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SEVENTH YEAR. EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896. NO. 11.

## ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager, 337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn. S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager, 342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky. R. G. ROUSE, Manager, Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky. CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager, Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn. A. S. FORD, Manager, 327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail **COAL** and **COKE** TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

### St. Bernard Coal Company.

**SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.**

Miss Isabella Belle, known as the "Lady Coal Operator," died at Banksville, Pa., on the first instant, aged 81 years. Her firm was known for years in Pittsburg as Gray & Bell.

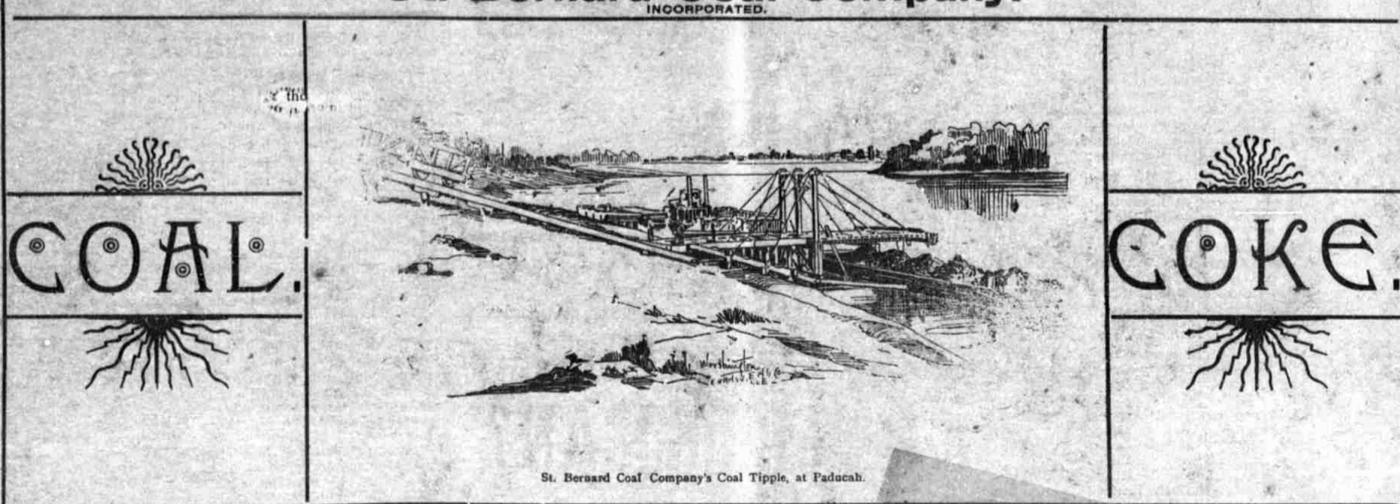
A Mississippi paper says:—"Our lovely Mississippi climate makes us indifferent to the excursions of the Anthracite coal combine. Up in the bleak Northwest they pay the bills. The secret of beating the monopoly is to pack up and come to the South."

Potatoes as a fuel in North Dakota. Estimating 30 bushels as only one cord of \$3.00 wood, this makes them worth ten cents a bushel for fuel, which is said to be better net price than they will bring on the farm in many parts of North Dakota.

The tow-boat "Bona," of Pittsburg, handling coal for the Crescent Coal Co., sank four barges containing 100,000 bushels of coal by striking a bridge pier at Memphis, Tenn.

Here is an item to remind a visitor to a coal mine of something:—"Four skeletons have been found in an abandoned coal mine near Colliers, W. Va., and near them was a flask containing a record dated November 2 to 7, 1862, saying that John Ewing, Ben Ayers, Tom Ackleson and Joseph Conroy, deserters, had been imprisoned in a mine by a cave-in. The record was signed by Joseph Conroy, and told of the killing of Ayers and Ackleson and eating parts of their bodies. Conroy wrote that he finally had to kill Ewing in self-defense."

Pineville (Ky.) "Courier":—"The city mule, which so much has been heard, was sold at public outcry Monday, for the sum of \$30.00 to J. W. Smith, of the Pineville. Coal and Coke Co. The mule is now busier than it has been since '82, and all those holding warrants are requested to bring them to the desk as they are cashed. The troops will be ordered out to prevent a fight over this find when the Common Council meets, which will be as soon as they see this piece of news in print."



St. Bernard Coal Company's Coal Tipple, at Paducah.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. **THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.**

### CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal. **ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.**

**PITHY PARAGRAPHS.**

Unprecedented activity is noted of late in the purchase and development of coal lands in eastern Tennessee along the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

The exodus of Huns and Slavs from the Connellsville Coking region continues unabated. Every day squads of them pass out making their way to the coke fields of West Virginia and Alabama, while a great many are returning to their native countries. Fully one thousand have left the region since the first of the year.

