

said Janet sorrowfully. "It was that that killed him. He had gone out one morning just as usual, and I didn't know that he was ill—I mean I didn't know that he was so very ill—and I was playing in the garden, and—and all at once I saw some people coming in at the gate, and they had got him on a mattress, and,—O papa!" cried poor little Janet, suddenly breaking off her story with a great bitter sob.

"And then that was the end of him, was it?" said Tabby.

"Yes, he died in a few hours. They brought him in and laid him on his bed, and he knew me," said Janet softly, with a quivering voice, "and they let me stop with him—till he was dead. Oh, it seems such a long time ago!—it seems such a long, long time ago!" cried the child.

"Well, he must ha' died sometime, you know," said Tabby, after a little silence. She had been watching Janet's emotion with a sort of grave curiosity. "We can't none of us live forever."

"Yes,—but he was quite young," said Janet sadly. "And, oh, he was so good!"

"Being good wouldn't do much to keep him alive," said Tabby shrewdly. "Seems to me more as if being bad's the way to live; for look!—there's mother—she's bad enough, and see what a hand she is at living; and father—he was all right, and he fell off a ladder ever so long ago, and killed himself! Oh, as for being good," said Tabby scornfully, "that's all gammon! What do you ever get by it? It don't make you live long, and it don't make you rich, and it don't make you jolly. I ain't good, but I'm a sight jollier than you are. Now ain't I?—ain't I?" said Tabby, pressing her question. And indeed, to tell the truth, it could not be denied that she was.

The children sat talking till the candle that stood on the table between them sank suddenly in to its socket, and Tabby at this happened jumped to her feet.

"Why, we shan't have a bit o' candle left to go to bed by," she called out. "Come on, and look sharp. You'll have to turn in just as you are, you know; only we'll roll up a bit o' something for a pillow, and here's a old petticoat to cover you over. Now, won't you be snug?" and Tabby complacently pulled down from a nail on the wall, and held up for her companion's admiration, a garment so ragged and stained and dirty with wear and

over me," and so she pushed it further and further off her, and lay with open ears, listening intently for the sound of a step. "Are you all right?" cried Tabby once from the opposite corner of the room.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," answered Janet, feeling rather guilty.

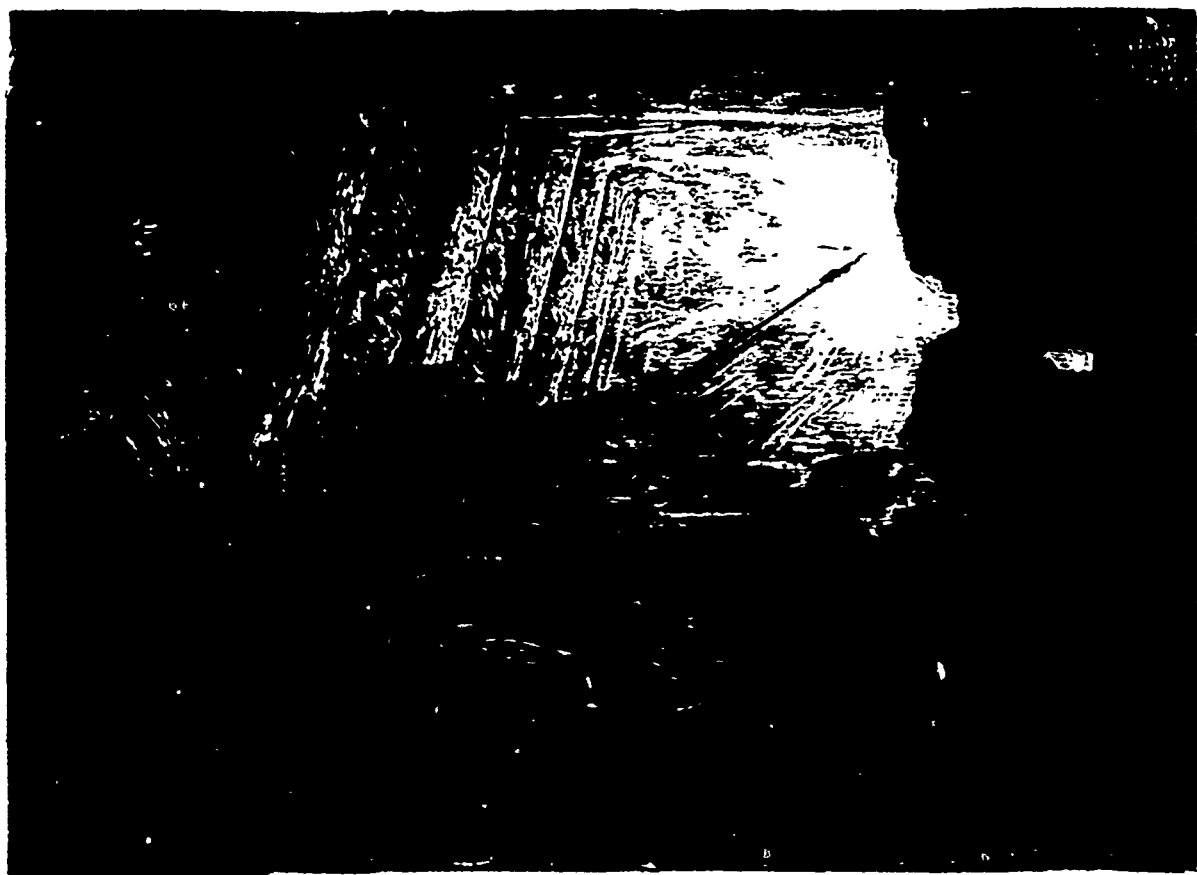
"Whatever you do, mind you keep the petticoat all over you," said Tabby. "How do you like your bed? Is the floor very hard?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

