ENTOMBED FOR 13 DAYS.

THE PLUCKY FIGHT FOR LIFE OF MINER STEVENS.

His Rescuers Dug Through 127 Feet of Rock to Save Him — He Tapped with His Hammer Now and Then to Let the Boys Know He Was There — Dense Darkness and No Food.

A remarkable instance of physical endurance has been brought to notice in Arizona, where a miner was entombed for thirteen days in the Mammoth mine by a cave-in, and his rescuers dug through 127 feet of hard porphyritic rock to save his life. James Stevens, the miner is a man of medium size. An Englishman, by birth, he has lived in the mines of Colorado for eighteen years, during which time his habits were of the most regular nature. It was due to his past life and his sturdy constitution that he survived the ordeal of existing in a narrow drift underground without food or water in dense darkness for thirteen days. Men have survived a longer fast than that he was forced to undergo, but not under discouraging conditions.

"I am feeling pretty well now," he said in an interview, "though kind of weak there"—rubbing his hand across his stomach—"and. my legs are still shaky. I've quit gaining in flesh, now, though I still lack ten or twelve pounds of weighing what I did before the cave-in. But you should have seen me grow the first days after I was out. I could feel the flesh coming on just the same as I felt it leaving me in the mine. I weighed 156 pounds before, and when they pulled me out I weighed only 112 pounds. I lost that weight in just thirteen days and ten hours."

Stevens went to work on his shift in the second level of the mine at 8 o'clock in the evening. At 10.30 o'clock the miners in camp were surprised by

A TERRIFIC CRASH.

accompanied by great clouds of dust arising from the two shafts of the Mammoth mine. As the dust cleared away it was found that the entire territory embraced between the original location shaft and the subsequent working shaft had caved in, breaking down heavy timbering and permanently closing drifts, worked-out stopes, and connecting passages. As the miners gathered about the scene some one called out, "Stevens was in No. 2," and the men rushed to the prospect shaft to examine its condition. They found that the sides had caved in and filled with debris so that all hope of rescue in that way was at an end. Without loss of time it was decided to drive a shaft as near as possible to the mouth of the drift in which Stevens was buried. A few hours proved that the proposed rescue shaft was in too dangerous a place, and the work was abandoned.

The miners agreed that the only way to reach Stevens was by sinking a new shaft far enough away from the cave-in to make the work safe. This meant that a depth of 127 feet through solid rock of a hard quality must be reached before the miner could be rescued. In ordinary times such a task would require a month's time at least, but the miners thought they could do it in less time, and the work began. Relays were arranged, and by working steadily night and day the shaft rapidly deepened through the solid rock. As soon as depth was gained a steam hoist was rigged over the shaft to facilitate the removal of the debris. Every blow struck was done without loss of time, and every move was calculated to advance the work. Water was let down to the perspiring workmen, and as soon as one set grew weary they were lifted to the surface and a fresh shift dropped down.

As day after day went by the suspense of the men working above was hard to bear. After the tenth day had passed and 100 feet had been gained, the fears of the weary workers that Stevens might be dead or

HOPELESSLY INSANE.

made them wonder if they could make the remaining distance through the rock in time to save him. Only at long intervals did work cease for a moment to give opportunity to listen to faint knocking below, which was the only way they could know if Stevens was yet alive.

But their anxiety was nothing to the suspense of the imprisoned miner. In a hesitating way Stevens told his story:

"When I went to work on Sunday night, the old timbers in the worked-out portion of the mine were creaking at a great rate and the dirt was flying. That was nothing unusual, for it had been going on for a long time. We all knew that the cave-in must come some time, but nobody was looking for it quite so soon. Preparations had been made to fill in the stopes with dirt from the new extensions in order to make that old part safe. I was working alone in the second level extension into new ground, away from the old workings.

"About 9 o'clock I left the breast of the drift where I was working and went back to where the drift leaves the prospect shaft. My coat and dinner pail and other things were there. As I wound my watch I listened to the creakings of the timbers, which seemed louder than ever. It sounded pretty bad, I thought, and I wondered if I hadn't better get out. But the noises did not get any worse, and I went back to work. Once in a while I would stop and listen. The noises were going right along, rumbling, crashing and groaning. Finally I decided that it was a pretty bad case, and I picked up my tools and started for the shaft.

