

"He Won't Die"

Of consumption "is a remark often made of a fleshy man. The remark expresses the popular recognition of the fact that the sign of consumption is emaciation, loss of flesh. On the other hand, a gain in flesh is a sure sign that wasting diseases are being cured.

Emaciated people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night sweats and weakness, have been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The several steps of the cure were recorded in ounces and pounds of increasing weight. When there is gain in flesh the wasting disease is being surely cured.

Mr. Will H. Whitmore, of Arden, Rockingham Co., Va., writes: "Our son contracted a deep cold about the first of July, 1899, and had a terrible cough. We called a doctor and he pronounced it irritation of the bronchial tubes, with asthmatic trouble, and he informed me that my son was liable to die at any time. He told me that if we could keep the bronchial tubes open, he might cure him; but after treating him several weeks and my son growing worse all the time, I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. I had seen several almost miraculous cures brought about by the use of these medicines, and of course I had wonderful faith in them. He used three bottles of Golden Medical Discovery at home and one vial of the Pellets, and was then well enough to go to West Virginia, taking a supply with him. I am just in receipt of a letter from him from which I quote: 'I am well and hardy and getting very fleshy.'"

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MINERS' TYRANNY DENOUNCED.

(Continued from First Page.)

Judge Gray arose. "Did you entreat Mr. Fahy about this matter, in order to get his permission?" he said. "I did not, because I wanted to give this contractor the work," said Mr. Mercer. "No," said Judge Gray, "but did you entreat him to give permission to do the contracting?" "Oh, no; I did not talk to Mr. Fahy at all. I did not see him."

Judge Gray's Saccaism.

"Perhaps," said Judge Gray, "if you had, with due submissiveness, gone to him and represented the matter he might have relented and softened and given you permission to do this work."

At this there was much laughter. "Well, I talked to a number of the miners," said Mr. Mercer.

Judge Gray—After you had exhausted all your efforts?

Mr. Darrow arose to his feet and said:

"Well, your Honor, I think that before any such inference is carried out there ought to be some evidence in this case as to what the facts were."

Judge Gray—Well, is Mr. Fahy here?

Mr. Darrow—He is not here and there is not anybody here who knows anything about it.

Judge Gray—You have his letter here?

Mr. Darrow—Yes, but that— Judge Gray—And he uses the word permission?

Mr. Darrow—But that letter might be clearly within his rights.

Judge Gray—He uses the word permission, Mr. Darrow, which I am not used to hearing in a free country.

Mr. Darrow—Well, I think everybody is used to hearing it in a free country.

Judge Gray [sharply]—I am not. I have not gotten educated up to that yet.

Mr. Darrow—We have been used to hearing it very, very often.

Judge Gray [leaning far over the bench]—Well, I have not.

Mr. Darrow—And it is our purpose—

Judge Gray [interrupting him]—I have not yet been educated up to the point of being "permitted" by anybody to exercise my legal rights.

Mr. Darrow—Well, I do not see any occasion for Mr. Fahy to be lectured upon a matter—

Judge Gray—I am not lecturing him. I am asking this gentleman whether he entreated Mr. Fahy—

Mr. Darrow—But I insist that this statement is not fair, and the inference is not fair.

Judge Gray—Very well; we will hear Mr. Fahy.

Mr. Darrow—Well, I think he ought to be heard before any such inference is drawn.

Judge Gray—We could not very well hear him before we have just heard what the charge is.

Mr. Gowen—Mr. Mitchell here promised me when he was on the stand, that Mr. Fahy would go on the stand and testify.

Mr. Darrow—Yes; but this has occurred here a number of times, with reference to some little matter that might be fairly explained and yet no one seems to think otherwise than that it must go out to the country at once.

Judge Gray Hates All Tyranny.

Judge Gray—Well, I hope it has not; but I hate tyranny in every form, whether on the part of an operator or on the part of a district secretary.

Mr. Darrow—Most of the tyranny in this world has generally come from the strong.

"I hate it all," retorted Judge Gray. "Wherever it comes from I hate that tyranny as well as others. This country can never submit to it, and never will submit to it. It is un-American."

Mr. Mercer closed his testimony for the day by producing another letter from an official of the United Mine Workers addressed to a contractor of Centralia named Reeve ordering him to stop supplying mules to the collieries.

"What did the contractor do?" asked Judge Gray.

"He stopped."

