

# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

In a strange, bewildered state of mind I left Redruth House, but, instead of going straight back to the cottage, I took my turn across the moor; I knew if I returned to the cottage in my present state of agitation I should betray myself. I must think matters over and come to some definite decision as to my movements in the future. There was no time to be lost; in two days the wedding would take place—therefore my course of action must be mapped out. I walked about pondering for hours, finally feeling somewhat calmer, but, having arrived at no definite conclusion as to my future plans, I returned to the cottage. My uncle, aunt and Annie were all there—moreover, there was honest John Budd partaking of my aunt's tea and hot baked scones.

I tried to avoid being alone with Annie that night, for I dreaded to tell her what had taken place; but she was over-anxious, and would not let the night pass. When the house was quiet, all of us having gone to our rooms, there came a gentle tap at my door, and Annie herself appeared.

"My poor Annie," I said, involuntarily.

"She seemed to understand all that my tone implied, for, with a pitiful sob, she sank down crying at my feet."

"Don't cry, Annie, don't cry," I said. "He is a scoundrel. He is not worth one of those tears. You must forget him."

"Forget him?" she sobbed. "Ah, Hugh, dear, it is not so easy to forget; for I love him so much—I never knew how much till now! Hugh, dear, she will not marry him, will she?"

"He means to go on with this marriage if he can; but I may find a means to prevent it. There is time yet. I must think it over, and see what can be done. But don't you worry yourself, little woman. I tell you he is not worthy to possess one hair of your head."

At breakfast the next morning my uncle again spoke of an approaching visit of the young master to the mine, and seemed in high spirits about it; nay, more, he seemed quite proud to think that he should have been selected above all others to take the part of guide.

Soon after breakfast he set out for the mine, where young Redruth was to join him. A couple of hours later a figure entered the kitchen where I sat ruminating, and, looking up, I was astonished to see Madeline.

Her face was very pale and sad, but there was a look of determination about her eyes and mouth which I had never seen there before. She walked in at the open door and then stood hesitating, as if uncertain what to do. She answered my aunt's curtsy with a kindly nod and smile, and then she looked at Annie. I thought that the light in her eyes grew softer as she gazed upon the pale weary face of my cousin.

"Mr. Trelawney," she said, "I wish to speak to you privately, can I?"

I replied in the affirmative, and asked my aunt and cousin to leave us, which they accordingly did.

"Mr. Trelawney," Madeline said, "when you paid your visit to Redruth House last night I was listening. I was in a remote and shaded part of the drawing room. What I witnessed was too stormy to be very loud. I want you to make it clear to me now. I wish you to tell me, if you will, the whole of your cousin's unfortunate story."

I did as she requested; not dwelling too much upon it, but making every point clear. When I had finished, Madeline said, quietly:

"How long have you known this story, Mr. Trelawney?"

"Two or three days. It seems that Annie had given some promise not to betray that man, and this promise she religiously kept."

"You mean to expose him? Since your cousin cannot get justice, do you mean to make her wrong known?"

"No, I have done all that I can do. To humiliate him now would be to humiliate you—moreover, it would lead to his certain death."

"His death! What do you mean?"

"This: That if I pointed him out as the betrayer of Annie Pendragon, my uncle would assuredly kill him."

She started and trembled. There was a long pause. Madeline stood at the window, gazing out with sad, wistful eyes. Then she turned and said toward me:

"Mr. Trelawney," she said, "let this matter rest, and perhaps in time all may come well. You think that your cousin still loves Mr. Redruth?"

"God help her! Yes."

"Then let us pray that her love, and all her patient suffering, will some day be requited."

"I do not understand!" I said.

"No? Then you think more badly of me than I deserve, though heaven knows I have not deserved that you should think well of me. I told you once that I was marrying my cousin because he was poor and I was rich. What I told you I told him; I knew I could never love him, but I wished to help him, and I should have done so. I should have married him; and once his wife, I think—say, I am sure—I should have been able to do my duty. But when I gave that promise to him I believed him to be a good and honorable man. Now all is changed. I believe every word of your story, Mr. Trelawney, and, believing it, I know I can never be united to him."

