

The Bee

SIXTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1895.

NO. 30.

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.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

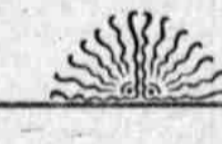
There is a great rush of coal to all the lake loading points, as the operators seem to be anxious to get all their contracts filled before the 1st of October.

The coal tip at Mud River mines, four miles from Penrod, Ky., was totally destroyed by fire. Damage estimated at \$20,000. The work will be delayed for several months.

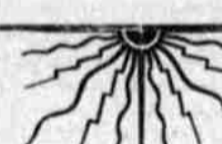
The Louisville & Nashville R. R. Co. has begun the work of laying the tracks to connect with the coal road of the Virginia Coal & Iron Co. branching from Big Stone Gap, Va. The grading of the coal road has been completed with the exception of a few miles that are expected to be finished by the middle of the coming month.

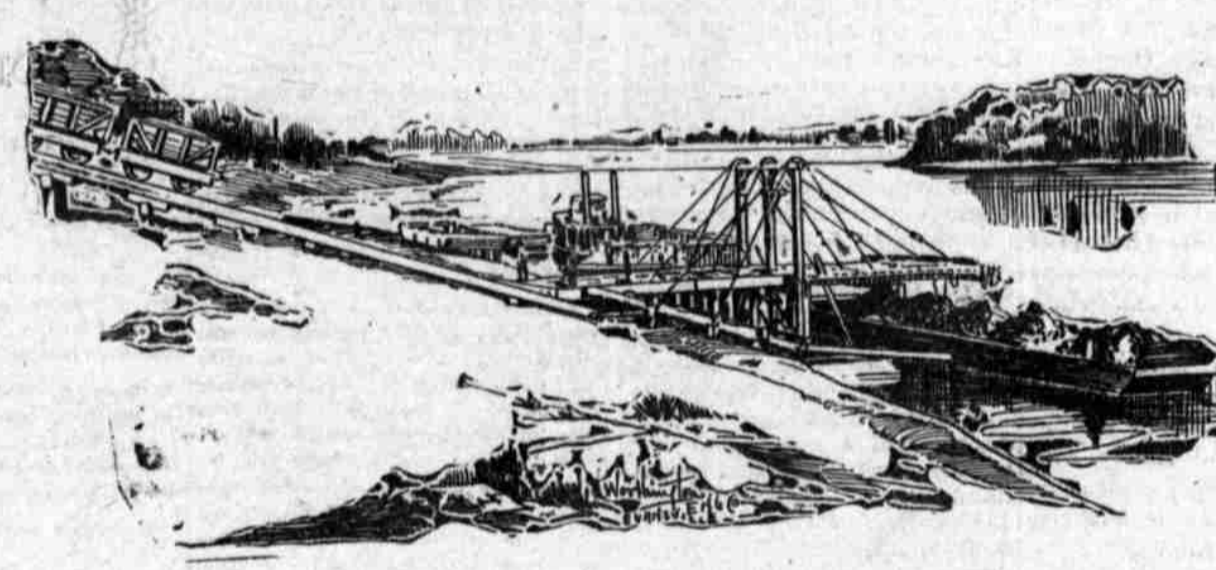
The river operator at Pittsburg does not see the prospect of turning his coal into cash at any very early day, for the rise in the waters is still a question of the future. All the railroad mines in that district are not being operated at the same rate even since the convention, at which this was agreed to. However, both the miners and the operators, willing to pay the rate agreed upon, feel confident that all the difficulties in the way of establishing the general uniform price, will be cleared away very soon. It is a question of facilities; all the mines are not on a par as to capacity, improvements, or any other thing, not even the quality of the coal and these inequalities produce difference in prices and wages.

The Southern Coal Association, composed of the leading coal operators of Alabama and Tennessee, and some of the operators in the Jellico district of Kentucky, organized to endeavor to promote harmony, and maintain such rates for coal as would enable the mine owners to pay fair wages to their workmen, and get a fair profit on their output, met at the Imperial Hotel, Knoxville, Tenn., on Aug. 14th, and C. P. Perrin was made permanent chairman. All present were in favor of advancing prices to regain part of the reduction and afford a slight profit on the output for production without being oppressive to consumers.

