

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 here" - 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 weighting 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 would my watch I listened to the creaking 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, creaking 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 water. I found 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 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 acute. "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 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 I 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 morning I thought I was crazy, I afterward learned.

"On Saturday morning about 7 o'clock I saw light and the glister of a drill that 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 obedience 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 Liverpool, Birmingham, Dundee, Leeds and Huddersfield, and provide Greater London 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 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 interest of that homogeneity which seem so essential to the furtherance 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.



After.... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Advertisement for Pyny-Pectoral, a cough and cold remedy. It includes text like 'Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS' and 'W. C. McComber & Son, Montreal'.

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

Large advertisement for Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, 'Weak, Nervous, Diseased Men'. It features a portrait of a man and extensive text about medical treatments for various ailments.

Advertisement for Bristol's Sarsaparilla and Coated Pills, describing it as 'The Greatest of all Liver, Stomach and Blood Medicines'.

Advertisement for Farmers, Threshers and Millmen, listing various agricultural machinery and repair services.

Advertisement for Ladies' Luxuries, including 'The Luxury of Security' and 'Dr. LeRoy's Female Pills'.

Large vertical advertisement for 'The Mortgage' and 'Frost & V' real estate services, including details about property sales and mortgages.