

Miner Entombed For 23 Days

THE STORY OF THE SCOTCH
COLLIER, JOHN BROWN.

Lived for Three Days After Being
Rescued—An Event of 1835.

Hamilton Times: On Dec. 4, 1907, three miners were entombed at Ely, Nev., in a shaft 1,055 feet below the surface of the earth. Fortunately, 24 hours after the cave-in which entombed them, it was found possible to furnish them regularly with food and drink through a six-inch pipe, and even a portable telephone through it, enabling conversation to be carried on. Grave fears were felt that the settling of the earth might break the pipe and thus prevent the success of the work of the rescuers. This, however, did not take place, and seven weeks after they were entombed they were restored in safety to their friends.

This was a long entombment, but it lacked some of the hardships of many such recorded disasters. Perhaps one of the most remarkable stories of endurance in such circumstances is related by the well known geologist, Archibald Geikie, in his "The Collie of Carrick." It is the story of the strange and wonderful experience of John Brown, a Carrick collier, whose gravestone in the Dailly churchyard bears this inscription:

In memory of
John Brown, Collier,
Who was enclosed in
Kilgrammie coal-pit by a portion of it
having fallen in
Oct. 28th, 1835.

And was taken out alive and in full
possession of his mental faculties,
but in a very exhausted state,
Oct. 21st.

Having been twenty-three days in utter
seclusion from the world, and with-
out a particle of food.

He lived for three days after, having
quietly expired on the evening
of Nov. 3rd.

This is the oldest narrative of the
facts, and it speaks of marvelous en-
durance in a man of 66 years. Brown
was working apart from his fellows in
a lower level when an empty wagon
rumbled by, narrowly missing crush-
ing him. He went up the gallery to
see who could have been guilty of this
carelessness, but the mine was de-
serted. Some weakened pillars had
given way, precipitating the crash,
and even the ground on the surface
had sunk with a noise heard for miles
down the quiet vale of the Gairvan,
to the great alarm of the populace.

Brown was sealed up within the
mine. The task of penetrating into
the workings was a difficult and dan-
gerous one. Brown was believed to be
dead, and the miners were allowed to
less in the hope of rescuing him than
of digging coal. But these Scotch
miners had a horror of leaving in such
a tomb the body of a comrade, and a
party of volunteers doggedly tunneled
on in the hope of recovering it.

On the morning of the twenty-third day
they entered the open workings and
were repulsed by a rush of foul air.
To the surprise of one of the rescuers
he heard a faint groan, and soon
Brown was found in a shocking plight.

His first words when he was able to
whisper were, "Give me a drink," and
soon afterwards, "Eh, boys, ye've been
lang o' coming!" Brown's condition
was pitiful. The fungus which grows so
rapidly in coal mines had spread
over his body as over a rotten log, and
had quite taken possession of his hair
and beard, and when an effort was

made to remove it Brown protested,
"Na, noo, wad ye kill me?" His face
was like that of a mummy, and his
flesh seemed almost entirely gone,
while his eyes had an unnatural lus-
ter. Dr. Sloan, of Ayr, said that in
placing the hand over the pit of the
stomach he could distinctly feel the
inner surface of the backbone. He
rallied sufficiently to tell something of
his experiences till the time when he
fell where found, beside the little rill
of water, which he could hear but
which he was too weak to reach. He
had never doubted that he would be
rescued and had heard them working
toward him. Shortly before he breath-
ed his last he said to the watchers, "Ah
boys, when I win through this, I've a

queer story to tell ye." But the story
was never to be told. So great a
sensation was caused by Brown's ex-
perience that superstitious peasants
came to Dr. Sloan to inquire, "Doctor,
did ye find his feet?" so convinced
were they that Brown must have had
something more than human about
him, and they wished to be assured
that the doctor had taken care to
ascertain whether he had a "split
hoof" or not! And long after poor
Brown's death his ghost was said to
play pranks in Carrick.

