

IN A KILN-TOP

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

LIVING his heavy four-horse wagon up on the stage beside the open kiln, Harry Sanders stopped his horses and twined his reins round the whipstock standing in its case on the right seat. Then he pulled on his athorn "grabs," and began to pitch his ad of lime-rock, piece by piece, into the granite-lined pit that yawned below him, vomiting forth a ceaseless tide of smoke and heat.

Underneath, in the body of the kiln, were 20 or 30 tons of lime-rock in every stage of burning, from the thoroughly-cindled lumps at the bottom, which needed only shoveling out and cooling to prepare them for packing in the bks, to the fragments last thrown in the top, crusted with coal soot, but yet heated enough to show any signs crumbling. From this mass, through which the arches sent a steady flood of flaming flame, spun out by the forced draft, rose a mingled column of carbonic acid gas and coal smoke, a deadly combination for the human lungs.

"If a man ever falls into one of those pits, he's done!" a burner had once remarked; and no one who had seen the baking pits in full blast would be likely to question the truth of the assertion.

It was Monday morning, and the rock in the kiln had settled a considerable distance. The top was something over 12 feet in diameter. From this point the body of the furnace gradually contracted until just above the arches it measured barely eight feet across. Up to this point two or three yards of the surface was lined with fire-brick, but for the remainder of the distance blocks of so-called fire granite were employed.

The workmen below never intentionally put on fresh coal when a cart was unloaded above; but sometimes they could not avoid doing so, and then the driver was subjected to a very unpleasant smoking.

In this morning Sanders was unfortunate. He had not thrown off a dozen when he heard the scraping of wheels, and in a few seconds, curling through every crevice in the rough bottom, came the sooty vapor. Thick-grew, eddying and whirling round in choking clouds. But the team was unloaded, and he could not stop. The faster he worked the sooner he would be through.

With dropped heads the horses stood patiently, waiting for the signal to start. They were used to the smoke, and led, were so far forward that they did not get nearly so much as their driver was completely hidden by it. A speck of short distance away could not be told whether or not he was still on top of his load.

Sanders worked rapidly, tossing the coal one after another into the kiln. The wagon was perhaps a quarter of an especially large piece of rock, and stumbled forward. Then a fragment of his other foot gave way, and he heaved over the wheel into the mouth of the kiln. As he fell, he caught uningly at the whipstock, round which the reins were twisted. It yielded and the place where he had stood was gone. So blackly did the smoke roll from the wagon that a man ten feet off did not have seen him fall.

Almost before the driver had time to size what had occurred, he found himself sprawling in a loose, helpless heap on the rocks he had just thrown in. He was not yet heated through, but sharp corners cut and bruised him cruelly.

Instantly the deadly peril of his situation dawned upon him, and he sprang to feet, bent upon getting out at once. Firm, black and stifling, the smoke pressed him about like a shroud. He began to cough and choke. An ordinary man would have succumbed immediately to that fearful atmosphere, but Sanders had become so accustomed to breathing coal smoke that he did not readily to the fumes. He was perfectly aware that his life could be measured by a very few seconds unless he extricated himself at once from the fiery pit. Two quick steps brought him to the front wall. He pushed his hands up along the hot granite blocks, and found that he could reach well over the highest layer. A moment's grasp in some firm projection, the quick thrust of a boot-toe into a crack in the wall, and he would be out of his dilemma in a jiffy!

Even in the midst of his peril he was inclined to congratulate himself that the kiln in the kiln was no lower, for had distance to fall been greater he might have broken some bone, the heat would have been more intense, and the smoke would have made it impossible for him to get his hands over the top of the kiln.

He was on the point of lifting his toe and thrust it into some crevice in the wall when beneath his feet there came a sliding, a sinking. The driver's heart stood still with terror, for he knew too well the meaning of the sound. The kiln was settling! Down slumped the driver with a suddenness that almost threw him off his balance. The heated air inside the furnace sank barely two feet, but when the motion ceased the driver of Sanders' fingers rested on the ledge between the first and second layers of granite. He could no longer touch the top of the upper blocks.

It was death to stay, but how could he get out? The wall in front was now high for him to scale. Beneath his feet a dull red, dusky glow showed dimly between the rough pieces of rock. Rough every crevice the smoke oozed from the burning coal just thrown on the arches 20 feet below. The soles of his boots were scorching. He was blind, dizzy. In a minute or two,

at the utmost, he would be overcome by smoke and heat.

Round him curved the rugged, soot-blackened layers of granite, barely visible through the murky clouds. Above he caught a glimpse of blue sky darkened by whirling vapor. His eyes smarted intolerably. From the burning coal and heated rock a nauseous, penetrating odor rolled up to him. It was eating the lining out of his lungs. His strength grew less with every breath he was forced to take.

