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LOVE AND MONEY

By CHARLES READE

or of 'It's Never Too Late to Mend,' 'Griffith's Game,' 'Hard Cash,' 'Put Yourself in His Place,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

He could say no more, but fell into a sort of doze, the result of the powerful stimulant on his enfeebled frame and empty stomach. Then Bartley, with trembling hands, brought out a map of the mine and showed Walter where the second party had got to.

"See," said Tom, "they are within twenty feet of the bottom, and the hall is twenty-three feet high. Hope measured it. Give up working downward, pick into the sides of that hall, for in that hall I see them at night; sometimes they are alive, sometimes they are dead, sometimes they are dying. I shall go mad! I shall go mad!"

With this he went raging about, giving the wildest orders, with the looks and tones of a madman. In a minute he had a cage ready for Walter, and twenty fresh-lit lamps, and down went Walter with more men and pickaxes. As soon as he got out of the cage, he cried, wildly:

"Stop that, men, and do as I do."

He took a sweep with his pick, and delivered a horizontal blow at the clay on that side of the shaft Bartley had told him to attack. His pickaxe stuck in it, and he extracted it with difficulty.

"Nay, master," cried a miner who had fallen in love with him, "drive thy pick at 't coal."

Walter, then observed that above the clay there was a narrow vein of shining lead heavy with pick again, but instead of striking it he drove downward, as he ought to have done, he delivered a tremendous horizontal blow that made the coal ring like a church bell, and jarred his own stout arms so terribly that the pick fell out of his numbed hand.

Then the man who had advised him saw that he was disabled for a time, and stepped into his place.

But in that short interval an incident occurred so strange and thrilling that the stout miners uttered terrible cries, like women, and then one mighty "Hah!" burst like a diaphanous from their manly bosoms.

"I'll have the rest of my life for it," and made a furious rush at Grace's Hope.

She screamed faintly, and Hope, full in that incautious rush, and fell like a log with a single blow. Bartley, with there with his heels tapping the ground for a little while, then he got on his hands and knees, and crawled away to the farthest corner of his own place, and sat brooding.

That night when Grace retired to rest, Hope lay down at her feet, with his hammer in his hand, and when she slept, the other watched, for they feared an attack.

Toward the morning of the next day Grace's quick senses heard a mysterious noise in Bartley's quarters; she roused her father. Directly he went to the place, and he found Bartley at work on his knees tearing away with his hands and nails at the ruins of the shaft. Apparently fury supplied the place of strength, for he had raised quite a large heap behind him, and he had laid bare the feet up to the knees of a dead miner.

He reported this in a hushed voice to Grace, and said solemnly:

"Poor wretch, he's going mad, I fear."

"Oh, no," said Grace, "that would be too horrible. What ever should we do?"

"Keep him to his own side, that is all," said Hope.

"But," objected Grace, in dismay, "if he is mad, he won't listen, and he will come here and attack me."

"If he does," said Hope, simply, "I must kill him, that's all."

Bartley, however, in point of fact, kept more and more aloof for many hours; he never left his work till he laid bare the whole body of that miner, and found a pickaxe in his dead hand. This he hid, and reserved it for his deadly use; and Hope was not clear in his mind whether to brain him with it, or to revenge on him for having shut him up in the mine, or whether to peek a hole in the tank and destroy all three by a quicker death than thirst or starvation.

The savage had another and more horrible reason for keeping out of sight; maddened by thirst he had recourse to that last extremity better men have been driven to; he made a cut with his clasp knife in the breast of the dead miner, and tried to swallow jellied blood.

This horrible relief never lasts long, and the penalty follows in a few hours; but in the meantime the savage obtained relief, and even vigor, from this ghastly source, and seeing Hope and his daughter lying comparatively weak and exhausted, he came and sat down at a little distance in front of them, that was partly done to divert Hope from examining his shambles and his unnatural work.

"Maister," said he, "how long have we been here?"

"Six days and more," said Hope.

