

said Willie, patting Dan on the ugly scar where his wound had been. 'I wish you could see how the dandelions is shooting and the little brooks a-rushing down the mountain 2.40 to git to the creek where the grass—oh, yes, that makes me mind,' and Willie unpocketed for Dan's benefit two great handfuls of soft spring grass. 'Next time, Dan, I'll bring my cap full, too.'

Dan expressed his delight at this prospect with a hee-haw that resounded up and down the full length of the mine, and filled the gang and manways.

The miners laughed.

'Hear Dan talking to Willie, once; I'm glad my voice ain't like no mules,' said a young miner.

'Hush!' said another miner, 'there's a sound I hate worser than a mule bray.'

'Bray, what is it?' asked the young miner. 'Has Dan caused a fall of coal with his sweet voice?'

'No, no, in course not; but that low rumble is what I mean. Do you hear it?'

The miners all stopped their picking and shovelling and listened.

'Ah, you! It ain't nothing,' they said to the alarmed miner.

'Ain't it?' he said, and there was a dull roll and half-choked explosion of dynamite, followed, as it had seemed to be, slightly preceded by a cracking of the coal overhead in the farther end of the mine.

'Run, lads!' cried one of the new miners; 'it's them poor lads in the new breast, an' like 'nough they're beyond speaking their own names iver agin!'

The miners dropped their tools, and ran down to the main gangway. Willie was there with his empty car and Dan.

'Here, Willie,' they cried, 'leave us on till we see what we can do for them poor fellers out at the new breast.'

Willie turned very pale.

'They were putting in a big load. Mebbe tain't all off yet. Dan and me'll go see. You stay here.' And stepping onto the front of his car, he clicked to Dan, and went rolling off down the long, black gangway alone.

'Here, Willie, you! Come back! What you going for? You can't do nothing, and it's awful dangerous if it ain't all gone off yet.'

There was no reply; Willie and Dan still hurried down the black track, only a faint twinkle from the lamp in Willie's cap being barely seen. Now it was out of sight altogether, and even the roll of the car wheels was stilled.

'That lad Willie's too brave; he's just his father agin, and he'll be buried under the coal the same way!' cried one of the miners. 'Wait'll I tell the young superintendent on him; he ain't no use fur keerless risks though he's a great one for coming down below to see fur hisself where the fire-damp and gas is worst.'

'Spake of angels! There's the car coming down now, and him along. Wonder if he heerd the 'splosion above?' and the miner who this time spoke huddled closer to the others, for there was another explosion, followed by a fall of coal and rock which even the deaf might have heard.

The young superintendent turned whiter and shuddered, then he straightened himself and went toward the huddling miners.

'Where's Willie and Dan?' he asked.

'Down by the new breast we're afraid,' answered a miner; 'he wouldn't take us along; we hollered to him not to go!'

'Heavens!' said the new superintendent, 'but the worst is over now. I came down

to see what was wrong. Come along with me if you'll take a little risk.'

The men went after him to a man. It took them twenty minutes to reach the new breast, for walk they must, as Willie's was the only car on that line.

A fallen mass of coal at length blocked their way, and the superintendent stumbled over something that was softer than coal, and mixed in with a mashed car.

'Hah! Willie!' he said, stooping over and drawing the little fellow into a sitting position; 'much hurt?'

'Nothing to them fellows,' responded Willie, indicating the heap of fallen coal, 'and Dan.'

'There are six of them working here, aren't there?' and the superintendent looked hurriedly around.

'There was, Mr. McClellan,' said Willie.

The superintendent shuddered; it was his first accident.

There was suddenly a wild scrambling among the coal, and somehow Dan got himself to his feet, at least three of them, for the fourth was crushed. The miners scattered at this apparition, and the superintendent drew back. They still recalled Dan of old.

'Where's the inside boss?' the superintendent asked.

'Here,' replied the boss, coming up out of breath in his hurry. 'I'm sorry, sir, this 'appened; I am, indeed, sir.'

'Yes, yes,' said the superintendent, 'now see they're got out; be careful there's no more coal down on you,' and picking up Willie as if he was a baby, he carried him to the foot of the shaft.

After them hobbled Dan. Putting Willie down, the superintendent examined his injury, then guardedly that of Dan.

'Both hurt in the foot,' he said; 'no good for mining work after this. You're glad, aren't you, Willie?' and he lifted him into the car and signalled to be drawn up.

'Glad?' repeated Willie, 'no, sir; no, sir.'

'Yes, you are,' responded the superintendent, 'because you'll have to go to school now as you can't work in the mines, and we'll give you Dan to turn out to pasture.'

Willie's eyes shone; then they clouded.

'What of mother? She needs my wages to live on; she do, indeed.'

'She'll have them just the same,' the superintendent answered.

So in that sleepy little valley below the Big Colliery mountains there is a boy, slightly lame as he goes to school day after day, and a mule that with red worsted tassels draws the baker's waggon at a very lame gait. It is in the contract that Willie made with the baker, to turn Dan out to pasture every afternoon of every warm day in the year.

Don't Be Morbid.

If you do not guard against it, it is an easy thing, girls, to get into a morbid state; to imagine that people do not care for you, and to be over-sensitive, and to think slights and neglects are intended, when this is not the case. Your tears grow very quick to come, your heart is heavy, and you are a sorrow, not only to yourselves, but to every one around you. The cure for this state of mind is simple and practical. Busy yourself in making other people happy; remember there may be other girls who feel as you do, and show them some kind, pleasant attentions. If you have felt left out of a conversation because you did not know about the subjects being discussed, and the talker turned to some one who did know,

do not draw away and feel hurt; forget yourself, and show an interest by attentive listening, or asking sensible questions—there is nothing a talker likes better than an interested listener. Putting yourself in somebody else's place is a good antidote against the heaviness which comes when you allow yourself to think you have been neglected—'Farm Journal.'

The Land of the Lazy.

The land of the lazy is 'Sometime' land; Its boundaries all are 'After awhile,' Its citizens wear the 'Mean-to' brand, And 'Going-to' garments are all the style

In the land of the lazy little is done, For the dwellers crowd to the 'County Shirk,'

And they moan like martyrs every one At the very sound of the name of work.

In the land of the lazy they want to go, Just as much as the toilers do, And then, if they don't, they fume and fret, And grumble about 'Fate's favored few.'

In the land of the lazy ambition dies, For it cannot live in untended soil, And its bright twin, Progress, straightway flies

Away, away to the town of toil.

In the land of the lazy you and I, As a matter of course, have never been; But I tell you what, we had best look spy, Or, before we know it, we'll enter in. —'Adviser.'

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