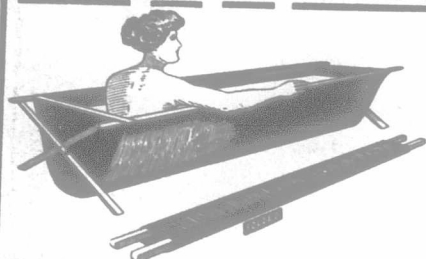


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ing wet cloths over their mouths, now sprang forward, peering into the gloom. Then the sound of footsteps was heard—nearer—nearer. Groping through the blue haze stumbled a man, his shirt sleeves shielding his mouth. On he came, staggering from side to side, reached the edge of the mouth and pitched head-foremost as the fresh air filled his lungs. A dozen hands dragged him clear. It was Bolton.

His clothes were torn and scorched; his face blackened; his left hand dripping blood. Two of the shanty gang were next hauled out and laid on the back of an overturned dirt car. They had been near the mouth when the explosion came, and throwing themselves flat had crawled toward the opening.

Bolton was still unconscious, but the two shanty men gasped out the terrible facts: "The boss and the clerk, was jes' starting out when everything let go"; they choked; "ther' ain't nothing left of the other men. We passed the boss and the clerk; they was blown agin a car; the boss was stove up, the clerk was crawling toward him. They'll never git out alive; none of 'em. We fellers was jes' givin' up when we see the daylight and heared you a-yellin'."

A hush now fell on the mass of people, broken by the piercing shriek of a woman,—the wife of a shanty man. She would have rushed in had not some one held her.

Bolton sat up, gazing stupidly about him. Part of the story of the escaped men had reached his ears. He struggled to his feet and staggered toward the opening of the tunnel. The red-shirted foreman caught him under the armpits and whirled him back.

"That ain't no place for you!" he cried—"I'll go!"

A muffled cry was heard. It came from a bystander lying flat on his belly inside the mouth: he had crawled in as far as he could.

"Here they come!"

New footfalls grew distinct, whether one or more the listeners could not make out. Under the shouts of the red-shirted foreman to give them air, the throng fell back.

Out of the grimy smoke two figures slowly loomed up; one carried the other on his back; whether shanty men or not, no one could tell.

The crowd, no longer controlled by the foreman, surged about the opening. Ready hands were held out, but the man carrying his comrade waved them aside and staggered on, one hand steadying his load, the other hanging loose.

The big foreman started to rush in, but stopped. Something in the burdened man's eye had checked him; it was as if a team were straining up a steep hill, making any halt fatal.

"It's the boss and the clerk!" shouted the foreman. "Fall back, men,—fall back."

The man came straight on, reached the lips of the opening, lunged heavily to the right, tried to steady his burden and fell headlong.

(To be continued.)

Most Valuable "Crusoe" Library in the World.

By H. D. Jones.

The best seller of all the books in the world, past and present, with the single exception of the Bible, is Robinson Crusoe. This remarkable book continues to hold its own as a piece of the most engrossing literature published, just as it did when Daniel De Foe first published it, April 25, 1719. Every civilized country in the world has its own special translation of the work. But it has remained for a Philadelphian, Mr. William S. Lloyd, of Germantown, to gather together specimens of every edition published, so as to accumulate the most complete collection of Robinson Crusoes in existence.

Mr. Lloyd has had his agents collecting Crusoes for a number of years past. These agents have orders to buy up any rare copy or any new translation. This work has resulted in the collection in the Crusoe library owned by Mr. Lloyd, of over three hundred volumes of the adventures on the island. The books are printed in every living language and even in some dead ones, for Mr. Lloyd has copies of Robinson Crusoe in Latin and Greek, though why the work was

translated into these languages remains a mystery.

Among the thirty-three languages represented in the Lloyd Crusoe collection are Crusoes printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegian, Swedish, Kroatish, Italian, Polish, Roumanian, Lettish, Slavonic, Finnish, Slavic, Urdu, Dutch, Bohemian, Bornean, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, Yiddish, Greek and Latin.

Each nation, as it appropriated the story of Robinson Crusoe, appropriated to itself the hero also. Thus in French copies of the work, Crusoe is depicted as a Frenchman. When the Germans read about the well-remembered slaughter of the cannibal visitors to Crusoe's island, they swell with pride at the thought that Crusoe was a German, while the Spaniard knows him only as a native of Old Spain, and the Russian recognizes in him a fellow subject of the czar. And so, with all the nationalities represented, Crusoe is never an Englishman except to the English-speaking people.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the rare volumes in the collection is the work of the artists of the various periods and of the various countries. The French artist who illustrated an early French version of the book, chose, as the theme for his frontispiece, Robinson Crusoe giving thanks for his deliverance from the waves. The castaway has made his way through the angry billows from the wrecked ship without losing the neat parting in his hair. Neither has he found it necessary to discard his slippers to facilitate his struggles in the water. In fact his entire wardrobe seems to have suffered no damage at all from his encounter with the raging waters.

Another creation of a French artist shows Crusoe clinging for dear life to a rock, while the waves threaten him from every side. It is difficult to tell from the artist's sketch where the waves are coming from. They seem, in fact, to be beating from the shore instead of from the sea. How Crusoe ever escaped from such all-encompassing waves is difficult to imagine.

Neither is it possible to reconcile the American boy's idea of Crusoe with the hero depicted by a Portuguese edition of the book. In a fanciful conception by a Portuguese artist, the castaway is shown with a strikingly Portuguese-like face, and a well-waxed mustache.

The German artists delight to depict Crusoe as a robust, smiling Teuton. In one he is shown in his island rig of skins, followed by two peculiar-looking animals.

The English artists, one and all, give you your money's worth in their illustrations. No single scene satisfies these artists. In one picture, a view is shown of almost the entire island, with the canoes of the cannibals on the beach, the cannibal feast in progress, Crusoe shooting cannibals, and cannibals shooting at Crusoe, and Crusoe's habitation on the side of the mountain, with plenty of back scenery for good measure.

"Robinson Crusoe" was first published anonymously. For a time, the authorship was ascribed to different men, and one wild story was circulated of its having been written by Lord Oxford, who was then imprisoned in the Tower of London. Some time elapsed before the general public were acquainted with the real authorship. De Foe was born in London, in 1661. He died in 1731.—Onward.

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