

'THE BRIDE'S HERO'

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Next Week—"THE WOMAN'S LAW," by Maravene Thompson.

(Continued from our last issue.)
"Oh I hope he didn't mean to go down the mine!" I sighed, more to myself than Miss Timpson. Then, aloud, I asked her if she knew exactly what had been the result of the explosion.

"Just as I was starting off, the coachman told me news had come that nobody could get down at first. But there was something said about an unused shaft they thought of trying, and a rescue party volunteered."

"I shall get a cab and drive to the coal mine," I said.

"Oh, Sandy, you'll do no such thing!" exclaimed my old nurse maid.

"Dear Miss Timpson, I must, and there's no good trying to keep me back," I said. "And I don't want you to come with me."

With a sigh that was almost a sob, Miss Timpson turned away. I found a porter to look after her and my luggage, and then got another to call me a cab.

Arriving at the mine, I found the wives of the trapped men had crowded near to the pit-mouth where a thin line of policemen held them back. I joined the crowd of shawled figures, and, moving quietly along the fringe, came upon a woman I knew.

"Oh, Mrs. Harbord, is—is your husband down there?" I stammered.

"It's 'er leddyship!" the miner's wife muttered. "No, thank God, my mester be'n't down. He was up with the first gang, but he's my lad. He's there. I don't ne'er hope 't set eye on him livin' ag'in."

"Hasn't Sir Miles gone down to help?" I asked.

"He has that, my leddy—went with the first party—down the old shaft they don't use now."

"Mrs. Harbord, I whispered, "please come away with me a minute—oh, please! I've something I must say to you alone."

She let me draw her out of the crowd.

"Will you lend me a suit of your boy's clothes? I want to go down with the rescue party. I'm not a girl, I shall die—and they won't let a woman go down."

Lizzie Harbord's house is one of those nearest to the mine. In three minutes we were there, and soon I had donned her son's Sunday clothes.

"That's aw roight, m' leddy!" exclaimed the woman. "They'll let thee pass, no fear. They're none too partiar, toimes like this."

When the manager asked me, as I pushed forward—head bent and face in shadow—if any one of my family was buried in the mine, I nodded, with a stifled sob. I dared not trust my woman's voice to answer.

As our cage landed, with a slight crash, at the bottom of the old shaft, I heard the men saying to each other that the "gas" had got here before them. But the lights still burned. We could breathe, though there was a weight on our chests.

Jim Harbord took the lead. We followed him, he and the other men calling out from time to time; but no answer came to them except a dull echo. And the air grew heavier with every step we took.

By and by we reached a parting of the ways, which Jim had prophesied. One gallery, he thought, was a short cut, but the explosion at the other end of the mine had caused much of the roof to fall in. The other gallery, a longer path to our destination, was clearer. The manager and Jim Harbord were inclined to think we had best take it, but it was a question whether the first rescue party might not have passed along the supposed short-cut before the roof gave way.

Something told me this had happened; and because I dared

not speak lest my voice betray and cause my dismissal, I suddenly resolved not to await the general verdict.

No one noticed me as I edged toward the gallery.

Sometimes I had to crawl on hands and knees. But at last my straining eyes caught a faint, flitting gleam of light far ahead.

As I drew nearer, I saw a tall man carrying the limp form of a boy in his arms, and leading a shadowy figure that grasped his coat and stumbled after him.

Another moment, and a lifting of the head that wore the lamp showed me Miles.

Suddenly, not ten yards behind me, there came a tremendous splashing noise, like wood giving way under strain, and this was instantly followed by a roaring sound as of tons of coal falling.

I heard a shout. Miles' voice answered: "Don't give up, Dennis. We're shut in both ways now, but they'll have us out sooner or later. We can't be far from the old shaft where I came down. Trust your pals. They'll save you yet."

"I'm done, sir! I can't fight no longer," the other voice answered, breaking into a weary sob.

"You're not done unless you think so," Miles said, bravely. "Why, you've held out through all the worst, when men stronger than you broke down. Let's try and bring this boy back to life."

There was no need to hide myself any longer, since we were doomed to die. I had not strength or courage to die alone, since for the asking I could have the comfort of Miles' presence.

