

Job's Patience: Story of Bravery in the Welsh Mines

BY JOSEPH KEATING, IN NEW YORK POST.

"I wonder if anythin' shall be smashed?"

Job put his light to the bottom coal, and, keeping the lamp like a dog's nose to the ground, slowly searched every inch of the stall, in between the posts, among the shadows swiftly round like spokes in a wheel of light; all down the lower side of the stall he searched, whistling quietly.

"Well, dash that boy, whatever," calmly said Job.

He did not exactly use the expletive "dash," but it was the same thing. He slowly bent lower and picked up a bit of shining steel. "An' to go an' leave it there to be buried when the top comes down an' shovelled into the gob with the rubbish! I might lose that wedge forever. The best wedge I got, too. Dash that boy."

Then he whistled softly as before, as if he had been giving the boy a thump. He did not exactly use the expletive "dash," but it was the same thing. He slowly bent lower and picked up a bit of shining steel. "An' to go an' leave it there to be buried when the top comes down an' shovelled into the gob with the rubbish! I might lose that wedge forever. The best wedge I got, too. Dash that boy."

"I can knock out a stiff bit o' coal," he said to himself, "easier with that wedge than anythin'." An' for him to go an' leave it there! "Dash that boy." But that was only at the end of the verse. He whistled the next verse of the old Welsh melody just as softly and sweetly and as beautifully in tune. Nothing made him lose his presence of mind. Not even such a glaring instance of misplaced confidence in that boy could upset him. It would take an earthquake to do that.

Bent double, he put the lamp in front of him and gave a final look around before laying the low top lower still; then he threw up his light to the lids of one or two of the posts to see if he had forgotten or not to loosen them slightly for knocking out. By this time he had come to the end of the last verse, and he stopped whistling.

He carefully stuck the wedge into a cog, and hung his lamp upon it. Then he went into the roadway, past the full tram of coal which glittered in the light, and picked up a slender six-foot post. But before going back to the cog, he looked up the roadway to make sure that the cog was nowhere to be seen. The darkness of endless night filled the place—the black night that knows no day; for Job looked upon a spot hidden under the earth a thousand feet from the light of the sun. Nearer the coal, his little lamp glimmered on the cross timber and rough sides that held up the dangerous roof.

"If I didn't send the young rascal to clean his lamp," said Job, "he'd be potin' about in here with a light, with a stone on his head most likely."

It was merely the kindly nature of him which made him so careful. The boy was no son of his; one stone, down comes twenty more.

He lay quite quiet. Another man, with the pain and terror of it, would struggle for life would be his death.

Job merely took his bearings. He looked at the cog, and saw around it rough and set rubbish. This part, he knew, must then have been held up by contact with the remainder of the roof, and he turned towards the side. But, in order to get at the top, he had to be exposed temporarily.

But it was a necessary exposure. He pushed by beaking loose and bringing down with it all the top up to the edge of the breakage. This good pillar cut off the roof coming down. But it had not been able to prevent Job from going down. He had been at it, below it, and a sudden stone had disabled him. With this in his brain, Job quiet-said that he would get out. For he might not hold good for long.

If only it'll hold up till somebody shall come, said he. "Wonder how long that boy'll be again?"

Resigned, he lay still, listening to the ceaseless patter of the dripping pebbles.

"If only it'll hold," said he. "Just a move of a bit o' dust might bring it all over worse than ever."

Job's interest then became centered in the build of the cog, wondering whether he had built it with true art—the putting up of a roof of those square pillars to hold up the earth took as much skill as the decoration of a pillar in the Colosseum.

Job rarely flattered himself. The only man he saw that was so firm, and he felt satisfied with himself. The firmness of the cog kept it from slanting, and he felt that the stones as they lay now lay with their displacement on the face of the man; their displacement would bring down tons of loose earth upon them, and the human head underneath would be crushed into pulp.

"Wonder how long that boy'll be?" thought Job. "No use tryin' to shout. I s'pose. Might shake the stones." The ghost of a smile grinning grimly in his brain; it could not get as far as his lips.

