

THE FAMILY STORY

TWO RINGS.

"Carson," I said, involuntarily, stooping to knock the ash from my cigar, "perhaps I ought not to ask, although I have known you for nearly three years, but is it usual for a wife to wear two wedding rings?"

Dead silence. He had just lowered his violin, after a very soft solo—for it was considerable past midnight when I ventured that curious question.

There had been an evening party, and, as I was to stay at the house till morning, Carson's wife had said "Good night," and left us to finish our inevitable smoke and talk. His mouth twitched a little, but it was some time before he reformed in a low tone:

"Is it usual for a man well under 40 to have hair as white as mine?"

"Well, perhaps not—but I thought you attributed that to some shock or other. What has that to do with—with the two rings?"

"Everything." He listened at the door for a moment, turned down the lights, and then came and sat down, spreading his hands over the fire.

"Two rings? Exactly, one is the ring I put on her finger when I married her; the second was put there by another man—and will stay there as long as the first."

"Never mind now," I said. His voice had trailed off huskily. "I had no idea there was any tragic element behind the fact."

"Tragic? Heavens! It was more than that, Arthur," he whispered, turning up a drawn face.

"I never meant to touch upon it, but when you spoke it came back with a rush as vivid as if I had been standing at the mouth of the old north shaft again. And that was six years ago."

"You've heard me speak, at least, of the mine itself—the Langley mine, in Derbyshire. I had only been assistant surveyor at the pits there for about nine months when it happened."

"At 9 o'clock that morning, Arthur, three of us stepped into the cage—old Jim Halliday, the foreman, his son Jim, and myself; the men had gone down an hour before."

"I shall never forget that young Jim's sweetheart had walked over to the pit with him, as she occasionally did."

"They were to be married in a week or two, and she—and she had on her finger the ring he had bought in Derby the day before—just for safety's sake, or perhaps out of womanly pride."

"I recollect that just as the chain clanked and the winter sunshine was disappearing overhead, he shouted out a third 'Good-by' to her—little dreaming that it was to be good-by. Little enough old Halliday and I thought that days would elapse before we emerged into God's sunlight again!"

"A new vein had been bored the year before, and then abandoned because it ran in the direction of the river. We three had had instructions to widen it for a space of 300 yards—a piece of work that had occupied us nearly a month."

"Old Jim picked and young Jim wheeled the coal away to the nearest gallery, from where it was carried over rails to the bottom of the main shaft."

"Well, by 4 o'clock that afternoon we calculated roughly that we had reached the limit laid down."

"I think it's as near as possible, Mr. Carson," old Halliday said. "Jim, give another count, we don't want the water coming in."

"Jim went back. We could hear him singing out the paces in his light-hearted fashion as he returned, his voice echoing through the long galleries. "Two-sixty-nine—pooch! you're miles off it, dad!" He was only a score of years off, though. "Two-sixty-nine—two-seventy-four. It'll allow a full twenty yet, I reckon."

"He had just finished his count when—but there, no man could properly describe it. It was something one had to realize for himself before he could understand a bare half of the sudden terror that whitened our lips and seemed to bring our hearts to a standstill."

"There was a rumbling in one of the distant galleries, and a sickening tremble of the ground underneath us; then—the most paralyzing sound, I do believe, that is to be heard in this world."

"How or why it happened is something to be placed among the host of unsolved mysteries; but there was one grinding, splintering roar, as though the earth had split in two pieces."

"Before we could stir hand or foot to save ourselves, before we could even take in that an explosion had occurred while we were guarding against another sort of danger, down thundered a mass of coal, tons upon tons of it, that blocked up the only passage leading to the shaft."

"It just reached young Jim; standing where he did, he was struck down—we heard his screech stifled beneath

the debris. For about five more seconds the earth seemed to be heaving and threatening universal chaos; then all became still as a tomb.

"A tomb! We had our lamps, old Jim and I looked, and saw that we were cut off from the rest of the world."

"What happened next, I hardly know; I was stupefied with the shock, sick with a mortal fear of death. He and I stood staring mutely at each other. The one thing I recollect is that his face was gray as marble, and that a line of froth stood on his lips."

"He was the first to come back to sense. He gave one choking cry of 'Jim!' and staggered back to that black pile. The boy's hand was sticking out from the bottom of it, clutching convulsively at nothing. I sat down and watched, in a sort of dreary fascination, as old Jim, uttering strange cries, tore at the mass in a mad frenzy. God help him! Jim was the only thing he had in the world to love. In less than five minutes he had dragged him out, and sat down to hug him in his arms."

