

The Bee

SIXTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895.

NO. 17.

ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY, NY,

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.

A company has been formed to mine coal in Alaska.

Mines at Grass Creek, Utah, are idle and full of water.

A seam of coal six feet thick is reported at Ottumwa, Ia.

Electric mining plant at Atchison, Kan., runs three machines.

Operators about Terre Haute, Ind., are trying to form a pool.

Miners in Missouri will resist the cut to 62½ cents a ton for lump coal.

Wages of miners in Boone County, Ia., have been cut from \$1.00 per ton to 80 cents.

It is claimed that pig iron can be made in East Tennessee for \$5 per ton.

A minimum rate for mining coal is spoken of in Iowa. It is good to know that there is one.

Tennessee operators are determined not to have the competition of the State as a coal producer.

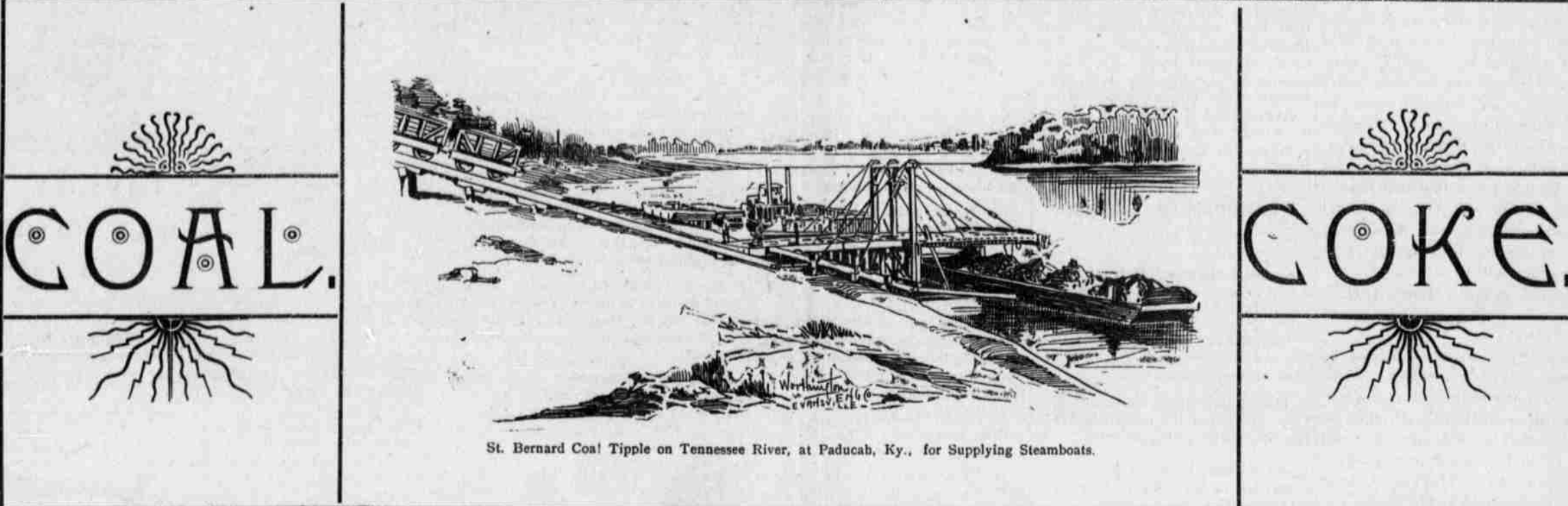
Development of the Lignite coal in Texas is going forward, particularly about the town of Rockdale.

Mr. John H. Inman claims to have sold 45,000 acres of coal land on the Cumberland plateau in Tennessee for \$275,000.

The citizens of Mount Vernon, Ohio, distributed 110 tons of coal to the poor. The coal was purchased from the Black Diamond Coal Co., at a discount, and hauled there by the B. & O. road at half rate. Eighty teamsters carried it free. The custom is a yearly one.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

INCORPORATED.



