

# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

## CHAPTER V.

I was awakened next morning by the sound of voices in the chamber, and, looking forth from my sleeping-place, I saw my uncle, seated in his stained flannel clothes, devouring a substantial breakfast, waited on by little Annie, who looked even cleaner and natter than she had looked the night before.

"Why! little woman," my uncle was saying, "who put that sort of nonsense into your head? Dawn't go down the mine now more? Why, the mine's bread and butter, vittles and drink, to you and me."

"Tom Penrodock says 'tain't safe, father," returned Annie; "and Tom ought to know, for he's worked there ever since he was born."

"He knows no more than this chunk o' break, little woman. He's the eldest chap o' the gang, Tawn is. There, dawn't you worry. The Lawd's under the earth as well as above it, and 'll take care of father, never fear!"

I slipped on my clothes; but, by the time I had done so, my uncle had left the cottage. Annie took me to a little bedroom up stairs, where I washed, and brushed my hair. Descending again to the quaint old kitchen, I found my aunt, just come in from feeding the poultry. She gave me a kindly nod; then drew me gently to her, and, pushing the hair off my forehead, looked thoughtfully into my face.

"Let me look at 'ee by daylight, lad! Ay, I was right—you be as like your poor father as one pea is like another. He were too clever to settle down. He rambled up and down like a moor pony, and ne'er made himself a home; and when he died, there was none of his kith and kin near him to close his eyes. Thar, lad, sit down and take your breakfast. We'll try to mak a man of 'ee, for my poor sister's sake."

The breakfast being over, my aunt and Annie busied themselves with "setting 'tugs to rights," and, feeling somewhat in the way, I took my cap and strolled out, to find out if I could what sort of a country I had been landed in.

The kitchen door opened directly into the "back yard," and here I found the poultry leisurely picking up grain and, too, a mongrel puppy, a sort of cross between a collie and a greyhound which the moment I made my appearance, came wriggling about my feet.

I passed through the yard, the puppy following close at my heels. The front of the cottage was very trim and neat; and there was a very small garden here, tolerably well cultivated; I afterward learned it belonged to Annie. It was a curious illustration of the mingling in her of the useful and ornamental. She was passionately fond of flowers, and two thirds of her little garden was devoted to them, while in the other third were beds of mustard and cress, radishes and celery, with which she regularly supplied "relishes" for the table.

I strolled carelessly along the road, amusing myself from time to time by throwing a stick and trying to teach the puppy to retrieve. A couple of hundred yards from the cottage I came to an iron gate, surrounded by a plantation of fir-trees, and with a long avenue leading I knew not whither. Here I paused, and, without thinking, threw the stick as far as I could up the avenue. But the puppy crouched at my feet, and declined to stir. So I opened the gate and went in. I had not gone many yards when a sharp voice arrested me.

"Here, I say, you!" it cried. "What are you doing here?"

I looked up, and saw a boy of about my own age, dressed like a young gentleman. He had black hair, black eyebrows that came close together, and a hanging lip. I saw at once, by his dress and manner, that he was no miner's son.

"Look here, you're trespassing, you know," he continued; then suddenly, "Why, you don't belong to St. Gurlott's. What's your name?"

I told my name, and added that I was a stranger, having come to the village only last night to live with my Uncle and Aunt Pendragon. In a moment his face changed; a contemptuous sneer curled his lip as he said:

"Keep the life-boat." In following the direction indicated by her pointing finger, my eye fell upon something else besides the house: a rude cobbie lay floating in the water a few yards from where we stood. It was attached to an iron ring driven into the rocks.

"Whose boat is that?" I asked.

"Oh, that belongs to John Rudd, the carrier; him that brought you to our house. He found it drifting in from the sea."

"And what does he do with it now?" "He goes out fishing sometimes. He took me out in it once."

"Suppose we take the boat and pull out for a bit; it would be good fun—better than staying here."

