

**The Cure that Cures**  
Coughs,  
Colds,  
Grippe,  
Whooping Cough, Asthma,  
Bronchitis and Incipient  
Consumption, is

**OTTO'S  
CURE**

GERMAN REMEDY  
cures throat and lung diseases.  
Sold by all druggists. 25¢/50¢

A good looking  
horse and poor looking  
harness is the  
worst kind of a com-  
bination.

**Eureka  
Harness Oil**

not only makes the harness and the  
horse look better, but makes the  
leather soft and pliable, puts it in  
condition to last—twice as long  
as it ordinarily would.  
Suits every harness in use—  
all sizes. Made by  
STANDARD  
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**Give  
Your  
Horse a  
Chance!**

**Rupture or Hernia Cured.**

No operations or injections, no pain or dis-  
comfort in any way, no steel springs or iron  
frames, no wooden, ivy or hard rubber balls,  
cups, punches or plugs used. Not the least  
dangers or annoyances.

Our outfit for the cure of rupture or hernia  
is made of fine soft materials, such as felt,  
velvet, chambray and elastic webs. It fits  
like a glove and does you no harm. It  
holds your intestines back in their natural  
position and the wound will heal like any other  
wound when it has a chance. The only way  
to cure is to hold the intestines in or back all  
of the time until the wound becomes grown to-  
gether. Your rupture can not be cured in  
any other way. We have had 55 years constant  
and hard experience in treating ruptures and  
this outfit is the result. Men, women and  
children made comfortable by using this  
outfit.

Priests reasonable and in accordance with the  
case. If interested, please write for particu-  
lars, which we will mail you free.

**MOHAWK CATARRH CURE.**

Cheapest and Best.  
Cures Catarrh from 3 to 10 days.  
Cures Cold in the Head, 5 to 10 minutes.  
Cures Headache, 1 to 5 minutes.  
Securely packed with full instructions, by  
mail. PRICE \$1.25.

Try it and you will be more than pleased with  
the investment. Your money back if you are  
dissatisfied. (Stamps taken)

**MOHAWK REMEDY CO.,**  
Rome, N. Y.

**SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS**

**PIANO  
Music  
Magazine**

A TRULY UNIQUE and original conceit  
that gives to all lovers of Song and Music  
a vast volume of NEW choice composi-  
tions by the world's most famous authors. Music  
which heretofore has been held at almost prohibi-  
tory price, is now placed within reach of all.  
64 Pages of Piano Music,  
Half Vocal, Half Instrumental,  
Once a Month, for 10 Cents,  
Yearly Subscription, \$1.00,  
which gives nearly 800 pages of choice com-  
positions and constitutes a perfect  
**MUSICAL TREASURY.**

**J. W. PEPPER**  
PUBLISHER  
Eighth and Locust Sts. Philadelphia.

When you want a physic that is  
mild and gentle, easy to take and  
pleasant in effect use Chamberlain's  
Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price,  
25 cents. Samples free. Every box  
guaranteed. For sale at Middleburgh  
Drug Store.

**SAFE SURE**  
**THE KEELEY INSTITUTE**  
P. O. BOX 594  
HARRISBURG, PA.  
CURES ALL DRINK AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.  
NEWLY FURNISHED. NEW MANAGEMENT.

The Middleburgh Drug Co. will re-  
fund your money if you are not sat-  
isfied after using Chamberlain's  
Stomach and Liver Tablets. They  
cure disorders of the stomach, bil-  
iousness, constipation and headache.  
Price, 25 cents. Samples free.

**5 CENTS!**  
**DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP**

Just Reduced from Ten Cents

Your choice of 217 twenty-five cent  
books sent free, for each three wrappers  
and 5 cents for postage.

**His Brother's  
Keeper;**

Christian Sewardship

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,  
Author of "In His Steps," "The Life  
of Philip Brown," "Robert  
Hardy's Seven Days," "Mal-  
com Kirk," Etc.

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AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

Eric stood up and waved his hat  
There was a gradual settling down of  
the confusion, and as he stood there,  
evidently waiting to be heard, the men  
soon became quiet again. Stuart ad-  
mired his control of the crowd. Eric  
had great influence with it.