She paused for a moment; but I could not speak. Presently she continued:

"Mr. Trelawney, I want you to give me your hand for a moment in token of your forgiveness. Heaven has not been merciful to either of us, and I think it would have been better for us both if we had never met. I shall leave this place to-morrow; but I shall never forget it, and I shall never forget you. God bless you!"

She pressed my hand warmly in both of hers, and the next moment she was gone. What followed seemed to me a wild dream. I remained for a time stupefied—drunk with mingled joy and sorrow; feeling the grasp of my darling's hand in mine, and hearing still the sound of her loving voice. Then I knew that my aunt and Annie had returned, and were questioning me as to Madeline's visit; but their questions were soon drowned to a strange murmur which

reached us from without, and the next moment a wild group surged up and surrounded the kitchen door.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"What has happened?" I cried, running up and facing the terror-stricken men.

One of them, Michael Penmaur, a stalwart fellow of five-and-twenty, stepped forward and acted as spokesman.

"What you always said would happen, Measter Hugh. The main shaft is flooded with the sea."

"Speak, lads!" I cried. "Tell me everything."

Michael Penmaur told, in a few rapid words, all he knew; that in the course of the afternoon George Redruth had descended the mine in company with my uncle for the purpose of inspecting the outer galleries; that suddenly, while all were busy below, the alarm had been given, and, throwing down their tools, the men had rushed up the ladders, while simultaneously they heard a rush and roar like the sound of the entering sea; that as they ascended in wild alarm, the lower ladder broke beneath the weight of some of the men, who were precipitated into the darkness; and that, finally, when they collected at the mouth of the mine, they missed, besides several of their comrades, both George Redruth and my uncle.

I rushed to the door. By this time it was quite dark, and it was blowing hard from the southwest, with hail and rain. I thought with horror of that submarine darkness, and of those who were lying even then within it, alive or dead. My mind was made up in a moment. I did not even wait to speak to Annie or my aunt, but, calling on the men to follow me, ran right away in the direction of the mine.

The men followed me in a body. When we reached the cliffs, we found the wild news had spread, and an excited throng was gathered at the mine-head, some carrying torches, which cast lurid gleams on the rainy darkness. A heavy sea was rolling in on the strand beneath, and the white billows were flashing and crashing. Suddenly a light hand was placed upon my arm, and turning, I saw Madeline; close to her, like a gaunt specter, Mrs. Redruth.

"Thank heaven, you are here!" cried my darling. "Is there any hope?"

I looked into her white face, and saw in its wild anxiety only love for my rival; but at that supreme moment I felt no jealousy—only supreme pity for him. Then I glanced at his mother, and heard her quick cry of application:

"Save him! Save my son!"

I walked to the mouth of the mine, and threw open the wooden lid. Then, kneeling down, I held my ear over the mouth, and listened. A sound like thunder—a horrible rushing and roaring—came from below. I had no doubt now that the worst had happened.

There was only one chance for those below, if by any possibility they survived. Some one must descend and make an inspection, even at the risk of his life; and, without a moment's hesitation, I determined to volunteer for the task. Strange to say, my head became quite cool and clear directly my resolve was made.

"Listen, lads!" I said. "There's hope yet, and I'm going down."

I explained my plan. Several of them, Michael Penmaur among the number, agreed to descend with me to the platform, and to lower me thence down the bottom shaft. In less time than it takes to write these lines, the messengers returned with several coils of rope, and candles; I stuck several of the latter about my person. Then I was ready. I had set my foot on the first rung of the ladder, and was about to descend, when Madeline bent over me.

"God bless you," she cried, "and bring you safe back!"

I reached up, and taking her hand pressed it to my lips.