She hesitated, but yielded finally. We pushed away the boat together, and I pulled away out on to the dead calm sea. How pleasant it was there, with the sun pouring its golden beams upon us, and the water smiling around and gently lapping the boat's side! Annie took off her gloves, and trailed her fingers in the water; then she leaned over and looked down into the emerald depths below, while my eyes again swept the prospect inland.

Everything was distinguishable from the sea, the low-lying flats stretching black and desolate beneath the warm summer sky—the village, a handful of houses thrown in a hollow, just beyond the cottage where destiny had placed me. I also perceived now that there were numerous other cottages scattered about the moor, and finally, that there was one large turretted mansion rising up from a belt of greenwood.

"What house is that?" I asked.

"That? Oh, that is the master's house," Mr. Redruth, she added, "he's the master of the whole place."

"Does he live there?" "Yes; a good part of the year. Always at holiday times, when the young master comes home from school. He's home now."

Having a suspicion in my mind, I asked her what the young master was like, and she gave me an accurate description of the boy I had encountered a few hours before. Suddenly my eye was attracted to a huge black mass, which rose like an ominous shadow between me and the horizon. I asked Annie what it was; and she replied, "The mine!"

"The mine!" I said. "I never thought about the mine before, or we might have gone to see it. We'll pull in and go now; shall we?"

To my amazement, she half rose from her seat, and put out her hands, as if to stop me.

"No, no!" she cried. "We won't go there—not to the mine!"

Her face was white, and she was trembling, though she was wrapt in the sun's rays as in a warm mantle of gold.

"What's the matter, Annie?" I asked.

"Are you afraid?" "Yes," she said, "I am afraid of it, because it is cruel. It is like a great black mouth; it seems to ask you to come down, and then it crushes you and you die. I have seen strong men like my father go down into it happy and laughing, and then afterward I have seen them brought up dead, all so black and changed and dreadful. Oh, don't talk about it; I can't bear it!"

ing to crush away some hapless life. The more I heard of it, the stronger grew my wish to explore for myself those dark bowels of the earth. Again and again I had begged my uncle to take me down, but he refused. At last, however, one Sunday morning, he came to me and to my intense delight said:

"You can gaw down the mine t-day, Hugh. I be gawn' dawn, I'll tak' 'ee w' me."

The first thing to be done was to attire myself in one of my uncle's mining suits of flannel, and possess myself of one of his broad felt hats. My uncle handed me half a dozen candles, which he told me to put into my pocket; then, with a merry nod to the women-folk, we started.

It was no easy matter to get to the entrance of the mine, not being able to go straight to the shafts as in the case of mines on level ground. The way was long and difficult to travel, on account of the accumulation of mining gear we had to pass; long chains stretched out over bell cranks, wooden platforms looking like battered remnants of wrecks, yet supporting large beams of timber and heavy coils of rope. Here there was a little creaking shed, there a broken-down post or two, and there again we had to wind round by the rocky path amidst chains and cables and ascending loads. When we gained the trap-door entrance to the mine, my heart began to beat with anticipation.

My uncle lit a candle and stuck it into my hat, then he lit another for himself; after this he began to descend the first ladder, and I followed him.

The first object I was conscious of was the huge beam of a steam-engine, which worked on my right, alternately bowing and rising, and heavily straining at the deluge of water which it lifted. On the other side, I saw the loaded tub or bucket, rushing past its descending companion. We were now between two shafts, descending from stage to stage; the daylight was completely gone.

We landed, to traverse one of those side galleries in which the pit abounded. It was about seven feet high, but so narrow that two persons could just squeeze past one another. The only light now was that afforded by our candles, which flickered in the hot, sickly, damp vapor which floated about us.

The fetid air of the place was beginning to tell upon me, my breath became labored, the perspiration streamed down my face, while mud and tallow and iron drippings were visible on my clothes. I sat down on the floor. In the stillness, I became conscious of a strange moaning and sighing sound. After listening intently, I asked my uncle what it was.

