

# RESCUED AT LAST.

*Miner Entombed for Thirteen Days is Out.*

HE LOST SEVENTY POUNDS

FOR THIRTEEN DAYS AND TEN HOURS HE WAS KEPT ALIVE BY THE NOISE NIGHT AND DAY OF HIS FELLOW-WORKERS TRYING TO RESCUE HIM.

Special to The Buffalo Express.

Phoenix, Ariz., July 17.—James Stevens, the imprisoned Goldfields miner, is again free. Thirteen days and ten hours had he been without food and eleven days without water, constituting a record for endurance probably never equaled elsewhere. Yet he is alive and, if his physician may be believed, stands an excellent chance for complete recovery, though convalescence will probably be slow. His body is dreadfully emaciated, with every bone outlined under the wrinkled skin, his features emaciated and gaunt and from a stockily-built man of 160 pounds he has been shrunk by famine to surely not more than 90 pounds weight.

The rescue was made at 7.30 o'clock this morning. All night long the miners had heard Stevens below them, signaling with his hammer on the drift timbers, and at last they could hear his voice as he implored them to make haste.

"I am burning up with thirst," he reiterated. The second morning shift, composed of miners Danielson and Morgan, had just taken up its work when a stoutly-delivered blow drove a pick through the tail side of the drift.

"Work here," shouted Stevens, aiding the miners from inside, and within five minutes he had grasped their hands and was lifted into the shaft and the good news shouted to the expectant throng gathered at the pit mouth. Dr. Hart of Tempe, Supt. Hall and your correspondent were quickly lowered with stimulants and water.

The rescued man was taken back into the drift and there nourished and made comfortable till the physicians shall deem him fit to be taken to the surface. Lying back on a mattress in the bottom of the narrow drift, in what he declared was wonderful comfort, Stevens at intervals pieced together his story of his awful trial.

"I and another man on a lower drift were the only men working on the night shift the Fourth of July. The rest were celebrating. I heard the timbers creaking back of me in the old slope, but that was nothing unusual. I had eaten my lunch, however, about 10 o'clock, when the noise increased enough to scare me. I grabbed my empty lunch-box and my canteen and started for the whim shaft. Then I hesitated a moment. That moment saved my life, for down came the rock, filling up the slope, knocking the shaft into smithereens and sending a regular wave of sand toward me. The stuff seemed to half fill this 80-foot drift. I appreciated that I was in for a long stay, if not forever, and all I had to make it on was a gallon of water and two short candles and mighty little air. As soon as the dust settled, I began working toward the slope to hit an old air-shaft that comes up from the lower level. I couldn't reach it, though I cleared away 25 feet of the drift to the whim shaft. There I found fresher air and there I stayed most of the time after that. My candles and matches gave out just as I found the fresher air and my water a few hours afterward. The only thing that kept life in me was the sound of you boys working away night and day to reach me."

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## STEVENS RESCUED.

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### The Entombed Miner Found Alive After Fourteen Days.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS WIRE.]

PHOENIX (Ariz.,) July 17.—James Stevens, the imprisoned Gold Fields miner, was rescued from the Mammoth mine this morning, after an imprisonment of fourteen days. All the time quickly changing shifts of his comrades have been working toward him as fast as skill and endurance could push the shaft and signals daily came from the man below. At 7:30 this morning at a depth of 125 feet the miners broke into the drift, where Stevens had been confined, he feebly helping to tear away the wall. Medical aid and all restoratives were at hand, and the man was made as comfortable as possible on the lower level till he should be strong enough to hoist to the surface. Stevens is fearfully emaciated, and has lost fully seventy pounds during his confinement. His mind is clear, though he stated he had had thoughts of suicide toward the end of his awful wait. He had eaten his lunch before the cave-in came, and has since had nothing to eat. Of water he had a gallon, which was consumed in three days. His candles lasted two days, during which time he managed to open up connection with the shaft.

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