"Miles!" I cried, softly. "I saw him start."

"Did some one call?" he asked. "It's I—Sandy," I answered, and stole forward so that he could see me dimly.

"Am I dreaming—you?" he said.

"No," I cut him short. "I am really here. But it was a dream that brought me."

"I came close to him and took of his hat."

"You are dressed like a boy!" he said.

"Yes; I borrowed Tom Harbord's clothes."

"Tom Harbord! I've brought him here. I hoped to save him. He was unconscious from the fire-damp—and he hasn't waked up. John Dennis was the only other one with life enough to move—and he's given in now. Are you sure I'm not dreaming?"

"I'm sure. But last night I dreamed something awful happened to you, in great darkness, and—I couldn't stay on at St. Cross afterward. I borrowed these clothes because I knew they wouldn't let a woman come down. I passed with the others. But the men with me have gone another way, toward the place where the explosion was—I think, Miles, they'll never find us. Say you don't mind my being here with you."

"Mind!" he echoed. "A strange word to use! You—may have to die here. There's nothing I can do to save you."

"I am saved," I said, "because I'm with you. That's all I came for—just to find you, and be near you, whatever the end might be. Now it doesn't matter your knowing. We're so close to eternity, both of us. I'm not afraid. I'd give my life ten times over to save yours, but that's not saying much, because life in this world hasn't given me the things I wished for most, and life in the next world may. It's almost too good for me to go through the valley by your side, and that's why I asked if you would mind."

"My little woman—my brave little woman," he said.

"Thank you—thank you," I murmured. "You can't know how

happy I am to hear you say that."

"Don't!" he exclaimed. "You make me feel a monster of cruelty."

"Oh—why?"

"Because a word or two of mere decent appreciation makes you happy. So little as that! It shows what you've lived through, these last months. Will you forgive me—now?"

"There's nothing, nothing to forgive. How should you think there was—from me to you. I've spoiled your life, and all in vain, because Laurie couldn't be saved, and you needn't have sacrificed yourself if you'd known."

"If death were an enemy, your companionship would give me courage and strength to face him," Miles said. "For you are true and loyal, as well as brave. But the horrible part is that you must die too—you, so young, with so much to make life happy if you were rid of me."

"Rid of you!" I echoed, in a voice of protest. "Why, life wouldn't be life without you. Don't you understand?"

"How can I understand," he asked, "when I've done everything to make you hate me since we married?"

"Ah, but you see," I answered, "I loved you so desperately beforehand!"

"You love me—beforehand? Let me hear quickly, lest the end come and rob me of it."

"It's not interesting enough for you to care about," I warned him. "Only, ever since I was a little girl I loved you. I used to keep your photographs, and things written about you in the papers. It seemed almost too wonderful to think of seeing you in England. Then, when we did meet, it was the day you came to tell Lady Meldon of your engagement. I prayed for you to be happy—with Countess Helene Garde. After her death, I thought it would be good for you to go on believing in her always. Besides, there was poor Laurie. Would any one, with a human heart, have made mischief between you and him?"

"I know," Miles said gently. "I know how I misunderstood you that night when he was dying. He told me—many things after you'd gone."

"Not—not what I've told you tonight?" I stammered. "Not that I—cared? He promised he wouldn't tell that."

"He kept his promise. So he knew, then?"

"Yes, he knew. He guessed when you were ill."

"I might have guessed, too, if I hadn't been a blind fool. You've told me something about your self. Now it's my turn. While there's time I'll tell you what I found out as I grew better and what I've gone on finding out every day since. At first I called the new feeling treachery. But when Laurie made his last confession I knew that I'd had—the right instinct all through. Now you guess what it is I have to tell you?"

"No," I said, "I can't think you a traitor."

"I was a traitor to a dream—before I knew that it was a false dream. You thought—every one thought—that when Helene was killed I nearly went mad for love of her and the loss of her. I never expected to tell any one this side of the grave that that wasn't true. But you have a right to my truth. And I give it to you, I nearly lost my reason in shame and remorse because—my heart wouldn't break for her. It couldn't. I did not care as I ought to have cared. I hated, I loathed and despised myself for not caring more. I had to face my soul, and realize that what I'd believed an overwhelming love had been mere passion for a beautiful siren woman—such infatuation as a man like me should be ashamed to feel, un-

tempered by purer and deeper feeling. It's true, I didn't love you. It's true, I despised you for marrying me for an unworthy reason—as I supposed. What a prig—what a prig I was! As if my reasons for taking what you had to give were worthless."

