

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

RESCUED FROM A PAINFUL DEATH.

A MAN PASSES THREE DAYS AND MORE AT THE BOTTOM OF A MINE WITH BOTH THIGHS BROKEN.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, Aug. 15.

There was a good deal of excitement in town yesterday when it was announced that a man had been discovered in the bottom of a winze in an old tunnel on Cedar Hill, where he had been since early last Sunday morning. The discovery was made by two men who were out on the Geiger Grade yesterday, about noon, for a walk. The men sauntered leisurely along the road in a mood to feel an interest in almost anything that might be encountered. Arriving at an old tunnel called the South Utah, situated but a few steps from the road, they concluded to enter it and take a look at the formation of the rock through which it had been cut. They had proceeded some distance along the tunnel when they were startled at hearing in advance what appeared to be faint human moans. Moving cautiously forward they presently came to a winze that had been sunk in the floor of the tunnel about 100 feet back from the entrance.

Calling out to know if anybody was below, there came up from the depths a feeble cry of "Help! help!" They then asked the name of the person below, and the answer came back, "Patrick Maguire." He was asked if he was much hurt, when he said: "I can move my arms, but not my legs." Being asked how long he had been in the winze, he said: "Since Sunday morning."

Having encouraged the poor fellow by telling him to keep up his courage, as they would obtain assistance for him, the two men came out to the road. There they met Wash. Wallen, and told him of the strange discovery they had made. A man happened to come along at the moment with a hay wagon, and, seeing a rope on the rigging of the vehicle, Mr. Wallen stopped him, and, hastily explaining matters, asked for the use of the rope, which was placed at his service, the man with the team saying he would remain there till midnight if he could be of any use.

The rope was 50 feet in length and it was thought probable that it would reach the bottom of the winze. Taking it into the tunnel it was let down the winze and Maguire was asked if the end of it touched him. He said it did not. He was then asked if he could feel it with his hands. He answered in the negative. In looking about the tunnel a piece of candle about an inch in length was found. This was lighted and lowered into the winze. Maguire was then asked how near to him the end of the rope came. He said it lacked 10 or 15 feet of reaching him. Those at the top of the winze then told Maguire to be of good courage, as they would soon get a rope of proper length and hoist him out.

A gentleman who was passing along the road in a buggy was halted and told of the matter, when he said he would see the Police as soon as he reached the town and have a rope and assistance sent out to the tunnel.

Chief of Police McCourt, Jailor Plunkett, Alderman Orndorff and Alexander Lamb, the Street Inspector, mounted their horses, and, taking ropes and lanterns, rode out to the tunnel as speedily as possible. Meantime parties had gone to the Sierra Nevada works for a rope and assistance. A piece of plank that would reach across the winze was found, and a sailor, who came from the Sierra Nevada, tied the end of a rope about his body and was lowered to the bottom.

The rope was then tied about Maguire's body and he was sent up to the tunnel, and carried out to the light of day—the blessed light that he had given up all hope of ever seeing again. His deliverance was effected, and he was so happy in the knowledge that he was once more on the surface and surrounded by sympathizing fellow-men that it seemed to him almost as though he were well and sound and all his troubles were over. To those who stood about him, however, he was a most pitiable sight. Both thighs were broken, and he was cut and bruised in all parts of the body and head.

More dead than alive, Maguire was placed in an express wagon and brought to town. News of the shocking affair had spread rapidly, and when the wagon was halted at the corner of C and Union streets, in order to procure the sufferer a drink of water, a great crowd collected to have a look at the man resented when all hope must have left him. He made no moan or complaint, and spoke occasionally in a low tone. He must have suffered much pain, yet he seemed like one filled and overwhelmed with a feeling of perfect content. All his wounds and pains seemed trifles now that he again beheld the light of day and was being cared for by his kind.

With little delay the poor fellow was taken to the County Hospital, where he could receive proper care and medical attention. Upon examination at the hospital, Dr. Kirby found that Maguire's left thigh was broken in three places, and the right in two places. The man is terribly injured, but Dr. Kirby thinks he will be able to save his legs and his life. His many cuts and bruises are severe, but not dangerous.

When Maguire had been thoroughly washed, dressed in clean clothes, and placed on a comfortable bed, he seemed perfectly happy. After he had been fed on beef tea and given a proper amount of whisky he was able to converse quite freely and comfortably, and gave Dr. Kirby a full account of how he came to fall into the winze, and his feelings while lying there alone so long in the dark and terrible hole.

He has been working at the New-York Bakery, South C-street, and says that last Saturday night, in company with a Mr. Zimmerman, also of the bakery named, he was about town drinking and got pretty "full." About 4 o'clock in the morning Zimmerman left to go home, but he concluded not to go with him. He thought that as he had been drinking rather too much a walk would do him good. Besides, he considered that as it was Sunday, and he had no work to do, there was no need of his being in a hurry either about going to bed or getting up.

He started out on the Geiger Grade, and finally coming to the tunnel, which is nearly a mile north of town, he entered it. It was now daylight, and the mouth of the tunnel facing to the east, he went in a long distance before coming to where it was quite dark. He had no thought of there being a winze in the floor of the tunnel until he found himself at the bottom of it. He was somewhat stunned by his fall, (of about 65 feet.) but thinks he retained his senses. The first discovery he made was that he had no use of his legs, and he was convinced that both were broken. His hands and arms were all right, however, and he began to feel about. There was some mud in the bottom of the winze, but no water. Feeling about, he found some pieces of boards, which he placed under his head as a sort of pillow. He then felt quite content for a time, as he told the Doctor.

"But after you became thoroughly sober how did you feel?" asked the Doctor.

"I did not feel so well," said Maguire. "I thought about what a chance it was that brought me out to the tunnel and into the winze, and concluded that it was not at all likely that any one would come into the tunnel while I was alive. I thought I must lie there alone and die, no one having the least suspicion of my being in such a terrible situation. Presently I began to be tortured with thirst. I felt that could I have one good big drink of water I would willingly die. It was worse than all my hurts. My thirst finally became so terrible that I took up handfuls of mud and chewed it for its coolness and the little moisture that was in it."

He says that he slept at times, but only short naps. He did a good deal of shouting at first, but afterward only occasionally, and in fits of despair—when it seemed good to hear the sound of his own voice—for it seemed useless to try to make any one hear. He had no idea how long he was in the winze, but it sometimes seemed that he had always been there. When he heard the echoing steps of the two men in the tunnel yesterday, and caught the sound of their voices, he felt that his last chance for life was to make himself heard. He cleared his mouth of the mud he was holding in it, and shouted with all his strength.

In case he shall recover, Pat Maguire will have a remarkable experience to relate. The fate he escaped is one of the most horrible imaginable. His pleasure at being rescued and safely housed where he now is, so fills his mind that he seems to consider that he is all right, and hardly thinks his broken legs worth talking about.