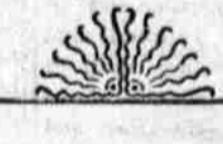


COAL

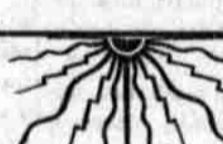




ST. BERNARD COAL TIPPLE ON TENNESSEE RIVER, AT PADUCAH, KY., FOR SUPPLYING STEAMBOATS.



COKE



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.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING

The Coal Trade Journal thinks strange that a Western paper should suppose that an inferior coal could pass for "Colchester." But if the "Colchester" cards are left on the empty cars sent to the miners shipping inferior coal and are again so labelled, the dealer who receives the inferior product might, if unscrupulous, easily mistake the deceit.

The coal operators of the Knoxville district forwarded two car loads of their coal to the St. Bernard Coal & Coke Co., to be tested for coke making. The coal was weighed and coked, part of it 48 hours and the balance 72 hours, and although the sample contained 10 per cent of dirt and 3 per cent of sulphur the product was close, compact, bright and silvery, and transport, and after having been tried in a brick-making manufacturing stove, has been pronounced equal to Pocahontas, and for foundry work as good as Connellsville. The operators have included to erect 25 box hives ovens and a coking and slack washing plant at Coal Creek.

Dealers, who are holding off for cheap coal, are likely to get left. Complaint is heard on all sides of some scarcity of ordinary and box cars, and several coal carrying roads. This is said to be due to the fact that many box cars which have been used in carrying coal, are in the repair shops and will be used in carrying grain during the autumn and winter, and will not be permitted to be used again in the coal trade this season. When the hold out country dealers are in his order he will have to wait on account of shortage in rolling stock.

At a meeting of operators in Knoxville, Tenn., of the Southern Coal Association, resolutions were read against the State government restricting coal by convict labor and then putting it on the market at very reduced prices, prices with which those who employ free labor can in no wise compete. The paper was not harshly voiced, but a condemnation of this practice on the part of the operators, but spoke very loudly against the proceeding on the part of the State. If the State wishes to mine coal with convict labor it do so, but at the same time advance the prices set by those who regulate the price of coal mined by hired labor, was the sentiment expressed.

A DRUNKEN SKEPTIC'S DREAM.

BY E. DENTON.

'Twas on a dark and starless night,
I heard and saw an awful sight,
Me thought I saw the gulf below,
Where all the daying drunkards go.
My awful woe no tongue can tell,
Is this my place, the drunkard's hell?
I heard another mournful sound,
Amid a group still lower down,
I raised my head and heard them tell
This is the place where Bacchus dwells,
Around him stood a weeping crowd
With noses red and voices loud.
They gasped their teeth and sighed and groaned,
This is the whiskey seller's home,
I traveled on and got there last,
Then tried to take a social glass,
But every time I stirred it well,
I thought about the devil's hell,
I dashed it down and left the place,
And went to seek redeeming grace,
I bowed my knees to Jesus' throne,
And raised my voice in humble prayer.
The very moment faith began,
Ten thousand joys around me sprang:
Then I went home to change my life,
And see my long neglected wife,
I found her weeping by the bed,
Because her infant boy was dead;
I told her not to cry and weep,
Because her babe had gone to sleep.
His happy soul had fled away,
To dwell with Christ through endless day.
I took her by her pale white hand,
She was so weak she could not stand;
I laid her down and breathed a prayer,
That God would bless and save us there.
Then I went to temperance hall,
To take a pledge among them all;
They met me with a welcome hand,
Five sober years have passed away,
Since first I bowed my knees to pray,
And still I'm living a sober life,
Have a good home and a lovely wife,
Oh, may the Legislative band
Exact good laws throughout the land,
And stop old whiskey's onward course
From all the mountains to the coast.
Then, drunken crimes will have to flee,
And leave the land of Tennessee.
Then, all her people will be blest,
With sober care in every breast.
—The Pilot.

NYE ON NAPOLEON.

William Gives a Few Reminiscences of the Emperor.

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Will the ever indulgent and genial reader kindly pardon a few terse words regarding the life and public services of Napoleon? Napoleon was the legitimate son of Carlo Bonaparte and Letizia Ramolina, his wife. I speak of him as a legitimate son because in writing French history one cannot be too careful.

Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769, and June 18, 1815, broke a molasses jug at Waterloo.

At the age of 11 years Napoleon succeeded in securing a chance to attend the military school at Brienne. He was a good pupil in mathematics, and early manifested his heroism by standing up bravely in his threadbare garments and pathetic poverty among the sons of wealth, who hooted and insulted the pale Corsican and doubtless called him a "jay."

Doubtless at no time in his whole life did his heart sink lower, even when he bade adieu to the Old Guard, than when he wrote home begging his parents to take him back and spare his proud spirit this bitter humiliation.

In 1785 Napoleon was made a sub-lieutenant of artillery on a salary that would not have paid for his cigarettes had he used them. Napoleon's family shortly afterward joined the rebels, as they were called, because they undertook to free Corsica from the French yoke. But it was decided that Corsica looked better in a French yoke, and so she continued to appear in one. Napoleon was compelled to fight against his own family in this campaign.

It might be well here to say that the father gambled a good deal and died poor. The mother was a noble, resolute woman, and to her the Little Corporal owed no doubt the chief elements of his greatness.

In 1793 Napoleon was made captain, by which his pay was raised two francs, or about 40 cents, and another pair of red artillery pantaloons bestowed upon him. They were very baggy and cheap, but they covered a brave heart, and by cutting armholes in them Napoleon, who was a short waisted man, even at the height of his popularity, was enabled to put on a vest.

As lieutenant colonel before Toulon he distinguished himself, and even at the head of a soiled pack of ragtag and bobtail yeomanry he saw the proud armies of Spain and England compelled to evacuate the city.

In 1794 he was made brigadier general and sent to Italy, where he was greatly respected, but he got mixed up with the Robespierres, and as a result was imprisoned in Paris July 28. A new period of poverty and misery now followed. His command was taken from him; also his salary. He could not have his boots blackened. In his thin and threadbare artillery trousers he

sat upon the bare stone flagging of his cell, and by doing so day after day somehow got the impression that this is a cold, cold world.

But fortunately a revolution broke out in Paris, and while looking for some one to be shot at the authorities suddenly thought of Napoleon. He was desperate. Death to him would be a large, attractive boon. He was called to take command. He gave the French hoodlums a heroic prescription of grape and filled them with fear and appendicitis. He drove them to their holes and made them stay there. Thus he nipped a revolution in the bud and laid the foundation for a vast pedestal, which he afterward had the brief privilege of occupying.

March 9, 1796, Napoleon married Josephine Beauharnais, the widow of General Beauharnais, who, during the revolution, or during the reign of terror, had received in the neck a slight testimonial from the French people which left Josephine ad interim a widow, full of ginger and high purposes, bereaved, yet hopeful, ambitious, high spirited, well gaited, traveling well either single or double, and not afraid of the cars.

Napoleon made the same error here that so many great and gifted men make. Learned in mathematics, tactics and the general business of command he yet knew little of women. Any one who has ever been in Paris could have told him that he must be firm.

He should have studied woman as he would war, for she was not to become a part of the history of France?

"But, nay, nay," said Napoleon. "I haven't time to study this gentleman phenomenon. I must waste in blood for weeks at a time and gaze down the cannon's mouth a good deal of the time. Why should I put in my evenings at the social functions and my afternoons at the baseball game? All that I can do when I am emperor."

He thought that Josephine would joyfully remain at home and scrape lint, while he went abroad piling the ground with Moslem slain or sealed the Alps or anything else that seemed to need it.

Why does a great man flatter himself that he can go away for 10 or 11 years seeing the country and leaving his wife at home to look out at the window day after day in a hotel watching the bus go down to meet No. 11 or to take passengers to No. 10; yet expect to find her on his return younger and more beautiful, more devoted and more willing to occupy the same room 17 years more watching the

biographer has little space to digress here, but had Napoleon taken Josephine with him whenever he went into a battle, it would have been great kindness, a not only to her, but to the historian.

If Napoleon and Josephine had fought more against the common enemy, they would have been on a better peace footing themselves. Suffice it to say here that in after years they were separated, childless, and Josephine, who, by her intrigues, whatever those may be, had made Napoleon a commander, was denied the solemn joy of sharing his glory and humiliation.

