

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Hugh, my lad!" said my uncle, stretching out his hands.

I waded through the water till I came close to him. So loud was the thunder on every side of us, that we had to shout at each other in order to be heard; and even our shouts sounded like mere whis-pers, though we were so close together.

I took a light from my hat, and reached out of the water, looking into the young master's face. It was ghastly pale, but there was a mark on the temple, as of blood. I put my hand upon his heart, and discovered that it was faintly beating.

"He lives still," I said; then, without more parley, I disengaged myself from the rope, and proceeded to make it fast to the senseless man. As I did so, the water almost swept me away, but I held on to the rock and kept my place. When the rope was firmly secured under George Redruth's armpits, I shook him sharply, and, to my joy, he opened his eyes, partially recovering from his torpor.

Then I touched the rope and pointed upward, making signs that he was to be drawn up. He seemed scarcely to understand; but, lifting him in my arms, I placed him in position, and then tugged three times, as a signal for the men to haul in.

There was a momentary pause; then the rope tightened, and the light body began slowly to ascend. Still, waist-deep in the sea, I watched it journey upward—lax and loose as a dead thing, now rasping against the damp walls, now quivering and turning round and round, till it passed the first platform. Far, far above it, I saw the faint gleam from the spot where the men were gathered. At last it disappeared from sight, and I knew that, if life lasted, George Redruth was saved!

Then I clambered on the ledge beside my uncle, who was still lying in the same position, with his head leaning back against the dripping wall. I took his hands in mine, and pressed them eagerly. As I did so, I saw, to my horror, that the breast of his mining shirt was saturated with blood, that his face was ghastly white, and that there was on his lips a light stain of red.

"Are you hurt?" I said, with my lips close to his ear.

"I doubt my back be broke. A lump o' rock fell on me as I were carrying young master here."

Gently and tenderly, I secured the rope around him, but he moaned with pain as I raised him to launch him upward. As the rope tightened, he uttered a cry of agony. However, it was too late to avoid the risk, and it was the last chance.

Supporting him in my arms as long as possible, I saw him drawn upward. When his full weight fell upon the rope his agony grew terrible, and I think he fainted away; for he hung in the air like a dead man. I watched him rise slowly.

The rope stood the test, and he was drawn safely up the abyss. After a long interval, during which I waited in sickening terror, with the waters thundering and the rocks quaking around me, the rope again descended. I secured it under my arm-pits, and, giving the signal, was drawn upward.

Wildly and joyfully, the men surrounded, almost kissing me in their rapture at my reappearance. I looked around for George Redruth. He had recovered from his faintness, they said, and had been helped by two of the men up to the mouth of the mine. But lying on the platform, his head supported on Michael Penman's knee, was my uncle, white and bleeding, like a man whose time had come.

I knelt by his side, and took his hand. He looked up into my face; and I saw that his eyes were filmy and dim. The air of the mine, even up there, was fetid and foul, and I saw that he breathed with difficulty.

"Hugh, my lad!" he said, faintly. "Come close—I want to whisper to 'ee. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" I cried, greatly moved. "What have I to forgive?"

"Listen, lad, and I'll tell 'ee!"

"Yes," I answered, fairly sobbing.

"Put down your head and listen. I be dying, sure enough, and afore I die I want to ha' your forgiveness. They would ha' hung 'ee, lad, for what I did. 'Twas I that killed the overseer!"

I had guessed as much, but when the truth came from my uncle's own lips, I started in horror. He clutched my hand, as if fearing that I would shrink away.

"There all on account of my Annie, my poor little lass. We met out on the cliff beyond the mine, and he said summat that made me murdering mad. He said she were bad; and afore I had time to think, I struck at 'un wi' my knife! Then he staggered back . . . 'twere on the very edge of the crag . . . and the old fellow seemed to give way under him, and he went o'er—screaming—he went o'er to his death, on the rocks below. That was how it came about! I didn't mean to kill 'un, but 'twere done like a flash o' lightning—and the next morning . . . the next morning . . . they found 'un lying, dead and bloody, on the shore."

"May God forgive you!" I murmured, still bending over him.

His eyes were fixed on vacancy, his hands clutched mine like a vice. Suddenly he leant forward, drew his hand from mine, and pointed.

"See there!" he cried. "Tis hisself all bloody, and beckoning wi' his finger. And who be that standing by 'un, all in white? Annie! Annie, my lass! speak to father! speak to—speak to—father!"

The last word died away in his throat, where it met the death rattle; there was a struggle, a last convulsion, and he fell back like a lump of lead.