"Dust was now flying and the timbers nearest me began to snap. The noises seemed coming nearer and nearer. I paused a moment to listen again, and that pause saved my life. I knew I would have to do some climbing over broken timber, with mighty little time to do it in. I realized that it was bound to be a bad case of cave-in, and I didn't like to mix up in it.

"As I stood in the drift, thinking what it was best to do, there came a fearful roar, the ground about me trembled, and I knew it was all up with me. I could hear the old timbers crashing as they broke under the weight of the mass of rock above them and the thud of

THE ROCK AND DIRT

falling down into the lower drifts and stopes. I jumped back and ran toward the breast of the drift. The air blew in strong, puffed out my candle and filled my throat with dust.

"Soon it was all over, and as soon as I could relight my candle I set out with my tools to explore. I found that the dirt had filled up the mouth of the drift for twenty-five feet, and I set to work to dig a passage to the shaft. I knew I must have air, and if I could reach the shaft my chances were good. It happened that the air box was not injured, and as soon as I had cleared a space to that I knew I was safe for some days to come. I kept on digging to find if I could get out in a short time, but soon the dirt began to cave in around me and I had to quit.

"Then I lay down and tried to think it all out. I was penned in good and tight, and there was nothing to do but to wait, and, maybe, die. As soon as I had made up my mind to the situation I began to take account of stock. I found I had a piece of cake and two pieces of pie in my dinner bucket and about two quarts of water. I had two candles and fifteen matches. My tobacco I threw away, thinking that it might cause me more harm than good. I decided not to eat excepting when the pangs of hunger grew too severe and then only to take a small nibble of the pie or the cake. I might as well have eaten the food all at one time, for the nibbles seemed only to make the pains more severe.

"About noon on Monday my candles gave out and the rest of the time I was in darkness. I managed to keep track of the passing of time, however. My watch is an old key-winder, and I knew that it took two turns to make the watch run an hour. I had wound it up tight at 9 o'clock Sunday night when I last looked at it, so that by winding it up and keeping track of the number of turns the key made I told of the hours so well that when I was finally rescued I was not out of the way more than a half hour.

"I soon made up my mind that I must save my strength as much as possible, so I

QUIT ALL WORK

and tried to sleep as much as possible. I kept close to the place where I could hear the sound of the drilling above me, and tried to calculate how long I must hold out. I knew the nature of the rock, and the depth they had to go, and had some doubt about their ability to reach me before death ended my troubles.

"About three hours after the cave-in I heard sounds of rescue work. First it was a rapping on the airbox, and I knew that the men must be down in the third level near the main working shaft, for the airbox came up to the new extension from there. I took my hammer and rapped back, and then they knew that I was alive. Then they began to sink near the prospect shaft. I listened to their working when I was not sleeping, until on Wednesday all sound ceased. I listened and waited, and wondered what had happened. Not a blow was struck for five hours. It was then that I began to give up hope. If they could not reach me that way, how was I to escape. That was the toughest day of the whole time. I was in intense pain from hunger and thirst. My throat hurt me very much. It was hot and stinging pains chased each other right along. Sometimes the stomach pains were so severe that I was helpless and after they would die away I lay back exhausted. The last bit of food had disappeared on Tuesday noon. It was just as well that no other man was left in the drift with me, for one of us would have certainly eaten the other.

"There was not a drop of water in the drift after my canteen was exhausted, and my throat pains were frightful. After that awful silence of five hours on Wednesday I heard sounds in a new place. I located them up in new ground and then I knew that they were going to sink for me through rock. I was doubtful about it. I seized up my strength and decided that I might hold out nine or ten days altogether. Three days were already gone and they had to blast through 127 feet of solid rock.

"The pains now eased up, and the spasms occurred only once or twice a day. I realized I was

GETTING WEAKER RAPIDLY.

and I felt as though my flesh was dropping off. My knees grew so weak that I could hardly stand. I wondered if, after all, I should die easy, with no horrible pangs of thirst or hunger. I slept all I could, and the only exertion I made was to knock with my hammer once or twice a day to let them know that I was still alive. The last day was the hardest to bear. I was afraid that they might give up and conclude that I was dead. The pains increased, and I was in constant agony. My mind was beginning to weaken, but I tried to think rationally. I hammered and scraped every little while to assure them that I was alive. This made them think I was crazy, I afterward learned.