"Brothers," he said slowly, "I be-  
lieve we have reached a critical point  
in this movement. Here is one of the  
owners who has expressed his willing-  
ness to grant our demands. The ques-  
tion now is, Shall the Champion men go  
back to their mines while the rest con-  
tinue to deal with the other owners?  
This is a question for the union to set-  
tle."

"Eric," spoke Stuart in a low tone  
as he stood close by him. "Let me say  
a word or two more, will you? I be-  
lieve the decision of the men today  
will be a serious one, and I want to do  
all I can to make it right."

Eric at once raised his voice. "Men,  
Mr. Duncan wants to say a word  
again. I am sure you will give him a  
careful hearing."

"Aye, that we will!"

"He's no bad for a millionaire!"

"Give him a chance. He doesn't often  
have it!" shouted a voice with a touch  
of irony in it.

Stuart took advantage of the lull that  
followed these and other shouts to  
speak as he had never thought of doing  
when he came to the park. He believed  
that the result of the men's action  
would be exceedingly important for  
themselves and himself. He had never  
had such a great desire to explain his  
own attitude toward the whole prob-  
lem of labor and capital as it affected him.

It is not possible to describe his  
speech. Eric thought at the time that  
it was the best speech he had ever  
heard from a moneyed man. At times  
it was impassioned, then quiet and con-  
versational. It is doubtful if very  
many of the miners understood it as  
Stuart meant. He was in reality voic-  
ing a policy for the men of money  
which he afterward followed out with  
some changes.

This much he made clear to the men:  
He sympathized with their demands  
for larger wages, while he could not  
agree with their methods, and he would  
do all in his power to give them their

**Grand Old Men**

Some men seem to  
defy old age. They  
walk erect. Their  
eyes are bright. Their  
laughter is hearty. They  
are men of to-day—  
not men of yesterday.  
They are also men  
who have kept  
themselves in good  
physical condition in  
the past. As we grow  
older, waste matter  
accumulates in the  
system. The body  
cannot throw it off without assistance. So,  
little by little the machinery of the body is  
clogged, vitality is lowered, and enjoyment  
of life ceases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery cannot make old men young,  
but it does make them strong and healthy.  
By removing the waste accumulations, by  
increasing the blood supply, by strength-  
ening the stomach and organs of diges-  
tion and nutrition, and thus increasing the  
assimilative and nutritive powers, "Golden  
Medical Discovery" makes grand old men.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and  
indigestion, during which time I employed sev-  
eral physicians, but they could not reach my  
case," writes Mr. G. Poppewell, of Eureka  
Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was  
no help for me, could not retain food on my  
stomach, had vertigo and would fall helpless to  
the floor. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pelle's.' I  
am now in good health for one of my age—50  
years. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicines."  
Dr. Pierce's Pellets greatly benefit old  
men by keeping the bowels in activity.

**Revivo**  
RESTORES VITALITY

Made a  
Well Man

of Me.

THE  
GREAT  
FRANCE REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts  
powerfully and quickly. Cures when all other fail.  
Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old  
men will recover their youthful vigor by using  
REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores nervous-  
ness, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions,  
all kinds of Nervous and Blood Disorders, bring-  
ing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and re-  
storing the fire of youth. It wards off insanity  
and Consumption. Insists on having REVIVO, by  
other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail  
\$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a pos-  
itive written guarantee to cure or refund  
the money. Circular free. Address  
Royal Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Middleburgh, Pa., at  
MIDDLEBURGH DRUG

Grip brings weakness, exhaustion, nervous  
prostration. Dr. Miles' Nervine cures them.

just demands as far as he was at liber-  
ty to act independently. He told them  
he was going to Cleveland the next day  
to confer with the other mine owners  
and would use all his influence to get  
the others to agree to the rise in wages.  
He repeated his offer to treat with the  
thousand or more men employed in the  
Champion mines at any time they  
chose to return. As he closed he made  
an appeal to the men to use reason and  
spoke of the religious influence that so  
far had prevailed for the good of the  
community.

There ran through the whole of Stuart's  
speech this second time a passion-  
ate desire to be understood as a man  
before men. He had never before had  
such a longing to be understood; neither  
had he ever felt the gap between himself  
and the men to be so wide and deep.  
As has been said, it is doubtful if parts  
of his speech were understood at all by  
the men.