leathern garments, the stick, and the candle approached the fearful-looking black hole in the earth that told where the mine opened. Here and there, as he went along, his covered hand received a grasp from some other hand stretched forth, just as men will grasp hands when they feel that the glad "good day" may be a farewell for all time.

Down, down he went alone into the mine.

"Quick, man! Get close to the bottom of the level," he seemed to hear a voice say, and he went down on his knees, holding as high up as he could reach the lighted candle.

A loud report filled the black cavern. The air got aflame. He sprang to his feet and pressed on a little way. Then he went down again, close to the bottom, and again came explosion and flame, a great light and a sudden darkness. Through many levels in the coal mine went the man, and ever before him went sound and fire. He was burning the "fire-damp," that the next morning, when the colliers



THE "PENITENT" LIGHTING THE FIRE-DAMP.

THE MAN DRESSED IN LEATHER.

BY S. J. PRICHARD.

How queerly the man was dressed! His whole figure was wrapped about in clothing made of leather. Over his face was a mask, over his head a hood like the cowl of a monk. In his hand he carried a long stick, and at the end of the stick was a lighted candle. Had you seen the man's face before he put the mask over it you would have known that the work he was about to do was solemn, earnest work, for he glanced at the sweet, fair earth, as much as to say, "Good-by, dear world. I may never see you again. I am bound for the field of honor." But where was the man going? Come and see.

The day was done; the day of the sun and the day of the collier at the mine of Rive-de-Gier, in France. The last miner had come forth when the man with

went down into the mine, they might not meet death from explosions of the dangerous, deadly gas.

The courageous men who did this fearful work at the cost, oftentimes, of life, were called "penitents" in France, because of the monk's cowl which they used to wear, and sometimes "cannoniers;" while in England they were called "firemen." It is fifty years or more since a "penitent" went down for the last time to do his work in the mine at Rive-de-Gier; for, in 1815, Sir Humphrey Davy invented a safety-lamp for the use of miners. This lamp was so made that the fire-damp could not touch the flame, and therefore could not explode.

About the same time Mr. George Stephenson was also trying to make a lamp that it would be safe to use in coal mines, and he did construct one, by covering the flame with wire gauze, and it was found that the gas would not pass through—*Christian Weekly*.

age, that the sight of it and the thought of being wrapped up in it made Janet creep.

"It's such a warm night. Do you think I need have anything over me?" she said.

"Why, of course you must, or mother'll see you. You must put it right over you, head and all. Lie down, and I'll do it for you. Tuck your legs up; a little bit higher still. Now, there you are; and nobody'd know you from a bundle of old rags," said Tabby, as she stood back and contemplated the result of her handiwork.

She had tucked the petticoat in neatly all round Janet's head, not leaving her victim so much as an airhole to breathe through; but as soon as ever the candle had given its last flicker and expired, and the room was in darkness, poor little stilled Janet threw the foul-smelling garment back.

"I'll lie awake, and cover myself up when anybody comes," she thought to herself; "but I can't lie with this dreadful thing