Napoleon was called Le Petit Caporal and was honored 100 years later by having a cigarette named after him, but too late to swell his proud, cold bosom in the ill ventilated sarcophagus which holds all that is mortal of the first emperor.

Can stoned ur or animated bust
Back to the trachea woo the fleeting breath?
Or joyous peasants stir the mouldering dust
Or soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

No, indeed! I should certainly say not?

The marriage of Napoleon was followed by one of the most brilliant campaigns in history. Eleven days after his wedding he went to complete his honeymoon amid the rocks of the frozen Maritime Alps with his frost bitten, starving army.

"Maritime indeed!" methinks I hear Josephine remarking, with a cynical look at her marriage certificate, and also at a bright, new silver butter dish given her by the nobility of France. "What an attractive bride I must be, with one husband passed on to spirit life and the other eating his frozen victuals 5,000 feet above timber line!"

From these lofty heights the Little Corporal, wearing a large pair of ear muffs, descended upon a first, second, third and fourth Austrian army, only to drive them before him into a corner and wipe them out at his leisure. Peace followed—the peace of Campo Formio—and Lombardy and the Netherlands were ceded to Greece.

Space will not permit of detail here regarding the great battles of Napoleon, but we may say that through these victories the powers at home saw that he was no longer their servant, but the people's idol, and that one day he would not only wield the baton for France to fiddle, but that Europe and the civilized world must soon mark down their securities when Napoleon said so.

He proposed to conquer Egypt and capture the pyramids. He had an idea that they would look well in the front yard of Versailles. He lived in the saddle and snuffed in every breeze the warm blood of his foe.

Such a life would bore me to death, but just see how different Napoleon was. He kept on fighting Christian or Moslem, Jew or Gentile, until the thirsty yet blood clotted jaws of insatiate war were paralyzed, and with yet hungry and staring eyes and lolling tongue the cruel beast that had peopled a continent with widows and orphans, sowed the valley thick with graves and filled the snowy canyons of the Alps with unknown dead paused at the evening of a great disaster and found itself deserted.

Yet Napoleon was feared even after he was dead, and the English piled tons upon tons of granite over his poor clay and bound these giant blocks of stone together with bands of iron, so that many years afterward the work of exhumation was almost impossible.

But why is it that with all the glory that surrounds the name of Napoleon, every human heart beats more in sympathy with his wronged and wrong but discarded wife, and human interest turns from the history of Marengo and of Austerlitz to read the story of one ambitious, broken heart that beat and bled for him?

It is not the first case wherein a devoted wife has kindled in her husband's breast a fire of ambition only at last to be consumed by it and cast to the four winds of heaven by his hand.

Had Napoleon fought with the Moslem sunners and spent his winters in Paris with his wife, the war would have lasted longer and his domestic history would read smoother to-day. But, alas! all great men have their weak sides. Even Senator Hill loves to steal away for an afternoon and just gorge himself with baseball. Even the president of the United States, with able counselors all about him and every good influence of home and friends exerted in his behalf, will no doubt, in spite of it all, go down to his grave spitting on his bait with childlike confidence.

Even you, yourself, said a friend to me the other day, "behind that wide and winning smile of yours yet have, no doubt, your own weak spot."

"Yes, indeed," I exclaimed roguishly, "I have, and you have put your finger right on it the first time too. It is right behind that wide, winning smile of which you speak."
BILL NYE.

AN EXPERIMENT.

"How much now, Marion?" grumbled her husband, rising and standing beside her with open pocketbook.

"Say, Toby," said she, looking up brightly, just let me be cashier for one week, won't you? I only want to convince you how mean it makes me feel never to have money to spare for "rubbish." Ah, do Anthony."

Coaxing, caresses, etcetera, accomplished their work, for a half hour later Mr. Wellings leaves the house with only sufficient funds in his pocket for the bare necessary expenses incurred during the day.

Seated in the car, he bethinks himself of his paper. True enough, he has forgotten to bring it. The search in both of his coat pockets proves a vain one.

"Here Johnny," to a little newsboy just entering, "a paper, please."