As soon as he finished there was a  
great uproar of applause and shouts.  
Eric himself could not restore quiet.  
The committee politely asked Stuart  
to leave the park while the union went  
into a conference over his proposals.  
Stuart was glad to get away. He felt  
exhausted with his unusual effort.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon  
when Eric came to the house with the  
news of the decision reached by the  
miners' union. Stuart at once saw by  
his face that the situation was serious.

"The men voted by a large majority  
not to go back to work till all could go  
back on the same terms—that is, they  
demanded that all the mine owners re-  
cognize the union and make terms with  
it for all the men."

"Do you mean that the men who  
work in the Champion mines refuse to  
accept my offer of the wages they de-  
mand?"

"Yes—that is, the Champion miners  
will not go back until the other owners  
make the same terms you make and  
make them to the union."

"Which means simply that this strike  
is a deadlock," replied Stuart decid-  
edly. "For I know the men at Cleveland,  
and they will never agree to any such  
terms."

"The miners will not agree to any other."  
Eric spoke quietly, but sadly.

"Eric," said Stuart suddenly after a  
pause, "tell me frankly, as brother to  
brother, is this a reasonable step for  
the men to take? Do you believe the  
union will make anything by such ac-  
tion? Is it just or fair?"

Eric's face worked under a passion-  
ate feeling. Then he said: "The men  
have a right to combine for mutual  
support. In this instance they feel  
driven to it by their condition. Why  
should not labor seek to defend itself  
as capital does? You—that is, I mean  
the mine owners generally—get together  
in a combine and fix wages. Why  
should not the miners get together and  
have a say about it? We have been  
working for years at the price set by  
men at a distance who never saw a  
mine or a miner, far less went down  
into the ground to see what the labor  
is. These men sit in nice upholstered  
offices in elegant buildings and make  
it their business to get just as much  
out of the iron ore as they can. The  
wages of the men are cut every time  
ore falls in price. Instead of taking it  
out of their own large dividends in  
the past, as we grow older, waste matter  
accumulates in the system. The body  
cannot throw it off without assistance. So,  
little by little the machinery of the body is  
clogged, vitality is lowered, and enjoyment  
of life ceases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
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increasing the blood supply, by strength-  
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Medical Discovery" makes grand old men.

"Three years ago a dozen men in the  
iron industry grew to be millionaires  
from the profits of this metal which  
God put in the ground for the common  
use of man. During that year the min-  
ers received only fair wages. Since  
then financial depression and a drop in  
the price of ore have followed. What  
do those men do who have in prosper-  
ous years made their fortunes? Do  
they say, 'We will draw on this re-  
serve, and in order that the miners  
may not suffer we will declare smaller  
dividends and lose something?' No;  
they say at once, 'Cut down wages, be-  
cause ore is cheaper, and we cannot af-  
ford to lose.' And who suffers? Not

Stuart had gone up to the Davis  
mine, one of the newer ventures of his  
father and recently developed. Its  
greatest depth was 900 feet. It had  
a manhole with ladders and a shaft at  
some distance from it for the "skip" or  
iron carriage used for hauling ore to  
the surface. There were six men at  
this mine in charge at this time.

Stuart had come to the engine house  
and was talking with the engineer  
when Eric came in.

Stuart called him over to the dry-  
room, where the miners changed their  
clothing for miner's dress.

"Eric, I want to go down into the  
mine. Won't you go with me? I want  
to see again for myself what the work  
is, and besides there is a new pump at  
the bottom that I want to look at."

Eric consented, and the two soon had  
on the miner's dress and were going  
down the ladders. It was getting late in  
the afternoon, and they left orders with  
the engineer that when they gave the  
signal from the bottom he might let  
down the skip, and they would come  
up in that.

For an hour they explored different  
levels. Stuart was restless and seemed  
intent on realizing as fully as possible  
just how the miners worked. He climb-  
ed up into difficult places and even  
fired off a blast in one chamber, using  
one of the powder sticks left by the  
men when they came out.