"Dead? No; he could just open his poor dust-filled eyes in answer to his father's whispers; but we knew at once that he would never again make the galleries echo his piercing whistle."

"For whole hours, I suppose, neither of us attempted to realize our situation. We sat on in the dead silence, waiting for something to happen."

"Once or twice we saw young Jim's blackened lips move feebly, and each time his father would mutter brokenly, 'Ay, my precious boy, we'll look after her!'"

"Once the old man broke out, quivering, into the hymn, 'Abide with Me,' but he got no further than the third line. That, perhaps, was about 8 o'clock, but we could keep no count of the time, as my watch had stopped."

"Hour after hour must have gone by, and still old Jim sat, with rigid face and staring eyes, clasping his burden. In all probability it was morning above ground before at last he spoke."

"How long can we hold out, Mr. Carson? I'm feared to go. I've been a goddess man all my time."

"That aroused me. I examined our position carefully. The passage was about eight yards wide at this point, and measured about twenty paces from the end to where that solid wall of coal blocked our path to the outer world. As the bore ran level with the foot of the north shaft, we were about forty feet below the clear surface. We had no food, and our lamps would burn, say, another five or six hours; while the breathing air, hot and gaseous already, would probably become unendurable before the evening came. That was our situation, and let any man conceive a worse, if he can. One slender chance of escape at the best left; perhaps the entire passage was not blocked, and we might force our way to the main gallery. I was not afraid of death in the way that it comes to most people, but I was afraid to meet and struggle with it there. We sprang to the task, wild at the thought that those few hours of stupor might have made all the difference."

"You can guess what happened, and why, after a long spell of fighting to break through that horrible wall, old Jim threw himself down with a groan and refused to go on."

"As fast as we loosened one mass, another crashed down in its place; at the end of our desperate attempt we were half choked and blinded with dust, our hands were raw and we had made scarce any headway."

"Barely, too, had we given up the work as hopeless when my lamp flickered out; half an hour later old Jim's followed suit."

"Total oblivion! As I sat and contemplated our fate, a faintness of mingled hunger and despair crept over me. Young Jim, quite still, was propped up against the wall close by."

"Within a few feet of me sat his father; at times he would start up and shriek out in nameless terror—at others he would catch up his pick and back at the walls with the fury of a maniac. And worse was to come."

"I think I must have fainted. I do not seem to recollect any more until the moment when I became conscious of my mate's hard breathing over me, and of the fact that his hand was feeling—or, so it seemed—for my throat. I dashed away, panting under the shock of this new horror."

"Jim," I gasped, "for heaven's sake, keep sane! If we're to go, let us die like men!"

"No answer; I heard him crawling away, and that was all. The dead silence was only broken by a faint trickling sound. Trickling!"

"Yes; I put my hand to the level, and found half an inch of water—and hotter and more stifling grew the atmosphere. Praying hard to myself, I realized now that, should no help come,

only a few hours could live betwixt us and the end. And then—old Jim might go first, and I should be left. Nay, I was already practically alone; the fear that was slowly whitening my hair and turned old Jim's brain

"He suddenly sent up a peal of delirious laughter. "Water! Who says water? Why, mates, I'm swimming in it! Here's a go!"

"Presently he began creeping round to find me. I could hear him coming, by his labored respiration, and swishing of the ooze as he moved."

"Round and round the space we went stealthily, until at last he made a cunning rush and caught me by the ankle, 'Got him!' He yelled it with a glee that was unmistakable."

"Mere words could never convey the sensation of that moment. Half suffocated, past all ordinary fear, I closed with my poor old mate, and we went staggering to and fro across our prison, until at last I managed to throw him so that his head struck heavily against the wall."

"After that he lay quite still. I believed at the time that I had killed him, but we knew afterward that it was that blow which preserved his reason."

"The rest can be told in a few words. After that I lay there like one in a dream, while the pestilential air slowly did its work."

"Sometimes I fancied I could feel cool breezes blowing down on me, and at others heard some one telling me to wake up, for the whistle had sounded at the pits."

"How long I lay so, I can only conjecture. I really knew nothing more until I was roused by the sound of that coal barrier crashing down before the picks and spades of a dozen rescuers, and the hubbub from a dozen throats as they broke into our tomb."

