

Gate Number Twelve; A Short Story

(Translation From the Chilean Writer, Baldomero Lillo.)

(From the Spanish of the Chilean writer, Baldomero Lillo.)

Pablo clutched instinctively at his father's legs. His ears hummed, and the floor, sinking under his feet, troubled him strangely. He felt himself as if he were in the dark mouth of a well, and he had seen as he entered the cage, and he watched with great fright the murky walls of the pit where they sank with a dizzy speed. In that descent, without vibration, and silent, save for the dripping of water on the iron roof, the lamps flickered low, and in their vague half-light the massive iron beams of the shaft, mysteriously, an interminable line of shadows, which went like arrows flying aloft.

After a minute, the speed slackened suddenly, all feet "fixed" themselves more firmly on the moving floor, and with a hoarse rasping of bolts and chains, the heavy iron cage came to a stop at the gallery entrance.

They went together into the tunnel, the old man holding the hand of the boy. There was a little movement in the mine, as it was yet early, and they were among the first to arrive. The gallery was high, and they could only dimly see a portion of the roof spanned by great wooden beams, while the side walls remained invisible in the profound gloom which filled the vast and dismal excavation.

Some forty yards from their landing place, they stopped in front of a kind of grotto hewn from the rock. From the rough, root-colored roof hung a tin lantern, whose meagre beams gave the place the appearance of a crypt, mournful and shadowy. Deep in it, a man in a white mask upon his forehead, and a white mask upon his face, looked up, and directed a questioning stare at the old man, who advanced timidly, saying in a respectful and submissive voice: "I've brought the little fellow, sir."

The clerk surveyed the small, weak body. The boy's thin limbs, and the babyish expression of his brown face, with wide-open eyes like a frightened animal, impressed him unfavorably; and though his heart had been hardened by the daily spectacle of so much misery, a pity rose within him at the sight of this child, dragged from his games and condemned, like many another unhappy little creature, to languish wretchedly in the damp galleries of the mine. The severe lines of his face softened, and it was with a pretence of harshness that he spoke to the old man, who bowed before him, anxious for the result of the examination.

"But, sir, this boy is too weak to be working yet. He's your son?" "Yes, sir."

"Then you might have some pity on his tender years, and send him to school for a while before burying him here."

"But, sir," the miner stammered, a note of dolorous supplication in his voice. "We're six in this house, and there's been only one to work. Pablo is eight now, and he must earn the food for us. And isn't he a miner's son? He's got to do like his elders, that never had any other schooling than the mine."

His hoarse, tremulous voice was choked suddenly by a fit of coughing, but his watery eyes kept begging such persistence, that the clerk, conquered by this silent appeal, put a whistle to his lips, and produced a small round tin box, which he handed to the lonely gallery. They heard a clatter of hurried steps, and a silhouette appeared in the doorway.

"Quinn," said the little man to the newcomer, "bring this youngster to Gate Number Twelve, to replace that boy of Jose's, who was killed by the train yesterday."

The guide, a man with a stern face, and behind came the old man, always holding Pablo by the hand. His chin was sunk upon his chest, and he was deep in thought. The sentences in the clerk's words had filled him with terror. For some time it had been apparent to all that his strength was failing, that he had not known exactly what was wanted of him, and the sudden turn taken by what he had conceived to be a simple excursion into the mine, made him scared as a deer, dominated by the one frantic desire to quit that place, see his mother and brothers, and be once more in the light of day. To every affectionate argument he replied with a wailing and tremulous "Let us go!" Neither promises nor threats could weaken him, and the "Let us go, father!" burst from his lips each time more dolorous and appealing.

The old man's face revealed a keen disappointment, but the sight of those fearful eyes raised to him in anguish of supplication changed his incipient wrath to an infinite pity. The paternal love that had lain dormant in the inmost depths of his being awoke in all its strength. The boy was so weak and tiny yet!

The recollection of his own life, of

those forty years of work and suffering, passed before him, and with a profound disillusionment he had to admit that for the fruit of all that immense labor there remained to him only a worn-out body, soon to be cast from the mine as a hindrance; and he thought that the same destiny was awaiting this poor, little creature, there swept over him a sudden imperious desire to snatch the prey from the jaws of this insatiable monster that took the children from their mother's laps to make them outcasts whose shoulders bent with the same stoicism under their master's brutal blows as under the fierce carcase of the ever-inclining rock.

But this incipient sentiment of rebellion was quickly killed by the thought of his wretched home, and the hungry and half-naked beings whose only support he was; and all his long experience showed him how foolish was his dream. The mine never let go what it had once taken; and like new links taking the place of the old and worn ones in an endless chain, the sons followed the fathers, so that in that deep well the rise and fall of the living tide was never interrupted. And the little ones who grew up warped, weak, and bloodless; but to that they had to resign themselves, so to that they had been born.

So with more resolution the old man took from his belt a thin strong cord, and in spite of the boy's resistance and entreaties, bound it round his middle, and tied the other end to a thick bolt fastened in the rock. Many pieces of frayed twine hanging from the rafters showed that this was not the first time it had served a like turn.

Half dead with terror, the child kept uttering penetrating cries, and they had to employ violence to drag him from his father's legs. His pleadings and clamors filled the gallery, but the tender victim, more unfortunate than the Bible's Isaac, did not hear a friendly voice to hold back that paternal arm uplifted against its own flesh and blood through the crime and the iniquity of men.

So desolate, so piercing and tremulous was the accent of the calling "Pablo!"

"Here you are!" said the guide, halting close by the door of planks which turned on its fastenings to a wooden frame in the rock. So dense was the darkness that the ruddy lights of the lamps that they carried fastened to the peaks of their leather caps, hardly permitted them to see this obstacle.

