

Bellefonte, Pa., July 17, 1908.

At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang c'd go to!"

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches—as he confidently believed—all-most within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up. "Things have come to a crisis here, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down."

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days. No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest; "it's all right. There is less danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong I"—

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd a little rather you would not speak of it, particularly to—Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glided noiselessly on, the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stoppe," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Bursleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help,

he walked through to the shaft and signaled to push back above. Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He chipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father and feeling Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed: "My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine." "But there is! Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly tightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the saddle like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch. Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had faulted and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it! She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad!" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a "clip-clip" was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was cut, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him whispered a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes

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shone as he took her hand, and, turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lower level."

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!
Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining a guillotine in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain. "I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

Lincoln's History of Himself.
When Abraham Lincoln was elected to congress Charles Lanman, then editor of the Congressional Record, according to the regular custom, forwarded to Mr. Lincoln as well as to all other members elect a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the directory. Mr. Lincoln's blank was returned promptly, filled up in his own handwriting with the following information:

"Born Feb. 12, 1800, in Hardin county, Ky."
"Education, defective."
"Profession, lawyer."
"Military service, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war."

"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office, four times a member of the Illinois legislature and elected to the lower house of the next congress."

"Wrong Way Around."
"Mr. Purslington says he believes a man should pay as he goes."
"Judging from the way he gets in debt, he must be accustomed to traveling backward."—Washington Star.

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A Real Fire Engine.
In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcester, England, in 1902. The Worcester insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kempsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the snorting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. Therein lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination and there it remained, smoldering, while the fire at the farm burned its way out.

A Stowaway.
She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes. He must be what they call a stowaway.—London Telegraph.

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Travelers Guide.
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Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1908.

READ DOWN			Stations	READ UP		
No. 1	No. 3	No. 5		No. 4	No. 2	No. 6
7:05	7:05	7:05	AR. BELLEFONTE	9:10	9:10	9:10
7:15	7:06	7:32	N. York	8:37	8:52	9:2
7:20	7:11	7:37	Zion	8:51	4:47	9:2
7:27	7:18	7:45	HECLA PARK	8:45	4:41	9:1
7:29	7:21	7:47	Dun Kins	8:43	4:39	9:1
7:33	7:23	7:51	Hubbersburg	8:39	4:34	9:0
7:37	7:28	7:55	Snyderstown	8:36	4:29	9:0
7:40	7:30	7:58	Hittany	8:34	4:27	9:0
7:42	7:33	8:01	Huston	8:32	4:24	9:0
7:46	7:38	8:05	Lamar	8:29	4:21	8:55
7:48	7:40	8:08	Clintondale	8:28	4:19	8:5
7:52	7:44	8:12	Krider's Sliding	8:22	4:14	8:5
7:56	7:49	8:16	Mackeyville	8:18	4:09	8:4
8:02	7:54	8:22	Cedar Spring	8:12	4:03	8:4
8:05	7:57	8:25	Salona	8:10	4:01	8:4
8:10	8:02	8:30	MILL HALL	8:05	3:56	8:3

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

11:40	8:53	Jersey Shore	8:09	7:58
12:15	9:30	WM's PORT	8:25	8:10
12:29	11:30	Phila. & Reading Ry.	8:30	8:15
7:30	9:00	PHILA.	10:30	11:30
10:10	9:00	NEW YORK		9:00

p. m. a. m. Arr. (Via Phila.) Lve. a. m. p. m. (Week Days)
WALLACE H. GEPHART,
General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Schedules to take effect Monday Jan. 4, 1908.

WESTWARD		EASTWARD	
No. 2	No. 4	No. 1	No. 3
2:00	10:30	8:00	6:30
2:07	10:36	8:07	6:36
2:12	10:42	8:12	6:42
2:17	10:48	8:17	6:48

Lime Centre.		Lime Centre.	
No. 5	No. 1	No. 2	No. 4
2:21	10:50	8:21	6:50
2:26	10:56	8:26	6:56
2:32	11:02	8:32	7:02
2:35	11:05	8:35	7:05
2:50	11:20	8:50	7:20
3:20	11:50	9:20	7:50

3:40 7:31 Blower 8:45 9:30
7:35 Pine Grove Mills 7:35 8:20
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