"Oh, they were," I broke in eagerly. "It was for your brother's sake."

"Don't defend me. I deserve nothing good. But I soon began to see that good had come to me. That good—was you. I couldn't help beginning faintly to realize what you were. And I couldn't reconcile the glimpses I got of your real nature with the estimate I'd formed of it—in my delusion—because of your willingness to marry me."

"If I'd dreamed ever so dimly then, of what you've told me now, what light would have been thrown upon darkness! But I didn't guess. I tried to fix my thought upon the image of Helene, to love her dead as I had thought I loved her living. I tried to justify myself in my own eyes. And when I felt myself wavering, wanting your companionship, finding it sweet, I forced myself to see you as I'd once seen you—an ambitious, heartless girl, wanting to buy some sort of position with your money. I used to say, 'There's no explanation of her marrying me, a man she hardly knew.'"

"But when at last I began to understand your forbearance, your sweetness and devotion, to the brute who had done nothing but heap injuries upon you, I couldn't shut the door of my heart in your face. It was then I first loved you."

"Oh, Miles!" I cried. "Now it must be I who dream."

"No, this is no dream," he answered. "It's reality, and we're going to die soon."

"You've made me the happiest creature on earth, soon to be the happiest in heaven!" I answered. "If you would kiss me, I should die happier than I ever lived."

"Kiss you?" he echoed. "I'll kiss you till I kiss your soul away, and mine with it."

We leaned toward each other in the dim light of the miner's lamp. He caught me in his arms, and kissed me with a kiss which it seemed had no beginning and need have no end.

After that, for a long time, we did not speak, but later we talked fitfully.

"How many hours shall we last?" I asked steadily, because in his arms I had no fear.

"That depends on the air we have left to breathe. Do you feel the gas? Are you growing drowsy?"

"Yes, a little. Are you?"

"Not yet. My heart beats too fast with its new happiness. Go to sleep in my arms, darling. I'll hold you. And at last, when I—"

"Listen!" I exclaimed. "Do you hear something—very far away?"

Miles did not answer me, but shouted a reply to that distant call which, perhaps, we only fancied.

After that I remember no more, until the knocking began—knocking that men's axes and shovels breaking down our prison walls.

They tell me that it was twelve hours before they broke through the mass of coal and timber, a hole big enough to crawl through, and find us.

By that time Miles and I had fallen into that strange, drugged sleep which cloa gas brings.

He and I lay a little apart from Tom Harbord and Jim Dennis, they say; but I knew nothing till I waked on my own bed, and saw Miles and Miss Timpson, and Dr. Henderson, all bending over me.

Then, the first question I asked was, "Is it a dream?" And Miles, knowing what I meant, answered without a pause, "No, my dearest, it's not a dream."

The second question was about Tom Harbord. I was very happy when Miles said that he was alive, and would get well. John Dennis, too, would recover.

For two days they kept me in bed—that stern old nurse of mine, and the doctor, and Miles. But it was interesting and amusing to

DOLL FAMINE ON



Left, the German Kaethe Kruse dolls that seem almost human and which cannot be secured by Santa Claus on account of the war. At right, the Uncle Sam doll being made by American concerns in an effort to supply the big Christmas demand.

(Newspaper Enterprise Association)
NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Santa Claus has been unable to combat successfully with the God of War and as a result the poor little rich girl and the poor little poor girl are victims this year as Christmas noons, of a doll famine accompanied by famine prices!

Many little "kiddies" will have to go without dolls, according to present indications, partly because there will not be enough to go around and partly because the shortage will boost prices out of reach of the poor!

Many toys of the American child and most of the dolls have been made in foreign countries. More came from Germany than any other country. Some came from France. War has stopped importation from Germany; French factories are making few shipments.