"It's the Sae," he returned, "it be rolling up thar above our heads." (To be continued.)

**SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS.**

Their One-Room Cabins Lighted by Door or Hearth.

The strange and queer are typical of the Tennessee Mountains. It is the type of the one-roomed log cabin. Archaeologists are continually digging up new and fearful discoveries from the bowels of the mountains. It was once the home of the cliff dwellers, and the clay eaters thrive there now. Much of the money given by Southern churches for home missions goes to the Tennessee Mountains. A Baptist missionary made the startling statement that there were a half-million people living in the Appalachian belt who had no Bibles. Some of them never saw a Bible.

The home mission societies have established four schools within a short time. These are well-equipped central schools, designed as feeders for denominational colleges. Small day schools, taught in log cabins, are located in the remote and isolated valleys and coves of the mountains. In county after county, extending over great stretches of country, the one-room cabin home, lighted by the open door, where men, women and children cook, eat and sleep, is the rule; and such living does not produce the best class of citizens.

Six thousand of the children of the Southern highlanders are in school, while over 400,000 of them have no chance of securing an education. There are 2,000,000 Southern highlanders in the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia and Virginia. They occupy 194 counties. Between 1730 and 1750, 240,000 people came from Ulster County, Ireland, to the Carolina shores. They formed the first republican government in America, in 1769, calling it the "Watauga Association." To-day the highlanders are poor, neglected, outcast. They lost their books in the early wars. They were driven to the mountains, away from educational and business centers, because they protested against slavery. There are no infidels among them, although lawlessness abounds.

The lowest forms of civilization in the mountains are the clay-eaters. These people eat clay with a relish, and the only bad effect seems to be the pale, death-colored skin and stunted growth that result. The children who eat clay grow old prematurely, and the glow of youth leaves them. They are utterly without ambition, listless and indifferent of all conditions, present or future.

The clay is found along the banks of the mountain streams in inexhaustible quantities, and is of a dirty white and yellow color. It has a peculiar, oily appearance, and the oil keeps it from sticking to the hands or mouth. When dry it does not crumble, and a little water softens it until it can be rolled into any shape. The clay is tasteless, but it must possess some nourishment, as these people claim they can subsist on it for days without other food. They place a small piece of it in the mouth and keep it there until it dissolves and slowly trickles down their throats. It is eaten in small lumps. The appetite once fully developed for clay means that the victim is a clay-fend for life, its insidious hold equaling the opium habit.—Independent.

## A PAIR OF MUSICAL WONDERS.



J. A. WILCOX OF DURAND, MICH.



CHAR. C. HOESCH OF BISMARCK, N. D.

J. A. Wilcox, of Durand, Mich., is known as the "One Man Orchestra." Plays first and second violin, piano, drum, harmonica, bells and triangle, all at the same time. When appearing in public he generally performs the following program: Overture, violin, piano and harmonica. 2. Light-foot pianet—playing piano, harmonica, drum, triangle, tunes violin, rosin bow, all these at the same time. 3. Plays second violin with one hand and in five different positions, imitating dulcimer on violin and harmonica. 4. Full combination—two violins, piano, triangle, drum, harmonica and bells. Repertoire—Waltz, quadrilles, Jigs, polkas, quick-steps. Many special features the musical world never dreamed of. A novelty and a musical treat to all.

Charles C. Hoesch performs simultaneously upon harmonica, guitar, bass viol and bells. As will be seen in the picture, Mr. Hoesch plays the bass instrument with his right foot. With left foot he plays two bells. The guitar and harmonica he plays with hands and mouth. Mr. Hoesch loves music and studied the four-instrument combination for his own amusement.

**WEALTH OF THE CZAR.**

Nicholas II Has an Income of \$50,000,000 a Year—World's Richest Man.