At last he and Eric stood at the bot-  
tom of the mine. This was an excava-  
tion about 14 feet across, and the wa-  
ter ran in very much as if it had been  
a cistern. By leaning back against the  
ladders the light from 900 feet above  
could be seen. Eric was sitting thus  
with his back to the ladder rounds and  
his feet in the water which ran over  
the floor of the mine about four inches  
deep and Stuart was examining the  
pump at the other side of the shaft  
when a terrible thing happened. A  
noise like the roar of a torrent grew  
about these two men, and before Eric  
could get out from his position against  
the ladders a mass of iron ore came  
rushing down the manhole, breaking  
out rounds of the ladders as it fell, and  
bouncing from side to side, struck Eric  
on the shoulders with terrific force and  
threw him face downward in the wa-  
ter.

Stuart was at his side in a moment.  
He raised him and by the light of the  
candle in his hat saw the nature of the  
accident. He could not think whether  
the mass had fallen or been thrown  
purposely into the shaft. He dragged  
Eric away from the foot of the ladder.  
He was seriously injured. With the

"Then the wor-  
That is inevitable."  
"What if the mine  
put new men into the m."  
"Then there will be trouble."  
"Do you mean that you will incite  
the men to violence?"  
"Good God, Stuart, you know I will  
not! I shall use my utmost power to  
prevent anything of the kind."  
"But what if it cannot be prevented?"  
Eric said nothing. His face changed  
with a torrent of feeling and passion.  
"If it comes to that, let God be judge  
if the owners and not the men are re-  
ally the ones most to blame. I shall use  
all my influence to prevent violence or  
lawlessness. The union has a right to  
combine for such wages as it thinks  
are just. It has no right to prevent  
other men from working at any wages  
they choose to take. Since I joined the  
Salvation Army I have become con-  
vinced that the only permanent basis  
for any true settlement of labor and  
capital differences must be a religious  
basis—that is, Christian."

Stuart listened with an interest he  
felt to be genuine. "How did you hap-  
pen to join the Salvation Army, Eric?"  
"It's a long story. I'll tell you some  
time, not now."

"I've heard part of it, but I want you  
to tell me all of it."

"I can't now. I must go. I have  
hardly had a minute's time to myself  
since this movement came on. I must  
be going now. You leave for Cleve-  
land!"

"Tonight, I want to be there to-  
morrow. I can tell beforehand what  
the companies will say. Is there no  
other way out of it?"

"I don't see any," replied Eric.

The two men shook hands silently,  
and Eric went out.

Stuart went down on the night ex-  
press and next day at Cleveland was  
in conference with the other owners.  
The result of the conference was what  
he had anticipated. The terms of the  
union were rejected. It was decided  
by the other owners that a force of  
men should be at once placed at work  
with steam shovels on the stock piles  
so as to move the ore, and in case  
there was trouble the troops would be  
called out. Stuart refused to take ac-  
tion on his own mines. He would not  
yet precipitate matters by getting new  
men either for the stock piles or the  
mines. He came back home the next  
day with the feeling that he was at  
present in a condition of indecision  
and waiting. He could not sympathize  
with the strike, he did not believe the  
union was wise in refusing to let the  
Champion miners go to work, and he  
could not help feeling that a great ca-  
lamity of some kind was impending.

It was two days after his return that  
the event occurred which really shaped  
and molded his whole after life. The  
mines were still manned by pump men.  
They had not been called out by the  
union, for the reason that if once the  
water in the mines rose above the dif-  
ferent levels and flowed in among the  
timbers the mines would become ruin-  
ed, and the loss would be as heavy for  
the miners as the owners in case the  
strike ended and work was again re-  
sumed. From six to eight men remain-  
ed at each mine. There were an engi-  
neer, an assistant engineer, two fire-  
men and three or four pump men, ac-  
cording to the size and number of  
pumps. These were kept going day  
and night, as the water rose very rap-  
idly if left to flow.

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mine, one of the newer ventures of his  
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one thought of getting him to the top  
as soon as possible Stuart seized the  
lever at the bottom of the ore shaft  
and pulled it back as a signal to the  
engineer to let down the skip. There  
was no answering signal, and Stuart  
pulled the wire rope again. Still no an-  
swer. He looked up through the main  
shaft. What was that? The pump had  
suddenly stopped below. But what was  
that great light at the top? It must be  
nearly sundown now. Something was  
on fire! The truth flashed upon him  
that the engine house over the main  
shaft was on fire. The ladders afford-  
ed escape for a man possibly, but not  
incumbered with a body, and a dead  
body perhaps at that. Stuart dashed  
water in Eric's face, and he groaned.  
He was not dead, but unconscious. And  
then the whole situation forced itself

Eric groaned and closed his eyes.  
Then he opened them again, and the  
sight of Stuart's pale face seemed to  
tell him a part of the truth. The water  
was running over the hand of his right  
arm, which hung down helpless from  
his wounded shoulder. He raised him-  
self, evidently with the greatest diffi-  
culty.