Dazed by his peril, Sanders stood motionless. Then from a crevice almost under his feet a thin, writhing tongue of flame, forked and lurid, darted suddenly up, wrestled for a moment with the smoke wreaths, and flickered out as quickly as it had come. The apparition brought the driver to his senses. Precious seconds were passing, and instant action was necessary.

Leaping up as high as he could, he threw his hands over the edge of the hot granite, and tried to lift himself to the top, but he slipped back almost immediately. The two feet that the rock had settled meant death to him unless he could devise some way to regain it.

All at once it flashed over him that he might throw the rocks he was standing on into a loose pile against the front wall, and thus make a heap high enough to help him clamber out. Could he have done this before the kiln settled, his safety would have been assured. Was there time to do it now?

Stooping, he grasped a three-cornered fragment and threw it against the wall. Another and then another followed. They were burning hot, except those he had just flung in from the top of his load. With bent head, facing the fumes that poured exhaustively up, and drawing them into his lungs with every choking breath, he fumbled madly over the hard black lumps.

In this fashion he heaped 13 or 14 pieces against the granite, and then stopped, feeling that to work longer would destroy his only hope of getting out. His eyes were bloodshot, his brain reeling. His temples throbbled as if they would burst. He could see nothing, could hear nothing but a confused roaring. Straightening up, he staggered forward. Two steps brought him again to the wall.

To his horror, he found that the pile he had built was not high enough. There was not time to add to it further. What should he do?

Fortunately, at that moment the wind veered. For a little while the smoke drew away to the westward, and left him standing clear in the heat. Only a few feet above him beyond the kiln edge he could see the wagon body and the backs and heads of his horses, their outlines wavering in the heated atmosphere that enveloped him. Then, as he dropped his eyes, he caught sight of something that gave him a sudden hope of escape. Over the granite hung the end of his reins, where they had fallen when he grasped unavailingly at the whipstock. Might he not take firm hold of these, start his horses, and thus be hoisted out of that fiery pit?

Barely had the idea suggested itself to him when the wind changed again, the smoke blew back, and once more shrouded him in its piteous clouds.

Sanders' brain was swimming. Strength and consciousness could not endure more than 20 seconds longer. His shoes were burning on his feet. His skin was shriveling and cracking.

With closed eyes he swayed forward, felt about until he found the loop of the reins, and hooked his fingers round them. It would not do for him to bear his whole weight upon them, for they might break and let him fall back, thus destroying his only chance. Even in his extremity he thought of that.

There was no time to waste. How should he start his horses? He tried to shout to them, but so cracked and feeble was his voice that they did not recognize it, and refused to move. Already ten of his precious seconds were gone.

Sanders stooped, picked up a fragment of rock, and launched it at random, through the smoke, in the direction of old white Billy, the off leader of the team. Fortunately, it struck the horse fairly on his flank, rousing him suddenly from his reverie. Billy started forward, and the others followed his lead. There was a heavy stamping of hoofs, a creaking of unrolled axles. The team was in motion.

The moment the driver flung the rock he seized the reins strongly again with both hands. Barely had he done so when the loop tightened with a quick jerk. It was the second he had been waiting for, the one on which his life depended. Without losing his hold he sprang up, sticking the tips of his toes into the interstices between the blocks of granite. The force of the pull hurled him against the wall, but he clung to the leathern straps with desperate energy.

Had the reins given way, all would have been lost. But they were new and strong, purchased the day before to replace an older pair, and they did not break. In a moment Sanders was dragged up and out of the kiln, across the granite edge, and along the planks of the staging, narrowly escaping being run over by the broad-tired wheels.

Less than a minute and a half had elapsed since the driver's feet first struck the bottom of the pit, but it would be hard to imagine a more fearful 90 seconds than that through which he had passed. As he looked back upon it afterward it seemed to him like a brief but horrible nightmare.—Youth's Companion.

Of Bodices and Waistcoats



THE NEWEST THING IN BLOUSES.

THE season by now is far enough advanced safely to make affirmations concerning what has caught the fancy of the careful dressers, and we have no hesitation in referring to the favor bestowed upon two new features, the tight bodice, the narrow waistcoat.

