

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 whispers, 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 Pennman'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 o' 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 wif my knife! Then he staggered back, . . . 'twere on the very edge of the crag . . . and the earth 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! I didna't mean to kill 'un, but 'twere done like a flash o' lightning—the next mornin' . . . the next mornin' . . . 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 wif 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 wif God," sobbed my aunt. "Forty year we ha' dwelt together 'f 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 cousins, 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 idolised 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 pluit 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 faces naturally the layers, and the "splitter," following the grain or "ribbons" with his large chisel, separates the blocks into strips. Then 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."

—Washington Star.

Body Acts as a Magnet.

Professor Murali, 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 its 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 Brisk 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.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Tells How to Keep Young.

By Dr. George F. Hall.



REV. G. F. HALL.

In olden times men lived to a great age; few died under the century mark unless killed in the battle or the chase. There is no physical reason, no edict of nature, why men should not live 100 years and upward now. And yet age of itself is no virtue. Unless one can keep young in look, feelings, actions, and ambitions what pleasure can there be in merely piling up years?

I believe that the art of keeping young consists largely in the maintenance of a right attitude of the mind on the subject. The great apostle Paul laid down one of the most profound philosophical truths of the ages when he said: "As a man thinketh so is he." If a woman constantly thinks gray hairs and wrinkles she will soon have both in abundance. On the other hand, if she boldly defies spectacles, powders, paints, stays, and wigs, etc., and constantly asserts to her own heart and the whole world her right to remain young, nine times out of ten she will still be a girl at 40 instead of a broken-down old woman ready for the grave.

If a man will defy old Father Time by a constant mental and physical declaration of his right to keep young and buoyant he can win in a walk. There is no use for a nervous collapse at 35 or 40. Most men chew too much tobacco, smoke too many cigarettes, drink too much liquor and live too fast every way. Too many mistake reckless dash for strenuousness. Repose is one of the greatest needs of the hour. Washington was a man of giant purpose and iron will, yet with a man of magnificent repose. But for a little carelessness which precipitated pneumonia he might have lived to pass the century mark.

Sandow advises exercise and cold baths. This is all right as far as it goes. But a regimen which considers only the physical man is worth very little without a pure, strong mind, a clear, honorable life and a God-centered soul.

TREATING BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

By John A. Howland.



There is a strong tendency at present to regard business as a science, knowledge of which can be reduced to principles and general laws. This means that the painfully acquired experience of individuals is being sifted, formulated, made general in application, so that it can be handed on to benefit others. In no department of business practice has there been such enormous development in the last decade as in organization, the intellectual framework by means of which a business moves, and this organization of business is now being studied as never before. It has long been known that system was an important element, but, as competition grows fiercer and fiercer, the perfection of method, of system, appears to be the very key to success.

The latest development of this tendency to discard the methods of our fathers is shown in the rise of the "business doctor," who is an expert who may be called in to examine and prescribe for any business that shows symptoms of falling health. He is a graduate from the school of experience. He takes charge of everything and bosses everybody concerned. The first thing he does is to examine the working system, and he invariably finds this to be closely connected with the seat of the disease. Striving at every point to eliminate waste, he often finds it necessary to reorganize it from top to bottom. Detecting leakage here, waste of time there, he endeavors by introducing time and labor saving devices to reduce the running expenses. He teaches managers how to advertise most effectively for the least money, how to have the windows dressed, how to economize floor space, how to make two men do the work of three. Besides examining into wastes that result from lack of

MEN CHEAPER THAN HORSES.

Famine in Horses and Rush of Work Make Them Hard to Hire.

If anyone is deceiving himself that the automobile has any chance of driving horses out of the market let him ask the teamster or bus driver, says the Chicago Chronicle. The contractor will tell the same story, giving figures to prove that the horse market was never in better shape than it is in this fall and that horses were never in greater

vanced from \$3 to \$4 to \$5 to \$6 per day. Even at this price horses are not to be found and general teaming companies are unable to fill their orders because of their shortage in horses. Drivers and wagons are plenty enough, but it is impossible to get the horse to complete the outfit. It so happens that while a man is earning \$1.50 a day his team is earning \$3.

The superintendent of barns for a big cab company figures the cost of a

you will find that a single horse does not hire for quite as much per day as a man does. But we never hire a single horse—we get them in an outfit—horses, wagon, harness and driver for so much. Naturally the outfit will cost more than any one part of it."

Many of the large contractors, unable to get horses to use in the work of excavating cellars, have put in large forces of men, who, with pick and shovel, are able to do the work of teams.

In the meantime if there is an automobile which will haul dirt or scrape roads or do any of the drudgery of the horses' work the equine family will no doubt welcome it. There will be plenty of work left for the horses.

Getting Hair Cut in Japan.