He lay quite quiet. Drip-drip, fell the little stones upon the great heap. Job's eye looked through the crevices under his lamp. Hope never looked brighter.

"Gives a splendid light," thought Job. "An' that steel wedge is the best I ever had. Holds well. Good old cog, too. Wonder if it'll hold till I'm took out. It slants any, then—so long, whatever it comes on me; an' then—so long, whatever it comes on me."

That very fact—that the turn of a hair meant death—that fact would be the one to set a weak nature roaring for safety. In the crevices a man's real nature shows itself. If the folly is there it will come out. It is only when you strain a man to breaking point that you see his weakness. But Job's strong nature allowed him to act with the simple quietude that suited the fix he was in. He lay still, with his plan for safety in his brain, waiting coolly for death or rescue.

His eye was fixed upon his lamp; his brain working out the problem of how it might be possible for anybody to get him out safely. To touch a single stone would be the worst thing that could happen. But if he didn't get the stones away, how was he to be freed? Not only himself, but the one who tried to rescue him might be buried, too.

"Where's that boy?" wondered Job. "Thinks I'm all right. I s'pose. Playin' in the lookin' place, most likely. Thinks I'm havin' a good time by myself. I s'pose—youn' monkey."

He heard a dull report. "Somebody comin' through the door," said Job.

from his forehead. He would have wiped it away, but he could not move his arms.

"Broke, I s'pose," thought Job. Once more he opened his eyes; and he smiled as he saw the lamp shining serenely where he had hung it.

"The best steel wedge I ever had," said Job. Then by the hopeful light he looked upward; he rolled his eyes from side to side. He did everything slowly. At last he tried to rise; failed; tried again; found the effort had lodged him into a tighter fit than ever. He tried again and found he could not move an inch.

So Job quietly submitted. He saw that he was lying on his back. Mountainous stones lay across the lower part of his body; his legs were buried under the big part of the fall; the stones that had rolled down the side of the heap. They squeezed upon his chest. He bore the pain of it calmly. He looked straight up into the hole over his head.

"Looks very ragged," thought Job. "More is comin' down. Done for, I s'pose I am now, whatever."

He raised his voice, trying to attract his nearest neighbor, who worked in the upper stall.

"Davith, boy!" shouted Job. "Davith, boy!" Job shouted again. But he got no response.

"This old fall is dead'nin' my voice," said Job. But the truth was that poor Job's voice had lost its lustiness, owing to the weakening of his suffering body.

Drip-drip, drip, came the little stones out of the black hollow above. "Wonder if that boy'll soon come back?" thought Job. "How—y-y-y!"

He waited for an answer, but none came. "Well, I mus' do somethin' for myself, I s'pose," said he.

Again he tried to move his body out of its prison. He felt the stones shifting in the light from the cog he saw at great stone sliding down.

"Ah!" said he, satisfied. "Praps I can manage by myself, after all."

But he stopped suddenly. As the big stone slid away from against the cog, it set free the loose top which it had held up. With a clatter more stones fell down around the man's head, cutting him again, and completely covering him.

When the sliding and rattling of the stones ceased, and the cog just cleared away, Job could only open one eye; the other was held fast by the angle of a stone upon his face. And with the one eye he could barely get a glimpse of the light.

The rubbish was piled up over him, and Job was still breathing. The stones crushed one another, and there, crushed not properly get at their victim. His agony increased; the danger was even more terrible than before; but the moral force of the man left him as calm as ever.

"Tetter not try that game, I can see," he said. "If I only one stone, down comes twenty more."

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broken off to allow the performer to sing and dance along the roadway.

"Good lad," commented Job. "Wonderful boy!"

The concert came nearer. It stopped at the spot where the boy usually took off his coat.

"Hoy, there, wassy!" called Job. "Hoy!" returned the wassy. "Come here a bit. I'm fast, Job said quietly.

The lad ran up to the sound of the voice. He saw only the mountainous fall, with the lamp hanging from the cog.

"Hoy!" he shouted. "Where be you?" "I'm fast," answered Job. "Run'n tell a couple of 'un to come down here."