"Only just time. Old Jim's face was just out of the water, and they said that no human being could have lived in that atmosphere for another two hours. And young Jim?—well, there was just enough life left in him to last three days."

"Till the end of that third day, I kept to my bed; and then they sent to say that he was going, but that he wished to see me first. I reached the house in time to catch his last whisper."

"You—you'll take her, mate! Marry her—no one else! Only—only, you'll let my ring stay there. Promise—me—that."

"What could I do but promise? I had no thought then of marrying his sweetheart—but it was his dying wish, and for years Jim and I had been like brothers."

"Just a year later I asked her if there was any room in her heart for me, and—and—well, that's enough. Now you know why my wife wears two wedding rings."—Saturday Evening Post.

When Grant Visited Japan.

"There was no pageant in General Grant's journey round the world more imposing than the reception given by the Mikado at Japan's capital," writes John Russell Young in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The United States steamer 'Richmond,' bearing General Grant and his party, steamed into Yokohama, the harbor of Tokyo, escorted by the 'Ashuelot' and a Japanese man-of-war, on July 3, 1879. There was assembled a fleet of war ships of other powers. At noon the Admiral's barge, flying General Grant's flag as ex-President, and conveying the General and his wife, Prince Dairi, Minister Bingham and Minister Yoshida, slowly pushed for the shore, and on the instant every naval vessel manned yards and fired the American national salute. The day was as beautiful as days of which we dream—a blue, cloudless sky, a soothing, lapping sea. The sudden transformation from this sleepy, lazy, silent summer day, into the turbulence and danger of war; the roar of cannon, the music—every band playing an American air—the manned yards, the officers on deck in full dress and saluting the barge as it passed, the cheers of the multitude thronging the shore, the fantastic day fire-works, the cannon smoke banking into clouds, the barge moving with slow, steady stroke, all formed a brilliant and extraordinary scene. As the Admiralty steps were approached there in waiting stood the Imperial Princes, the Ministers and the high officials of the realm, in the splendor of their rank and station. As the General stepped on shore the Japanese guns thundered their greeting, the bands played 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and Mr. Iwakura, the venerable Prime Minister, advanced, and, taking the General's hand, in the name of the Emperor welcomed him to Japan. Reaching Tokyo after an hour in the train, the city authorities met us with an address, and the Mikado's state carriage, through a continuous, double line of infantry standing at 'present,' conveyed the General to the Imperial Palace of Enriokwan."

Japan's Navy.

Japan is going to spend \$40,000,000 in putting twelve young Japanese students through a three years' course of study of naval architecture and marine engineering in England. They will work as gentlemen apprentices with the great shipbuilding firms.

As you grow older, strawberries taste more watery.

JOHN W. KEELEY.

Man Who Invented a Motor that Didn't Mote.

John W. Keeley has dug up his motor again, and Philadelphians smile when they are told that soon the elevated trains in New York will be operated altogether by power furnished by the inventor's wonderful mechanism. W. J. Fraustoli, the general manager of the Manhattan Road, has seen Mr. Keeley's motor turn a big engine at very high speed, and is quite sure his cars can be operated by it. This is probably the fifth or sixth time that Mr. Keeley has convinced capitalists that he has discovered a wonderful secret. He began years ago in his laboratory in Philadelphia to find some way of applying his "vibration" to machinery, and every now and then a grand announcement is made that the motor



JOHN W. KEELEY.

is certain to mote, but thus far these announcements have never been realized. Mr. Keeley is now growing old. He is past 60, and his motor has been before the public since 1872. At least it was in that year that he announced his discovery of a new force, and the motor itself was put on public exhibition in 1874. Capitalists who saw it were so impressed with it that \$100,000 was raised to enable him to proceed. Since then nearly \$500,000 has been expended in experiments, but without tangible results. In 1888 Mr. Keeley was confined in jail for contempt of court for refusing to tell the secret process by which he produced many most remarkable results in the presence of experts, but up to the present time that secret is known to no one but himself. The motor which he exhibited to the New York men is no larger than a man's stovepipe hat.

ALBERT G. PORTER.

Distinguished Hoosier Who Recently Died at Indianapolis.

Hon. Albert G. Porter, one of Indiana's distinguished sons, who had served his country faithfully in high places, passed away at Indianapolis recently.

