THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1894.



in mental strain, lessaned physical is known-thatrust food for the nervesber and increated mental work, have the best known strengthener of im-

vidual now does more mental work, we are not as well able to bear the strain , is they were.

a proper way.

lood-become deficient in their relaire proportions to the other parts of the blood, the health suffers. If nerrous power be depressed, then the food a imperfectly digested, assimilated,

and converted into blood and tissue. There is the cause in a nutshell of

world

Here is the cure-the greatest medi al discovery of mislern times-the remedy first prescribed by the great est physician of kis age, Prof. Elward Paeips, M. D. LL. D., of Dartmonth college-the remedy that has made

BURIED IN A CAVING MINE.

The Professor Relates His Experience and

"Some of you gontiemen were asking about that stuffed rat in my room," said Professor Churchill, the mining expert at the Montana club. The story concerns an experience that made my hair curl. I was once retained to report upon the workings of a mine called the Little Whoop Up in southern Arizona. Os an adjoining claim was another mine called the Atlas. A dispute arose. The Atlas people claimed that the lower tunnet of the Whoop Up had been bored into their ground and a half million in ore taken out. The first thing to do was to take a survey of the Whoop Up, and of course the Whoop Up people objected. Finally an order for the survey was seenred from the const. and Dr. John R. Parks and I were sent to make the survey. "There are tricks in all trades, and the Whoop Up superintendent knew a few. When we reached the mine, he said that the tunnel we wished to explore was in a dangerous condition. There had been a cave, the timbers were rotten, and so on. It meant a 10 to 1 chance that we would be enabled if we tried 15. Of course we classed him as a liar, though he turned out to be right

"We worked our way in the tunnel until we ran against a jam of fallen timbers. which were sound and were plainly ar ranged to stop our progress. Parks went back for an az, while I worked at the roof with a plak to dislotige the centerplenes, I succeeded and had elimbed half way over into the other side of the tunnel when there came a terrific crash of loose ore from the roof. It fell on both sides of the timehers, pinning me in a hole which would have been a grave right there but for a few sticks which held the mass of ore above. The place was barely large enough to move in, and I knew it was certain death in a few hours unless Parks could dig me out. Even then I believed I was gone, for I did not know how much ore had fallen. In a few minutes the air got heavy, my eyes began to feel drawsy, and it seemed like the fool and sides of the hole were closing in on me. This oppression and drowsiness increased unitil I was forced to hammer the sides of the place with my fists and head to keep awake, Still not a sound could I hear from the outside and only the slow crambling of ore from above. The foul air was getting into my brain, and I think I was actually insane with the fearful dread of being buried alive. Anybow I remember dropping to the floor of the hole and giving a ew faint shouts, which were echoed lack into my ears. I had given up all hope and was almost swooning when I heard a strange acraping sound above me. I yelled, but received no answer, and then threw my body against the walls and tried to pick out the ore from between the lodgedtimbers. Still came the queer scraping noise, which seemed to come nearer and sounded not unlike the steady grinding of a saw. It seemed to last for hours, thoug it could hardly have been a minute after from the upper end of the wall and along with it came a big gray mine rat, who saved my life, for he left a clear hole for his trail, and through it came a breath of fresh air that gave life to me. The fellowhad bored his way from the shaft side of the cave,

"I staid there two hours after that until Parks found the cave, got help and got me out without breaking the airbole. 1 caught the gray rat, too, and kept him well fed until he died and wouldn't take a lot of money for his skin now."-New York Sun.

