

they wanted, to which the answer was "nothing, they were merely looking on." and when he told them quietly that unless they were willing to work they must clear off, they lounged sulkily away. This incident, small in itself, caused an uncomfortable feeling in Dugdale's mind, and he gave strict orders that none but the employees should be allowed about the tunnel or the mines. He kept a sharp watch himself, hardly sleeping for some nights, when one hot day, just as the men were about to knock off work for their dinner, a fearful catastrophe occurred. The drilling machine was boring away at the solid rock, into which the dynamite was to be placed for blasting purposes, when suddenly the machine broke to pieces with an awful crash; a rumbling sound like that of an earthquake followed on the instant, and all was still. Yes frightfully, terribly still, for over one hundred men were buried alive in the Colorado Tunnel. Of all the deaths which human beings can suffer, that I think is the worst and most horrible. To be encased in a living tomb with your strength and faculties about you, waiting for the air to become exhausted in order to die. To watch the lamps which you burn to help your ineffectual struggles at escape, grow dim and finally expire, leaving you in that darkness which can be felt, and knowing that your light must also soon, very soon, go out. Dugdale has told me he can never forget that time,—how, at first the men obeyed him, in striving to remove the fallen earth and rock, how when darkness ensued he could hear the poor wretches at their prayers calling upon the Mother of God, and every saint in the calendar, for succor, and how at last they fought and swore like demons in despair, before they sank down worn out and helpless waiting their fate. Then he himself lost consciousness and remembered nothing more.

Who had done the foul deed, probably no one will ever know. It was so shameful, so cruel that even the strongest and most hardened could not think of it without a shudder. The cause of the strike—rights—justice—what you will—were swept away, as chaff before the wind, by the one common, overwhelming, feeling of humanity. Men who had been the foremost in opposing Dugdale's new machine were now the first to assist at the rescue of the imprisoned workmen. No one thought of fatigue, or rest, while they strove to clear the shaft, and, when after hours of labor the task was partially accomplished—sufficient to let in air and allow the passage of a man with a lamp, what a sight met his gaze! Over one hundred men, lying in all directions, (many half concealed with earth and rocks), their visages contorted, with their eyes and tongues protruding as though some hand had throttled them in a last dreadful death struggle. The nails of almost all were

torn from their sockets, and the blood stained fingers still tightly clutched particles of soil and stones. The teeth of some were clenched and foam was on the lips—and the man shouted out to haul him back, for the love of heaven, but the rope came up empty for he had fainted! He was a rough fellow too, who had seen ugly sights in his day and was not thought to be squeamish, but he said afterwards he was turned fairly sick.

The bodies were gradually brought up, most of them, that is seventy or eighty, quite dead, and the remainder still unconscious. The women and children gathered round about weeping, and wailing, while a couple of surgeons who had arrived from Denver—a distance of from twenty to thirty miles—were doing their best for the living, nearly all of whom were maimed or injured in some way or other. Dugdale was lying apparently lifeless with his left leg badly crushed, but he suddenly gave a gasp and then a groan as he awakened to the pain in his limb.

In this inauspicious manner did Dugdale's great venture, as he had called it, commence. I trust my readers, both fair and stern, will make allowances for my description having fallen very much short of the reality, for there are some horrors in this life about which it is best not to be too exact. Even the great author in portraying the cruel murder of Nancy by the ruffian Sikes, left some dreadful details out, and the imagination was allowed to fill up certain parts of the picture contained in the words "struck her down." So let us leave the dead to be buried, and the graves to be watered, by the tears of the widows and orphans, while we accompany the news of the disaster eastward.

To be continued.

Proud Impeccuniosity.

A few days ago I met with the toughest case in my whole experience, said the agent of a very successful debt-collecting firm. I tackled my man for fifteen dollars he owes to a restaurant. He's an artist.

"I'm sorry," said he, leaving off work on the picture, and pushing his velvet smoking-cap on the back of his head, while he looked lazily at the bill; "but I cannot pay this for a few months yet."

"Why not?" said I.

"Because I have a more pressing liability."

"More pressing than a bill of this kind?" said I, sarcastically.

"Yes, a good deal," said he. "I'm buying a pair of shoes on the instalment plan, and the second shoe is to be delivered to-day if I can make partial payment. The coin is here," said he, tapping his waistcoat pocket.

"All right," I said; "but you'll just give that coin to me on account, or I'll sell you up."

"Sell what up?" he drawled out.

"Why, these pictures," said I, sweeping my arm in a comprehensive way round the studio.

"These pictures? All right, my boy! Go ahead! If you can sell them I'll be much obliged to you. It's more than I can do."

With that he lighted his pipe and went on painting as tranquil as a summer's day. I admired him, and asked him out to have a drop of something.

"Excuse me," he said, standing back and regarding his picture with one eye closed and not even glancing at me; "I never enter into social relations with my tradespeople."

I was faint when I got down to the street

—Yankee Blade.



Effects of Tobacco Smoke.—Some interesting experiments have been made with tobacco smoke to ascertain its value as a disinfectant. It was used to kill or reduce the effects of the germs of cholera, anthrax, and pneumonia. The germs of these diseases were placed inside of a hollow ball and tobacco smoke was passed through a hollow passage way for ten to thirty minutes. At the expiration of that time it was found that the germs of the dreaded true Asiatic cholera and of pneumonia were completely destroyed. This was true of all the different kinds and grades of tobacco used. The germs of anthrax and of typhoid, however, were scarcely affected by the smoke. As the result of this experiment, important results in checking the cholera now spreading in Russia are anticipated. By burning great quantities of tobacco in infected districts it is hoped to control and check, if not entirely destroy, the germs of the dreaded disease. Pneumonia will likewise find a great preventive in the smoke of tobacco, and injections of it may be the means of saving many lives in the future.



Recipes That Cure.—To cure painful earache as if by magic, mix thirty parts of glycerine, ten parts of oil of sweet almonds and, five parts of camphorated chloral. Rub the back and side of the ear thoroughly with this mixture, and the numbing pain of the chords and muscles will be relieved. Then saturate a piece of cotton with it and insert it as far in the ear as possible. If it does not relieve it within a few minutes soak the cotton again. This will not only relieve the painful affection, but it will generally reduce any internal or external inflammation of the ear.