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.

Suits for an aggregate of \$110,000 have been begun against a coal company in Illinois for damages in deaths and injuries to persons by an explosion in its mines.

Some foolish fellow is circulating a story that 1,000 miners are wanted in Cannel coal mines in Kentucky. They are not needed.

Business in the Birmingham, Ala., district is very active at present. It is said that the average price per ton at the mines last year was 95 cents.

At Milwaukee, Wis., there is a discussion about smoke nuisance. The defenders say:—"What makes a city is noise, smells and smoke, and that a place unenlivened by masses of soft coal in the air is no better than a village." The ideas of one or two of the aldermen, of whom a number took part in the discussion were equally picturesque. "I like to see chimneys smoke," one said, "I think it is beautiful. If a man wants to keep clean let him go to live in Wauwatosa. All cities are dirty. Look at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. They are worse than Milwaukee."

A paper at Birmingham Ala., prints this:—"The coal now being mined in Jefferson County exceeds that of any other county in the United States, and probably in the world. It would be a big advertisement for Birmingham if the amount was compiled each month and published." There was a total of 2,774,000 tons of coal mined in Jefferson County, Ala., last year. A part of it went to make 874,000 tons of coke. There are counties in Pennsylvania that do four times as much as this. It is all very well to blow about one's own local habitat, however, but truth is better.

God Pity a Drunkard's Child.

BY JESSIE PHILLIPS.

The night was cold and dreary,
The walks made sleek with ice,
Yet people hurried to and fro
In a city full of vice.

A child walked slowly down the street
And in each shop she peered,
Yet looked about as on she walked,
As though a something feared.

I followed close behind this child—
Her years not more than ten—
She stopped a moment, wiped her eyes
And then moved on again.

Across the street there was a shop
Where the staff of life was sold,
Her footsteps turned toward the door,
She trembled with the cold.

When on the threshold of that door
The child did quickly kneel,
Those small clenched hands were raised to
Him.

Who hears when we appeal.

That prayer was over, she darted in
And snatched a loaf of bread;
"Now mother dear, you shall not die"
She cried—as on she fled.

Just then a policeman grabbed the child
And hurled her to the bricks,
Said he in belittling fury:
"I've caught you at your tricks."

"O! sir, please let me go this once,
Poor mother says she's dying,
My father's drunk in yonder jail
And babe for bread is crying."

"I just left home to beg for bread,
I did not want to steal,
Now think if you were in my place
Pray sir, how would you feel?"

"My feet are bare, I have no shoes,
Father took them away I think,
We used to live happy and have plenty to eat
Before father was taken to drink."

"O sir—let me go, poor mother's not well,
There's no one to help her but me,
I know it was wrong for me to steal bread,
But no other way could I see."

That child, the picture of despair,
Did move that strong man's heart
And into the hardened being
A new life did impart.

He slipped a coin into her hand,
Then said, both gently and mild:
"Now run along home my little one
And—God pity a drunkard's child."

OVER THE RIVER.

BY ARCHIE R. ROBLESON.

No, I am not a believer in dreams, warnings and supernatural agencies, but I have vivid recollections of a certain night in June, at Wendover, Wyoming, when a coming event cast a black shadow before that no logic or philosophy can explain.

Having a great fancy for performances on the tight rope, I began to travel with Bale Brothers' circus when a mere lad, and

in due time became quite an expert in mid-air exhibitions. When walking became an old story, I saved up my earnings and bought a bicycle with a grooved tire, determined to master the art of riding a rope; but it took a year of careful practice before I was able to push my wheel over a two-inch cable stretched across a reasonable space in the open air.

I displayed this accomplishment for Bale Brothers about six months, and then I had a little altercation with the head manager, and, being quick tempered, I severed my connection with them and began work for myself, giving bold performances on the rope across rivers and from the top of one high building to another, in scattered towns and romantic country places.