"On Saturday morning about 7 o'clock I saw light and the glisten of a drill point. I jumped up and shouted, "Is that you, Joe?"

"'That you Jim?' came back to me.

"'For God's sake give me water,' I called.

"'Can't do it, old fellow,' the answer came, and then the men went to work faster than ever.

"In a few moments they had made a hole and I was pulled through. They would give me no water, but some medicine, and then they put me back in the drift to wait until the sun went down. They said the mercury was 105 degrees and that I could not stand the heat and light. After sundown I was hauled out in a bucket and the men cheered. They wanted to carry me to the reading room, but I would not have it and I walked a hundred yards. Then I went to bed. For three days more they made me do without water, giving me only medicine. I had to live on chicken broth for two days and still without water. Then I drank and ate a smashing dinner. The first three days I gained fifteen pounds and I mended rapidly after that. The boys got up a benefit ball for me and the company paid me full wages for the time I was underground and did not charge a cent for my board."

Stevens is 45 years of age and a thoroughly experienced miner.

LONDON IS OVERGROWN.

Proposition to Decentralize the Great Municipality.

It is rather noteworthy that while the people of Greater New York are doing all they can to forward the project of uniting the citizens of New York and Brooklyn under one municipal government, there is on foot in London a movement the purpose of which is directly the opposite of that entertained by the ambitious Americans who are eager to create a city whose numbers will cause it to take second place in the world's list with a good show of leading in the not remote future.

Not long ago, after considerable agitation, the citizens of London succeeded in persuading parliament to pass what was known as the local government act, under which the London county council was organized. For some time the new system seemed to give satisfaction. The critics of municipal affairs, as a rule, pronounced it a decided improvement, on the old plan of government by vestries, and there was good reason to believe that the effort to make a homogeneous city of the wide-spreading habitation constituting London would prove a permanent success.

It is still admitted that the county council has made many important improvements but such projects as the widening of the Strand, the opening of new approaches to

THE TOWER BRIDGE,

the construction of greatly needed cross thoroughfares leading out of Holborn and the clearing of narrow streets in the vicinity of the houses or parliament must remain in obeyance until some reformation can be effected in the method of taxation by which the rate payer, upon whom all the burdens of improvements now fall will obtain some relief.

But Mr. Chamberlain, who seems to be the foremost figure in the existing government, not excepting Salisbury, regards with disfavor the cause of London unity, and is lending his powerful support to a scheme of decentralization, which if finally carried out, would reduce London to a mere geographical expression. The plan is to erect the metropolitan areas into separate municipalities. If this is done there might be some improvement in the minor details of government, but there is reason to believe that the policy which won for Chamberlain such distinguished triumphs in the early part of his career, can never be carried out, and London will have permanently inflicted upon her the private water and gas companies, and will have to abandon all hope of an improved transit system and many other things which could only be secured by united action.

The stand taken by Chamberlain is surprising when his former attitude is recalled, and can only be explained on the hypothesis that he has surrendered to the powerful vested interests which have London in their grasp. The water, gas and dock companies of London are receiving enormous returns on a tremendous capitalization, and they are determined to maintain their hold as long as possible. They realize perfectly if the county council's plans are systematically carried out, that in time they must surrender their

VALUABLE PRIVILEGES

for it is the aim of those who advocate the unity of London to emulate the example of such provincial cities as Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dundee, Leeds and Huddersfield, and provide Greater Lond on with all the facilities which have made the municipal governments of the places named so decided a success. That Chamberlain should be in practical opposition to such plans at this late day will not improve his reputation. It will be difficult to persuade the people of London that his separatist programme is a sound one when they compare the relative backwardness of the metropolis with the progress of the provincial cities and the cities of the continent.

There may be drawbacks in the administration of the political affairs of so great an aggregation of people as London has, but there ought to be some mode of overcoming them in the the interest of that homogeneity which seem so essential to the futherance of broad plans of improvement. It would be more statesmanlike if Chamberlain would set himself the task of curing defects complained of instead of promoting a decentralization movement which will almost certainly result in the retention of all the evils, although they may be slightly disguised by spreading them over a couple of scores of municipalities.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Jones—I wish old Richmond would give me a tip on stocks.

Smith—If he did, you'd be wishing you could tell whether it was straight or not.

VERY MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR

SENSATIONAL INSURANCE CASE PUZZLING ENGLAND.