"Six days," said Grace, faintly, for her powers were now quite exhausted—"and no signs of help, no hope of rescue?"

"Do not say so, Grace. Rescue in time is certain, and, therefore, while we live there is hope."

"Ay," said Bartley, "for you tw, but not for me. You tw the men that I tived 't mine, and if one of those men gets free, they'll all tear me limb from jacket. Why should I leave one grave to walk into another? But for you I should have been away six days ago."

"Man," said Hope, "cannot you see that my hand was not the instrument? It was the hand of Heaven that kept you back. Cease to blame your victims, and begin to see things as they are, and to repent. Even if you escape, could the white faces over fade from your sight, or the dying shrieks ever leave your ear, or the brave men you so foully murdered? Repent, monster, repent!"

Bartley was not touched, but he was scared by Hope's solemnity, and went to his own corner muttering, and as he crouched there came over his dull brain what in due course follows the horrible meal he had made—a feverish frenzy.

In the meantime Grace, who had been lying half-insensible, raised her head slowly, and said, in a low voice:

"Water, water!"

"Oh, my girl," said Hope, in despair, "I'll go and get enough to moisten your lips; but the last scrap of food has gone, the last drop of oil is burning away, and in an hour we shall be in darkness and despair."

"No, no, father," said Grace, "not while there is water there, beautiful water."

"But you cannot drink that unfiltered; it is foul, it is poisonous."

"Not that, papa," said Grace, "far beyond that—look! See that clear river sparkling in the sunlight; how bright and beautiful it shines! Look at the waving trees upon the other side, the green meadows and the bright blue sky, and there—there—are the great white swans. No, no, I forget; they are not swans; they are ships sailing to the bright land you told me of, where there is no suffering and no sorrow."

Then Hope, to his horror, began to see that this must be the very hallucination of which he had read, a sweet illusion of green fields and crystal water, which often precedes actual death by thirst and starvation. He trembled, he prayed secretly to God to spare her, and not to kill his new-found child, his darling, in his arms.

By-and-by Grace spoke again, but this time her senses were clear.

"How dark it's grown!" she said, "Ah, we are back again in that awful mine!"

Then, with the patient fortitude of a woman when once she thinks the will of the Almighty is declared, she laid her hand upon his shoulders, and said, soothingly:

"Dear father, bow to Heaven's will; I then she held up both her feeble arms to him—"Kiss me, father—for we are to die!"

With these firm and patient words, she laid her sweet head upon the ground, and hoped and feared no more.

But the man could not bow like the woman. He kissed her as she bade him, and laid her gently down; but after that he sprang wildly to his feet in a frenzy, and raged aloud, as his daughter could no longer hear him.

"No, no," he cried; "this thing cannot be; they have had seven days to get to us."

"Ah, but there are mountains and rocks of earth and coal piled up between us. We are buried alive in the bowels of the earth."

"Well, and shouldn't I have blasted a hundred rocks, and picked through mountains, to save a hundred lives, or to save one such life as this, no matter whose child she was?"

"Ah! you poor seum, you came to me whenever you wanted me, and you never came in vain. But now that I want you, you smoke your pipes, and walk calmly over this living tomb I lie in."

"Well, all yourselves men, and let your friends perish; I am a man and I can die."

Then he threw himself wildly on his knees over his insonable daughter.

"But my child! Oh, God! look down upon my child! Do, pray, see the horror of it. The horror and the hellish injustice! She has but just found her father. She is just beginning life; it's not her time to die! Why, you know, she only came here to save her father. Heaven's blessing is the right of pious children; it's promised in God's Word. They are to live long upon earth, not to be cut off like criminals."

Then he rose wildly, and raged about the place, flinging his arms on high, so that even Bartley, though his own reason was shaken,

covered away from the fury of a stronger mind.

"Men and angels cry out against it!" he screamed, in madness and despair. "Can this thing be? Can Heaven and earth look calmly on this horror? 'A man all ingratitude!' Is God ALL-ATHY?"

"A blow like a hammer striking a church bell tinkled outside the wall, and seemed to come from a great distance.