"If he lives," I said, "I'll restore him to you, and to his mother. Don't cry, Miss Graham! There's a chance yet!"

Scarcely realizing the significance of what had occurred, I descended rapidly, followed by Michael and the volunteers. As I went, the roar from below increased and the solid rock on which the ladder was set seemed to shake as with earthquake. In pitch darkness I reached the first platform. Here I paused, and, striking a light, lit the candles on my person. My companions did the same. The lurid light lit up their pale, anxious faces, and shot faint rays down into the mine.

"Now, then, lads!" I cried, descending the second stage of ladders. Some of these were very shaky, and I had to use great caution; but I knew my way blindfold, and all my old experience of the place stood me in good stead.

At last, with no harm done to anyone, we reached the central platform. Here the roar was deafening, and the solid rock seemed splitting with the sound. I bent over my abyss, and held down the light, using my hand as a reflector. Sure enough, several of the ladders had broken away. I strained my eyes. Then I shouted—but my shout was drowned in the subterranean tumult.

On the central platform was a windlass, with a portion of an old disused crane. Round this I passed one end and gradually gave way or draw in as I should direct. Then I took the other end, and fastened it securely under my arm-pits.

"It be now use, Measter Hugh!" cried Michael Penmaur. "Dawn't 'ee go. It be gawing to your death!"

But finding that I was not to be persuaded, the brave fellow wrung my hand, and promised to do his best to help me; nor were the others less kindly and sympathetic. As they lowered me over the platform, I partially supported myself against the slimy rocks; but the next moment I was suspended in air. Slowly, carefully, they let me down. At last, some twenty yards down, my foot rested on a ladder, descending which I reached the lowest platform of all. I released myself from the rope, and prepared to look around.

Suddenly my foot struck against something soft, like a body; and, stooping down, light in hand, I saw two of the miners lying among the debris of the

broken ladder, stone dead, and dreadfully disfigured. One was Jim Tredgar, a colossal young fellow from Penance, six feet high, and weighing over fifteen stone. The fall had smashed him like an egg, and death had been instantaneous.

Right under me, flooding the bottom of the mine, roared the sea, boiling backward and forward with wild pulsations along the shafts and galleries through which it had broken in. From the point where I stood, the last ladders had been entirely washed or broken away. The roar was deafening, but I shouted with all my might. I paused and listened.

Suddenly from the darkness beneath, I heard a faint voice answering me. My heart stood still.

"Who's there?" I called; but the sound of my voice was blown away, and only the same faint cry came in answer.

I seized the rope, and, looking up to the men above me, pointed downward; they signaled, and seemed to understand. Then I secured the rope again under my arm-pits, and, signally to them to give way, swung over the platform.

My instructions to the men had been simple. When I tugged once at the rope they were to lower away, when I tugged twice they were to stop lowering, when I tugged three times, sharply, they were to haul in. The further I descended, the greater grew my peril; for the rope was not a strong one, and many of the out-jutting points of rock were sharp enough to sever it by friction, and the long swing rendered it liable to break should there be anywhere a weak or rotten strand.

When I had descended some fifteen yards, my feet touched the sea. However, I made no sign, but, entering the water, found myself waist-deep, but touching the bottom. Then I tugged twice at the rope, and looked about me.

The spot where I stood formed a sort of submerged shingle, sloping down to the deeper portions of the shafts and galleries. On every side the sea rushed and boiled. As I stood there, it surged up to my breast and extinguished the lights I carried on my person—only those escaping which were stuck, miser-fashion, in my hat.

I shouted again, almost despairing of an answer. To my amazement, a voice answered close by, and, straining my eyes, I saw, crouching on a ledge of rock just flush with the water, two human figures.

One sat recumbent, with his head against the wall; the other day senseless, resting his head on the first one's lap. More like gnomes or wild beasts they seemed, dripping wet, and covered with filth and ooze. But even in the faint light I recognized them.