Pablo did not at once understand all this, and silently watched his companions, who after exchanging a few hurried words, set themselves, with a brisk joviality, to explain the management of the door. The youngster, following their directions, opened and shut it repeatedly, removing the uncertainty of the father who feared that the strength of his son would not suffice for the work. He manifested that satisfaction, passing his rough hand through the tousled hair of his offspring, who so far had betrayed neither weakness nor confusion.

For a long while they have been struggling to get out of the mine, and now they are beginning to discover the door is open, and that they can do just whatever they please. Under such a false promise, you are under a great deal of pressure, you have to do it all in your own hands, you can legislate as you please. In one respect only I am an advocate, and that is as regards the final order of society. I do not know what it will be, but I know the power to secure equal, righteous, fair, Christian legislation, and I challenge you to use it.

"Next I challenge you to use your God-given intellect and spirit to get out of the world over is radically unjust. That is, to a great extent, the result of the processes of legislation, but in knowledge you must win for yourself a slow, difficult, self-sustaining steps."

"The train!" cried both of the men, and the elder added breathlessly, "Quick, Pablo! Let's see how you do your work!"

The little fellow, with clenched fists, leaned his puny body against the door, which gave slowly until it touched the wall. The operation was scarcely finished when a horse, galloping, and trotting, passed rapidly in front of them, dragging a line of heavily-laden trucks.

The men looked at each other, well pleased. The novice was now a tried door-keeper, and the old man began to talk to him flatteringly; he was no longer a child like those who stayed above the water, and hanging to their mother's skirts, but a man, a sturdy fellow, no less than a workman, that is to say, a comrade who must now be treated as such. And he gave him to understand that they would have to leave him alone now, but that he was not to be afraid. There were many others like him doing similar work in the mine. His father would be near, and would come from time to time to see him; and then, the day's toil ended, they would go together home.

Pablo heard all this with an increasing terror, and for answer clutched with both hands at his father's blouse. Until now he had not known exactly what was wanted of him, and the sudden turn taken by what he had conceived to be a simple excursion into the mine, made him scared as a deer, dominated by the one frantic desire to quit that place, see his mother and brothers, and be once more in the light of day. To every affectionate argument he replied with a wailing and tremulous "Let us go!" Neither promises nor threats could weaken him, and the "Let us go, father!" burst from his lips each time more dolorous and appealing.

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sees a collection of old coins of considerable value. This he sold when his reverend came, but his desire for color and a small bag on these morning strolls and picked up anything that he saw lying in the street. The front room of the basement was littered with cigar stubs and cigarettes that had been accumulated through the months and there were big packages of labels from tin cans and bottles. Sometimes, though, he worked for dealers in old coins. In twenty-third street and showed that he still possessed skill in detecting false coins of supposed antiquity.

The resources of the family have become smaller and smaller during the last few years. They depend almost wholly on the few French people in the city who know of the marquis and his family and are willing to help him.

When a reporter went to the basement to see if the son—Raoul—was in he found the place in utter darkness. Somewhere in that darkness the daughter of a marquis sat, alone, waiting for her brother to come home from the hospital.

TOLD BY THE TYPES

The tragedies, the tragedies. The headlines ever tell! Like "Victor in Deep Water" and "He Didn't Hear the Bell." —Los Angeles Express.

The tragedies, the tragedies. A lack of sense denote! Like "Ventured in Deep Water." Worse still, "He Rocked the Boat." —Springfield Union.

The tragedies, the tragedies. The runner died at second! And "Gets Popped on the Bean." —St. Louis Times.

The tragedies, the tragedies. My goodness sakes alive! "Stepping Backward From a Moving Car." And "Toads to Poison Five." —Detroit Free Press.

The tragedies, the tragedies. There soon must be another! As "Thought the Ice was Thick Enough." Or "Turkey Killed his Brother." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

The tragedies, the tragedies. A few crippled chairs, two beds that do not invite repose, a table, and many books are the only things within the light of the small glass lamp that is necessary even in the daytime. Only the janitor has seen that much.

De Guichainville, who is 80 years old, and his son went to walk every morning, and it was on this morning walk that he was run down. The aged, erect man, with his carefully waxed white mustache, looked somewhat like a figure in that part of West Seventeenth street, even if his clothes were threadbare. Both he and his son carried a cane, which aroused mirth among the neighbors.

A Collection of Coins. Years ago the marquis had a reputation as a numismatist, and possessed a collection of coins.

OLD CARTHAGE BEING PILLAGED. Unless something is done at once to save it, this may be achieved for an expenditure of about \$150, in ten years there will be little left of old Carthage, says a writer in the Revue de Paris. Every day stones are taken from the ruins for new constructions, and at intervals plots of land are sold.

One buyer has destroyed all the space between the Odeon and St. Cyran's cross since 1905; another has pulled down the famous staircase of 130 steps; the Hotel All has built his palace on the site of the Theodora baths and the old forum, and the seminary of the Peres Blancs, the Laigrie orphanage, the cathedral, and numerous hotels and villas have been built with materials taken from the ruins.

In the past Carthage suffered considerably in this way, for Tunis has practically been built with its temples, the churches of Italy have been enriched with spoils from its ruins, and almost every country has supplied itself with Carthaginian marbles during the time of the Crusades to the present day. Further pillage might, however, be easily avoided by a little energetic intervention on the part of the French Government, for it would be sufficient to have the ancient city fenced in and put under police or military supervision, and to forbid any further loot within its limits.

You are not experimenting on your self when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold, as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds, and always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence, as it contains no harmful drug. Sold by all dealers.

In the extension of Japanese electric light and electric railway plants American companies have been getting big orders. German concerns cut prices, but in most instances the Americans won.

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