Thomas and Harry Johnson Went Out in a Boat and but One Returned — The Missing Man Could Swim — The Brother's Evidence.

Attempts to defraud life insurance companies by false reports of death, or by producing a body procured from some medical college and swearing that is the body of some one who is insured, have been of more or less frequent occurrence. In England, however, a recent case has been exploited at great length in the newspapers. The London Daily Mail, in discussing the case, says:—"The award of Mr. Houghton, the arbitrator in the Port Erin mystery inquiry, has now been made, and it is sensational in its implications. It will be remembered that in this case, Thomas Johnson, a Huddersfield boot manufacturer, went out on a boating trip with one of his brothers, in Port Erin Bay, Isle of Man, on July 23 last. The brother was rescued, having been found clinging to a rock close to Bradda Head, while the boat in which both were was found close by, Thomas Johnson was never afterward heard of, and his executors claimed the insurance, policies having been taken out in the Railway Passengers' Insurance Company, £1,000 the New York Mutual Insurance, £10,000, and in other companies the remainder, making a total of £13,000.

The Railway Passengers' Insurance Company, who were the defendants in the case, refused to meet the demand, on the ground that there was no satisfactory evidence of the death of Thomas Johnson. One of the peculiarities of the inquiry consisted in the allegation of fraud and conspiracy, it being alleged that Thomas Johnson had escaped up the cliff and disappeared. This was denied by the Johnson family.

The arbitrator found that it had not been proved to his satisfaction that Thomas Johnson was drowned on July 23, 1896, or that he is dead, and he gave costs against the plaintiffs, including the cost of the award.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Where, then, is Thomas Johnson, and why did he so mysteriously disappear? The matter should not be allowed to rest here. The issue of fraud and conspiracy having been raised, and the decision having been won by the side which made such allegations of fraud, the matter obviously ought to be thrashed out further in the criminal courts. Certain it is if Thomas Johnson be alive he should either be prosecuted for endeavoring to work a picturesque and wide-spread swindle, or else he should have to remain for the remainder of his life dead to the world. The country should never be safe for his return to it.

In the meantime the insurance company charged one of the brothers, Harry Johnson, with being a party to the fraud, and Harry Johnson should be put upon his trial to be either convicted or cleared of suspicion.

In addition to the insurances effected, amounting to £13,000, the missing Thomas Johnson, the man who is either a corpse or corpse impersonator, visited several other offices and sought to take out policies for fatal accident—with the Hand-in-Hand Company, for instance, for £5,000, and the Palatine for £5,000. Both refused, the Hand-in-Hand's manager explaining since that he did not like the way in which, through all the negotiations, Thomas Johnson would not hear of any form of policy other than that for fatal accident.

Within three days had Thomas Johnson made proposals to different offices to insure his life for £10,000. The statements in three proposal forms were false and fradulent.

AN EXPERT SWIMMER.

This anxiety to effect large insurances against accident was at the time when Thomas Johnson was practising with his swimming machines and diving dress. Almost every day during the bathing season in 1896 Thomas went to the Huddersfield swimming baths and practised in order to be ready for emergencies. In July he was also prepared to fit himself with a disguise, and so the black false beard was ordered, but why it was taken to the Isle of Man there was not evidence to show.

As counsel representing the insurance interests pointed out during the investigation which failed to establish Thomas Johnson's death, there was much that was suspicious in the visit of Thomas and Harry Johnson to the scene of the alleged accident, and their walks to Bradda Head, and apparently careful examination of the zig-zag path. The story about the boat accident does not hold water. There was some swell, but no such sea as could possibly have so canted the boat as to fling Thomas and Harry into the water—regard being had that the boat was a heavy one, with fourteen footkeel and four and one-half foot beam.

All the boatmen concurred in saying that the boat was uninjured, or only very slightly injured, and so the suggestion that the boat was upset by striking a rock was untenable. When the office was informed of the "accident," they asked for a statement by one or more of the boatmen, but no such statement was furnished. The disappearance of the body under the conditions which obtained on July 23 was most suspicious, and the evidence of Captain Phillips and Captain Green after their experiments was conclusive that, with the set of the tide and currents, the body of a drowned man would have been seen and recovered. Harrison, the attendant at the Huddersfield baths, testified that Thomas Johnson was a strong swimmer.