The famine is apparent in New York stores and commission houses. Stores have only "hold-overs" in expensive dolls for the little Miss Millionaire.

American factories are working overtime trying to

supply the demand of the poor little rich girls who do not get expensive imported dolls and all the poor little poor girls.

No more beautiful doll has ever been made than the famous Kaethe Kruse, "shubby youngster"—hand-made, practically indestructible, dressed in quaint clothes and retelling in America at prices ranging from \$14 to \$25.

Only the remarkably lucky little girl will receive a Kaethe Kruse baby this year, and the same is true of the bisque head, jointed body, conventional doll of German make.

In this type of doll also German makes the lead. With hair that can be combed, mouth open, showing teeth and a movable tongue, "flirting" eyes, with eyelashes and almost human facial expression, these dolls are most appealing.

The mechanically clever doll is made in France. But because the French doll that walks and says "mamma" and "papa" must also have a life-like face, German heads are often used. And so again the child for whom Santa

might plan an accomplished French doll will be disappointed.

"The great big doll" that, before the war, could be had for \$1 and the small doll that would go to sleep, that could be had for 50 cents, will be as scarce as leaves on the trees this Christmas.

With the scarcity goes a 50 per cent increase in price. American manufacturers have met the problem of supplying the demand for dolls to some extent.

One manufacturer is taking out a patent for a fliriting-e doll, another is developing character dolls, another makes a stockinet doll and a good wooden doll is being made.

But with raw materials at almost prohibitive prices, the American manufacturer is having his troubles.



To the Public

South Tacoma-- Point Defiance Line

So that the patrons of our South Tacoma line will have a quicker and more direct service to South Tacoma, beginning Monday, November 13, 1916, the Point Defiance-South Tacoma cars will be operated over the so-called "Tacoma Avenue Fill" via Broadway and Jefferson Avenue, discontinuing entirely the operation of this line over any portion of Pacific Avenue.

Transfers between this line and Spanaway-Puyallup cars should be made at South 38th and Yakima Avenue.

Cars carrying "South Tacoma" signs will run to Mountain View (Rigney Hill).

Cars carrying "Manitou" signs will run to Manitou Park.

Jefferson Avenue (Center Street)

On and after Monday, November 13, 1916, Jefferson Avenue cars now operating over Commerce Street will be routed over the present Tacoma Avenue line. Service on the Tacoma Avenue line will be increased after that date from a 30-minute headway to a 15-minute headway.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company

SEEN TEAM OF MARES?

Deputy sheriffs are scouring the country around Spanaway Lake in search of Carl Dougherty, declared to be joy riding in a wagon drawn by a team of mares belonging to Mrs. Lena Dougherty.

Mrs. Dougherty, who lives about five miles from Spanaway, called up the sheriff's office, complaining that Carl had disappeared with her mares Thursday afternoon.

She said the man had been working for her.

STAYS HOME FROM SCHOOL, MOTHER HELD

Mrs. Pearl Mayhew, 2811 South K, is charged with keeping her 14-year-old daughter out of school, in an information filed in the superior court Friday by Deputy Prosecutor Thompson.

The mother is accused of violating the compulsory school law, punishable by a fine of \$25.

The child, it is alleged, has been kept out of school from 13 to 20 days since school opened.

COLLEGE HEAD TO SPEAK AT FORUM

President M. J. Fenenga of Northland college will speak at the public forum of the First Congregational church at 7 o'clock Sunday evening, on "The Man Among the Mountains."