The one-time popular draped waist is with us again, and a very graceful, generally becoming style it is. Study of the figure of the wearer, a little experimentation and one can adjust the folds to give lines bringing out the best points of either the slender or the too stout form. Deepening the sharpness of the bodice at the waist line, and there is made a change for the better in the lines of the woman with superfluous avoirdupois; adding much fullness to the upper portion of the bodice, and the thin woman is aided to escape scrawliness of appearance. And another recommendation for the new waist is that it can be constructed comparatively easily, a home dressmaker should be able to build up a very satisfactory affair of this sort. But the bodice should be practically made on the person who is to wear it, as everything depends on the becomingness of the way in which the fullness lies.

Street waists and evening ones both follow the snug fitting, draped fashion, and for which it is the more suitable it would be hard to say. It is decidedly attractive when employed for an afternoon gown, and perhaps as effective a costume as has been seen this winter was the following: A dress of gray cloth, suitable because of the fineness of its material and the fashionableness of its make for any hour of the day or evening, was of that soft shade of gray that seems to melt into white. It had a very full skirt, but close around the hips, at the bottom a hint of silver trimming here and there. Double capes edged with lovely chinchilla fur opened over a vest of frills of creamy lace. The furs and hat were of the chinchilla.

We consider this bodice particularly girlish looking and yet suitable for young or old. Our illustrations suggest

FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES

Dressy Novelties and Furnishings Appearing in the Winter Costumes.

A small toque or a medium-sized hat of fine material, trimmed with a single good ostrich tip or some simple but uncommon bit of trimming and simply made, is always the best for women of limited means.

The newest veil is called the "Melba," and looks more like an exquisite lace flounce than a veil. It is deep and wide and circular, and made mostly of chantilly lace, with its flat, silky mesh and graceful patterns.

A charming black chiffon velvet costume shows a narrow empiement of sapphire blue velvet around the shoulders just below the yoke of point lace, which is not over two inches in depth. The stock is of this same exquisite lace.

A decided novelty is the turnover collar and cuffs of leather on wool shirt waists. The new raincoats and tailored suits exhibit other uses of leather in their lapels, collars, cuffs and waistcoats, which are promised even a more extensive vogue.

An odd and small toque is entirely in peacock-eye effects, the foundation being chenille embroideries, making the center of the peacock eyes. Folds of green and blue velvet, embroidered in smaller peacock eyes and laid in folds, form the soft brim, and loosely platted.

Instead of buttons one of the new bolero jackets of sable squirrel shows poppylike rosettes of raspberry velvet. There's one each side the neck and three each side the fronts from the bust line to the belt. A tiny ruffle of this velvet edges the bolero and is each side the narrow cuffs, each of which is held by one of the rosettes.

All of the new fur coats are braided and trimmed in various designs, in which braid plays a prominent part. Shirred ribbons, too, decorate the fur coats and the little furry accessories that make such a success of a similar toilet; and smart Hussar and Cossack braids and set pieces, which one may purchase separately and apply to the best advantage, appear on many of the costly sable and breitschwanz dolmans and paletots that are the choice of the wealthy for the winter season.

NEED TENSION AND REPOSE

Occasional Relaxation of the Different Members of the Body a Necessity.

The Delsarte system, which had such a vogue some years ago, gave instruction in regard to the relaxation of the various members of the body. It was in this that its chief value lay, says the Delineator. The systems of physical culture which have followed it have one and all embraced this idea. The bodily tension is much greater in some than in others. It is an unnecessary expenditure of nerve-power. To test how great is your bodily tension let out your breath, let your arms hang loose, and as some one has expressed it, "de-vitalize" yourself as far as possible. This relaxing process gives repose to the body, and some who have been victims of insomnia have been able to obtain sleep by it, though many are keyed up to a certain tension and are fretted and irritated by it, much as a horse whose head is checked too high. The process is to begin rapidly, flexing the joints first of the fingers, then turning the wrists, then bending the arms at the elbow joint, and then swinging them at the shoulder, and so on through the various sets of joints of trunk and lower extremities. The point is to do them easily, quickly and mechanically a certain number of times. Those who have great cares and anxieties and have to work hard and nerve themselves up to work have this tension unconsciously which racks and wears them without their realizing it until too late, when the result is a general breakdown or nervous prostration. Change of scene and occupation is more necessary to-day than in the olden time, since the demands upon time and brain have grown so much more exacting.

The methods of resting in lying down are often faulty. The correct position in bed for sleeping restfully and quietly is to have the head low. The pillow should be a thin one. One should sleep on the right side, as that leaves the heart more free: One should lie easily, the knees drawn up more or less as is comfortable. The whole tendency is to bend the body and the extremities—to roll up into a ball. This is natural, since it is the position that is taken during pre-natal life. Sleeping on the back, especially if the head is high, is apt to give uneasy slumbers and is conducive to nightmares. It is the practice of many while sleeping to place the hand or fist under the cheek, and while doing so to wrinkle the face. Such wrinkles often become permanent. Perfect sleep is necessary for good looks.