The boy looked for the voice. Then, with terror, he understood. The boy lost hold of himself in the horror of it. He began running to and fro senselessly, roaring out:

"Oh, man, man, He's under the fall! He's under the fall! Oh, man, man! He's killed! He's killed!"

He could do nothing useful in his fright. But Job's voice steadied him. "Stop that crying, butty. Do what I tell you. Run up to the next place an' tell a couple of 'un to come here, quick. Don't cry no more. Off with you. There, that's a good boy. Off you go."

The cool tone controlled the terrified youngster. He ran to the upper side, climbed over the slope of the fall, his long lamp getting awkwardly mixed up with his short legs, and cut past the face of the coal into the next stall. It was empty. He remembered that the collier had not been to work there that day. Out along the roadway he ran to other places all the time crying:

"Hoy! Hoy!"

In five minutes, down came the men. Job's stall was filled with swinging lights and excited faces.

Three of them leaped to the edge of the fall, and in frenzied anxiety started to pull away the big stones looking for the stricken man.

Job saw they would bring down the place and bury everybody.

"Who, there!" said he. "Steady, boys!"

"All right, all right," they cried. "Have you out now in a fifty?"

And again they laid trembling hands on the stones. Down upon the foremost came a stone that laid him out. But he nor the others feared anything of this kind when any one else was in worse danger. Two of them carried the man back, and a half-dozen advanced to the rescue. But their eagerness and excitement were dangerous.

"Woa, there, I tell you," said Job patiently. "Stand back a bit. We'll all be buried if you go on like that. That's you, is it, Shenkin?"

"Ay, Job, that's me. We'll 'ave you out, now. But we don't know how."

"Stand like soldiers, chills back!" Only one—youn, Shenkin. I got it marked out. See that stone on the corner? Put a post under him first."

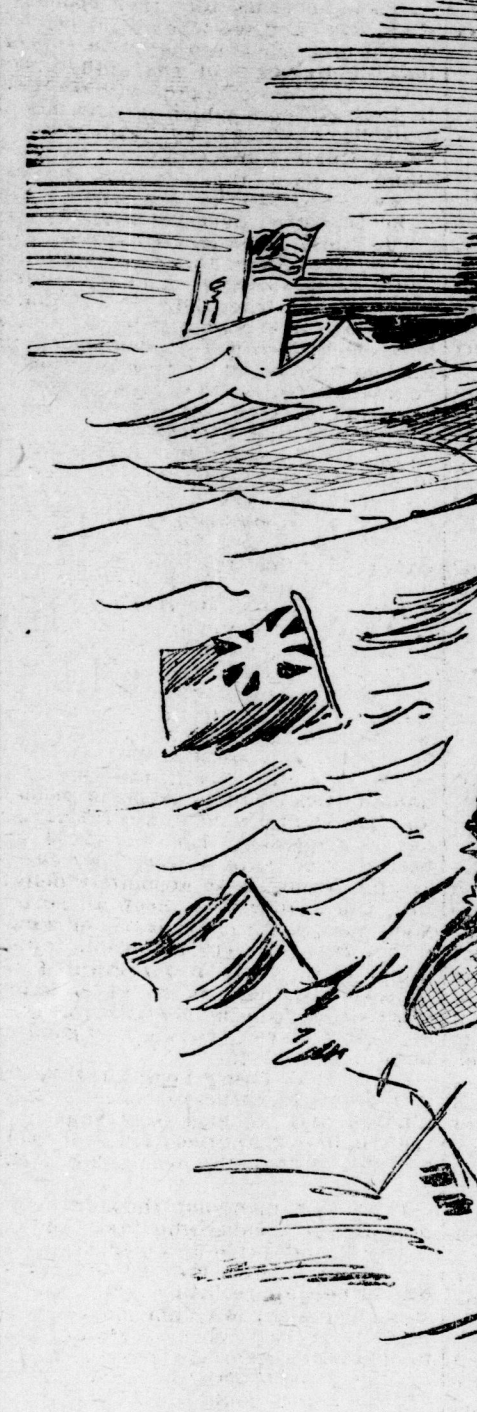
It was in Shenkin's hands in a second. He was a good workman; and in two minutes the post held up the stone. But even this was not done for nothing. Shenkin's head got a mark that never left it. With the blood streaming down his face, he waited the next order.