"You will drown. Leave me. I am  
dying anyway."

"No, no, Eric. I will not leave you  
here alone!" Stuart spoke calmly, al-  
most cheerfully. Eric's face was draw-  
ing over close to Stuart's shoulder.  
Stuart kissed his cheek and at that  
very moment he heard a man's voice  
echoing down the ladder shaft.

He shouted back in reply and wait-  
ed. Again the cry came in response.  
Some one was coming down the lad-  
ders to the rescue. Whoever he was he  
was evidently coming as fast as the  
nature of the passage would allow, for  
the next time the cry was uttered Stuart  
could hear words of encouragement  
and then a voice speaking from the  
point where the last round of the lad-  
der remained, saying very distinctly  
and in even precise English, "Who is  
there?"

"It is I, Stuart Duncan. I am here  
with Eric, and he is hurt and helpless.  
I can't lift him up alone."

"I always believed in being on time,"  
replied the voice. "If you can move me  
under the foot of the shaft I will throw  
you this rope."

Stuart lifted Eric from his position  
and plunged over toward the ladder  
hole. The water was above his shoul-  
ders. A rope was thrown, and he se-  
cured it under Eric, who had again  
fainted from the pain and shock. Then,  
with an exercise of strength and skill  
such as men possess in times of facing  
death, the two men, one above and one  
below, succeeded in drawing Eric up,  
and the man above secured him some-  
how, while Stuart, using the sides of  
the ladder for support, pulled himself  
out of that watery grave.

He was not a minute too soon, for  
the water was flowing in more rapidly  
now, and the large cavity at the bot-  
tom being almost filled the torrent be-  
gan to rise in the shafts very fast. He  
had no time to ask any questions of his  
rescuer. All three were in great pain.  
The ladders were blazing above them  
and the water rising below them. With  
superhuman exertions they lifted Eric  
up. When they came to places where  
the ladders were badly broken, they  
were obliged to use their utmost skill  
to move the body in safety. Once they  
were so long about starting up again  
that the water caught up with them,  
and Stuart, who was the last one, felt  
the torrent swirling around his feet.

At last, after a struggle that left  
them completely exhausted, they  
reached the first drift from the bot-  
tom. There was a wooden platform  
here, and the drift ran out into the  
sides of the hill several hundred feet.  
Stuart and his unknown rescuer had  
a moment panting against the side  
of the wall, while Eric lay on the plat-  
form to all appearances lifeless.

"We can't stay here long," gasped  
Stuart. "See the water coming up!"

He pointed down the black well, from  
which they had climbed so painfully.  
The rushing water and the falling in  
ore banks made a terrifying uproar  
about them.

"We can get out on this level," re-  
plied his companion.

"What! How's that? We are 80  
feet below ground here!"

"The old Beury shaft opens into this  
drift. I walked in here the other morn-  
ing myself. Here is where I heard you  
shout for help. There! Don't you feel  
that breeze blowing through the drift?"

Stuart turned his face and felt the  
passing of a cool wave of air. And  
then it flashed across his memory that  
several years before, when a boy, he  
had himself climbed down into the old  
Beury shaft, which opened up on the  
side of the hill, and made his way to  
the level of the Davis mine where he  
now stood. The mines were some-  
times connected in this way, though  
the abandoned passage would often be-  
come choked and blocked up by falling  
masses of ore.

But there was no time to lose, even  
with this unexpected avenue of escape.  
The two men caught up Eric and hur-  
ried as fast as their burden would al-  
low up the passage connecting the  
main with the deserted shaft. After  
walking with their burden about 200  
feet the drift turned abruptly to the  
right and began to ascend sharply. It  
grew more difficult to carry Eric, but  
the danger from the water was now  
over. The old passage was really a  
tunnel let into the side of the hill at a  
sharp incline instead of a shaft sunk  
down vertically from above. When  
they had reached a point above the im-  
mediate reach of the water, they sank  
down exhausted again, and by the  
flickering light Stuart first noticed who  
his rescuer was.