John F. Murray, a miner, testified that he had been questioned by the commission while they were inspecting a mine in which he worked. He had been president of his local union. After his conversation with the members of the commission, he said, he had been accused of giving false information and accepting money. He declared that he had not been "fired" by the union. He had sent in his resignation in November, he said, but it was not accepted. Later, he averred, he had declined to accept a renomination.

"I told only the truth," he said, "about the number of hours I worked and I told my accusers that and also that I had received no money."

"Maybe you told too much truth," suggested Justice Gray.

"I guess that's it," replied the witness.

On cross-examination Murray said he seldom got enough cars, and alleged that those he did receive held as much as four tons with the topping. He was recalled later by Commissioner Parker, who informed him that he had carefully gone over his figures and found that the cars could not possibly have held more than two and three-quarters tons.

As soon as the miner had left the stand, Mr. Darrow made a sensation by stating that his attention had just been called to a State law providing that a weight system of payment must be adopted whenever demanded by the miners.

"I wish to state," he said, "that the miners do make such a request now, and as I am unable to find any repeal of this law I believe this question is practically removed from the consideration. Unless the operative concedes payment by weight we shall demand our rights in court."

R. H. Burns, of Scranton, representing the independent operators, rose to say that no such law had ever been invoked, and questions of weight had always been arranged between the operators and the miners.

Judge Gray interrupted the lively exchange of views by asking Mr. Burns:

"How many companies do you represent?"

"Fifteen independent companies," answered Mr. Burns.

"Are your statements ready?"

Mr. Burns replied that they were not, but that some of them would probably be in the next few days.

"I wish to say," resumed Judge Gray, speaking slowly and severely, "that the commission is very much disappointed that counsel for the independent operators have not put in their statements. The delay is embarrassing. There is no reason, no reason why the statements should not be in this week."

S. D. Warriner, general superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Company, was asked if any advantages would accrue by adopting the system of measurement by the yard. He said that whether paid by the yard, car or ton, there must be different allowances for compensation to men based on the conditions prevailing in the mines. The conditions might vary in different parts of the mine and the prices therefore, change. In answer to Mr. Gowen, Mr. Warriner made this statement:

"In my opinion, the result of an eight hour day would be to decrease the coal output not only per day, but also to decrease the annual output. Although privileged to work ten hours a day in 1901, the men only worked on an average of eight hours. If eight hours a day should be made the maximum, the infinite number of delays in collieries using complicated machinery would make it impossible to work more than five or six hours a day on an average. In my opinion, more men would have to be employed to supply the demand when the market is brisk and the men at present employed would not receive wages in excess of what they get now."

Answering a question by Judge Gray he added:

"The modern breaker is a complicated piece of machinery and accidents and delays are likely to occur every day. Furthermore, if the collieries are worked a shortened day

the miners work a shortened time. The experience in the Schuylkill region is that the shorter the day the greater is the corresponding decrease in the hours of work by the miners."

Put Lives of Miners in Jeopardy.

Mr. Warriner next told of a strike at Maltby colliery in the Wyoming region, in July, 1901. Some of the men had struck and their places were filled by other men. Two hoisting engineers, who refused to use what was called "scab steam," voluntarily left their places at the time of changing shifts, when the safety of the men inside the mines depended upon the engineers in charge of the hoisting engines. The company had to employ other men to hoist the mine workers out.

Afterwards the miners demanded that the two engineers should be reinstated and the non-union men discharged. The demands were refused and the strike was continued. It was marked with so much violence, continued Mr. Warriner, that a Judge of Luzerne county granted an injunction that is still in effect.

NORTONVILLE NOTES.

The new boarding house of this place is full. It has 21 boarders.

The new tiple of this place is about completed. They are shipping coal on the I. C. railroad.

Everett Davis, of this place, will soon have his new dwelling house completed. Look out, girls, he will have to have a cook.

P. B. Monk, of this place, is talking of moving to Texas soon, where people never die.

Dick Baker, of the Flat Creek neighborhood, passed through this place last Saturday enroute to Old Petersburg.

Weller Hamby and family visited relatives near Crabtree mine several days ago.

Mr. Harlem, of Oak Hill, called on his best girl last Sunday.

Dick Sisk has bought a farm near Mannington, consideration about \$1,400.

We had a mad dog in our town last week. It bit some two or three other dogs, but they have been killed.

Measles are very thick everywhere. Glover Rhea has them, but is better. Also, Jim Rogers has been very bad, but is thought to be improving slowly.

WONDER

Why McLeod sells hats so cheap?

Why there are so few people attend prayer meeting?

Why Charlie Webb goes up on Methodist Hill.

