

THE MINERS' DREAM.

In the bonanza days of the Comstock Lode, Virginia City, Nevada, harbored two populations, in many ways distinct from one another.

Miners, whatever their nationality, are superstitious. They live close to nature in her mysterious moods, and they acquire a peculiar tendency to believe in the supernatural.

John Treloar and James Pennart were employed in the Yellow Jacket mine, and being close friends, they had arranged so as to be in the same shaft—a term nearly equivalent to the sailor's "watch" at sea.

Now these two friends did what has severed many friendships; they fell in love with the same woman. Alice Minton was not a Cornish girl, but of American parentage and born in California.

"Jim, lad, do'st'ee care for her greatly?" Jim, with pained eyes and trembling lips, made answer.

"Jack! she's just all there is to me!" Then silence fell again, and the two brooded, shielding their faces with their hands, no longer looking at each other.

Treloar's voice, low and yet strained, at last almost whispered: "Lad—count me out of the running!"

There was no more talk on the subject. Pennart accepted the sacrifice, after his quieting of his conscience, with the assumption that his friend did not really care much for the girl.

All the workings on the Comstock Lode are lined and roofed with heavy framed timbers, from a foot to eighteen inches square.

How the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine started will never be known, for those who were alone likely to know the truth perished in that disaster.

It was the night before this disaster that John Treloar dreamed a dream. He thought he was down in the mine on a twelve-hundred foot level, and that some serious accident—but he could not make out what—had happened.

Then he awoke, and at breakfast he told his dream; and his comrades did not like it at all, but shook their heads, and one or two of them determined then and there that they would "lay off" that day and not venture to go down the Yellow Jacket.

Now, the strangest part of this strange story is that on this same night Alice Minton dreamed about the counterpart of John Treloar's dream—but with a difference which can hardly be regarded as fortuitous.

John Treloar was the elder of the two—a sturdy, powerful, handsome man of thirty, known and liked for his constant readiness to lend his comrades. He was brave and gentle, modest yet resolute—a man of action, yet at the same time a man of sentiment.

For within twelve hours the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine broke out, and all Virginia City was thronging to the hoisting works, where the masses, urged on by being worked at dangerous speed, and the cage was being almost hurled up and down the deep shaft, and the clanging of the signal bells, the shouting of orders, the excitement of the miners, and the piteous moans and cries of the women who had hastened to the shaft below, combined to make a memorable and tragic scene.

The truth was that Jack and Jim were equally hard hit, though neither thought for a moment that the other had been impressed by the pretty and engaging young teacher.

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Meanwhile the dream had been fulfilling itself in the depths of the mine. Treloar and Pennart were as usual working together when the alarm was given, and it had broken out in the level they were in. They quickly ascertained that the way to the shaft was still open, and they started for it, side by side, retaining their tools more from torpor than from foresight.

sound, growing constantly nearer warned them that little time was left them for escape. At this moment Pennart leaned exhausted on his pick and turned to Treloar, meaning to ask him if it were not best to stop work and try to free the passage over the pile of rock.

"No, no, dear lad! It's no use! I'm done! Climb thou through the hole. See! The smoke is thickening, and another minute 'll block that way, too, for 'will hang under 't' root an' choke thee. Good-bye, dear Jim, an' don't worry over me!"

The crisis of James Pennart's life had come. In such circumstances men's minds work with lightning rapidity, and he took in the situation instantly and grasped the duty that lay before him clearly.

But he said this, James Pennart clearly knew that the moment for action had passed. John Treloar's eyes opened slowly, he moved his head so that he could look down the gallery, and seeing a dense curtain of smoke pressing toward them, he once more shook his head, and with a half-strangled utterance, murmured: "Get out, Jim, for the sake—of—Alice!"

Pennart hesitated no longer. Pressing his friend's hand, but unable to speak for emotion, he sprang up the pile of debris, forced his body through the narrow opening, rolled into the clear gallery, and reached the shaft in time to be taken up on the last trip of the cage.

for he was sensitive and clear-sighted, and he could not forgive himself. Neither could Alice Minton forgive him, or look upon him with kindness thenceforward.

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VOL. I IN THE C... TALKS OF A... Extracts from History of St. Insurance... I am old, my heart throbs... Yes, it is just 1942, and the hovered over me... was an eye-wit... popular excite... were older and... so in all the g... Men do not st... is upon them... brothers' bloo... Peace had le... of America. 1861, the cry... and the guns... awakened a m... war. Peace c... 30 years peop... other condit... Rio Grande. Canada any re... It was all o... Prior to 1889... enjoyed certai... paid less... on the othe... bor. In the... annexed to t... leton voted a... were enoug... bor to carry... became a par... Then the Ca... of them as c... whedled into... they should b... of assembly... might be such... to secure it... action not b... would, of cou... was taken. 7... another and... of Carleton... wanted to get... something to... They soon... navy, comm... consisting of... Western Exe... man took pas... was assessed... ings of a stor... for a free ter... built. At first, the... street talk... conciliate the... a hot well in... a saving of \$... months and t... the annual de... reduced to ab... well, but they... make the "g... water and let... such a device... and murther... ing and all th... There were... days. Thirti... ly had been... southern com... itself when G... the front in 1892. "Hissen Da... when he... held the righ... der of his vo... word of his f... word portrai... would have i... he done not... the common... again. John Babi... also a lawye... that and inf... a crisis, he w... arms. Step... to the ran... brigade o... was the joint... Langan of a... of the kind... trajectories... projectiles... atmospheric... ful hours his... pheres, disk... horrid art of... ionists what... the southern... leader. He... common cou... Enoch B... fisherman w... terests would... was also a... council. So was J... ance agent. So was A... Stackhouse.