For several years I travelled through the Eastern States, and finally brought up in the North Western, billed to appear at Wendover in May and ride my wheel over a rope spanning the North Platte river at a point above the town called the Bend. The Union Pacific Railway carried me along to the terminus of my journey, when I found myself unloaded at seven o'clock on the morning of the day before my promised exhibition.

Wendover was one of the prettiest little places imaginable, built up of picturesque houses and square business blocks, from whose tall chimneys the smoke loomed darkly up and circled in mystic shadows, that finally settled themselves into scattered clouds in the bright sky.

But the suburbs of the city were more attractive than its thickly-occupied portion. Imposing mansions and odd, Gothic-roofed cottages, with slashed corners and wide windows, in the midst of pieces of well-planned landscape gardening, made the finest view I had ever seen.

After breakfast, I walked over to the Bend and looked over my ground. The river was both broad and rapid here, and its steep banks made my feat a daring and stupendous undertaking. I selected the exact spot where the rope should be drawn, and then I selected a cigar and strolled along the bluff for a quiet smoke.

The water bubbled noisily, and now and then a fish would show itself above the surface, turn an adroit hand-spring, and disappear farther down the current in reckless enjoyment of its native element.

When the river became monotonous to me, I walked away from it and began to climb more cliffs, just for a view of the romantic gorges beyond them.

It is a humiliating confession for a sure-footed gymnast to make, but on the very top of one of these sharp hills I caught my heel in a snag and toppled off. I clutched wildly at some bushes as I went, but missed them, and a shock like that given by an earthquake put an end to my struggles.

When I rallied, I was lying on the earth, with my head supported by the soft arm of a young and pretty girl, just then intensely interested in bandaging my brows with a wet handkerchief. She had the finest pair of eyes I ever looked into, and when she said that I had revived, she smiled and said: "Thank Heaven, you are not dead, after all!" I tried to move, but my effort was accompanied with great pain.

"Where am I and what has happened?" I groaned.

"You fell from a ledge a few moments ago, and have an ugly cut on your head and I fear, a broken ankle; but do not exert yourself, for help will soon be here. I was walking through the glen below with Hero, my Newfoundland dog, and saw the accident. I scribbled a note and tied it to his collar, sending him directly to papa."

I put my hand to my head and found it was bleeding profusely; then I tried to move and my left foot did not respond. She had described my condition correctly, and the thought that it would be some time before I pushed my wheel, struck me quite forcibly. While I was still ruminating on my misfortune, a middle-aged man, accompanied by a huge dog, picked his way along the valley path toward us, and stopped beside me.

"Well, now, mister, this is a mishap, indeed!" he said in a hearty voice, as he carefully examined my limb. "But you may be thankful that your leg got the break instead of your neck, for a slide from your cliff is a serious matter. Put your arms about me, and we'll see if I can lift you." "Elizabeth, take that foot and keep it level."

We obeyed, and were soon moving slowly away, with the dog, Hero, leading the procession.

"You are a stranger in Wendover?" the man said, as we proceeded.

"Yes," I faltered, "I am the man who is to exhibit bicycle riding on a rope across the Bend, to-morrow."

"Which exhibition will be postponed till a month from to-morrow," he returned, rather grimly, "but we will take good care of you at Cliffside, which is my home."

"Elizabeth is a powerful nurse and a clipper to read poetry and stories to sick folks; and as for myself, Will Churchill isn't a bad fellow to be tied up with."

This generous hospitality stimulated my courage, but the roughness of the road brought out more than one moan of pain as we toiled on, and I was thankful when we arrived at the house, which was one of the most spacious and handsome of the suburban villas about Wendover.

I was transferred to an easy couch in a large, commodious room, and an hour later a doctor had set my broken limb, and I was feeling much more comfortable. Then I took a long look at Elizabeth Churchill. She was actually beautiful, with the kind expression of sympathy lighting up her face, and I fell asleep to dream about her.

