

The luxury of electric lights does not invade these old world precincts.

The life-blood of Cambria flows in and out through the great net work of machinery called the "tipple" which is the first wonder of the seven or more to be seen in Cambria, and is with all its bulkiness, a delicately and ingeniously contrived affair. The entrances to the Antelope mine on the west and to the Jumbo on the east side of the canyon are apparently connected by a high trestle work which holds up two sets of tracks, one above the other. The loaded cars come out of the mines on the upper track and slip down the slight grade to the tipple proper; here the coal is dumped and passed through a sort of flour mill process of crushing and sifting until finally it is emptied into the cars below. The funny little car—it holds over two tons, however—goes, apparently of its own accord and volition, to the lower track and there waits till all the cars are in line again and the "trip" goes in. "Trip" is the first word you hear in Cambria, and you watch the string of cars come out on the trestle with some interest. But you do not know much about the "trip" until you have stood in the power house and seen the wire rope winding and unwinding on the big spools—as swiftly as you wind the bobbin on your machine—and later have hugged the wall in an entry of the mine and have heard the "trip" go past—whizz! You cannot count the cars. Then you have considerable respect for the "trip." You can "ride in on the trip" if you think you want to and can get permission of the superintendent. The main track of the Antelope mine goes through one hill which is all worked out, then across a bridge and into another hill. The man at the cables knows his ropes so thoroughly that he can tell where to slow up the little engineless train far off in the darkness, and does not need to wait for the electric bell to warn him to stop the wheels.

There are two ways to explore the mines. One is to go in at night with a party of young people and appropriately rigged up with a miner's lamp on your head. The other is to go in during the day when more men are at work. Miss Martha Hase and myself enjoyed the privilege of trying both methods. The principle result to be gained by the first is a face so blackened by the miner's lamp grease applied through the instrumentality of tormenting boys that getting it off is just about a question of getting the skin off. Away down in a narrow entry, though, you may hear the "chug-chug-chug" of the puncher." It is a most fascinating machine, a small cannon shaped affair, with a sort of beak which runs in and out, punching the coal down. The black faced miner who sits flat on the low wooden puncher table and holds the vicious thing between his knees is a skilled laborer and gets paid by the car, making very good wages. The machine is run by the compressed air sent down from the big engines far away. It eats out the coal low down next to the floor and then blasting does the rest. Drilling for a blast was one of the sights we saw—and heard, for there is nothing more deafening—in our day time trip when we were kindly shown some of the wonders of this underground city of Jumbo by three gentlemen who knew every street, every house and room. They took us to see another "puncher," led us as near a blast as we would go—it is like thunder just upstairs—and guided us through the dangerous parts of the mine, the pillar work, where the big timbers are split and bulged out and pushed down and you can hear the ground cracking above you. There are some twenty-odd miles of track in the Jumbo mine, besides the trackless air courses. So it is a great old burrow hole they have made in nine years of

work. They have sent thousands of tons of the stuff which annihilates distance—for the Cambria coal is best as steam coal—down the road to Newcastle the distributing point for the camp up the canyon, and, alas, a distributing point to Cambria of some of the unholy products of this wicked world.

For Cambria is a "dry camp." I heard it said that the Kilpatrick brothers had promised their mother, it should be dry. That would be the Cambria of it, anyway. For many who live in the busy camp will say "I am far frae my hame," and gray-haired men will tell you beautifully of the trips they have taken home to see their mothers. Many of them go across seas on that mission of love and yet find their way back to the Camp. Cambria is a most cosmopolitan place. They say there are twenty-six dialects spoken in camp, and that, though they cannot now boast of a Turk, a Spaniard or a Jap, they have had all but the Jap. Finlanders, obscure people as they are are there to timber up the passage ways of the mines for they have a knack of handling logs. The one Chinese—well, Cambria is a cleaner place than you might think at first sight. The one jovial darkey, an attache of the Kilpatrick family, is known as Dick and is the pet of the camp. He can drive the town coach—a band wagon—and four safely over any kind of road, and people who are in the way will almost back their wagons over precipices for him. I saw him get hold of a watermelon the first of the season. It was worth while. The engines are run by a good old Scotchman who talks about his valves and eccentrics as if they were pets. It was two Englishmen who showed us through the Jumbo, so that when tired of talking coal we turned to Kipling. The anti-Kipling heresy seems not to have molested the peace of Cambria yet. I wished that Kipling would come to Cambria. He might find something better than opium created Mowgli, and money created Stalkies to fill foolscap with. It is a glorious place to escape to when you are tired of the foggy world where people think but do not act.