In passing along the tracks of a certain railroad like a pedestrian noticed a shabbily attired Polish woman picking coal with a greasy-faced little chap whose head was surmounted by a military cap. "What company do you belong to?" asked the pedestrian jocularly. "Oh, him no company," the woman interrupted. "His pop is a society man."

Connellsville "Courier":—"It is very difficult just now to arrive at a clear understanding of the existing conditions in the coke market. Influences by other causes than those governing actual supply and demand so often have an unlooked-for bearing in the market that it is pretty hard to tell which way the cat is going to jump. The present circular price of furnace coke—\$1.00 per ton—will hold good till April 1st, at the least, but after that date there will be a change either for better or worse."

Judge Stuart, at Bristol, Tenn., has ordered the property of the Big Stone Gap Co. to be sold to satisfy claims of creditors. The property involved is worth many thousands of dollars and includes 500 acres of leased coal lands, containing a superior quality of coking coal, and coke ovens, etc. The coke ovens have been operated during the last two or three years under a receiver, and during that time receivers' certificates have been issued to the amount of \$37,000 to satisfy the claims of creditors and to meet running expenses. It is estimated that with fifty additional coke ovens, the property could be made a paying investment, but owing to the litigation in which it has been involved, it has been impossible to secure additional capital.

**SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR**

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

IS SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you need it most to wake up your liver. A sluggish liver brings on malaria, fever and ague, rheumatism, and many other ailments which shatter the constitution and wreck health. Don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR that distinguishes it from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is a regulator of the liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

FOR THE BLOOD take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the RED Z on every package. You won't find it on any other medicine, and there is no other liver remedy like SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—the King of Liver Remedies. Be sure you get it.

J. E. Zettin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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**MORE THAN FIFTY PERIODICALS, DAILY, WEEKLY, MONTHLY.**

Valuable Case of Minerals, 300 Specimens, 400 Species Labeled.

**QUOSIBITES FROM THE INDIAN MOUNDS OF HOPKINS COUNTY, A FINE COLLECTION.**

Native woods, 214 varieties in form of picture frames, which collection was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Photographs and Photographic Transparencies—numerous and beautiful.

Price collection of grasses exhibited at Columbian Exposition.

**JOB WORK.**

Will receive prompt attention at this office. Estimates furnished upon application.

**HAWAII, "THE PEARL OF THE PACIFIC."**

The Ninth of a Series of Letters by John R. Musick

Author of the Columbian Historical Novels, "Brother Against Brother," etc., etc.

(Copyright, 1896, by FINE & WAGNALL COMPANY, New York.)

A Journey to the Great Volcano—A Mysterious Plantation Owner.

Of course, no visitor to the Hawaiian Islands fails to see the great volcano Kilauea. The journey to this volcano can now be made very comfortably. The Wilder Steamship Company runs a line of steamers from Honolulu to Hilo which connect with a stage. This stage takes one to the Volcano House, about three miles from the crater.

On Dec. 10, I boarded the Kinuau, a steamer of the Wilder line, for Hilo. The next morning we were at one of the ports on the northern part of the island called Waianuana, where there was a large sugar plantation for which our ship was bringing some heavy machinery. As the vessel was anchored half a mile from shore, the transportation of that ponderous machinery to land was an interesting sight. Two of the boats were lowered and lashed together with ropes and heavy beams of timber. Then the great iron rollers and cylinders were let down by means of a steam derrick and placed on the two boats, which were then rowed ashore by the native sailors. The water in this bay is so clear that we could see pebbles on the bottom at the depth of forty or fifty feet. Schools of fish, some weighing twenty to thirty pounds, could be seen swimming about the ship. The natives on board cast over hooks and caught one fine large fish.

When the cargo for this port had been all taken ashore, we continued our voyage down the coast of the great island which, with its miles of stone fences and brown earth, seemed a barren waste. Then soon, as we steamed along the shore, the snow-capped peak of Mauna Kea arose before our vision, in strong contrast with the tropical sun and summer breeze that fanned our cheeks. During the afternoon we passed the beautiful Panilo, who's

Minister Steven's daughter, an estimable young lady, was drowned. Miss Stevens had been visiting some friends at this place and was taking the vessel for Honolulu when the boat which was conveying her to the ship was overturned by the surf and she was drowned in fifty feet of water. A native sailor afterward dived to the bottom and recovered her body.

We arrived at Hilo at about eight in the evening, and going ashore I was taken in a hack to Hilo Hotel, kept by a Portuguese named Joseph Vierra. From here to the Volcano House one goes over a fairly good road through the Puna district in a stage, which makes the trip every other day.