I think I too must have lost my senses for a time. The next thing I remember was standing in the open air, and staggering like a drunken man, with kindly arms supporting me on either side. An excited crowd of women and men surrounded me; and close by, the dead body of my uncle lay in the sunlight, with Annie and my aunt bending over it and bitterly weeping.

I sank down upon a rock, and hid my

face. When I looked up again, I saw George Redruth and his mother standing near me, and with them Madeline.

"Trelawney," the young master said, "this is a sad affair. Well, I owe you my life."

"No, sir," I replied. "You owe your life to the poor martyr lying yonder, and you know best what cause he had to love you!"

With an impatient exclamation, he turned away.

"Come, mother! Come, Madeline! You see how this fellow hates me. I would gladly own my debt to him, but it is useless. Perhaps, when he is cooler, he will permit me to be of service to him. If not—why, I cannot help it! Come!"

Mother and son walked slowly away, but Madeline did not stir. She remained where she had been, with her gentle eyes fixed on me. George Redruth turned and saw her.

"Come, Madeline," he cried; "we are not wanted here."

"I think I am wanted," she replied. "Mr. Trelawney, shall I go?"

And as she spoke she held out both her hands to me with a loving gesture. I looked at her in wonder. Then suddenly the whole meaning of her attitude dawned upon me, and taking her hands with a joyful cry, I drew her to my bosom.

Pale and trembling, George Redruth returned and confronted us.

"Madeline, what does this mean?"

"It means that I have found my love where you found your life, in the arms of this brave man!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Thus it came to pass that I, Hugh Trelawney, a man of the people, became the accepted lover of Madeline Graham. Looking back at it all now, after a lapse of so many years, it still seems an incredible thing, unreal and visionary; but raising my eyes from the paper whereon these lines are written, I see beside me the sweet assurance that it is true.

Love is by nature selfish; and in the first flush of my new joy I almost forgot the sorrow in my poor home. But when I quitted my darling, and joined the little procession which followed my poor uncle across the heath, I reproached myself for having felt so happy.

The miners had procured a rude stretcher, often used when accidents took place in the mine, and the dead body was laid upon it, with a cloak thrown lightly over it, to hide the piteous disfigured face set in its sad gray hair; but one hand hung uncovered, and this hand Annie held, as we walked slowly homeward, four of the men carrying the load. I followed, helping my aunt, who was simply heartbroken.

"God has taken him!" I said, solemnly. "He is happy now."

"Ay, happy wi' God," sobbed my aunt. "Forty year we ha' dwelt together 't this house, and he ne'er gave me angry look or cross word. He be gawn, where I'll soon gang too. Wait for me, my bonnie man, wait for me—wait for her that loves 'ee, and is coming to 'ee soon!"

Why should I linger over this scene of sorrow, why should I turn to other scenes which followed it? Time and Death have healed all those wounds; to speak of them is to open them again.

A year after the flooding of the mine and the death of John Pendragon, I married Madeline Graham. The ceremony took place quietly in London, whither we had gone together; and when it was over we spent a brief honeymoon abroad. One spring morning, in a hotel by the lake of Geneva, I read in the paper an announcement that filled my heart with surprise and pain. It was an advertisement of the approaching sale by auction of Redruth House, St. Gurlott's, Cornwall.

A short time before this the mining company had passed into liquidation, and I knew that George Redruth was a ruined man. Little or no communication had passed between the consins, but, when the crash came, Madeline, with my full consent and sympathy, had written to her aunt, offering her a considerable portion of her fortune for George Redruth's use and benefit. This offer had been refused. The next thing we had heard was that mother and son were living together in London, and closely following on that had come the news of the mother's death, an event which filled my darling with no little distress. To the last Mrs. Redruth had refused to forgive her niece, whom she unjustly held responsible for all the misfortunes which had fallen upon her son.

I showed my darling the newspaper, and we forthwith determined to journey down to Cornwall. Thus it happened that, about a week later, we arrived in St. Gurlott's, where we found Annie and my aunt ready to receive us at the old cottage. I then ascertained that George Redruth had left England for America, where he intended to remain. Annie, who was my informant, told me that before leaving the village he had sought her out to say farewell.

"And, oh, Hugh," she cried, "he asked for my forgiveness, and I forgave him, with all my heart. I think, if I had wished it, he would have taken me with him as his wife."

"You did not wish it?"

She shook her head sadly.

