"'Out in the road yesterday. I seed him on a horse, and he took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all the good things.'

"I was silent—I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Just then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and holler till somebody come—for the pit was full of holes—and so I said, 'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon;' but I was shaky, for we was in a dangerous part of the pit.

"Says he, 'I don't feel afraid, Keene; don't you s'pose God's close to us?'

"I declare I felt my blood trickle cold, and every wind that come down the shaftway I thought was His breath—the breath of God!

"Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently says little Pinky, 'I'll go