On the morning of December 14th we boarded the stage and left Hilo. In the suburbs we halted to pick up a Japanese woman who was going up the road, and at the bridge beyond Hilo we took a native man and an empty goods box on board. Then the four horses with the stage swept down the road through a lane with rich cane fields on either side.

After a few miles the cane fields disappeared, and we plunged into vast forests of ahia wood mingled with which wild coffee was growing. Occasionally we passed a narrow path leading into a dense jungle, and whenever one glanced down it, the shanty of a Japanese miller had been seen snugly hidden away like a ground-bird's nest. The stage carried the mail, and I was surprised at the manner in which this was distributed by the driver. At every path along the way he gave a blast on his stage horn, and threw off a letter or paper. Sometimes there was a post-box at the roadside, and as he whirled by the stage driver deftly dropped into it the mail for the owner of the plantation.

One practice in Hawaii might teach a valuable lesson to the United States, and that is the employment of convict labor on public roads. Hawaii has some of the best and some of the worst roads in the world. Some of her broad turnpikes over the mountains are due to convicts working out their fines or years of penal servitude, which is certainly more profitable than hiring them out to a corporation. If a man violates the law, it makes no difference whether he commits a misdemeanor or a felony, he must serve the spunky little republic by digging on the road. At four o'clock the Volcano House, Mr. Peter Lee, proprietor, was reached. One has all the evidences of the near proximity of a

volcano on approaching the house. Steam was issuing from the seams in the lava-crusted earth along the roadside, and when we gained the higher ground we could see for miles about us. There were a thousand fissures in the earth from which hot steam and smoke were issuing, while far off to the west the smoke from the eternal fires of Kilauea gave it the appearance of Dore's painting of Dante's Inferno. Below the Volcano house, not three hundred paces away, are vast sulphur banks from which issues vapor in a continuous stream. Mr. Lee, the proprietor, has built a bath house, and conveys the sulphur vapor to it, the healing properties of which he declares are unequalled.

At last we gained the side of the lake. The crater was inactive, and had been so for a year (since Mr. Musick's visit this volcano has been in eruption. According to the newspaper reports, the flow of lava began on January 5), but far down into its hollow depths the faint glow of fires or heated stones could be seen while the rumbling of subterranean thunders reached our ears. The fires were a thousand feet below us and almost hidden by dense clouds of sulphurous smoke. From the fissures of stone on the side, the quivering air bore evidences of heat. There the guide lighted his pipe by the fire of the volcano, and I thrust my walking staff a few inches into the aperture. The stick was of green wood, in a few moments it was ablaze; the heat was so intense that one could not remain long at this place.

Going around to the north side we found great flow holes, where the lava was piled up in a thousand fantastic shapes. One of these cones looked like an elephant reared on its hind legs, the head and trunk being quite well formed.

When active the volcano of Kilauea is one of the earth's greatest natural wonders. In the lake or second crater the lava is continually boiling in a furious manner, throwing up jets and fountains, sometimes to the height of seventy-five feet, dashing against the banks in fiery waves and throwing up clouds of molten spray, making one of the grandest, most awe-inspiring sights imaginable.

From the lake we went to the great sulphur cave. The thermometer stands at over one hundred in this cave, we entered it, penetrating our way through the boiling, hissing steam. Stalactites of sulphur and alum hung like golden and silver icicles from the dome of the cavern. It was too hot to remain inside long, so we hastened out, mounted our horses and returned to the Volcano House.

Next day, with a guide and horses, I set out for the great Kona district, the land of stone and coffee. Hour after hour we trudged on over the stony earth, relieved occasionally by groves of trees, and now and then evidences of civilization and former occupancy in the form of an empty beer bottle at the roadside. That night we reached Pahala, which is a village plantation of about eight hundred and a thousand inhabitants. Of these, two at least are white, the others being Japanese, Chinese, and natives; I saw but one white man and one white boy. The great whistle at the plantation mill blew shortly after our arrival, and an army of Japanese, men and women, came in from the fields with hoes on their shoulders, and went to their miserable little huts. These Japs are all brought to the islands on the contract labor system. They are called coolies and are but little better than slaves. Their importation is beneficial only to the large plantations, but an injury to the islands, as they labor for twelve dollars per month and board themselves. It is said that a Japanese can live on one dollar per month, sending the remainder to Japan. I was informed that I must lodge with a Chinaman. The thought here was unpleasant, but it was either with the Chinaman or out on the street. A Chinese cook prepared my supper, and I was then shown to my room which was situated in a cow lot in close proximity to a pig sty. It was a small house with two rooms, and the one on the "mona" side I was to occupy. My room was eight by ten feet, had a square table, a wash basin, towel, pitcher, saucer with soap in it a mirror which by actual measurement was four by six inches, a hard-bottom chair, a steamer chair with sailor's mattress on the floor and a mosquito netting over it. I was informed that this gorgeous apartment had been rented to another party who had kindly consented to occupy less commodious quarters for my accommodation. The apartment was supplied with fresh reading matter in the form of a copy of the "Hawaiian Gazette" one month and two days old. Dingy, dark, musty with opium fumes, the place seemed a fit abode for robbers and cutthroats. The darkness and dinginess of the apartment were strongly suggestive of pitfalls and assassination, while, as if in mockery of the surroundings, some one had pinned on the wall the motto: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The aroma of