Why McLeod's friends like to buy groceries from him? Because they are always fresh.

Why Walter McGary don't learn how to play flinch.

Why Dr. Sisks don't quit accusing people of cheating at flinch?

Why Will McLeod don't advertise in THE BEE more?

Why Will Griffin and Will Sheridan don't get married?

Why Claude Montague don't come and get his paper?

Why Farmer McLeod has the best hay in Earlington? Because he raises it. See?

Why Homer McKeon looks out the upstairs window so much?

Why Henry Rodgers likes to go to Nashville?

Why Elmer Orr don't go fishing?

Why Bill Bailey don't come home?

An Old Maid's Philosophy.

To me it had seemed . . . that those who occupied centers of affection should be less concerned with what came to them as their due, than with what went out from them as their obligation; that, like the sun itself, they should be centers of centrifugal forces, radiating, through the very fullness of their joy, light and gladness into other lives.—From "My Old Maid's Corner,"—The Century, January, 1903.

Puppy Causes a Panic.

A small black puppy caused a good deal of excitement on last Sunday. It seems two of our popular young ladies were teasing the brute when it became angry and flew at them, catching one of the fair damsels by the heel. She kicked it against the wall with a dull, sickening thud and jumped in the middle of the bed. In the meantime the other young lady mounted a chair and emitted scream after scream. The neighbors finally came in and rescued them from the dangerous beast.

Joints Like Rusty Hinges

are among the consequences of rheumatism. The sufferer can move knees and elbows, but the effort makes him wince. Herejoices when a good rubbing with Perry Davis' Painkiller drives the stiffness out and brings the freedom of motion back. No wonder our grandfathers believed heartily in this beneficent liniment. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.



ST. VALENTINE'S VIOLETS

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH.

ON THE morning of St. Valentine's day I sent Betty a bunch of violets—big violets, single, and of a color like the sky on a summer night. Violets go well with Betty's eyes.

On the afternoon of that day I happened in about four. It is the hour when one is most likely to find her alone. The library was full of the odor of old gardens and of places where the wild flowers grow. There was a bunch of red roses in a jar on the table, and there was a cluster of violets in a cup on the mantel. Betty wore another cluster. The flowers in both these were of the double variety, and in color they tended more to the blue. They were well enough in their way, but I do not care especially for that sort myself. The single blossoms that I had hoped to see were nowhere in sight.

"You're just in time to make a call with me," she announced.

"That depends where you're going."

"To see a lady to whom you are very much devoted."

"For this why should we leave the house?" said I.

"It's Miss Lyons. She's ill."

Miss Lyons is a lonely old lady of 70, with very white hair and a saint's face. She has known both of us since we were little.

"Am I devoted to her?" I questioned.

"Aren't you?" said Betty, by way of answer. "I somehow thought you were."

"The word is with you," said I, as she got her coat.

"You may hold it," she said.

Although I have also known Betty since she was little, it is only on rare occasions that I am allowed to assist at the coat. I was a little surprised.

I wondered what was coming. I was about to ask if the florist had made a mistake about the violets and hadn't sent them; but I changed my mind.

"Just why," I ventured, as I tucked in her sleeves, "just why are favors heaped upon me?"

Betty smiled enigmatically. "Do you like my roses?" she asked.

"Proctor Lee sent them."

"I am of the same mind with Mr. Dobson," said I. "I detest Persian decoration."

"Perhaps you like violets better?" Mr. Brede sent those, and she motioned to the mantel.

"Blue is a cold color," I submitted.

"George Curtin sent these," and she touched the ones she wore.

"They are not of the sort which match your eyes," I declared.

"Have a chocolate," she answered.

"I forget who sent them."

I selected a confit with a pistachio tip, and held it up.

Betty looked at me out of the corner of her eyes, and smiled. I pulled down the corners of my mouth, and her smile fled into laughter.

"I'm ready," she announced; and we went out.

There was just a suggestion, a sense of spring in the air, although the ground was snow-covered. It was a little breath out of the warm south. Betty lifted her face to the light, and the color came into her cheeks. We walked nearly a block without speaking.

"After all, valentines are nice," Betty broke out finally.

I nodded.

"They make you feel that you aren't quite forgotten by your friends."

"And if they take the form of chocolates one can eat them," I observed. I still had a taste of the pistachio.

"It would be horrible if one had no valentines—and no friends."

"It is a situation that Miss Mallard will never know."

"When one gets old," said she, "if

people remember one at all it is only on holidays when they can send useful things."