"If you stand a bit of a post with a big flat disk against this here stone over my body," said Job, "that'll hold up a lot."

It was done.

Then, following out his plan in detail, Job gave order after order. The put a support here, another there; one leaning downwards, one leaning up. In this way Job calmly worked out. His scheme. Under his orders the men occasionally had to run back to avoid an inevitable downward slide of the roof.

But they came back to the firing line, and the position was soon conquered. Instead of letting every rescuer get buried under new falls and himself crushed to death altogether, Job coolly insisted upon taking command. His patience and endurance held good; and when at last the willing army gently drew him from under the criss-cross supports of the great stones, he said, with unflinching calmness, as he looked at his lamp hanging from the cog: "That's the best steel wedge I ever had."



New York World.

Running Amuck.

MONEY IN "THE WASH"; A LOST OPPORTUNITY

Chinaman May Be Why But He Was Shown In This Case—A Surprise for John.

Templeton is an unpretentious clerk in a downtown street. In Dearborn avenue, north of Superior street, he has an ordinary snug-looking, chilly back room to which he goes when he has to. Likewise he leaves it as soon as he can and on the least provocation. Necessarily, he moved at once last week when it was decided that he must be operated upon for appendicitis.

The north side hospital room was a revelation to him—so light, and airy, and clean, and at the same time warm—that the suffering from the disease and from the operation made it all seem like a rest cure from a mere brain fag.

The boys were exceptionally solicitous—as were some of their sisters—and at all times there were dainties or flowers at the bedside of the sick man. A chum who lived only four squares from the hospital, was in every evening, and sometimes in the morning before starting downtown. On one of these mornings near the last of the week, Ross called and found that Templeton had some laundry work which he wished left at the Chinese laundry under a store front in Clark street. Ross made it up into a bundle, covering the smaller articles with a big white shirt, into which he rolled and tied them with the sleeves in true Chinese fashion.

"I'll then down to John as I go by the place," said Ross, tying a final knot in the string around the newspaper wrapper.

Not to be the bundle of fact, Ross did not give to the bundle the airy, fairy front that he may have had in mind for the hospital. The fact was both front doors were shut, and at the foot of the flight of steps were about five inches of snow water accumulated.

Down the stairs, Ross walked down carefully and knocked when, after a moment, John, with a heavy face and vacant stare, swished one of the doors open and took the bundle, without a word or gesture.

"Rather damp, hey?" was Ross' comment, which drew forth a single guttural, and shrill, and shrill, and shrill, while John, balancing himself on a single board, moved back toward some dry retreat in the rear of the laundry.

Ross was busy enough about 11 o'clock that morning when a call came from the telephone, announcing that Templeton wanted to talk with him.

The talk was by proxy, however. "Mr. Templeton wishes you would hurry over to that Chinese place and get the bundle you left there this morning," called the voice of Templeton's nurse. "He forgot when he gave the things to you, and there's a \$10 bill in the pocket of the night shirt. Won't you please hurry over after it?"

Ross had to tell her that he would, but he had some difficulty in getting started owing to the red tape of the hour ahead of time. When he got to the shop, however, there were the same closed doors, the same silence, still, an increase of two inches in the depth of water outside, and an increase in noise in the sloshing door as it swung again in response to Ross' rat-tat-tat.

"Let me look at Mr. Templeton's bundle I left this morning," said Ross, knocking an even tone.

"Mr. Templeton's bundle?" queried the Celestial, with a face that was as obscure as a moon in eclipse.

"That's the bundle I left it to me," pointing to himself and raising his voice steadily.

"Come in," said John in answer, and went inside along the slanting row of boards, keeping his balance on a tiptoe and with great difficulty. John long ago had given in to the inevitable, and was gushing through the inch of water above the boards as if it were the usual thing in the shop.

"You bring 'un' morning, hey?" "Templeton—Templeton," reiterated Ross.

John stepped into deeper water behind the counter, and looking over a row of shelves overhead, reached up and pulled down the identical bundle to which Ross had applied paper and string five hours before. But Ross was suspicious and he thought he saw evidences of an untidy of his old knot as he looked.