the pig sty was highly flavored with the odor of saddles, freshly oiled harness, and a smoky kerosene lamp, which had not been cleaned and trimmed more than once in its lifetime.

At last I ventured to lie down on the bed. The apartment next to mine was occupied by Celestials, but for what purpose I never knew, the sounds issuing from it being sometimes suggestive of a sausage factory, sometimes of a laundry, dyeing works, or planing-mill. This adjoining apartment was certainly no larger than my own, but after nineteen Chinamen of all ages had entered it, I became tired of counting, and sought peace in sleep.

At last the sausage-mill ceased, the laundry grew quiet, the wheels of the planing-mill ran more smoothly, and the mosquitoes, having satisfied their wants, at my expense, I slept until rosy morn; I might have slept longer had not a cow poked her head in at my only window and awakened me by an unearthly bawl. My landlord provided me a breakfast from which a Washington Square trap would turn with contempt, and then charged me Delmonico prices for his "accommodations."

To saddle up and leave Pahala was a luxury. I changed guides here. Taking a native boy named Harry with me, I started on a three days' journey through Kona to a place called Kaihau. At noon we reached the village of Waiohina (sparkling water), where we met Mr. Meinecke, a German gentleman, who has a store and a coffee plantation. On learning it was our intention to stop at the Kuhuku ranch, the home of Colonel Norris, he assured us that it was very doubtful if that individual would entertain me, as he was bitterly opposed to white men. Ten miles beyond his ranch, however, was a deserted house in which we had better stay, if Colonel Norris refused to accommodate us.

We set out for Kuhuku and reached it at 4 p. m. By this time dark clouds obscured the skies and chilling winds, sweeping down from snow-capped Mauna Loa, portended a coming storm. The ranch is a small village of houses and bars enclosed in walls of stone. We soon came upon a Chinaman and Kanaka skinning a bullock that had just been slain, while standing near them with a long stick in his hand was an old man whose tall form was slightly bent, and his hair and beard a yellowish white. His eyes were sunken and sinistrous, and there was a "never-

smiled again" expression on his face. "Is this Colonel Norris?" I asked, approaching him and extending my hand. He made no answer and only looked at me. I then remembered the colonel sometimes feigned deafness, so I wrote on a card, asking: "Can myself and guide stay at your ranch?" "No," he answered, while his eyes flashed with fire. "You are a missionary, a white man, opposed to royalty and in favor of annexation. I am neither; I am an author," I answered.

"You can't deceive me," he cried, striking his stick on the ground. "You are a preacher and a missionary, a white man, opposed to royalty and in favor of annexation. You stole all the land of the natives."

I tried to assure him that I had never stolen an inch of Hawaiian soil save what clung to my boots, that I was not a missionary, and being an American citizen, had no interest in their political wrangle over annexation, or the queen. But he was obdurate. In vain I appealed to his humanity, to the fact that he was a white man himself, that he had 180,000 acres of the natives' land, more than all the missionaries combined yet it was no use. I had to go.

For ten miles our course lay across the black lava flow of 1887. This flow is black as charcoal and hard as flint, with sharp bristling points on every square foot, on which not a vestige of vegetation can be found. The blackness is relieved only by the white bleaching bones of animals which have perished in crossing it. On, on, and on, through the gathering gloom of night and a threatening storm, we pressed for ten miles. Then we entered a forest where the trees grew far apart, and the ground was covered with bunch grass and ferns. At last when our tired horses were almost ready to sink from exhaustion, we came upon the deserted house, and, overcome with our exertion, threw ourselves on the floor and slept, regardless of the howls of wild dogs on the mountains.

Colonel Norris is a mysterious man. Some say he is from Virginia, and was a colonel in the Confederate army, others that he is an Englishman. He has no relatives; is immensely rich, has a large account in the Bank of England, and will allow no woman, or child, or white man on his premises, unless assured of his immoral character, and loyalty to Queen Liliuokalani.

JOHN R. MUSICK