Born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1824, he graduated from Asbury University and became a lawyer in Indianapolis at 21. Within a few years he was a leader in Republican politics and held various municipal positions. Next he became Supreme Court reporter and in 1858 was sent to Congress, holding his seat two terms. Then he returned to Indiana and became eminent as a lawyer. After the war Gen. Benjamin Harrison was his partner for many years. In 1878 he was appointed comptroller of the treasury by President Hayes and in 1880 was elected Governor of Indiana by 7,000 plurality, although Indiana was ordinarily accounted Democratic by 14,000. He filled the office with distinction.

It was Gov. Porter who nominated Gen. Harrison for President in the Chicago convention of 1888 and one of



ALBERT G. PORTER.

President Harrison's first acts was to appoint his learned friend minister to Italy. Since his return in 1893 he had lived in retirement.

A Relic of Captain Kidd.

An ancient quadrant bearing the name of Robert Kidd, the celebrated pirate, is in possession of a family at Rockland, Me. It is more than 200 years old and it mounted with ivory, which has now turned dark-brown with age.

Fiction Unpopular in Japan.

The Japanese do not take to fiction. Of 27,000 books published in the Mikado's empire last year, only 462 belonged to that class. Works on philosophy, the arts and science, and religion stood the highest in the list.



Graham and rye bread and fruit in plenty, particularly oranges, before breakfast, are of great benefit to persons of constipated habits.

The most painful corn is amenable to a wash of salicylic acid, tincture of Indian hemp and flexible collodion, applied for three nights with a cork.

Never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. It is debilitating to do otherwise than merely warm the back by the fire.

Many children, even to seven years of age, have a habit of grinding their teeth in their sleep. A teaspoonful of rhubarb and soda given 'night and morning will alleviate this tendency.

When the hands have become black and hard from housework, a wash with turpentine, followed by a rubbing with cold cream and a night's sleep in gloves, will do much to restore them to their natural condition.

Very often the hair comes out rapidly after continued malarial and other fevers. In such cases the following mixture will check the tendency: Fluid extract of jaborandi, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, three drams; sulphate of quinine, one dram; West India bay rum up to one pint.

If a child is afflicted with loud wheezing from the chest, indicative of bronchitis and asthma, great relief may be obtained by taking four times daily a teaspoonful of a mixture composed of one and one half grains of codeine and three ounces of compound syrup of hypophosphites.

A great many people are alarmed at occasional sticking pains under the heart, or a pain under the left shoulder blade, running down to the hand. The same will usually yield to the following remedy, a teaspoonful as a dose: Iodide of potash, three drams; fluid extract of stillingia, sixteen drams; wine of colchicum seed, eight drams; compound fluid extract of sarsaparilla up to four ounces.

CONSUL AT BORDEAUX.

Albion W. Tourgee, the Man Who Has Been Appointed to That Position, Albion W. Tourgee, the new consul general at Bordeaux, France, is one of the foremost literary men in America. The titles of many of his books are as household words. He is a law-



ALBION W. TOURGEE.

yer, too, and has written much on political matters. But his chief claim to fame is that of the novelist. Mr. Tourgee's most widely read and widely commented upon books are "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw" and "Hot Plovers." His career has been that of a very versatile man. A brave soldier who fought for the Union, he was severely wounded at Bull Run. He was a member of the constitutional convention of North Carolina in 1867 and again in 1875. He has been a Superior Court judge, and has practiced law in a successful way. In 1880 he became professor in the Buffalo law school, and since that time, while filling his function as a teacher of law, he has used his pen with good effect. His later books have been for the student of law and the jurist. Since his removal from the South he has lived in New York, near Chautauqua. Mr. Tourgee is 59 years old.

Bones in a Silver Vein.

If the find of a Colorado silver mine, made half a dozen years ago, be taken into account, there is but little doubt that the human race existed on this continent as long ago as the time when the silver veins were in process of formation. In the Rocky Point mine, at Gilman, 400 feet below the surface, a number of human bones were found imbedded in the silver-bearing ores. When taken out over \$100 worth of ore still clung to the bones. An arrowhead made of tempered copper and four inches long, was also found with the remains.

A Prize in Either Case.

"I'm sure," said the girl that is engaged, "that Herbert is a prize." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but in a case of this kind it's so difficult to tell whether you've won a first prize or a booby prize."