To him who, like the rugged Elijah, had expostulated so boldly with his Maker, and his Maker, who is not to be irritated, forgave him, that blow seemed at first to ring from Heaven. He stood still, and trembled like a leaf; he listened; the sound was not repeated.

"Ah," said he, "it was an illusion, like hers."

But for all that he seized his hammer, and darted to the back of the hall, and mounting on a huge fragment of coal, struck the seam high above his head. He gave two blows in quick succession.

Grace heard and began to raise herself on her hands in wonder.

Outside the wall came two leisurely blows that seemed a mile off, though they were not ten feet, and then three blows in quick succession.

"My signal echoed," yelled Hope. "Do you hear, child, my signal answered? Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!"

He fell on his knees and cried like a child. The next minute, burning with hope and joy, he was by Grace's side, with his arms round her.

"You can't give way now. Fight on a few minutes more. Death, I defy you, I am a father; I tear my child from your clutches."

With this he raised her in his arms with surprising vigor. It was Grace's turn to shake off all weakness, under the great excitement of the brain.

"Yes, I'll live," she cried, "I'll live for you. Oh, the gallant men! Hear, hear the pickaxe at work; an army is coming to our rescue, father; the God you doubted sends them, and some hero leads them."

The words had scarcely left her lips when Hope set her down in fresh alarm. An enemy's pickaxe was at work to destroy them; Bartley was picking furiously at the weak part of the tank, shrieking:

"They will tear me to pieces; there is no hope in this world nor the next for me."

"Madman," cried Hope; "he'll let the water in before they can save us."

He rushed at Bartley and seized him; but his frenzy was gone, and Bartley's was upon him; after a short struggle Bartley flung him off with prodigious power. Hope flew at him again, but incautiously, and the savage, lowering his head, drove it with such fury into Hope's chest that he sent him to a distance, and laid him flat on his back, utterly breathless. Grace flew to him and raised him.

He was not a man to lose his wits.

"To the truck," he gasped, "or we are lost."

"I'll flood the mine? I'll flood the mine?" yelled Bartley.

Hope made his daughter mount a large fragment of coal we have already mentioned, and from that she sprang to the truck, and with her excitement and her athletic power she raised herself into the full truck, and even helped her father in after her. But just as she got on to the truck, and while he was still only on his knees, that section of the wall we have called the tank rent and gaped under Bartley's pickaxe, and presently exploded about six feet from the ground, and a huge volume of water drove masses of earth and coal before it, and came roaring like a solid body straight at the coal truck, and drove it against the opposite wall, smashed the nearest side in, and would have thrown Grace off it like a feather, but Hope, kneeling and clinging to the side, held her like a vise.

Grace screamed violently. Immediately there was a roar of exultation outside from the hitherto silent workers; for that section told that the woman was alive too; the wife of the brave fellow who had won all their hearts and melted away the icy barrier of class.

Three gigantic waves struck the truck and made it quiver.

The first came half-way up; the second came full two-thirds; the third dashed the senseless body of Ben Bartley, with bleeding head and broken bones, against the very edge of the truck, then surged back with him into a whirling vortex.

Grace screamed continuously; she gave herself up now for lost; and the louder she screamed, the louder and the nearer the saving party shouted and hurried.

"No, do not fear," cried Hope; "you shall not die. Love is stronger than death."

The words were scarce out of his mouth when the point of a steel pick came clean through the stuff; another followed above it; then another, then another, and then another. Holes were made, then gaps, then larger gaps; then a mass of coal fell in; furious picks—a portion of the mine knocked away—and there, at last, in a red blaze of lamps, work up, the gallant men, roaring, shouting, holding up, led by a bleeding, face smoked, hat and eyebrows black with coal-dust, and eyes flaming like red coals. He sprang with one fearless bound down to the coal-truck, and caught up his wife in his arms, and held her to his panting bosom. Ropes, ladders, everything—and they were saved; while the corpse of the assassin whirled round and round in the subsiding eddies of the black water, and as that water ran away into the mine, lay, coated with mud, at the feet of those who had saved his innocent victims.

