NOTES AND EXCHANGES.

It is intended that the Journal shall become, in due time, a technical and practical magazine of the highest type.

And, as such, will be devoted to the coal, iron and general mining interests of the Central States.

The earnest cooperation of all possessing kindred interests is respectfully requested.

The pages of the Journal will always be open to a free and generous discussion of any paper published in it, but it is desired, that, not the slightest reference to political or sectarian matters should appear in it.

Strictly technical papers, written for publication in the Journal, should be sent to E. McMillin, 85 W. Long St., Columbus, O.; papers relating to mining engineering to R. S. Weitzell, Logan, O.; all others may be sent to C. V. Martin, Zanesville, O.

Owing to a change of management and place of publication this number has been delayed some forty days. The May number will, however, be issued on time.

CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER.
The Pocahontas Explosion - - - Hon. Andrew Roy.
Natural Gases - - - - - E. McMillin.
Coke from Ohio Fields - - - F. W. Gordon.
Fractures in the Coal-Face - - - Auth. Howell.
The Coal Dust Question - - - R. S. Weitzell.

Papers of especial interest are looked for from Profs. Nortoa and Lord. The latter will probably write on “Phosphorus in the Alabama Ores.” Also, articles have been requested from Messrs. S. Stultz and J. D. Weeks, Pittsburgh, and J. F. Stultz, Philadelphia.
A MINING CAMP TRAGEDY.

Miner.
Corn-cob pipe.
Keg of gunpowder.
The gathering darkness.

* * * * * *

Phizz-boom.

* * * * * *
The gathering darkness.

And they said it was coal-dust.

—New York Graphic.

THE ERA OF THE DAVY LAMP.

There is a new charm associated with a residence out in Lawrenceville. It is the use of natural gas by your neighbors and the iron mills.

Jones comes home at night and his wife meets him at the door.

“All well?” says Jones.

“Yes, we’re all right. Mrs. Smith was blown over into our week’s washing in the back yard this morning.”

“Any clothes spoiled?”

“Only a collar?”

“Was she hurt?”

“Her leg was broken. And say, John—”

“Well?”

“We used the butter up this morning and didn’t have any dinner ’cause I don’t know how to use that magiggar of yours.”

“All right. I’ll go down,” says Jones, and he adjusts a Davy safety lamp to the front of his hat and brings up the butter crock in triumph and in safety.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The proceedings at the next meeting of the O. I. of M. E. will be noted in full by a stenographer.

It is expected that members will be prepared to make the meeting one of unusually good results.