On returning to the hotel I indulged in a Japanese hair cut for the first time. Here you don't go to the barber shop. The barber shop comes to you. A very serious-looking young Jap with sober-hued kimono waiting upon me at my room at the hotel, and undressing his barberous instruments, deftly and skillfully executed a very good modern hair cut in a very short time.

He did not tenderly rub his hand over that little bald place on the back of the head (most all old boys have it) and enlarge on the virtues of his imitable hair restorer, and tell you how much brighter life would seem to you if you would only invest in a bottle of it, nor did he enlarge on various theses to display his conversational powers, but confined himself strictly to his professional work. In some respects Japanese barbers are preferable to those of our country.

Possibly this superiority may arise from the fact that as they do not know our language they could not indulge in the customary "airy periffage" if they wanted to.—Brooklyn Eagle.

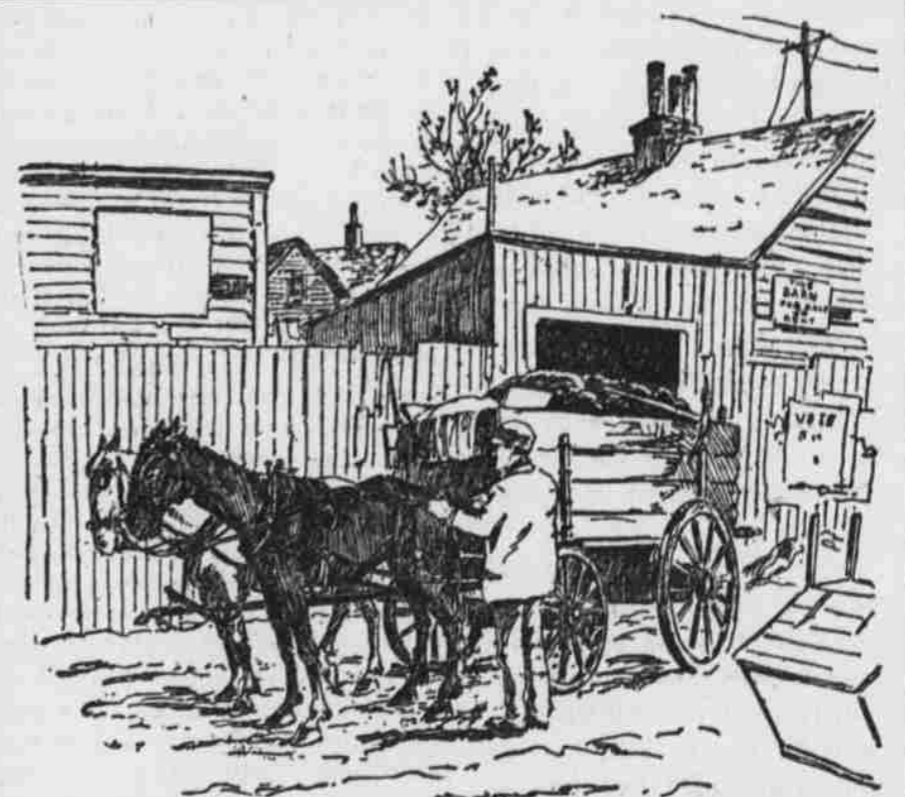
Hard to Make Them Do It. First Boarding-house Mistress—I've seen it figured out that people can live on 12 cents a day.

Second Boarding-house Mistress—Ah! But you can't get them to do it.—Brooklyn Life.

Two Truths. One of the most important things in life, my son," said the father, "is to know when to grasp an opportunity."

"And another," said the wise son, "is to know when to let go of it, I suppose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a woman steps off a street car, every man watching her expects to see her fall.



HORSES GET BIGGER PAY THAN THEIR DRIVER.

demand. Indeed, it is much as the superintendent of one of the city bus lines said the other day: "It is a pity the automobile does not take hold of the rough work the horse now has to do. We don't need automobiles to haul the fashionable about town. We need them for delivery wagons and for dirt-hauling and for coal wagons and the like. The horse can do the best of the work himself. What he needs is something to help him with the hard work."

There are not on the market to-day enough heavy horses to do the hard work of city teaming. According to reports the price of an average team horse has doubled within the last nine months and the scarcity of teams for general hauling is alarming. Contractors are having the greatest difficulty in getting enough teams to do their work and the price of hire for a team, wagon and driver has recently ad-

horse's keep at \$12 a month. The sum is divided something as follows:

Feed	\$6 00	Barn rent	...	\$3 00
Groom	4 00	Shoes	2 00

He considers this a big estimate, allowing for the high rental of barn room downtown. "And even at that rate we think it is costing more to keep a horse than a man," he explains, "beside that we have our investment to look out for, we have put money in the horse and the man didn't cost us a cent. And then again the man can take care of himself, but a beast of a man will abuse a poor beast of a horse. A horse will work all day long and all night if the driver forces it, but a man won't—there's the difference. We have to look out for the horse and the man can figure it out deducting for the extra expense of keeping a horse and for the odds and ends in the line of expenses