CHAPTER XXIV.—STRANGE COMPLICATIONS.

Exert all the powers of your mind, and conceive if you can, what that mother felt whose only son sickened, and, after racking her heart with hopes and fears, died before her eyes, and was placed in his coffin and carried to his rest. Yet one in the likeness of a man bade the bearers stand still, then, with a touch, made the coffin open, the dead came back, blooming with youth and health, and handed him to his mother.

That picture no mortal mind can realize; but the effort will take you so far as this: you may imagine what Walter Clifford felt when, almost at the climax of despair, he received from that living tomb the good and beautiful creature who was the light of his eyes and the darling of his heart.

How he gloated on her! How he murmured words of comfort and joy over her as the cage carried her and Hope and him up again into the blessed sunshine! And there, what a burst of exultation and honest rapture received them!

Everybody was there. The news of Hope's signal had been wired to the surface. An old original telegraph had been set up by Colonel Clifford and its arms were flying to all him. That old campaigner was there, with his spring break and mattresses, and an able physician. Bartley was there, pale and old, and trembling and crying. He fell on his knees before Hope and Grace. She drew back from him with repulsion; but he cried out:

"No matter! no matter! They are saved! they are saved!"

Walter carried her to his father, and left Bartley kneeling. Then he dashed back for

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL—Superior Court, No. 203. Dame Eugénie Fournelle, of the City of Montreal, wife of Pierre Louis Fournelle, of the same place, trader, duly authorized to enter on justice against her said husband, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause.

Montreal, 23rd August, 1884.

T. & C. C. DELORMIER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL—Superior Court, Montreal, No. 2732. Dame Vitaline Prévozt, wife of Pierre Delorme, of the City and District of Montreal, trader, has instituted against her said husband an action for separation as to property.

Montreal, 5th July, 1884.

E. N. ST. JEAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

BURIED ALIVE—THE THREE DEADLY PERILS.

Seven miners were buried under the ruins of the shaft; but although masses of coal and clay fell into the hall from the side nearest to the explosions, and blocked up some of the passages, nobody was crushed to death there; only the smoke was so stifling that it seemed impossible to live.

That smoke was lighter than the air; its thick pall lifted by degrees and revealed three figures.

Grace Hope, by happy instinct, had sunk upon the ground to breathe in that stifling smoke. Hope, who had collared Ben Bartley, had sunk to the ground with him, but still clutched the assassin. These were their first struggle for life.

As soon as it was possible to speak, Hope took up his lamp, which had fallen, and holding it up high, he cried:

"Grace, my child, where are you?"

She came to him directly; he took her in his arms and thanked God for this great preservation.

Then he gave Bartley a kick and ordered him to the right hand of the hall.

"I'll keep to that side," he said, "and think of what you have done; your victims will keep this side, and comfort each other till honest men undo your work, you villain!"

Bartley crouched, and wriggled away like a whipped hound, and flung himself down in bitter despair.

"Oh, papa," said Grace, "we have escaped a great danger, but shall we ever see the light of day?"

"Of course we shall, child; be sure that great efforts will be made to save us. Miners have their faults, but leaving other men to perish is not one of them; there are no greater heroes in the world than those rough fellows, with all their faults. What you and I must do at once is to search for provisions and lamps and tools; if there are no poisonous gases set free, it is a mere question of time. My poor child has a hard life before her; but only live, and we shall be rescued."

These brave words comforted Grace as they were intended to do, and she accompanied her father down the one passage which was left open after the explosion. Fortunately this led to a new working, and before he had gone many yards Hope found a lamp that had been dropped by some miner who had rushed into the hall as the first warning came. Hope extinguished the light, and gave it to Grace.

"That will be twenty-four hours' light to us," said he; but, oh, what I want to find is food. There must be some left behind."

"Papa," said Grace, "I think I saw a miner throw a bag into an empty truck when the first alarm was given."

