

dragged up again, he pulled the pole from the wire and turned it and then cranked back into the driver's seat. As hand reached for the grip of the controller a sudden dizziness seized him and he fell forward unconscious on the frame of the machine. The white dust was penetrating all parts of the mine. A minute inter-lake a hurried tunnel procession another group of men came stumbling down the entry, dragged two of their comrades who had become overcome by the gas, and to the rescue.

The mine bottom was now filled with smoke, and the deadly gas in dilute quantities hung invisible in the air. Attempts to stem the course of the flames were realized to be useless and the assistance now became that of getting the men from the mine and sealing the shafts at the top. Like the others, a sinking ship, the mine manager and the pit boss held their ground at the foot of the main hoist, and after the last hoist had carried up the remainder of the men they stood at the mouth of the mine, blinded in the smoke for a party of three men who had gone an hour before into some of the more distant workings to carry the warning, and who had not yet appeared.

The smoke grew thicker as the bottom of the mine was reached, and the men would ever return; but, notwithstanding, they made one attempt follow them and succeeded in groping their way into C entry. The fire was already in the entry north of C, around the same shaft where the flames were creeping over the "outcast" of the air course. As they tried to back to the hoist far voices arose through the smoke, and two of the missing men, dragging the third, crept along down the entry, shouting later the light was on the bottom and the signal from bottom to "be away" was given. The last men were leaving the mine.

The brilliancy of the clear autumn night was dimming in the first hours of dawn when the work of sealing the shafts began. Up into cloudless sky, through the tangled skein of the tippie, a tall tower of black smoke 300 feet high poured into the still air and faded into dawn. In two hours the smoke cleared, and the shaft was seen by layers, and then on this was laid a sheet of concrete, and two hours in only a few thin wisps of smoke poured up through cracks along the edges of the great seal. The total of inferno that was seething in the mine 400 feet below.

With the air cut off and the steam sent the fire could live only so long as sufficient oxygen remained in the mine. Men were drawn, dread faces gathered in the warehouse office, obtained that the bottom of the mine had been saved and that the advance of the flames was already being limited by the cutting of the supply of air. However, the possibilities were numerous that all seemed but conjecture. It was impossible to tell how long the fire could live on the air in the mine, the light had been the first exit from the workings on account of the men who had been overcome that the extent of the fire were unknown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tennyson and Tobacco.

Tennyson's devotion to his pipe of well known fact, but the following story of how he met his end is new. His friend had driven from Plymouth to visit an old friend who stood in no awe of the poet's visitors were invited to remain for dinner, but on Mr. Tennyson's stipulation that if he did not smoke the dinner would be between the old man and himself. That she could not sit without smoking was not only tolerable, but dangerous, and for one would she relax her prohibition rule. Mr. Tennyson proposed that they should go to the carriage and smoked to his hotel at Plymouth, where, however, he returned the next morning to breakfast.—From Mrs. Walcott's Recollections.

This Theory Is Now Doubtful.

The increase of temperature observed is about 1 degree F. for every ten years of descent in the earth. Taking, then, as correct, the present rate of increase, the pressure would be at the depth of 2,430 yard miles at the depth of 8,400 yards—lead melts at twenty-one or twenty iron melts at seventy-four and soft iron runs at ninety degrees Fahrenheit. At the depth of 100 miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed, a temperature capable of fusing platinum, lead and indeed every refractory substance we are acquainted with.—Boltzmann's Cosmos.

Von Moltke at Cards.

Count von Moltke, Germany's great field marshal, never lost a battle. He annoyed him to lose a game of cards. One day he was playing with a Frenchman, who was very anxious to win, they could without his noticing the number, and they would reckon the sums to the smallest amount. The Frenchman said: "I am really surprised that I have won, despite of my bad play," he remarked once rather ironically, but was rebuffed by the result.

Light of the Stars.

The light of the stars has been measured and the following results have been obtained: The light that comes from stars of the magnitude of our sun is approximately forty-thousand-millionth part of the light received from the lesser stars equivalent to that of 2,000 stars of the magnitude, or a star of the magnitude which is sent to us from the moon.

Classic.

"And are your daughters musical?" we ask.

"I guess so," he replies rather sheepishly.

"One of her sons sings things like 'You've got to get up early' and 'The voice you hear in the night' under piano with her hands crossed."—Chicagoan.

Our Language.

M. De France, You know me? Tutor says, "Walter, bring me the checkbook."

Gabe—"They say she is a fine singer."

Sorey—"Yes, she does."

Walter, bring me the checkbook."

Cincinnati Enquirer.