"I haven't any cards with me, but I'll  
introduce myself," he said in a tone  
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should certainly have drowned if you  
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ed escape for a man possibly, but not  
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He was not dead, but unconscious. And  
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He supported Eric as best he could.

Eric groaned and closed his eyes.  
Then he opened them again, and the  
sight of Stuart's pale face seemed to  
tell him a part of the truth. The water  
was running over the hand of his right  
arm, which hung down helpless from  
his wounded shoulder. He raised him-  
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culty.

"You will drown. Leave me. I am  
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"No, no, Eric. I will not leave you  
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most cheerfully. Eric's face was draw-  
ing over close to Stuart's shoulder.  
Stuart kissed his cheek and at that  
very moment he heard a man's voice  
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He shouted back in reply and wait-  
ed. Again the cry came in response.  
Some one was coming down the lad-  
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nature of the passage would allow, for  
the next time the cry was uttered Stuart  
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point where the last round of the lad-  
der remained, saying very distinctly  
and in even precise English, "Who is  
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"It is I, Stuart Duncan. I am here  
with Eric, and he is hurt and helpless.  
I can't lift him up alone."

"I always believed in being on time,"  
replied the voice. "If you can move me  
under the foot of the shaft I will throw  
you this rope."

Stuart lifted Eric from his position  
and plunged over toward the ladder  
hole. The water was above his shoul-  
ders. A rope was thrown, and he se-  
cured it under Eric, who had again  
fainted from the pain and shock. Then,  
with an exercise of strength and skill  
such as men possess in times of facing  
death, the two men, one above and one  
below, succeeded in drawing Eric up,  
and the man above secured him some-  
how, while Stuart, using the sides of  
the ladder for support, pulled himself  
out of that watery grave.

He was not a minute too soon, for  
the water was flowing in more rapidly  
now, and the large cavity at the bot-  
tom being almost filled the torrent be-  
gan to rise in the shafts very fast. He  
had no time to ask any questions of his  
rescuer. All three were in great pain.  
The ladders were blazing above them  
and the water rising below them. With  
superhuman exertions they lifted Eric  
up. When they came to places where  
the ladders were badly broken, they  
were obliged to use their utmost skill  
to move the body in safety. Once they  
were so long about starting up again  
that the water caught up with them,  
and Stuart, who was the last one, felt  
the torrent swirling around his feet.

At last, after a struggle that left  
them completely exhausted, they  
reached the first drift from the bot-  
tom. There was a wooden platform  
here, and the drift ran out into the  
sides of the hill several hundred feet.  
Stuart and his unknown rescuer had  
a moment panting against the side  
of the wall, while Eric lay on the plat-  
form to all appearances lifeless.

"We can't stay here long," gasped  
Stuart. "See the water coming up!"

He pointed down the black well, from  
which they had climbed so painfully.  
The rushing water and the falling in  
ore banks made a terrifying uproar  
about them.

"We can get out on this level," re-  
plied his companion.

"What! How's that? We are 80  
feet below ground here!"

"The old Beury shaft opens into this  
drift. I walked in here the other morn-  
ing myself. Here is where I heard you  
shout for help. There! Don't you feel  
that breeze blowing through the drift?"

Stuart turned his face and felt the  
passing of a cool wave of air. And  
then it flashed across his memory that  
several years before, when a boy, he  
had himself climbed down into the old  
Beury shaft, which opened up on the  
side of the hill, and made his way to  
the level of the Davis mine where he  
now stood. The mines were some-  
times connected in this way, though  
the abandoned passage would often be-  
come choked and blocked up by falling  
masses of ore.

But there was no time to lose, even  
with this unexpected avenue of escape.  
The two men caught up Eric and hur-  
ried as fast as their burden would al-  
low up the passage connecting the  
main with the deserted shaft. After  
walking with their burden about 200  
feet the drift turned abruptly to the  
right and began to ascend sharply. It  
grew more difficult to carry Eric, but  
the danger from the water was now  
over. The old passage was really a  
tunnel let into the side of the hill at a  
sharp incline instead of a shaft sunk  
down vertically from above. When  
they had reached a point above the im-  
mediate reach of the water, they sank  
down exhausted again, and by the  
flickering light Stuart first noticed who  
his rescuer was.

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