It was reported from St. Petersburg the other day, on semi-official authority, that the Czar had given the equivalent of \$100,000,000 from his private treasury to Russia's war fund. If correct, this is the largest single gift ever made by an individual donor to any cause. But the Czar can well afford it, for he is said to be the richest man on earth.

No living man can tell the full extent of his wealth, not even Baron Friedrichs, the Comptroller of the Imperial Household.

The official revenue of the Czar is nearly \$10,000,000 per annum. It is difficult to arrive at it exactly, for it is paid in various ways and under many heads, and the sum total fluctuates from year to year. But \$10,000,000 may be taken as a fair average.

It is only a small part of his wealth, however, and the expense of maintaining his royal state more than accounts for this vast sum. If he depended upon his official income he would find it hard to make both ends meet.

His expenditures are almost confined to Russian objects alone. The Czar made liberal donations from it to the last Indian famine relief fund and in aid of the negro peasants of Martinique who suffered by the eruptions of Mont Pelee.

"It is impossible to arrive at any exact estimate of the wealth of His Imperial Majesty," said a high diplomatist, "but I should think that, on the most conservative estimate, he must be worth, from all sources, far more than \$50,000,000 a year. This is actual revenue, and does not take into account the huge treasures in specie, oil, and diamonds which are stored in the vaults of the Peterhof Palace, in the citadel at Kronstadt and elsewhere."

**WHEN HARRY UNDERSTOOD.**

Interesting Incident of the Days of Bad Going for Horses.

With the bad going in the city's streets in the last few days the horses have had about all they could do, some of them more; and it has been, generally, a time to try both horses and drivers, says the New York Sun.

About as hard a crosstown block as any you would find in its neighborhood for teams bound up grade is in Fulton street between Church street and Broadway. Many a team has fallen on this grade, and many a good team, with the going bad, has had all it could do to negotiate it.



The letter of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me." Sincerely yours, MISS MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter showing genuineness cannot be produced.

**EACH COLOR TO ITSELF.**

How the Cherokee Nation Gets Over the Race Problem.

The race problem in the Cherokee nation is solved to the general satisfaction of the three races concerned and the intermediary mixed bloods. In the location of homes the Cherokee fullbloods and negroes are mostly in settlements. The intermarried whites largely are in towns and territory contiguous to each other. The Cherokee-speaking citizens much prefer to associate together.

In the nation there are thirty schools attended by fullblood Cherokee children and seventeen by negro children. The negro blood schools are not so by legal requirement, but as a corollary of their preference to live near each other. The Cherokee and negro do not intermarry or socially mingle. Two seminaries and an orphan asylum are attended by fullbloods and mixed bloods only, the colored high school by negroes only.

In the incorporated school districts whites and Indians attend the same schools, and race prejudice and undue feeling on either side are being lost in fellowship and friendship cultivated in the classroom and on the playground. Both sides are better satisfied in the combined schools than they were when they were kept separate. Fullbloods seem to mingle as freely with white renters and their families of good character as they do with mixed bloods.

Of the 38,500 citizens of the Cherokee nation the best statistical information gives about 8,500 fullbloods, 3,200 intermarried whites, 22,800 mixed bloods and 4,000 freedmen.—Kansas City Journal.

**Women Can't Remarry.**

Good society in Korea has many curious customs. One of these is that widows must not remarry. No widow in the really "smart set" would ever dream of remarrying, however young she may be or however soon the death of her husband may have followed her wedding. Married life in Korea is by no means an unmixing blessing to the woman, so perhaps perpetual widowhood might not be objectionable if it were not for the necessity of perpetually wearing mourning for the departed. This means that during the whole of her life she is limited to blue, black, and green as colors for her costumes.

Great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.—Colton.

**Ayer's**

To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you will

**Hair Vigor**

only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.

"I am now over 60 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which is a wonder to every one who sees it. And not a gray hair in it, all due to Ayer's Hair Vigor." Mrs. H. E. MURPHY, Seaside, Minn.

Sole and Retailers: J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**White Hair**