Days followed, in which I received such tender care that I began to wish I could break the other leg when this one was healed, so that I could stay longer at Cliffside. As Mr. Churchill had asserted, she was a fine reader, and amused me for hours, with poems, and stories from her favorite magazines, often pausing to get my opinion of the hero, and to ask me if I would have fallen in love with the heroine had I been in his place.

I patted my crippled ankle as long as I dared, for Mr. Churchill and Elizabeth seemed to enjoy my society; and the only drawback to my happiness was the frequent visits of a swarthy Spanish artist, Carlos

Levanger, who always scowled at me, and at devouring Elizabeth's beauty with his great burning eyes, to her evident uneasiness.

One afternoon I ventured to ask Elizabeth why he came so often to Cliffside, and she blushed and replied that he was trying to persuade her father to allow him to paint her picture for life.

I grew hot and cold alternately at the idea of such a thing, and changed the conversation by remarking that I must go back to my profession next month, and my first appearance must be at the Bend, according to my old advertisement. Elizabeth clasped her hands together suddenly.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Do not attempt such a feat! Your ankle is not entirely strong, and you have not the nerve. You will surely fall and be killed—"

She broke off abruptly and left the room, but her unfinished sentence made my heart beat like a trip hammer. Could it be that she really cared for me? I determined to win her at all events, and I looked forward to a trip we had planned to a picturesque spot down the river that evening, for a mutual explanation of our true feelings.

I shall never forget that night. The sun, in going down, had left a golden line that lay like a ribbon along the western sky, a few stars that the moonlight could not obscure were shining, and the summer dew brought out the sweetest fragrance of shrubs and flowers, while a soft breeze kept their leaves murmuring gently.

The moon looked calmly down on us and was a silent witness to our betrothal, for Elizabeth made me the happiest man on earth by promising to marry me, and I, in turn, promised to give up my profession after the Wendover display of skill, which was not to come off till I was perfectly strong again.

The next day Carlos Levanger got his answer about Elizabeth's picture, and in the heat of disappointment, he poured out such a torrent of Spanish love-talk that she put a cooler on him by ordering him from Cliffside immediately. But when he left, with bitter imprecations on his lips, she grew timid, and cautioned me to keep out of his way, lest he should wreak his revenge on the man he believed to be his rival. I laughed lightly at her fears and went on my way, too thoroughly happy to care for anything but the present, and Levanger did not come near us again.

My recovery was rapid. I polished up my machine and began to ride again, soon feeling equal to a trial of the rope. Three days before the date of my performance I went up to the Bend and superintended the stretching of the rope. I came back quite tired, and as Elizabeth was suffering with a headache and did not come down to the drawing-room that evening, I went to my own room at an early hour.

There was a storm brewing, and I opened the window to relieve the closeness of the air. Now and then there was a low muttering of thunder, and there were rushing whistles and sudden pauses in the wind that were oppressive and threatening. I leaned back in an invalid chair and watched the lights that were visible from the windows of the neighboring cottages, for I do not know how long a time, but I was aroused

by a touch upon my elbow. It was a soft, uncanny touch, as if the hand that gave it had no bone or muscle therein, and, turning quickly, I saw a pale-faced stranger, with long, silvery hair and white beard standing beside me.

"What do you want?" I asked, in a tone of awe.

"Come!" was the brief answer.

He took my hand and I reluctantly arose to my feet.

"Where?" I whispered.

"You will see presently."

I followed him in silence, impelled by some impulse that I could not resist. We went quietly down the stairs and out at the back door, taking the way to the bend of the river.

Not a word was spoken during the journey, but when we stopped on the bank of the Platte, my companion said, solemnly: "James Nelson, look across to the other shore."

I obeyed, and saw a throng of eager people swaying to and fro, with eyes fixed upon the rope that spanned the rapid stream.

"They are watching for your death-ride, for, believe me, when you mount your wheel again, it will be for the last time! The revenge of a Spaniard awaits you."

I shuddered, but as I stepped backward, I saw that my Columbia was by my side, and the old man pointed to it significantly. "Must I ride?" I asked in a husky voice. "You must."