The demeanor of Harry Johnson after the accident showed that he was not at all anxious about search being made for the body of his brother. The insurance company has been open from the first, and said that Harry had been a party to the fraud. There is no escape from the situation. Insurance companies, not being able to afford to refuse payment on policies effected with them are daily the prey of a certain class of persons—that is common knowledge—and a prosecution should follow this failure of the arbitrator's to find proof of Thomas Johnson's alleged death.

FOR THE HUMAN VOICE

ELECTRICITY NOW USED TO REFRESH AND STRENGTHEN IT.

Doctor Montier's Interesting Experiments —A Boon for all Whose Vocal Chords Are Weak or Fatigued — A Pleasant Treatment.

Electricity is now being used in Paris for the purpose of strengthening the human voice. Dr. Montier was the first to use it in this way and his experiments in this line are exceptionally interesting. He discovered by mere chance that the vocal organs could be benefited by the use of electricity, and now he says unhesitatingly, that there is no greater boon for singers and all others whose voices need to be strengthened than franklinization, by which he simply means the application of electricity. For tired or weak voices it is especially the ideal tonic, the "dynamogene" par excellence.

M. Granier, a member of the Paris Conservatory of Music, collaborated with Dr. Montier in making his experiments, and the result of their investigations was the positive discovery that, while electricity can benefit the human voice greatly, there are certain limits beyond which it cannot go. For example, in case of a lesion, it can do no good. It cannot give speech to the dumb, neither can it give new life to vocal chords which are either broken or utterly exhausted. It can do much but it cannot resuscitate the dead. The physical integrity of the organ is by no means all that is required in the case of the human voice, and especially of the singing voice, which is a singularly delicate instrument, and which if imperfect is of little use. The slightest disturbance of the nervous system, even though there be no apparent lesion, is sufficient to spoil it, since in this way are produced ailments which may be called dynamic and in some cases immaterial.

SIMPLE TREATMENT.

Such troubles are usually the result either of overword or of violent emotions, or of excesses of all kinds, or of that depression which is produced by certain diseases such as chlorosis and neuresthenia. In all such cases the singer, though he may not have actually lost his voice, seems to have forgotten how to use it. The fact is, he is unable to govern his breathing, and no one who lacks power in this direction can hope to sing properly. The singer who is unable to control either the miscles of the chest and throat on the sonorous vibrations of the vocal chords, or the respiratory rhythm, feels the same difficulty in singing that a person suffering from locomotor ataxia feels when he attempts to walk.

At this point electricity comes to the rescue, and in the simplest manner possible. The patient seats himself on a stool with glass feet, which is connected with the negative pole of an electrical machine, and while he is in that position the electricity is administered in such a manner that his throat feels the immediate effects of it. This treatment lasts from ten to twenty-five minutes, according to the impressionability of the patient. After twelve or fifteen seances of this treatment, which is said to be delightful, sometimes even after two or three seances, the voice is said to recover all its scope and original power. Almost always, too, it is said, to receive a new freshness and purity as a result of this treatment. At the same time the sense of weariness vanishes, the breathing becomes more easy, more tractable and more ample, and the passage from one register to the other is made with more facility.

In a word, what Dr. Montier describes is so thorough a transformation that persons are now asking whether it will not soon be possible to fashion entirely new voices and even to give serviceable voices to the deaf. Emile Gautier, too, asks in all seriousness whether the hour may not be close at hand when every lyric theatre will have its electro-therapeutist, just as it has its orchestar leader, who will be always on duty and who will on demand be able to furnish a new tenor or a new soprano.

THE TIGER SNAKE.

There is no known antidote for the bite of the tiger snake of Australia. Persons bitten die almost instantly, and the Government has a standing offer of £1,000 for any one who will discover a remedy. Some few years ago a man actually discovered an efficacious antidote. To prove its value he allowed himself to be bitten repeatedly by snakes in full possession of the power to kill. One day he gave an exhibition before some Government officials, but, being much under the influence of liquor, he did not recollect what he had done with his antidote, and he died shortly after the snake bite, his secret perishing with him.

UP AND DOWNS.

Betterdays has come down in the world, hasn't he?

Decidedly. He's living on the top floor of a tenement.

WHERE THE FLIES GO.

No we don't notice the flies so much now at our boarding house.

Don't you?

No; we have blueberry cakes twice a day.