Beside this experience that of the
Nevada miners, although longer, was
mild indeed. It is somewhat notable
that one of the three men rescued at
Ely is named Brown.

Some New Shelley Letters

SILLY BUT SINCERE EPISTLES
WRITTEN BY THE POET TO
ELIZABETH HITCHENER—AN
EXPERIMENT WHICH ENDED
DISASTROUSLY.

Mr. Bertram Dobell, bookseller and
critic, has done us another service by
publishing "Letters from Percy Bysshe
Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener." The
correspondence is not, perhaps, in itself
of vast importance, but it indicates
Shelley's passionate enthusiasm for
"improving" people whom he liked, as
well as his astonishing aptitude for
getting into entanglements. The ac-
quaintance between the poet and the
schoolmistress began in 1811, when
Shelley was nineteen and she twenty-
nine. "She was," says Mr. Dobell,
dark in complexion, had lustrous black
eyes, and an abundance of black hair.
Altogether she was a somewhat at-
tractive-looking woman, and her mental
qualities were certainly a good deal
above those of the average woman of
her time. A good deal of light is
thrown upon this curious association
by Hogg in his Reminiscences.

AN ABSURD MENAGE.

To this lady Shelley soon began to
sign himself "Yours most unperishably
and eternally," though it does not ap-
pear that he was ever seriously in love
with her. The obscure part of the busi-
ness came in when the lady was in-
duced to domesticate herself with him
and his newly married wife. Of course
quarrels very soon followed; of course
Shelley's wife and sister-in-law won,
and the lady was requested to with-
draw. It is interesting to note that
some ten years later she married an
officer in the Austrian service, went
abroad with him, and was heard no
more of. The whole episode was a
very foolish one. It has been stated
that Shelley arranged to make her an
annual allowance of £100, but if this
were so, he was certainly, at that time,
unable to pay it.

FERVID LETTERS.

"These letters are in the early
Shelley strain; fervid, exalted, but usually
expressed with eloquence and clear-
ness. He writes, for instance:

"I should doubt the existence of a
God who if he cannot command our
reverence by love, surely can have no
demand on it from Virtue, on the
score of terror. It is this Empire of
Terror which is established by religion.
Monarchy is its prototype: Aristoc-
racy may be regarded as symbolizing
its very essence. They are mixed;
one can now scarce be distinguished
from the other; and equally in poli-
tics, like perfection in morality, ap-
pears now far removed from the
visionary anticipation of what is called
the wildest theorist. I then am wilder
than the wildest."

HARRIET WESTBROOK.

In a long letter he pours out his
soul to this sympathetic correspondent
on the subject of Harriet Westbrook.
He explains how he came to know her
through his sister, and how, with his
customary enthusiasm, he requested
her to correspond with her for the gen-
eral improvement of her mind. Har-

riet's letters became more and more
gloomy; she meditated suicide. Then
"one assumed a tone of such despair
as induced me to quit Wales precipi-
tately; I arrived in London. I was
shocked at observing the alteration of
her looks. Little did I divine its
cause. She had become violently at-
tached to me, and feared that I should
not return her attachment. Prejudice
made the confession painful. It was
impossible to avoid being much af-
fected. I promised to unite my fate
with hers." There seems no reason
to doubt Shelley's statement of the
case. Everyone knows how disastrous-
ly that marriage turned out. There is,
in the light of later events, a curious
significance in the words, "Prejudice
made the confession painful." It is
plainly clear that Harriet played her
cards well.

Shelley's disregard of money was as-
tonishing. When it was proposed, by
his father and grandfather, immedi-
ately to increase his allowance to a
sum larger than his father's, on con-
dition that he would consent to in-
tail the estate on his eldest son, or, in
default of issue, on his brother, "Silly
dottards," he cries, "do they think I
can be thus bribed and ground into
an act of such contemptible injustice
and ingratitude? That I will forsake
my principles in consideration of £2-
000 a year? That the good-will I could
thus purchase, would compensate me
for the loss of self-esteem, of conscious
rectitude?" He refused, point-blank,
to entertain "£120,000 of command over
labor on which I might depend, but
not—who might instead of being the
benefactor of mankind, be its bane,
or use for the worst purpose."