"Back! back! my child!" cried Hope, "before that villain finds it!"

He did not wait for her, but ran back, and he found Ben Bartley in the neighborhood of that very truck; but Bartley sneaked off a his approach. Hope, looking into the truck, found treasures—a dozen new socks, a heavy hammer, a small bag of nails, a can of tea, a bag with a loaf in it, and several broken pieces of bread. He put his lamp out directly, for he had lucifer matches in his pocket, and he hid the bag of bread; then he nailed his lamp again and fastened it up by a nail in the centre of the hall.

"There," said he to Bartley, "that's to light us both equally; when it goes out, you must hang up your eyes in its place."

"That's in!" said Bartley, humbly.

There were two trucks on Hope's side of the hall—the empty one in question, and one that was full of coal. Both stood about two yards from Hope's side of the hall. Hope turned the empty truck and brought it parallel to the other; then he nailed two sacks together, and fastened them to the coal truck and the debris; then he laid sacks upon the ground for Grace to lie on, and he kept two sacks for himself, and two in reserve, and he took two and threw them to Ben Bartley.

"I give you two, and I keep two myself," said he. "But my daughter shall have a room to herself even here; and if you molest her I'll brain you with this hammer."

"I don't want to molest her," said Bartley. "It ain't my fault she's here."

Then there was a gloomy silence, and well there might be. The one lamp, twinkling faintly against the wall, did but make darker visible, and revealed the horror of this dismal scene. The weary hours began to crawl away, marked only by Hope's watch, for in this living tomb summer was winter, and day was night.

The horrors of entombment in the mine have, we think, been described better than any other calamity which befalls living men. Inspired by this subject, novelists have gone beyond themselves, and, without any affectation we say we do not think we could go through the dismal scene before us in its general details without falling below many gifted contemporaries, and adding bulk without value to their descriptions. The true characteristic feature of this sad scene

The next day was terrible.

The violent pangs of hunger began to gnaw like ulcers, and the thirst was still more intolerable; the pangs of hunger intermitted for hours at a time, and then returned to torment again; they exhausted but did not infuriate; but the rage of thirst became incessant and maddening.

Ben Bartley suffered the most from this, and the wretch came to Hope for consolation.

"Where's the sense of hiding here," said he, "to be burned to death w' drought? Let's flood the mine, and drink or be drowned."

"How can I flood the mine?" said Hope.

"You know best, maister," said the man. "Why, how many tons of water did ye draw from you tank every day?"

"We conduct about five tons into a pit, and we send about five tons up to the surface daily."

"Then how much water will there be in the tank now?"

Hope looked at his watch and said:—

"There was a great deal of water in the tank when you blew up the mine; there must be about thirty tons in it now."

"Well, now," said Bartley, "you that knows everything, help me burst the wall of tank; it's thin snow."

"How do you expect to do that?" said Hope.

"If we let in the whole body of water," said he, "it would shatter us to pieces, and crush us against the wall of our prison, and drown us before it run away through the obstructed passages into the new workings. Fortunately, we have no pickaxe, and cannot be tempted to self-slaughter."

This silenced Bartley for the day, and he remained sullenly apart; still, the idea never left his mind.

The next day, toward evening, he asked Hope to light his own lamp, and come and look at the wall of the tank.

"Not without me," whispered Grace. "I see him cast looks of hatred at you."

They went together, and Bartley bade Hope observe that the water was trickling through in places, a drop at a time; it could not penetrate the coaly veins, nor the streaks of clay, but it oozed through the porous strata, certain strips of blackish earth in particular, and it trickled down, a drop at a time.

Hope looked at this feature with anxiety, for he was a man of science, and knew by the state of barometer, great and small, and the strange explosive power of a little water driven through strata by a great body pressing behind it.

"You'll see, it will burst into," said Bartley, exultantly, "and the sooner the better for me; for I'll never get alive out on 't mine; you blowed me to the men, and they'll break every bone in my skin."

Hope did not answer this directly.