Cambria has the usual Hill trouble about getting water. Their supply now comes from springs up on old Pisgah's sides. But the company is drilling for artesian water—drilling day and night when I was at the camp. They were then down 1350 feet, and had found water, of course, but not the artesian vein looked for. Meanwhile the assayer was looking wisely at the yellow mud which was brought up.

Cambria is just a camp, remember. It is not a social paradise. But every one who goes there feels like saying amen to the card of thanks recently inserted in a New Castle paper by a woman lecturer who had been at Cambria and who said that it would be hard to find a more hospitable and generous people anywhere. Camp pride is a notable quality among them, so that I almost believed that if they ever had been so unfortunate as to choose cedar block paving they would get up and have it out before it became a disgrace to the camp. They are about to build an opera house—it will be done before the corner stone is laid to the Lincoln auditorium. Though everyone is busy the strangers that enter their gates will always find someone anxious to show them the works and mines. I am sure that even the old white horse who has served his day in the mines and who now roams unmolested and unclaimed about the canyon would have public spirit enough to take you up and down Breakneck hill east of camp if you asked it of him.

So when you travel Hillward don't forget "the coal black lady of the Hills."

THE DEATH CHARGE.

[Translated from the French of Henry de Forge, for the Mirror, by A. Lonnale.]

An evening descended on the battle, that still waged, doubtfully as to results, thus leaving the Russian army in a truly critical position, their General—Prince Rouknine—who commanded the left wing, fearing to be surrounded by the enemy, ordered his remaining Cossacks to charge.

A desperate move was necessary to dislodge the two thousand Turks, firmly installed with their batteries, in the village of Karkow; this was imperative in order to prevent the Russians from being entirely hemmed in, and thus forced to discontinue their march on Plevna.

But this move was rendered doubly dangerous by the fact that the soldiers occupying Karkow belonged to the Sultan's guard, picked men, all six feet of height, and fearless, reckless devils, whose war-cry it was, to never leave an enemy laid low without tracing on his back, with the poignard, the red cross of Mahomet.

All this was well known to Prince Rouknine, so when he decided to send his five hundred Cossacks against them, (this being all that remained of his famous Oural regiment) he fully understood that he was ordering them to certain death, from which not one would escape.

Addressing their captain, Serge Frithiof by name—a handsome bloude of twenty-five, with the bluest of eyes—he said, coldly: "Monsieur, you will have the honor of charging on the enemy. Advance rapidly upon the village of Karkow, now occupied by the enemy's infantry. If you rout them from their position the way will be cleared and our army saved. But you will stand in the proportion of one against four, and for the greater part of you it means death. If Karkow is retaken, and the passage opened by your bravery, sound the church-bell, and I shall be forewarned of your success. If no sound reaches me the Russian army must yield, and I shall know not one of you remains alive."

The Captain slowly lowered his sword in sign of assent. Serge Frithiof was a bold soldier, in spite of his eyes,—mild as those of a woman,—then, in half undertone he murmured: "The bell will sound."

Around the Cossacks, whose horses flecked with blood and foam, reared, maddened with terror, the bullets rained cruelly; Serge Frithiof gave the command, and a savage clamor arose as the sombre mass of horsemen pressed forward in rapid gallop across the ravine of Karkow.

They were very appalling—these giants, bent in their saddles, lance in advance, and, since at the Captain's order they had suddenly ceased their harsh outcries, now, only the heavy formidable rush of horses' hoofs, in full gallop, convulsed the air.

When the soldiers of the Turkish guard saw them, sweeping swiftly down like a storm-wave, even the most hardened among them, turned chill for an instant, though ignorant of fear.

Each sabre-stroke severed a head, each shot laid low its victim, and streets formed river-beds for blood that collected too rapidly for the soil to absorb.

The Cossacks were becoming decimated, although the Turkish general, seeing his troops wavered, retreated within a kilometer's distance of the village, and there, relying upon the superiority of his numbers, took up his position anew, near an abandoned farm, whence the artillery still poured fire.

Karkow was taken, but the passage was still blocked.

Serge Frithiof blanched with rage; rather would he have died, yet death

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