The Chinese had only the stupidest of bored, sodden, unreadable faces as he glanced up at him and went for the knot. Carefully he untied the shirt until the pocket was under his hand, when with a nervous movement he reached into it and brought out the \$10 bill with an ease that a prodigious artist might envy on any stage.

And to tell that story anywhere, insists Ross, always brings out the flower of north temperance attitudes. She grows wild all over Europe, in Africa as low as Abyssinia, in Asia to the north of the Himalayas. Artichokes to the edge of Mexico.

Most wild roses are single, yet Piny mentions double ones—among them the Hundred-leaved and the Hundred-petaled. Macedonia has gardens of Midian, with roses of 60 petals breathing out a delightful perfume. Whoever has read Roman history must recall the roses of Paeonium, which bloomed twice a year. Notwithstanding this, Rome's favorite rose was the Hundred-leaved, followed the eagles and the legions wherever they went, and grows today over three parts of the Roman world, a vital record of that old-time occupation.

Etymologically, "rose" is from the Celtic "rhod" red, also the root of "rhododendron." The Greek name "rhodon" has the same meaning. So have most rose names, in any language. Botanically, the flower gives the name to the great natural order rosaceae. Artichokes, it is called under "polygonia."

The many-gated. The wild forms have always been bushy, or pitcher-shaped cactuses, 20 or more stems, five petals and five sepals.

The sepals show a bit of nature's most cunning work. Two of them are bearded at both edges, two without beards, and the fifth bearded at one edge and straight along the other. Thus they enclose the bud, and the boarder overlay along every seam, to guard every intrusive creeping thing.

At the word Keats the attendant told me to ask the gardener to take me to the garden. I had entered and another cemetery, adjoining it, the "old cemetery," of which Shelley wrote. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

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PEERLESS PEDIGREE OF THE FLOWER QUEEN

The History of the Rose is Delightfully Connected With Myth and Fable.

The royal rose has a pedigree to shame any other queen—it is so long, so full of enchanting turns and twists, and so delightfully cumbered with myth, fable and history. She is in a way, a paradox, since, although by appearance and perfume the most tropical of blossoms, she is yet by nature a flower of north temperance attitudes. She grows wild all over Europe, in Africa as low as Abyssinia, in Asia to the north of the Himalayas. Artichokes to the edge of Mexico.

Most wild roses are single, yet Piny mentions double ones—among them the Hundred-leaved and the Hundred-petaled. Macedonia has gardens of Midian, with roses of 60 petals breathing out a delightful perfume. Whoever has read Roman history must recall the roses of Paeonium, which bloomed twice a year. Notwithstanding this, Rome's favorite rose was the Hundred-leaved, followed the eagles and the legions wherever they went, and grows today over three parts of the Roman world, a vital record of that old-time occupation.

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Rose culture's beginning goes back beyond records. The flower is mentioned in the earliest Coptic manuscripts, India's traditions take the rose to the times of the gods on earth. Egypt had roses, wild and tame, before the Roman occupation made it, in a way, Rome's commercial rose garden; yet, curiously enough, there is no reference to the flower in painting, sculpture or hieroglyphics. Japan, in our time, parallels Egypt. Roses flourish there, but do not serve as a "motif" for artists. There is this further likeness—neither Egypt nor Japan has a rose song, or a love song proper—so it may well be that madam, the rose, is avenged for the slight.

The Jews, returning from the Babylonian captivity, took with them a recompense of roses. Semiramis, with the world at her feet, found her chief joy in a bower of roses. Mahomet turned back from Damascus, after viewing it encircled with rose gardens. "It is too delightful. A man can have but one paradise," said the prophet. Damascus lies in the heart of Syria, whose name some geographers derive from "seri," meaning a wild rose, and wild roses are abundant there. The damask roses of our gardens go back to Damascus. They were brought from it at the time of the Crusades, although exactly when, or by whom, nobody can certainly say—Success.

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A London medical journal says that slaves of alcohol and narcotics run great risks of being buried alive, especially in hot countries, where interment soon follows death.

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