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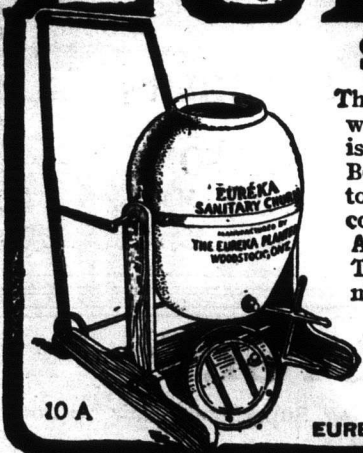
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body thought—and it was thinner on the left than anywhere and nobody knew nothin' 'bout that."

He stopped. They looked at this leader of theirs in silence. His tone now put into their hearts, strangely, a feeling of terror. The light from the three lamps shone straight in upon him, and the rays reflected from the coal behind him gave his head a golden halo.

Yanto had not forgotten the things of his student days, when his mother wanted to see him a "maniger." She died and so did the ambition she inspired. But some of the "things to be remembered" remained with him. He knew well what a rush of compressed air would do when it found an opening.

"The atmospheric pressure in this here headin'," said he, smiling at the sound of the opening phrase, "is enough to smash six big elephants, let alone six little men like you an' me. But—before I strike—one of you go back to that boy, and let him cling to him."

The rear man doubled back to the lad.

"And you others—cling fast to the sides—hold on tight or the wind will come through here like an explosion and carry you through this hole like dead leaves in a March wind."

The men threw themselves down, clutching at projecting stones and slips of coal in the sides.

"If you didn't make the hole so big, I'd stand a better chance," said Yanto. "Now I must take all the risks. But

I s'pose the leader must lead in the risks like in everythin' else. I wonder," he added, whimsically, "will Marrgat of the 'Collier's' like me when she sees me next?"

He took up a mandrel. With the lightest possible blow he touched the coal. The point of the tool went through into space. He drew it back. The wind shrieked through the aperture. The men clung tighter to the stones and buried their faces in the dust, terrified by the screaming wind. Yanto struck the coal again. He struck again—(may the Lord have mercy on poor Yanto!) A crashing, tearing sound followed. The out-rush of compressed air tore away the whole side of the coal and smashed it into a million pieces against the opposite wall of the road of escape these men sought. A human body added to the heap of debris.

When the fury spent itself the five men rose and came fearfully to the gap. They examined it with their lamps.

"Where is he?"

One crept over the ragged edge at the bottom and looked around. He came back, and the others held their lights to his terror-stricken face. First he said, whispering:

"We can get in the main road from here and be home in less than an hour."

Next he said, whispering still:

"We'll come back with something to wrap around him. We can't carry him. He is all mangled."

When Napoleon Gave Way to Pity.

By ERNEST DE BALZAC.



CHARLES Murice de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince of Benevento, sat alone one evening in Napoleon's headquarters at Berlin. It was in the month of October, 1806, and the little Corsican was still triumphant. Some three weeks before, in the battle of Jena, he had laid Prussia humble and submissive at his feet.

The work of spoliation was active in Berlin, and the conqueror had shown neither magnanimity nor valor in robbing the funeral monument of Frederick the Great and in sending the sword and orders of that monarch to the French capital as trophies of war. Indeed, at that time, the emperor was exceedingly rapacious, and the finest examples of art in the galleries of Potsdam and Berlin were annexed to the ever-increasing spoils of la grande armee. But whether these recorded acts of rampant victorship raised or debased his august master in the eyes of the Prince de Talleyrand, none could say. That inscrutable diplomatist, with the many orders and the club foot, kept his own counsel, and the emperor's, too.

He sat at a table, on the evening mentioned, and slowly and deliberately sorted over a heap of documents lying before him. Ever and anon he would pause at some special paper and scrawl a little comment in the margin. For these documents lying on the emperor's table, and being so carefully scrutinized by his counselor, were deeds of gifts, rewards, and punishments, only awaiting the short signature of "Nap" to make them valid and all-powerful.

At this period, the impetuous emperor had discarded the full signing of his name, and placed but the first three letters; later, he curtailed this to one enormous "N."

As Talleyrand sorted out the last batch of documents, his eye caught the name "Hatzfeld," inscribed upon one of them. He drew it out, perused it, and coughed ominously.

It was no deed of gift, no reward for bravery in the field; this was the warrant of punishment of a traitor and spy.

Talleyrand put down the paper, and unlocked a small box which stood on

the table. From the box he extracted a letter and, placing it on the Hatzfeld document, threw himself back in his chair, and fell into a profound reverie.

The Prince of Hatzfeld was living in Berlin under the protection of Napoleon. The Prince of Hatzfeld existed because of the emperor's belief in his honor. Yet in the hands of Talleyrand lay a letter in the prince's character addressed to Hohenlohe, giving every information of the state and movements of the French army. And Hohenlohe was Napoleon's enemy, and stood opposed to him in the field.

Talleyrand sat and thought. The Prince of Hatzfeld had been under arrest two days. His fate on the evidence of the letter could be little short of death.

Talleyrand arose, and stretched himself. He heard a sound of the grounding of muskets outside the royal door. He stepped across and opened it, expecting to behold the emperor. But no! The corridor without was dimly lighted. He saw a lady, evidently much agitated, attired in a cloak and veil, endeavoring to pass the incorruptible sentries of the Old Guard.

Talleyrand's bow became clouded as he watched her, for he recognized in this lady the Princess of Hatzfeld.

She caught sight of him and made an imperious gesture that he should go to her. He remained where he was, however, his brow still clouded, but with a heart-chilling smile curling the edges of his lips.

The princess motioned to him again, a little less imperiously. He carelessly shook some powder off his coat, and half turned to re-enter the room.

"Monseigneur!"

Talleyrand hesitated. The gesture this time was one of entreaty, of terrible distress.

He advanced a step into the corridor, and signed to the sentries that the lady might pass. They lowered their muskets, and she hurried toward him.

"Monseigneur!"

"Madame."

"The emperor,—where is he?"

"The emperor is not within."

"I will wait for him. Allow me to pass you to enter the cabinet."

"Such is not our rule, madame."

"I am the Princess of Hatzfeld."

"And I, the Prince de Talleyrand."

There was a pause. Their eyes met. The lady cast back her veil. She was