TO ELIZABETH—THE INVITATION.

His invitations to Elizabeth Hitch-
ener were urgent and characteristic:
"We shall leave this place at the end
of April. I need not be idle in Wales;
there you will come to us. Bring the
dear little American, residing in your
school, and live with us for ever. I
have a firm persuasion in my own
mind that duty and usefulness, as well
as happiness and friendship, approve,
sanction and demand this plan.

Well, as we have seen the strange ex-
periment was tried and proved a hope-
less failure. The lady departed. "There
is a letter of Shelley's," says Mr. Do-
bell, "written some little time after she
had left him, in which he speaks bit-
terly and in vain of his disappointment
in her. But his disappointment in her
had been so great that he could not
for some time afterwards think of her
calmly or dispassionately." It is well
that these letters were placed in a se-
cure place by Miss Hitchener; they
certainly throw a new light upon the
character of a great poet who always
meant well, and succeeded, apart from
his work, in doing no little ill where
women were concerned. Yet no one
can doubt Shelley's absolute honesty
of purpose, his almost immaculate
purity of character.

Kings Who Could Earn a Living

MANY RULERS ARE SHREWD
BUSINESSMEN—KING EDWARD
A SHREWD FARMER.

If all the crowned heads of Europe
should be dethroned, most of them, if
not all of them, could make a living in
some other pursuit.

The Emperor of Germany, the
proprietor of a most important
porcelain factory at Cadinen, from
which, it is said, he derives a yearly
profit of nearly £60,000.

King Edward VII. of England, is a
shrewd farmer, and if he had not been
born to the royal purple could have
made a living as a famous stockbreed-
er. He has the reputation of being
the best judge of oysters and one of the
best judges of poultry in all England.
His profits from his produce is reck-
oned at £200,000 a year.

The reigning Prince of Lippe-De-
t-mold deals in butter and eggs, while
a prosperous brick factory increases
his yearly profits.

The King of Wurtemberg is the
proprietor of two hotels in his king-
dom, which net him nearly \$50,000 a
year, while King Peter of Serbia runs
a barber shop, owns a patent medicine
factory, and conducts a motor car
agency in his capital.

It is said that King Victor Emanuel
of Italy is so passionately fond of
the domestic cat, that were it necessary
he could readily earn his living as a
chauffeur.

EMPEROR OWNS CHINA FACTORY

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria
owns a china ware factory in Vienna,
which is one of the most famous in
the world, and employs 1,000 skilled
workmen; and the King of Saxony
conducts a similar business, though,
of course, in a much smaller scale.

King Leopold of Belgium, whatever
may be said of him because of the
Congo lands. It has been stated that
as an enough financier to see money
in the proposition before any one else
had sense enough to invest in the
Congo lands. I have been stated that
Leopold sunk \$25,000,000 of his private
fortune after the first year amount-
ed to almost a million dollars per an-
num.

Queen Amalie, widow of the recently

assassinated King Carlos, is the only
royal M. D. in the world, and stories
are told of her practicing the profes-
sion of medicine among the poorer
classes of Lisbon. She is only known
to her patients as "the good lady doc-
tor." She is also an expert at the
millinery trade, and in the royal
residence there is a room in the ce-
lusion of the Queen's wardrobe, fash-
ions, bonnets, and toques are fast-
idiously designed. King Carlos himself
was much interested in music, inter-
ested in both grand and comic opera,
and somewhat of a musical composer.
Queen Carmen Sylva is the only
working journalist among the crowned
heads of Europe, but she has recently
gone into business, as she has opened
a book store in Bucharest and also
in Paris.

