her uncle's household with a dignity and grace that has handed her name down to posterity as one of the best female characters ever in the white house. She has seen great sorrow since those days. Her uncle, whom she loved as a father, has passed away and her two little boys, ten and fourteen, the fruit of her happy marriage, have both died within the past three years. Her husband also departed this life suddenly within the past year, and the brilliant mistress of the white house of a little more than a quarter of a century ago is a childless widow.—*Philadelphia News.*

Westward the Star of Bidly Takes Its Way.

A New York letter says that in former days the egg market was mostly supplied from Central New York and New Jersey, but now the great center of supply is Ohio. The chief depot of the egg trade on this continent is the village of Cardington, which is about 100 miles from Cleveland and in a very productive country. During the lively part of the season the receipts are nearly 2,000 barrels a month. In hot weather when the market is liable to be glutted the custom of pickling eggs is adopted, and one concern has at one time nearly 40,000 dozen thus laid down. They are kept until autumn when better prices can be obtained. During the hot season eggs are often packed in barrels with straw. They can be kept in this manner for two or three months.

An old man of White Plains, N. Y., appears as plaintiff in a suit against his own daughter for unpaid rent.