"It is one of the penalties of age," said I.

"As if old people did not need flowers and bonbons!" said Betty.

"There is more virtue in gruel," I hazarded.

"I hate useful things," said Betty.

"We have to put up with them occasionally," said I.

We turned in toward the little house where Miss Lyons lived, and the woman who took care of her admitted us. Miss Lyons was propped up in a chair by the window. She was reading "The Imitation." In a glass on the window sill was a great bunch of violets; they were big, single and deep in color. A card lay near them.

"George and I stopped in to see how you were," said Betty.

The old lady beamed as she took my hand.

"I want to thank you," she said, pointing to the flowers. "You don't know how much good they did me—how I, an old woman, appreciate being thought of."

I had opened my mouth to speak when Betty's foot touched mine lightly and meaningly. I had one quick little glance from her.

"I'm so glad you liked them," I said. "I fancied they might give you a breath of outdoors."

"And of youth," said the old lady. "It was like," she smiled, "like a valentine. I wonder if you thought of it?"

"Quite like a valentine," I answered, and I was very much ashamed that I hadn't thought of it.

Miss Lyons was really quite merry, though to sit in the house must be rather trying. Also Betty outdid herself. So we made rather a long call; and then an hour later we were in the library again.

I was sitting in the Morris chair looking into the fire, and Betty was getting out the tea-things.

"You might explain fully," said I, as she threw a glance in my direction.

"You have been patient," she declared, as she swung the tea-bell around her finger.

"Patience is not its own reward," said I.

"I heard only this morning that she was not well—" began Betty.

"But supposing you did send mine, why give me the credit for what I didn't do?"

"If you'd known, you would have thought of it. Don't you see? I could have bought some, but they wouldn't have served the purpose. They had to be from a man."

I looked at her.

"You see, we are all alike, we women. They meant twice as much to her to have them from you," said Betty, as she slowly moved a lighted match over the alcohol cup.

"Wisdom is the better part of good deeds," I agreed.

She tossed the half-burned stick into the grate, and I watched the wood flare. The silence lasted a full minute; sometimes a minute is very long.

"I might have sent Lee's roses," she said, suddenly.

I pursed my lips.

"Or one of the other bunches of violets," she added.

I drummed with my fingers on the chair arm.

"But—" She put her chin in her hand and looked across at me. "Wonder if I could have explained it to them," she finished, with a little coax in her tone.

"He that is last shall be first," said I, relaxing.

Betty carefully put the kettle over the flame. Then she walked over to her own private writing desk in the corner. There she picked up a little cut-glass vase of a finger's height. There were three violets in it. They were big and single and of a color like the sky on a summer night.

She touched the flowers to her face. "But I was sure you'd understand," she said. The laugh on her lips subsided, and a smile came and played in her eyes.—Woman's Home Companion

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., New York.

Boarders Wanted.

Mrs. Mollie Combes desires to inform the public that she is now prepared to keep boarders at her boarding house on Sebree Ave., and respectfully solicits your patronage. Rates reasonable.

Are You Going West?

Beginning February 15th, and continuing every day thereafter until April 30th, there will be a special rate to all points in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. For maps, rates, routes and other information write at once to T. D. Campbell, District Pass. Agent, Wisconsin Central Railway, 218 Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Camel and Quinine Failed.

In a letter recently written by Wm. Barnett, of Crider, Ky., he said: "My wife had chills for 11 months, and after trying camel and quinine and chills of various kinds I concluded to try Hill's Anti-Malarial Tablets. They cured my wife immediately. It's a medicine worthy of more praise than I can give it." For sale at all the stores in the county.

Advertised Letters.

Earlington, Ky., Feb. 11, 1903.

LADIES:

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Willie Hunt	Win Harington
M E Green	Mary Cough
Nettie Walker	Blance Young
Robt L Williams	Mary Welch
Emma Brown	Mary Smith
Laura Brown	Lettie Bailey
Sally Brown	Sallie Cobb
Janie Pritchett	Callie Adams
Malonia Bradley	Euna Carter
Sarah Edmonds	Anna Hunt
Belle Kirk	Nellie Lane
Fannie Macklee	Fannie Morsel.

GENTLEMEN:

Jessie Fort	Mac McKowan
Gim Gray	S J Walker
M Pruett	Hugh Vanher
Virdi Wilson	J G Thomasson
E D W Brown	Dan Ruddy
Mr Bather	Loyie Grayie
Mathur Golston	Perlie Grady
John Kussler	Jeander