"There, don't go to meet trouble, my man," said he. "Give me the can, Grace. Now, Bartley, hold this can, and catch every drop till it is full."

"Why, it will take half a day to fill it," observed Bartley, "and it will be half mud when all is done."

"I'll filter it," said Hope. "You do as you are bid."

He darted to a part of the mine where he had seen a piece of charred timber; he dragged it in with him, and asked Grace for a pocket handkerchief. She gave him a clean square one. He took his pocket-knife and soon scraped off a little heap of charcoal; and then he sewed the handkerchief into a bag, for the handy man always carried a needle and thread.

Slowly, slowly, the muddy water trickled into the little can, and then, the bag being placed over the larger can, slowly, slowly, the muddy water trickled through Hope's filter, and dropped clear and drinkable into a larger can.

In that dead life of theirs, with no incidents but torments and terrors, the hours passed swiftly in this experiment.

Hope sat upon a great lump of coal, his daughter kneeling in front of him, gazing at him with love, confidence, reverence; and Bartley knelt in front of him too, but at a greater distance, with wolfish eyes full of thirst and nothing else.

At last the little can was two-thirds full of clear water. Hope took the large iron spoon which he had found along with the tea, and gave a full spoonful to his daughter.

"My child," said he, "let it trickle very slowly over your tongue and down your throat; it is the throat and the adjacent organs which suffer most from thirst, and the adjacent organs which suffer most from thirst."

He then took a spoonful himself, not to drink after an assassin. He then gave a spoonful to Bartley, with the same instructions, and rose from his seat and gave the can to Grace, and said:

"The rest of this pittance must not be touched for six hours at least."

Bartley, instead of complying with the wise advice given him, tossed the liquid down his throat with a gesture, and then dashing down the spoon, said:

"I'll have the rest of my life for it," and made a furious rush at Grace's Hope.

She screamed faintly, and Hope, full in that incautious rush, and fell like a log with a single blow. Bartley, with there with his heels tapping the ground for a little while, then he got on his hands and knees, and crawled away to the farthest corner of his own place, and sat brooding.

That night when Grace retired to rest, Hope lay down at her feet, with his hammer in his hand, and when she slept, the other watched, for they feared an attack.

Toward the morning of the next day Grace's quick senses heard a mysterious noise in Bartley's quarters; she roused her father. Directly he went to the place, and he found Bartley at work on his knees tearing away with his hands and nails at the ruins of the shaft. Apparently fury supplied the place of strength, for he had raised quite a large heap behind him, and he had laid bare the feet up to the knees of a dead miner.

He reported this in a hushed voice to Grace, and said solemnly:

"Poor wretch, he's going mad, I fear."

"Oh, no," said Grace, "that would be too horrible. What ever should we do?"

"Keep him to his own side, that is all," said Hope.

"But," objected Grace, in dismay, "if he is mad, he won't listen, and he will come here and attack me."

"If he does," said Hope, simply, "I must kill him, that's all."

Bartley, however, in point of fact, kept more and more aloof for many hours; he never left his work till he laid bare the whole body of that miner, and found a pickaxe in his dead hand. This he hid, and reserved it for his deadly use; and Hope was not clear in his mind whether to brain him with it, or to revenge on him for having shut him up in the mine, or whether to peek a hole in the tank and destroy all three by a quicker death than thirst or starvation.

The savage had another and more horrible reason for keeping out of sight; maddened by thirst he had recourse to that last extremity better men have been driven to; he made a cut with his clasp knife in the breast of the dead miner, and tried to swallow jellied blood.

This horrible relief never lasts long, and the penalty follows in a few hours; but in the meantime the savage obtained relief, and even vigor, from this ghastly source, and seeing Hope and his daughter lying comparatively weak and exhausted, he came and sat down at a little distance in front of them, that was partly done to divert Hope from examining his shambles and his unnatural work.

"Maister," said he, "how long have we been here?"

"Six days and more," said Hope.

"Six days," said Grace, faintly, for her powers were now quite exhausted—"and no signs of help, no hope of rescue?"

