

the life which they had been the means of so marvellously saving, they only complied so far with his wish as to dip the sleeve of a coat in one of the little runnels which were trickling down the walls of the mine, and to moisten his lips with it. He pushed it from him, asking them, "no to mak' a fule o' him." A little water refreshed him, and then, in the same strangely sepulchral whisper, he said, "Eh, boys, but ye've been lang o' coming."

Word was now sent to the outer world that John Brown had been found, and was yet living. The lessee came down, the doctor was sent for, and preparations were made to have the sufferer taken up to daylight again. And here it may be mentioned that upon the decayed timber props and old wooden boardings of a coal-pit an unseemly growth of a white and yellow fungus often takes root, hanging in tufts and bunches from the sides or roofs wherever the wood is decaying. After being cautiously pushed through the newly-cut passage, John Brown was placed on the lessee's knees on the cage in which they were to be pulled up by the engine. As they rose into daylight, a sight which had only been faintly visible in the feeble lamplight below presented itself, never seen before and never to be forgotten. That coal-mine fungus had spread over the poor collier's body as it would have done over a rotting log. His beard had grown bristly during his confinement, and all through the hairs this white fungus had taken root. His master, as the approaching daylight made the growth more visible, began to pull off the fungus threads, but (as he told me himself) his hand was pushed aside by John, who asked him, "Na, noo, wad ye kittle [tickle] me?"

By nine o'clock on that Friday morning, three-and-twenty days after he had walked out of his cottage for the