Mushroom Loaf.

Boil small mushrooms in water and butter for five minutes. Arrange them in a deep buttered baking dish, using alternate layers of mushrooms and bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and a slight grating of nutmeg, and pour over the whole the liquor in which the mushrooms were cooked. Bake in a brisk oven for eight minutes.—Chicago Post.

Tarnish on Silverware.

To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing warm them when well cleaned and paint them over with a thin solution of collodion in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. Articles so treated must be wiped only with dry cloths.—Household.

Didn't Hurt Him.

A dentist was asked by a patient: "Does pulling a front tooth like this one of mine hurt much?" "Not a bit! I never sprained my arm over anything but a molar," replied the dentist.—Chicago Tribune.

Relies on Court's Protection.

The Louisiana (Mo.) Press-Journal tells of a negro bootblack who was being "joshed" in a barber shop the other day. "If the grand jury had got at you," said a man, "it would have made you tell all about your crap shooting." "No, dey wouldn't," replied the bootblack, "cause de court done held dat a man don't hab to tell nothin' dat cremates hisself."—Kansas City Journal.

It is interesting to learn that the United States navy cost last year a little more than one dollar apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. This information comes from the secretary of the navy and it is calculated to stir up considerable pride in the patriotic fathers of large families.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ULCERS FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Painful Eruptions from Knees to Feet Seemed Incurable Until He Used Cuticura.

Another of those remarkable cures by Cuticura, after doctors and all else had failed, is testified to by Mr. M. C. Moss, of Gainesville, Texas, in the following letter: "For over thirty years I suffered from painful ulcers and a eruption from my knees to feet, and could find neither doctors nor medicine to help me, until I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, which cured me in six months. They helped me the very first time I used them, and I am glad to write this so that others suffering as I did may be saved from misery."

A Michigan editor has had a streak of bad luck. He was just about to step into his new \$10,000 automobile the other night when three bed rails gave way and he awoke.—Auto Era.

By recent scientific experiments Dr. Price, the famous food expert, has recently produced a Wheat Fluke Cereal Food which is highly nutritious, easy of digestion, and a most delicious every day food for all classes.

Chicago is to have a daily paper for women, about women, by women. Look out for scoops—also toques, Gaieties, bougies and turbans.—Indianapolis News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The etiquette of horsewhipping has been fixed. When a woman attacks, run.—Des Moines News.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Many a boy is sent to college because he doesn't seem to be good for anything else.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.



The Styles for Small Femininity

THE other day we came across a nut-brown maid that was like a late autumn leaf in coloring. Hair, eyes, hat, coat, frock, everything a leafy brown. And an argument in favor of dressing a child all in one color is that it gives the desired simplicity to the costume of the small one. Over-elaboration is to be avoided by all means in a child's wardrobe.

The maid referred to above had on a hat of furry beaver trimmed with a great bow of brown satin ribbon, her coat was of broadcloth made on broad, simple lines, her warm gloves brown silk, the little dress peeping out from the coat a pongee. Doubtless she had on her "best," and what a pretty and practical best it was.

Children's furs are to our liking this winter, a modest stole that just suits the little faces being the approved collar piece. And mamma wears a very similar fur piece on the mild days when one does not care to look all bunched up about the ears. The stoles, though not double, can be turned up about the ears in the severest weather, and so answer the double purpose of flat and storm collar. Whilst brown is a pretty fur, as is also a bit of seal-skin, for the child, a stole, yet nothing equals white furs in the way of adding the proper touch of baby beauty. And one need not imagine this means expensive ermine, there are two or three white furs offered that are extremely pretty and not necessarily expensive. Children's muffs are not very large.

Many frocks are made up with a variety of waists to be worn under the popular suspended skirts, and this fashion has much in its favor; it gives opportunity for variety; it means the costume can be kept dainty, as the separate waist and sleeves can be washed; and in nine cases out of ten the style is good for the immature child figure. They are very bright and



FOR A DAINTY LITTLE MISS.

becoming when the skirt and straps are of gray plaid, the waist of red silk. In warm weather the lower part can be used with white muslin waists, and behold a summer costume evolved from the winter one. A welcome state of affairs to a busy mother.

Very small misses wear bonnets and they this season are as quaint as imagination can picture. There are Dutch bonnets of velvet, the frills about the face of chiffon; and very lovely is a thing of this sort about a flowerlike baby face. There are big pointed bonnets, demure Quaker head-coverings, almost anything that will make the wee maid look as though she had just stepped out of a picture.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

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