QUEEN HAS PRIVATE THEATER.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, could
make her living as an actress, for her
chief hobby has always been the stage
and acting. A few years ago Queen
Wilhelmina had a small theater built
for her own use at her residence at
Hof Loo, where plays often are per-
formed under her direction, with her-
self and friends in the leading roles.

Another royal amateur actress
comes from Russia, Grand Duchess
Serge, formerly Princess Elizabeth of
Hesse, the elder sister of the Czarin.
She is a beautiful woman, with deli-
cately cut features, a graceful car-
riage, and a commanding presence,
that with the power of mimicry far
above the average would bring her in
a fortune on any stage. Foreign ac-
tress, singers, and artists of both sexes
are welcome guests of the grand
duchess.

This fondness of the duchess for
acting and the stage produced a great
scandal a few winters ago. A famous
star actress with whom the duchess
had been on exceedingly friendly
terms was taken suddenly ill one night
before the beginning of a performance
in which she was to appear at the
Moscow theater.

RUSSIAN PRINCESS ON THE
STAGE.

It being found impossible for the
actress to go on the stage that eve-
ning, the management was in de-

spair, but when the Grand
Duchess Serge arrived to see her
friend perform and was informed of
the catastrophe she quietly told the
management that if a different nad shrdlu
management that night if a different play were
substituted and her presence and
identity kept a secret. This the man-
agement pledged. Another play was
put on, the duchess taking the part
of the heroine, and the accident love-
making that took place between her-
self and the hero, a particularly Land-
some actor, fooled the audience to a
great pitch of enthusiasm.

But there were lynx eyes watching
her; and some police or military of-
ficial, recognizing in this leading lady
of an evening the beautiful wife of
their governor-general, Grand Duke
Sergius Alexandrovitch, hastened to
tell him about it. Soon he was in his
box, and a few seconds later on the
stage where, seeing him, suddenly
appear, the grand duchess fainted,
the curtain was rung down and his
royal highness read the riot act both
to his spouse and the manager who
had allowed her to appear in most
emphatic terms. That night at the
palace there was an unheeded
domestic drama of a character not
down on the programme.

REMINISCENCES OF THE NOVELIST OUIDA

HER DAILY LIFE IN FLORENCE—
DISLIKED THE "NEW
WOMAN."

Certainly Louise de la Ramee, was
captain of her soul. She took fortune
as it came. During the greater part
of her life she had enjoyed wealth, and
had used it lavishly; yet the poverty
of her last years could not bend her
spirit. In the novels upon which she
rose to fame she scorned all the ma-
terial of life which belong to average
mortals, but when her diminished
means brought her down to the com-
mon lot, and, indeed, almost to the
level of want, she retired into herself,
lived with her burning thoughts, and
was proudly content with the misad-
ventures of her poor peasants and the af-
fection of her dogs. Of her mid-century
novels of the type of "Strathmore," it
was well said that "a critic reads them
with a shrug, the novelist with a sigh,
the student with an angry, the school
girl with bated breath, and the lady
help with endless thrills of rapture."

But a distinction must always be
drawn between Ouida's reputation and
literary achievement. It is in such
novels as these, those presented in
"A Day in Florence," and "Two Little
Wooden Shoes" that her best mind is
displayed.

Setting aside her last days of gloom,
Ouida's later life in Italy was one of
ease and luxury. She guarded her
privacy from the interviewer, but at
least one authentic description of her
daily life in her Florentine home is
available. The picture drawn by Mr.
Charles Robinson, an American writer,
recalls some of her "backgrounds,"
the most picturesque of which are point-
ed out by the author. Her walls are
painted with exquisite old Italian frescoes,
and inlaid tables laden with pots of flowers
(lilies and hyacinths abounding) line
the walls. There is a priceless Persian
rug before the hearthstone, where she
sits to read and dream, and sometimes
to scream a little at a safety-valve for
her emotions. She has a dainty or-
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