The man sitting was my uncle, John Pendragon. The man lying senseless was George Redruth.

(To be continued.)

## LAWS 4500 YEARS OLD.

They Did Not Recognize Murder as a Crime.

Light upon the age of human laws is furnished by a slab of black stone unearthed at Persepolis last year by J. de Morgan, an antiquary working for the French Government, says the New York World. The monument contains a picture of King Hammurabi receiving his laws from the seated sun god Samas.

Hammurabi has been 4,500 years dead, but his code doesn't seem so old-fashioned. It recognizes the "widow's thirsis" of her husband's real estate. The custom of making wills was already established. A man could not directly will his property out of the family. If he wished to benefit a "stranger to the blood" he had first to adopt him.

The husband could leave his property to his wife, and she could leave it to such of her children as she chose, but not to her brothers. Moreover, a father could leave a marriage portion to a daughter vowed to religion, and her brothers had no claim on the property.

The complexity of the law of marriage settlements points to a state of civilization like that of modern society. Save in exceptional circumstances, only one wife was legal. Slavery existed, but marriage between slaves and free women was recognized; and if the slave's wife lived under the roof of his master, that master acquired no rights over her or her property. The issue of the marriage were apparently free.

Adopted sons gained rights only to personal property. Vestries or vestal virgins were allowed to marry by deputy and had wives' property rights. So in Roman law a vestal virgin, in order to enable the temple to receive legacies, was assumed to have three children.

This 4,500-year-old code has an elaborate law of agency and provisions for labor regulations, but did not recognize murder as a crime. It was merely a question of damage, payable to the relatives.

## How He Got Out.

"No," said Woody, "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. 'He has dropped out of our social set.'"

"He tells a different story," remarked Sinnickson.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he claims he has climbed out."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Now and Then.

The college youth now forth does go, His heart with triumph glowing; He knows that what he doesn't know is scarcely worth the knowing. But later when the gray hairs show And fate sad tricks has played him He'll just that what he didn't know Was just the things to aid him.

## Got Off Easy.

Knoviski—There goes a conscientious man if there ever was one.

Askovich—How did you get next?

Knoviski—He's a dentist and the other day when he pulled out the wrong tooth for me he didn't charge anything for it.

## Another Fool Question.

Husband—That youngest child of Blank's talks all the time.

Wife—Indeed! Is it a boy or girl?

Husband—Oh, fudge! Didn't I just say it talked all the time?

## LITERARY LITTLEBITS

"Pansy's" new book, "Doris Farland's Vocation," returns to her accustomed field, the love affairs of thoughtful girls. Her latest heroine has a good, old-fashioned respect for religion and its ministers, but by no means accepts Milton's views as to the reverence which the woman owes the man, says the New York Times. It is not superfluous to say that "Pansy" is Mrs. G. R. Aiden, the wife of a well-known Boston minister.

The name of Olive Thorne Miller is one which has become inseparably linked with all things delightful in the open air. She has written the best bird books obtainable—her style combining a detailed knowledge of her subjects, coupled with a poetic vision and a graceful literary style. "With the Birds in Maine" tells about the feathered creatures of a far wider territory than that suggested by the title. Not only the whole of New England, but the Middle States are included in the ground covered.

The craze for sociology and the queer books of society women who have tried domestic service and factory life are responsible for "The Singular Miss Smith," by Florence Morse Kingsley (Macmillan). Miss Smith is a rich young person who, smitten with a noble purpose, plunges into domestic service, says the New York Sun. As a servant girl she meets and falls in love with a noble mechanic, who is really a Harvard professor of sociology in disguise. In the end they marry. It is needlessly cruel to make the hero an instructor at Harvard, the one college among the greater ones that has given way least to the social science mania.

