

hard coal, every now and then giving off a shower of sparks as it strikes a ball of pyrites or "sulphur," as the miners say.

Meanwhile the compressed air is screaming loudly as it escapes from its confinement, and there is no use asking questions of our much enduring guide when near this spot: so we move away, and learn that by using this system the cost of getting the coal is reduced one third from that of the old man-power pick system.

Near by the air is exhausting from a drill, with a squeal several octaves of this most unmusical scale higher than that from the machine; and as from the next room comes the loud boom and the quiver of the air telling of a blast fired to bring down the coal mined by the machines an hour before, we say to ourselves, "What wonders have been wrought in mining since the days of Agricola and De Re Metallica!"

Wandering through the workings on foot, after running our heads many times against timbers and low roofs, stepping ankle deep into unexpected puddles of water, and burning our fingers in a vain attempt to trim our lamps after the manner of our conductor, we decide that we have seen enough for once, and take our places on a trip of loaded cars outbound, pulled by an active little mule with a wicked look in his eye, and evidently ready for a run.

"Take 'em away, Tom," the greaser shouts, and with a shrill whistle to the mule we are off.

Soon with a lash of the whip we start down a slope, a rushing mass of ten tons on a two per cent. grade.

Faster and faster we rush along until the sturdy mule, at a swift gallop and with his long ears laid back, is barely able to keep his heels clear of the front car.

Now our lamps are out with the rush of air, and in the dim light of the driver's lamp all objects look eerie and spectral, and we see the timbers flying past over our heads with what seems an awful swiftness in the gloom of the low tunnel, and the roar of the wheels is that of half a dozen trains on a bridge together.

Bye and bye a faint streak of blessed daylight is seen ahead, and then we rush suddenly into the bright sunshine, and, when we are at last able to see again, realize fully, perhaps for the first time, how fair is the *outside* of this world of ours.

Close at hand are the boilers and air-compressors which furnish power to this great plant, and on the other side the two fans which force the air coursing through all the workings to return laden with dust and smoke.

Farther on we see the great winding-engines which are to drive the wire rope that soon is to replace the shouting drivers and stubborn but faithful mules.

Down to the tippie the cars are rapidly run, where the coal rushes and rattles over the screens, and is graded into three sizes, and falling into the railroad cars on the track below is taken away to market as part of a long coal train, and we turn away, feeling that after what we have seen we know more than before of one of the world's great industries.

SAND COULEE, MONTANA.

H. H. W.

DÉPART.

Comme le voyageur d'un navire en partance
Voguant vers un pays plus chaud qu'il croit ailleurs,
Loin d'un amour qui fait dans une brume intense
Je me livre au courant vers des amours meilleurs.

Un vent voluptueux, chargé de griseries,
Endort le Soir, venir cruel des jours défunts
Et m'incite à songer aux prochaines prairies
Où s'exhalent, des fleurs, tant d'inconnus parfums.

Je vais. Et palpitants comme de hirondelles,
Des oiseaux de passage ont des caresses des ailes
Et des accouplements pleins d'exquises leçons.

Mais voici qu'il circule une odeur de fruits rares!
Et l'approche du port me couvre de frissons,
Du port où deux yeux clairs brillent comme deux phares.

B. B.

WHAT IS "STILL LIFE"?

Attempts have been made from time to time to put into words that which will express clearly the meaning of a name or term. At times this can most effectually be done, by showing definitely what the opposite is and from that inferring what the first term is.

One of our lecturers tells a little episode which will illustrate fairly the point in question.

"In the summer of 1894, I was out on the geological survey, in company with a friend of mine and former class-mate. We were enjoying ourselves first rate until we got into a somewhat sandy hole. So far as I was concerned it was all right, but Bob was too much in demand to suit his comfort.

One night we had just turned in, when my friend started to his feet with a savage yell: I struck a light, and helped him to roll up his shirt sleeve as carefully as possible, very slowly we proceeded, when, wait now—hup! Here he is! and down went Bob's finger on the little chap that wasn't there, as he found out after relieving that part of his forearm of the epidermis; but the sudden change of my friend's posture to grip his shoulder showed that the spring board had not been omitted from this nimble creature's appendages.

We went even more cautiously about trapping him this time, knowing what we had to deal with. "Steady now, let me try this time:" you see the chase was becoming exciting,—quietly, hup! here he is now, he must be dead. But no! we caught nothing.

Immediately our forces were called in another direction, the enemy was drawing blood again, and Bob's temper was anything but improved by my evident enjoyment of the hunt. This time we took every precaution to hem him in; and gathering him into a fold of the linen squeezed him to death as it were *not*, for there he appeared small and distinct as life, and in pure sight, only for an instant though, for by a frantic movement on Bob's part I knew he had again been wounded; and, flinging aside all caution and manoeuvre, he charged in desperation upon the enemy, but after eighteen engagements he was still at large.

My friend from time to time made ejaculations in