Within another year a fresh company was formed for the mine, with Hugh Trelawney, Esq., as projector and chief owner; large sums were expended in the improvements which, if carried out, would long before have saved the concern; the sea was gently persuaded to yield up possession; and before long the old mine was flourishing prosperously, a source of prosperity to all concerned in it, and of blessing to the whole population.

Another fact remains to be chronicled. We bought Redruth House, and it became our home. There my aunt and Annie joined us, dwelling happily with us, till, in due season, my aunt died. Annie lived on, and still lives, a pensive, gracious woman, full of one overshadowing memory, and devoted to our children. The last time she heard of George Redruth, he was a well-to-do merchant, living in the West.

Thus, through the goodness of God, I remained in the old home, able to help those who in time of need had helped

me. St. Gurlott's is now a happy, thriving place; my dear wife is idolized by the simple people; and I, in the fullness of my fortunate days, am the master of the mine.

(The end.)

SOME COSTLY SAWS.

Those Used in Pennsylvania Slate Quarries Have Diamonds in Them.

Probably the most expensive saws in use anywhere in the world are those in the factories of Pennsylvania, where various articles are manufactured of slate. In one of these factories there are 300 horizontal saws, twelve feet in length, each of which is furnished with seventy-five cutting diamonds, each saw being worth \$5,000. The slate land which furnishes the material for these costly saws to work upon was once so little valued that the tract upon which the famous Chapman quarry in Pennsylvania is situated was sold for a pint of whiskey. Its subsequent owners have taken millions of dollars from the land.

The most valuable slate deposits in the world are found in the central and eastern parts of Pennsylvania. In the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania quarries there are houses whose walls are entirely of slate. The blocks of which they are made are smoothly sawed, and are certainly most substantial. When slate is blasted in the quarries the rough slabs are taken to the shanties of the "splitters." The stone forms naturally the layers, and the "splitter," following the grain or "ribbon" with his large chisel, separates the blocks into strips. These strips are passed through a trimming machine, where by the blows of a heavy knife they are cut into rectangular "shingles." Then they are piled up into "squares," ready to be used for roofing purposes.

When slate is cut up for use in other ways the procedure differs. The huge horizontal saw, with its scores of diamonds, in the factory, is called into play; it is lowered upon one of the blocks of slate by a ratchet at the rate of a quarter of an inch a minute. The saw would cut through iron or steel at the same rate. The workmen play a stream of water upon the slate to keep it cool, and wash the dust from the cut. After the sawing the block is planed by being moved back and forth by machinery under a firmly fixed chisel. It is afterward polished, much as marble and granite are. The value of the slate quarries runs into the millions.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Animal Characteristics.

"Most animals are afraid of fire, and will fly from it in terror," says a member of the fire department. "To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it, even though tortured by the heat. Some of the men were talking the other day about the conduct of animals during a fire. A horse in a burning stable, they agreed, was wild with fear, but a dog was as cool in a fire as at any other time. A dog keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires bowl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth, and often find their way out themselves. Rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires."

Body Acts as a Magnet.

Professor Murrani, a distinguished Italian scientist, says that certain persons possess a strange magnetic or electric influence, which produces curious results. A few days ago while at work on some electrical experiment, one of his friends suddenly entered the room, and at the same moment the needle of his galvanometer moved to and fro very rapidly. He was sure that his friend hid in one of his pockets either a magnet or some other electrical instrument, and in order to convince him that he was mistaken his friend removed all his clothes. To the professor's surprise the galvanometer continued to act just as if a powerful magnet was near it, and the closer his friend approached the more marked his action became. Moreover, the front of the body acted on it in the same manner as the positive pole of a magnet and the back as a negative pole.

A Bristk Correspondence.

Mrs. Lamson was saying an affectionate and tearful farewell to her husband, as she was about to start for a month's visit to her old home.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Lamson, in a pleasant but firm tone, "I wish you would try not to ask me for money every time you write."

"Well, I will try not to," said Mrs. Lamson, wiping her eyes, "but you—you know, Henry, that means I shall have to write even oftener than usual."

Curious Surgical Operations.

The report of a curious surgical operation comes from Dresden, where a young girl lost the third finger on her left hand. A surgeon removed a toe from her left foot and transplanted it to her hand, where it has grown, and she uses it like a finger. She will probably be brought to this country soon, and will play the piano in large concerts at \$5 a minute, and all America will go to hear her.

No Autos There.

The cantons of Valais, Uri and Grisons, Switzerland, have prohibited automobiling within their territories.