It has already taken 140,000 copies of Mrs. Wiggin's popular story of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to supply the demand for it in America and Great Britain, and the steady interest in it shows no signs of abating. As the Christian Million of London says: "This book has been received with a remarkable chorus of approval by the reading community, both of England and America. It is such a book as one meets with only once in a generation, and it captivates and conquers by the sheer force of its naturalness and truth to life. Moreover, Mrs. Wiggin knows how to touch deftly the springs within us of laughter and tears, and never fails to draw out the finer sensibilities of our nature." Every week since last November the circulating department of the New York Public Library has reported "Rebecca" either first or second among the books most in demand. On the New York State Library's list of the "best 50" books of 1903 for a small library "Rebecca" holds second place.

## "ADOPTED" WHITES.

Jurisdiction of Surprising Sweep Is Wielded by the Cherokees.

There is a good deal being said about the citizenship of the adopted whites of the Cherokee nation and the law which gave them their citizenship, says the Kansas City Journal. The law was passed many long years ago and provided that a white man who desired to marry a Cherokee woman should first procure a petition signed by ten citizens with blood, attesting that he was of good moral character and would, in their opinion, make a good citizen of the Cherokee nation. This presented to the district clerk of any of the nine districts and a payment of \$10 would get a license to wed the Cherokee woman. This law had two provisions of forfeiture. One was the resistance of Cherokee authority in case of criminal prosecution and the other was the marriage to a white woman after the former marriage to the Cherokee woman. This was called "marrying out."

The Cherokees up to the abolishment of their courts held jurisdiction over the adopted man and even convicted some few of murder and executed them. This was allowed by Judge Parker of Fort Smith, who was very strenuous, and even the Supreme Court at Washington did not interfere. So the citizenship was complete as to jurisdiction. There was nothing in the intermarriage law that made any restrictions on heirship of property at all, but in 1866, Dec. 16, the council passed an amendment to this law which provided that no white man who married a Cherokee woman from that date should acquire any rights to any moneys or to any lands, but should acquire political rights only; and since that date no one who married a Cherokee woman has claimed anything but the right to live in the country. This is the law and present situation. The Dawes commission has looked upon the adopted white as a full citizen and so have the officers of the government, but the courts have not yet passed on it.

## Masculine View.

"Leap year," remarked the bachelor boarder, "must be a great comfort to every woman."

"Why do you think so?" queried one who still has hope.

"Because," explained the b. b., "they live a whole extra day without adding to the number of their years on earth."

## Lady Lawson, Church Warden.

In England Lady Lawson has been appointed a church warden of Aspartria Church, in Cumberland.

Never look absent-minded when a woman wants to tell her troubles, if you want to remain friends.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## A Pessimistic View.

"Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpkin, "I often read about poor but honest people; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?"

"It would be useless, my son," replied the old man. "Nobody would believe it."

## Between Friends.

Mrs. Hix—I wouldn't like to be in your shoes when your husband sees the bill for your new gown.

Mrs. Dix—Of course not, dear. No. 1 shoes would be awfully uncomfortable on No. 3 feet.

## As Explained.

Brownitch—Old Blowitz never attends church, does he?

Smithinsky—No! It isn't necessary. Brownitch—Because why?

Smithinsky—Oh, he's one of those self-made men who are always praising their maker.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Such Is Fame.

Piker—Who is that solemn-looking woman?

Hilow—Why, that is Mrs. DeSwynn, the acknowledged society leader.

Piker—Society for the suppression of what?



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine."

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

## Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain if I had known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a few months sooner, for I tried many remedies without finding anything which helped me before I tried the Vegetable Compound. I dreaded the approach of the menstrual period every month, as it meant much suffering and pain. Some months the flow was very scanty and others it was profuse, but after I had used the Compound for two months I became regular and natural, and so I continued until I felt perfectly well, and the parts were strengthened to perform the work without assistance and pain. I am like a different woman now, where before I did not care to live, and I am pleased to testify as to the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me." Sincerely yours, Mrs. TILLIE HART, Larimore, N.D.

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.