"Do not say so, Grace. Rescue in time is certain, and, therefore, while we live there is hope."

"Ay," said Bartley, "for you tw, but not for me. You tw the men that I tived 't mine, and if one of those men gets free, they'll all tear me limb from jacket. Why should I leave one grave to walk into another? But for you I should have been away six days ago."

"Man," said Hope, "cannot you see that my hand was not the instrument? It was the hand of Heaven that kept you back. Cease to blame your victims, and begin to see things as they are, and to repent. Even if you escape, could the white faces over fade from your sight, or the dying shrieks ever leave your ear, or the brave men you so foully murdered? Repent, monster, repent!"

Bartley was not touched, but he was scared by Hope's solemnity, and went to his own corner muttering, and as he crouched there came over his dull brain what in due course follows the horrible meal he had made—a feverish frenzy.

In the meantime Grace, who had been lying half-insensible, raised her head slowly, and said, in a low voice:

"Water, water!"

"Oh, my girl," said Hope, in despair, "I'll go and get enough to moisten your lips; but the last scrap of food has gone, the last drop of oil is burning away, and in an hour we shall be in darkness and despair."

"No, no, father," said Grace, "not while there is water there, beautiful water."

"But you cannot drink that unfiltered; it is foul, it is poisonous."

"Not that, papa," said Grace, "far beyond that—look! See that clear river sparkling in the sunlight; how bright and beautiful it shines! Look at the waving trees upon the other side, the green meadows and the bright blue sky, and there—there—are the great white swans. No, no, I forget; they are not swans; they are ships sailing to the bright land you told me of, where there is no suffering and no sorrow."

Then Hope, to his horror, began to see that this must be the very hallucination of which he had read, a sweet illusion of green fields and crystal water, which often precedes actual death by thirst and starvation. He trembled, he prayed secretly to God to spare her, and not to kill his new-found child, his darling, in his arms.

By-and-by Grace spoke again, but this time her senses were clear.

"How dark it's grown!" she said, "Ah, we are back again in that awful mine!"

Then, with the patient fortitude of a woman when once she thinks the will of the Almighty is declared, she laid her hand upon his shoulders, and said, soothingly:

"Dear father, bow to Heaven's will; I then she held up both her feeble arms to him—"Kiss me, father—for we are to die!"

With these firm and patient words, she laid her sweet head upon the ground, and hoped and feared no more.

But the man could not bow like the woman. He kissed her as she bade him, and laid her gently down; but after that he sprang wildly to his feet in a frenzy, and raged aloud, as his daughter could no longer hear him.

"No, no," he cried; "this thing cannot be; they have had seven days to get to us."

"Ah, but there are mountains and rocks of earth and coal piled up between us. We are buried alive in the bowels of the earth."

"Well, and shouldn't I have blasted a hundred rocks, and picked through mountains, to save a hundred lives, or to save one such life as this, no matter whose child she was?"

"Ah! you poor seum, you came to me whenever you wanted me, and you never came in vain. But now that I want you, you smoke your pipes, and walk calmly over this living tomb I lie in."

"Well, all yourselves men, and let your friends perish; I am a man and I can die."

Then he threw himself wildly on his knees over his insonable daughter.

"But my child! Oh, God! look down upon my child! Do, pray, see the horror of it. The horror and the hellish injustice! She has but just found her father. She is just beginning life; it's not her time to die! Why, you know, she only came here to save her father. Heaven's blessing is the right of pious children; it's promised in God's Word. They are to live long upon earth, not to be cut off like criminals."

Then he rose wildly, and raged about the place, flinging his arms on high, so that even Bartley, though his own reason was shaken,

covered away from the fury of a stronger mind.

"Men and angels cry out against it!" he screamed, in madness and despair. "Can this thing be? Can Heaven and earth look calmly on this horror? 'A man all ingratitude!' Is God ALL-ATHY?"

"A blow like a hammer striking a church bell tinkled outside the wall, and seemed to come from a great distance.

To him who, like the rugged Elijah, had expostulated so boldly