JAPANESE CARRYING THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT KIN-CHAU, WHICH HAD BEEN DEEMED IMPREGNABLE.



A SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS.

One of the most splendid feats of arms in the present war in the East was the battle of Kin-Chau, in which the Japanese charged and captured the heights held by the Russians, thereby establishing their place among the foremost military people of the world. The heights were strongly fortified and were deemed practically impregnable. Nevertheless the Japanese, after silencing artillery fire, carried them by the bayonet, driving the Russians from the trenches and sending them in quick retreat toward Port Arthur. Our illustration is from the Illustrated London News.

SAILING.

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather.
Wind fling loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
City street is heard no more;
Only billows, foam enshrouded
Freighting music to the shore!

Sail full blown and sloop prow flinging
Floods of song on either side;
White gulls in the wide blue winging—
Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender
Like the eyes that look in mine.
—Leslie's Monthly.

A New Cinderella

JACK BERENSON caught sight of her as he was going to the office after lunch. He frequently caught sight of her, but this was the extent of their acquaintance. He had groaned more than once to think conventionality forbade a more extended one. She was not the kind of a girl with whom one might scrape up a bowing recognition, to be later elaborated into an interchange of commonplaces that might culminate in permission to call. Indeed, if she had been, it is safe to conclude Berenson would not have troubled his head about her, for he had a social position to maintain, a good deal of personal pride and more than the average sense of exclusiveness.

"Hallo!" he said, suddenly, and stopped short.

The girl ahead had paused. She was evidently in some predicament, for she stooped as though to extricate herself or to pick up an article dropped. Almost at the same instant, however, a tremendous dray, piled with boxes, bore down upon her, and at the shout of the driver, who was striving to rein in his huge Percherons, she sprang toward safety and reached the sidewalk.

Berenson let the dray pass. Looking down directly on the spot where the girl had hesitated, he saw that which had arrested her, and bending quickly, he pulled out of the thick, black, sticky mud an absurdly small rubber, with its wrinkles holding the arch of a high little instep.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "here's luck!" He felt ridiculously elated. So pleased did he look, in fact, that a friend jostling him as he reached the opposite sidewalk remarked his satisfaction.

"What gone up, Berenson?"

"No—rubber!" laughed Berenson. And his friend walked off, wondering what there was in fishing footwear out of the mire to make a fellow look so idiotically pleased.

"It was mighty mucky, too," he commented disgustedly.

This accusation could not be made against it an hour later, cleaned and polished to the highest possible degree by the man who kept the shoestand in the office building where Berenson had a suite. He took his prize upstairs, and deposited it, wrapped in tissue paper, on the top of his desk.

Then he sauntered to the window to look over at the skyscraper across the way, where at a certain window, in a certain tier, he had often seen a certain head. It was a shapely head, ringleted as close as a baby's with sunny brown curls. Indeed, so frequently of late had he gone to his own easement to discover if that particular bonnie head and rose-leaf face were within range of his vision that his business began to suffer from such erratic absences.

Not that Jack Berenson was burling himself about business. During those minutes he stood, absorbed in day dreams, staring apparently at the uninteresting wall of an uninteresting

building, he was thinking for the most part how strange it was that he, who had come gaily up the road of life, heart whole and fancy free, until he had reached his thirtieth milestone, should all at once be beset by the most chimerical hopes, the most futile desires, the most glorious of chao-tic imaginings.

It was lunacy, he told himself—stark, staring lunacy—that he should go on his way with a bounding heart and a feeling of the most senseless exhilaration, just because he had passed a girlish figure on the sidewalk, met the indifferent glance of violet, black-lashed eyes, looking forth from beneath a white brow, or caught the faint, elusive perfume of her demure garments. And the worst of it was that he could not bring himself to be indignant with himself for being such a fool!

"You like to be a fool!" he told himself angrily. "You're hugging your folly! And much good it will do you! You're not got enough sense, Jack Berenson, to last a crazy man till breakfast time!"

With which final shot he was apt to break away from his vigil, return sternly to his desk and plunge into work until—until he began to wonder if she might have returned to her chair in the window, or by any chance be going out. Though whether out or in, there had seemed slight chance of making her acquaintance before Fate, in the guise of a treacherous street crossing, had placed a belonging of hers in his possession.

But when he had sallied forth with his prize his courage almost failed him. And when the elevator man let him off at the eighth floor, as bidden, it was an insane desire to make his immediate escape by way of the staircase that overwhelmed him. But he pulled himself together and went toward the suite of doctor's offices, which he knew occupied that particular angle of the big building. Some of the physicians whose names were inscribed on the tablet in the corridor were friends of his.