My hands trembled, but I took the handles of the machine and carefully tested the tightness of the rope at the end. The crowd cheered, and I took my position on the seat, moving slowly out upon my perilous trip.

A steady hand and a clear brain," said the old man, coolly.

The wind had entirely died away, and I felt the slight quivering of the rope beneath me. One-third of the distance was traversed, when I felt a quicker vibration, and, glancing ahead, I saw Carlos Levanger, with a sharp knife in his hand, crouching down at the farther end with exultation and madness glaring in his snaky eyes. His purpose was plainly evident—to cut the rope and precipitate me into the boiling water below, and no one raised a hand to prevent it! I made three more revolutions, the weapon rasped across my hempen bridge, and I went down with a smothered cry of agony! I grasped wildly at empty space, and found myself alone, and sitting on the ground in utter darkness. Above the soughing of the wind and the distant growl of thunder, I could hear the brawling voice of the Platte at its right hand. For five minutes I sat still trying to realize where I was and what had befallen me, and by degrees it came to me that I had seen no old man, but had tried my hand at sleep-walking under the spell of a terrible vision.

I gathered myself up and crawled back to Cliffside, firmly resolved that I would not tell Elizabeth what had happened, but that I would cross the rope alone the next day to get my nerves toned down for my great triumph.

I had but little appetite for breakfast the following morning, but managed to get through it, as I imagined, without exciting Elizabeth's curiosity, and at ten I stole away from Cliffside, taking my wheel with me.

It was a fair day after the storm, and when I reached the Bend no one was in sight. I made all necessary arrangements to insure safety, and mounting the old "blue rim," I started out with the purpose of overcoming my nervous trepidation. I went carefully along, was on the last half of my trip, when again, as in my dream, I felt the rope jerk under me. One false move, one swerve in the saddle, and I should be thrown off my track. Merciful Heaven! I looked ahead, and there at the end of the line was Carlos Levanger, with a stiletto in his hand and a cigar between his teeth.

"Come on, Nelson!" he shouted. "American circus-rider, cowardly cur, to steal away the heart of a man's love before his eyes! Come on, and just before you reach this bank, I will send you into eternity with my teeth."

The waters roared loudly in my ears, a sickening sensation seized me, and the dimness of twilight settled down before my eyes, but in the midst of this I remembered the words of the old man: "A steady hand and a clear brain," and kept my balance and my limbs evenly in motion.

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The stiletto flashed, and Levanger blew a cloud of tobacco-smoke from his brutal mouth.

"One—make ready. Two—say your prayers. Three—adieu!"

The dagger fell, but only partially accomplished its work, and he raised it a second time.

I dared not give way to the despair that had taken possession of me, but mechanically moved on toward this fiend, who would never let me reach him alive. I closed my eyes, that I might not see his face in its distorted malignity, and waited for the last blow. But it never came. A voice, clear and sharp, rang out on the air: "Catch him, Hero! Catch him!"

There was a low growl, a rustling spring, and the dagger went spinning down the bank, while Levanger was laid upon his back, and over him, with his white teeth and flaming eyes, stood Hero—a hero, indeed, at this moment!

Would the frail life hold out till I reached the end? Elizabeth was watching me with exhausted breath, and I made the last exhibit of life with my heart in my mouth. When I reached terra firma, I dropped at the feet of the bravest girl I ever knew. Alarmed at my abstracted appearance that morning, she had followed me in time to save my life.

We turned Levanger over to the law, but he broke jail and escaped soon after, for which I was not sorry, as I did not want to appear against him. Elizabeth and I were married in the fall, and Wendover is our home to-day. We are very happy and not in the least superstitious, but sometimes I look out on the Platte and remember my sleep-walking on its banks, without being able to explain or account for it.—N. Y. Ledger.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BEE.

A NEW CHINA

WILL BE THE RESULT OF THE BIG ORIENTAL WAR.

Russia and Japan Said to Have a Perfect Understanding.

