

explosion, which tore out one end of the building and half blinded Dick, who had fortunately crouched down behind the hoist. Although shaken and confused by the explosion, he was virtually unhurt, and noted with relief that the engine was still working. The bucket, he judged, was now about half-way up the shaft. The side walls were blazing fiercely, and the heat was almost unbearable. A tongue of flame wrapped itself around his head, burning off the hair on one side, and part of his eyebrows and mustache. Fortunately, however, the smoke was blown away from him by the wind, so that he could still see and breathe freely.

Another and more serious danger now confronted him. Over toward his left, near the corner of the building where the fire was thickest and the floor was burning, he saw a pile of sticks of giant-powder. Just as he caught sight of them he heard his companions calling in the shaft. He knew he must save them from the coming explosion, if possible, so he pushed the lever over, stopping the engine just as, with a few preliminary sputters of flame, the giant-powder exploded.

It tore the building completely to pieces. Dick was thrown into the air, only to fall

doubled up across the drum of the hoist, where for a few moments he lay stunned.

He slowly regained consciousness, and managed to crawl over the drum to the floor. Deaf and half-blinded, with burned hands he groped for the hot iron starting-lever, found it, and almost by instinct started the engine, which, wonderful to relate, had not been injured. In a few minutes the men reached the mouth of the shaft.

Dick was at once carried to camp, put on the first train, and sent down to me, and the same evening I treated him. With hair, eyebrows, and mustache half burned off, one eye swollen and useless, hands and face blistered, almost deaf, bruised in many places, and with hat and clothes charred full of holes, he presented a sorry sight. Thanks to his splendid physique and healthy life, he soon made a perfect recovery, and when I last heard of him was somewhere in the wilds of Canada working on a claim as usual.

When I suggested that he had done a brave thing, he replied quietly: "Oh, no, Doc. Any one in camp would have done the same. You see, the boys were in danger below, and there was nothing else to do."

DISCOVERY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

OUT of the Eden of my love,
The little house so lean and spent,
The little room where, like a dove,
Under the rafters lives my love,
Back to the bustling world I went.

I wandered down the dusty street.
Men jostled there and laughed and swore,
But in the throbbing and the beat,
The Babel of the feverish street,
Was something that was not before.

Deep into each pale, passing face
I gazed in wonder. What strange gleam
Had in this gray and sordid place
Clothed as with glory each pale face,
And lit dim eyes with dream?

Like an explorer midst those eyes,
By unimagined deeps I trod;
And, lo! where yesterday were lies
And lusts in those world-hardened eyes,
I saw the stars of God.



Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

"THE LADY WITH THE ROSE." BY FRANS HALS

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—III)