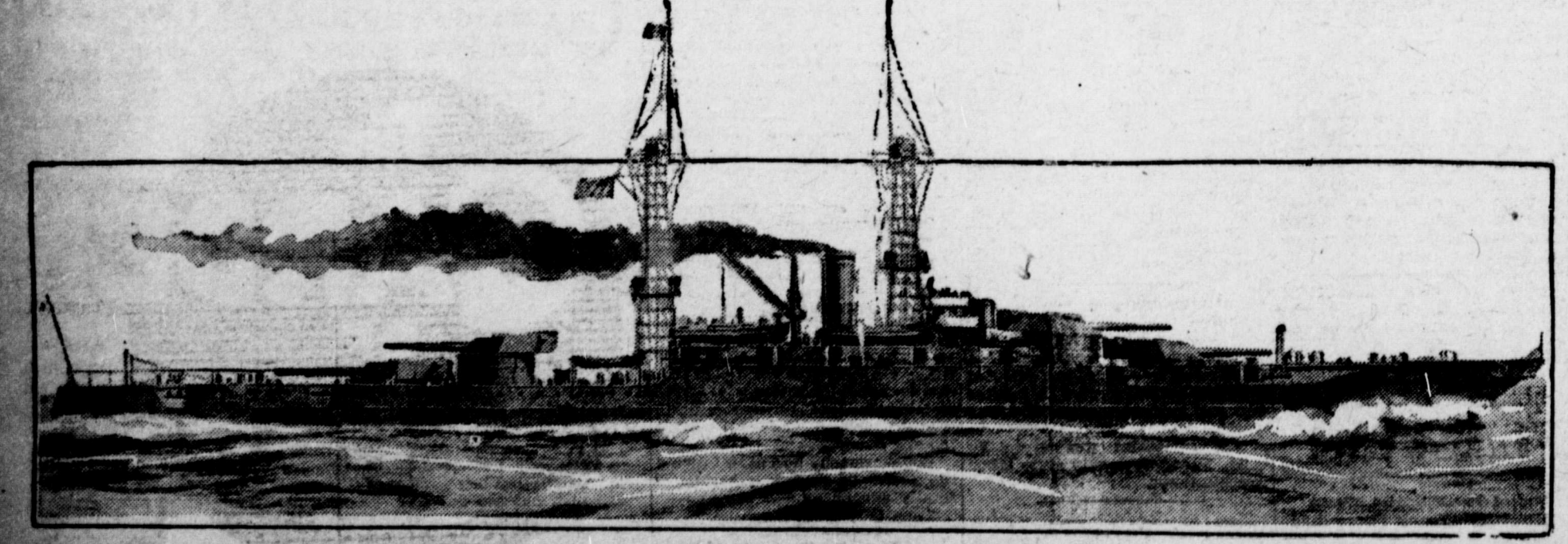
He will tell of social, educational and religious conditions among mountaineers and isolated farming communities of the Pacific coast states.

President Fenenga was himself a cowboy on a Dakota ranch.

NORTHEAST TACOMA BUS

Special trip, leaving Hagos Box Factory 8 a. m. and leaving Tacoma 4 p. m.
Leaves Postoffice (11th and A Sts.) 6:30 and 10:30 a. m., 1 and 5 p. m.
Leaves Northeast Tacoma 7 and 11 a. m., 1:30 and 5:20 p. m.

Start Work On Uncle Sam's New Sea Terror



The superdreadnaught California, giant battleship of Uncle Sam's fleet as it will look when completed. Thousands of persons cheered as the keel of the new terror of the seas was laid during recent ceremonies at the Mare Island navy yard, at Vallejo, Cal. The building cost is \$15,000,000. When completed the California

will be the most powerful fighting ship in the navy.
Her dimensions are:
Length over all, 624 feet.
Breadth, 95 feet.
Depth, 47 feet 2 inches.
Mean draft, 30 feet 3 inches.
Displacement at mean draft, 22,300 tons.
Fuel oil capacity, normal, 1900 tons.

Speed, 21 knots (12 hours.)
Her armament is to be:
Twelve 14-inch, 50-caliber breech-loading rifles.
Twenty-two 5-inch rapid-fire guns.
Four 6-pounder guns for saluting.

Two 1-pounder guns for boats.
Four 3-inch anti-aircraft guns.
One 3-inch landing gun.

Two 30-caliber machine guns.
Four submerged torpedo tubes.
The guns of the main 14-inch battery are to be mounted in turrets in four heavily armored turrets on the center line of the ship.

The California is to be oil-fired and electric driven. Steam turbines will generate the electricity to turn the driving motors on the

propeller shafts. Every possible operation on board the ship will be done by electricity.

According to the naval designers, the California will be so well protected against torpedo attack that she will be able to make port even though struck by several torpedoes. This security is said to be obtained by a new system of bulkhead construction.