A special to the New York World from Washington, under date of April 20th, says:

"Russia was fully aware of and gives secret but hearty approval to the conditions for peace enacted by Japan. This is vouched for by the very best authority in this country. An agreement between Russia and Japan, said to have existed from the outbreak of the war, included a promise that Russia should have access to the sea for its great trans-Siberian railway."

Every step Japan has taken is said to have been with the knowledge and approval of the czar, and notwithstanding misleading dispatches from St. Petersburg as to the possibility of that government being displeased, it is maintained that if any other European power undertake to prevent the carrying out of Japan's programme, Russia will stand at Japan's back.

China, it is asserted, will under the conditions agreed upon, throw open to civilization over 2,000,000 square miles of the richest territory in the empire, having a population of over 200,000,000, now practically kept from intercourse with the outside world. Six closed cities, the largest in the empire, are also thrown open, and three great rivers, the Yang Tse Kiang, Canton and Shanghai, are to be free to the commerce of the globe. It is further said that China has promised to consent to extensive river and harbor improvements, including the dredging of these rivers for hundreds of miles, so that ships of the deepest draught can reach unknown inland coasts and markets.

The understanding here is that the citizens and ships of all nations will have equal privileges and to be treated with fairness. There is to be no restriction upon importation of foreign machinery, but the whole world is to be invited to plant its industries in China and assist in developing her enormous resources.

After the ratification of the treaty Japanese war vessels will be stationed in several Chinese ports to see that the peace conditions are faithfully observed. The envoys of Japan and China who negotiated the treaty of peace, have left Simonoseki, where the conference was held. Viceroy Li Hung Chang and Lord Li, his son, who represented China, have gone with their retinue back to Peking to report the doings of the conference to their emperor.

Count Ito, the Prime Minister, and Viscount Mutsu, the Foreign Minister, who represented Japan, have gone to Hiroshima to report to their Emperor. The period of the truce proclaimed, March 29, in consequence of the murderous attack upon Li Hung Chang, expires to-morrow, but the armistice has been extended by the Japanese Emperor for one month, in order to give time for the government of the respective nations to ratify the treaty negotiated by their representatives in the conference.

CHINA'S FUTURE.
The following editorial in the Cincinnati Times-Star is interesting in this connection:

It is well nigh impossible to conceive how the war foolishly begun by China could have ended in deeper humiliation than that involved in the conditions imposed upon China by the treaty of peace.

Corea and the Island of Formosa are lost to her, the former becoming an independent kingdom and the latter being ceded permanently to Japan. But the pith of this treaty lies in the retention by Japan of "the places she has conquered." This means that the Mikado will hold both Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei. These fortified towns, opposite each other on the peninsula which form the strait of Pechili, command the gulf of Pechili, the great outlet of China to the ocean. Thus Japanese fortresses will frown upon the very gate of the empire, practically Japan will be an imperial guardian of China and put the Peking government under stress of good behavior, which will scarcely differ from political vassalage. If Japan had pursued the war, captured Peking as one of the conditions of peace, exacted the privilege of keeping an armed force in the capital, the situation would have been scarcely more humiliating than it is made by Japanese possession of Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei "for a term of years," which may easily mean forever. There seems to be no limit to the control which Japan can exercise over China, now that she has absolutely bottled up the empire.

If, as reported, Russia and Japan have formed an alliance for the domination of Asia, one of the results to be expected in the not distant future is the dismemberment of China, the building of the trans-Siberian railroad through Chinese territory and the founding at Port Arthur, or some other point on the coast, of the seat of the Russian power in the Orient. There is, to say the least of it, a high probability that great changes will be made in the map of Asia during the next ten years.

CASPER HARRIG, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, MADISONVILLE, KY.

If you want shoes to fit and to wear well, have them made to order. Call at my shoe-making establishment opposite the Court House, have your measure taken for a first class hand-made shoe. Shoes of my make, as all my customers will tell you, are made of the best material and are, in every respect, just what a man needs.

Very Respectfully,

CASPER HARRIG.