Then recollecting his cash allowance too late, he has not the courage to refuse the paper now in his hands. He dislikes becoming a special object of interest to the rest of the passengers, and so the nickel intended for the ride home is handed out, the change received, and Mr. Wellings forgets the trifling annoyance while perusing the columns of the paper.

"Anthony Wellings, as I live!" exclaims a deep voice beside him, and a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder causes Mr. Wellings to glance around in surprise.

"Who is it? Can it be—yes 'tis really his old college chum."
"Hugh, old boy, how glad, very glad I am to see you. And a hearty handshake testifies this assertion."
"Where do you drop from? How is everybody? Well, now, but I'm glad to see you."

Again the hands grip each other. "I'm just going to lunch. Come along, won't you and—"
Mr. Wellings' handsome eyes suddenly dilate, his breath ceases for a moment.

"Good heavens!" he thinks. "Here I am with only 30 cents for lunch." On second thought: Hugh, you'd better come up to the house to-night to dinner. Important duties prevent my lingering here, and we should be unable to talk over old times. Come to the house, won't you? Yes? Well here's the address. My wife will be pleased to welcome you, too. Good-bye, then, till later."

And the friends part. "It's all her fault!" thinks Mr. Wellings almost savagely.

"How like an idiot he must have thought me? But, by jove! I couldn't tell the man I had only money enough for one slim lunch."

Wonder if Marion was ever in such a box? Poor little woman! Perhaps I have been too close with her."

Mr. Corbin called to obtain substantial aid in behalf of a sick man's family.

"I can give you something tomorrow," adds Mr. Wellings, as his visitor is about to depart.

Jenny, the flower girl, comes in, too. It has been Mr. Wellings' habit to purchase a bouquet from the little maiden, but to-day he must decline.

Late in the afternoon his wife and little Willie come in on their way from grandmother's to their home.

"Papa," says the little fellow, "give me money for a big ball, please."
"Ask your mother, child," his father tells him tersely.

"But ma never gives me nofing, tause she never has money to spare, she tells me," replies Willie, disappointedly.

"But she will now, my boy, and besides papa will buy you a fine bat. Here, Clarke," to the elderly clerk, "you can attend to these matters on hand. I start for home now with Mrs. Wellings. Come, Maria, Willie, and together the happy trio leave the office woevously."

Late that evening, after dinner is a thing of the past, and the nurse has carried Willie upstairs to bed, Mr. Wellings puts down the book of fairy tales he has been reading to his eager little listener, and rising, crosses over to his wife's chair.

"Marian," he confesses frankly, taking the sewing from her busy fingers, and clasping them tightly in his own, "I've been a fool. You know all I mean, so spare me the recital of particulars. You shall have your wish. Is this satisfactory, little woman?"

"More than satisfactory," she answers him gently. "You are too good to me, Anthony. But—the bright eyes dance mischievously—" "I am just a little glad you found it out for yourself—the unpleasantness of having no money of your own, I mean."

SMALL BOY AND BIG VOICE.

The boy and his voice were not mates. That was evident the moment the former attempted to do the latter. The one was not quite a '5 foot boy,' while the other would easily pass as a '7 foot voice.' They both got on an Al-ley L train at Congress street, and the boy undertook to say something about having 5 o'clock papers to sell, whereupon the windows rattled and the car began to rock. The old man who had jumped so high that his head nearly struck the roof looked at the boy reproachfully for a moment and then attempted to be humorous.

"A little louder, please," he said.

"Huh?" returned the boy inquiringly.

"Speak a little, louder. Have your voice?"

The other passengers laughed, and the boy seemed somewhat discomfited.

"Paper?" he asked, going close to the man.

"No," replied the man, gratified at the success of his little joke. "I was merely wondering why you didn't speak out instead of whispering."

The boy was close to the man's ear by this time, and he let out a cry of "Evening papers!" that fairly jarred the engineer.

He got to the door first, and the book that the old man threw after him merely raised a bump on the side of the conductor's head. Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chinese Court.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through this degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his country.—London Standard.

"I AM wedded to the faith of my party," said the Kentucky democrat.

"Well, you'd better keep quiet about it," rejoined his friend.

"Why?"

"The first thing you know you'll be arrested for bigamy."