"Hope I don't run into Norton, or Schriener, or MacIntyre," he said. "Hope I don't."

But he did—all three of them. They and a few of their professional associates had met in the reception room previous to attending a medical convention in a body. It seemed to poor Berenson, standing helplessly in the doorway with his package in his hand, that the place was packed with eyes—curious, inquisitive, mocking eyes!

But a few voices called out pleasantly enough, "Hallo—how d'ye do, Berenson?" And MacIntyre came forward with a smile that made his ugly countenance quite charming.

"You—the young lady—" stammered Jack. He held out the package much as though it were a letter of introduction. "She lost this, and—"

"Oh, I see!" The doctor turned hastily. "Miss Meredith!" he called.

A girl—the girl—came from an adjoining room. She looked lovelier than ever without her hat and coat. Her soft, green gown fitted her as its sheath fits a flower. And the pretty, bewildered look in her eyes made them look more than ever like violet stars.

Berenson knew then how a man felt who performs a deed of daring in the cannon's mouth.

"I was behind you this noon," he began, "and when you lost this?"

"Oh, thank you!" she interrupted, comprehending at once, and taking the offered bundle. "You were very kind to bring it to me!"

"Vera," MacIntyre said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Berenson. You have often heard Alice mention him. I am sure. Jack—this is Miss Meredith, my wife's sister!" And then as they bowed he went by way of explanation, "Vera has been looking after callers at the offices here during the last six months. She would work—you know what girls are!"

Jack didn't know, but he mentally decided to remain ignorant no longer.

He would remedy his deficiencies in this respect as soon as possible, at least as far as this one bewitching maiden was concerned. And he vowed that he had never before guessed what a thoroughly delightful chap MacIntyre was until he heard the latter saying before he went off with his friends: "Oh, I say, Berenson! Come to dinner to-morrow night—quite informal, you know. Six o'clock. Alice will be mighty glad to see you!"

Jack looked doubtfully into the violet eyes.

There was a smile in them, though the lips were sweetly serious.

"I'll come!" promised Jack fervently. He wrung his friend's hand vigorously in the ardor of his friendship. "Lord, yes, I'll come!"

And he said to himself as he strode back to the office, with his head in a whirl, that it might not be quite so romantic to find a rubber in Chicago mud as a slipper on a ballroom floor, but that it has its possibilities! It would serve!—San Francisco Call.

WOMEN MAKE PAPER MONEY.

Even Guides at Bureau of Engraving and Printing are Girls.

The government and the banks, and even the postoffices, would be in a whirl for a time if all the women in the bureau of engraving and printing should drop dead all at once. That shop would have to close up pretty quick. Why, you can't even go over there and look around without a woman to show you. All the guides to the bureau for the benefit of tourists and other ignorant people—which includes all Washington people, for Washington people are the most ignorant people on earth about Washington institutions—all the guides, and there are seven of them, are women, young women and pretty women at that.

And how the people do visit there! Three thousand a week, said a guide. That's 600 a day. And that's one a minute for every working hour of the day. Pretty constant stream of callers that.

Not so many years ago three decrepit old men were the guides. Now the seven are women, which is significant, and one that typifies the work done in the bureau, for here, of the 3,000 employees, more than half are of the feminine persuasion.

These young and good-looking guides will explain how American money is printed on the back, then put in cold storage, where it goes through a drying process; then sorted and the imperfect sheets thrown out; then printed on the face, and then perforated and put up in packages to be sent to the treasury for the government seal.

They generally tell how useless it would be for any one to try to rob the wagon containing this money. In the first place, because six guards always accompany it; and, in the second place, because the money at this stage of its manufacture wouldn't be any good, anyway.

"It is seven days after a bill is printed on its back before it is printed on the face," said this visitor's guide. "It takes thirty days to make a silver dollar bill, and forty to make a gold one. The gold one is printed three times, twice on one side, because it has to have the word 'gold' and a little splotch of gold on this side before the face can be printed."

Then she led the visitor to the framed dollar bills fastened to one of the walls in the hall, and showed these bills, calling special attention to the gold certificate, and then led the way back to the front door and said adieu. It was all over in ten minutes.—Washington Post.

Bullfrogs as Sentries.

A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries to fish, and that it is useless to try to catch bass when a deep-voiced bellowing frog is watching.

Women live longer than men because they have no one to talk them to death.