

LOST MINER FOUND ALIVE

**DISCOVERED TOTTERING ALONG
A MAIN ROAD.**

**Not Much the Worse for His
Six Days' Thrilling Experience.
Thought He Had Been in the Mine
Only a Day or So—Supposition
That He Encounterd a Body of
Black Damp, Became Stupefied and
and Fell Into a Sleep After Acci-
dentally Stumbling Upon Good Air.**

John Zylankus, the Polander, who was lost in the Johnson mine last Saturday, has been found. He was discovered yesterday morning at 6 o'clock tottering down the main road in the third vein guiding himself in the darkness by the trolley wire along the roof.

One of his own countrymen, John Nartoriskey, was the first man to encounter him. Nartoriskey was going to his chamber along the main road and when about half a mile from the foot of the shaft saw a man coming towards him without a lamp and groping his way in the darkness by running his hand along the trolley wire. Nartoriskey recognized him at once as the missing Zylankus and rushed forward to his assistance.

Zylankus begged at once for something to eat and Nartoriskey gave him a piece of bread and a frankfurter. Zylankus gulped these down and demanded more, but Nartoriskey would not let him have it, knowing that it was dangerous to allow him to eat any large quantity of heavy food until his system has been nourished by cautious dieting.

Another miner came up as Zylankus was finishing his frankfurter and gave him his tea bottle. Zylankus drank the whole of the pint of tea without taking the bottle from his head.

TAKEN TO SURFACE.

Then he started for the shaft with the two miners assisting him. He was hoisted to the surface and as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the daylight he walked unaided to his boarding house on Madison avenue, three hundred yards away, accompanied by a large crowd which grew constantly in number as the news of the finding rapidly spread through the Johnson's patch settlement. There was great rejoicing, especially among Zylankus' countrymen.

Dr. McGreevy, of Dunmore, who was summoned by the company officials, made an examination of Zylankus soon after the later reached home. He found him greatly weakened, of course, but wholly free from any symptom of permanent disability. The doctor says he will pull through all right with proper care.

Zylankus is 17 years old but large for his age and of vigorous constitution. His hands and arms were covered with cuts and gashes resulting from the groping tactics he had to adopt when his oil was exhausted. His knees and lower parts of his legs were badly contused from creeping over falls and through narrow openings and his clothing was thoroughly soaked with water and encrusted with culm.

He hasn't the slightest idea of how he came to lose his way or in what direction he wandered. Most of the time, he says, he was near a body of water. This the old miners say would indicate that he was in an old working in the No. 3 vein at a place called "Shepherd's Dip." This, however, is only conjecture. It may have been any one of a number of places in various parts of the mine where there are permanent lodgments of water.

TOOK A SHORT ROUTE.

After he left the fire boss' shanty, he says, he went towards his chamber by a short route through some old workings. He had been through them several times before, when he worked at the mines seven days last December, and thought he knew the way.

The route which he took passes through only about fifty yards of old workings and is much traversed as the round about route along the main road is three times as far. It is supposed that instead of cutting straight through the old workings Zylankus turned at a right angle when he was half way across and headed into the labyrinth of abandoned chambers.

When he realized that he was lost he turned to retrace his steps and kept walking as rapidly as he could in the direction in which he supposed he had come. It is now supposed that instead of beating a retreat he was all the time pushing on farther into the workings or wandering around irregularly.

After his oil was exhausted he threw away his lamp and diner pail and began groping his way. He was in one place for a long time where the roof was so low that he was continually bumping his head and finally was compelled to crawl on his hands and knees.

He became exhausted, he says, after a time and took a sleep. He thinks he slept only for a short while, probably a few hours, he says. When he awoke he resumed his wandering, walking or creeping, according to the height of the roof and feeling ahead, above or around him with his hands constantly.

TIME NOT COUNTED.

He does not know whether it was hours or days from the time he woke up and resumed his wanderings until he was rewarded yesterday morning by discovering the trolley cable above his head. He knew this would lead

him to the foot of the shaft, and he proceeded to follow it. The current had not been turned on, as the motor was not running at night, and the day shift had not yet gone on duty.

One of his first questions upon reaching the surface was whether or not it was Sunday. As it was Saturday morning when he became lost, this would show that he believed he had not been lost more than a day or so.

When this fact was communicated generally, the older miners one and all agreed that Zylankus had slept the greater portion of the time he was missing.

They say he, very likely, wandered into some old working where there was a body of black damp, but before becoming asphyxiated got away from it and accidentally stumbled upon good air. The black damp had, however, poisoned his system and brought on a stupefaction that lasted possibly four or five days.

By this theory alone can the failure of the searching parties to find him be explained. If it was not that he was lying in some out of the way place in a stupor, the searchers all declare, some of them surely would have attracted his attention, as every portion of the mine was visited with lights, and at every few hundred feet the searchers shouted and listened for a reply. In some parts of the mine, where the air is bad, the searchers were compelled to be content with safety lamps. This gives but a dim light, and one who was searching with one of them might almost walk over an object without seeing it.

THE DOGS FAILED.

The hunters who went in with the five trained dogs, Wednesday, are wholly at a loss to explain the failure of their sagacious animals to pick up the scent. They are confident that the dogs frequently crossed and re-crossed Zylonkus' trail. One of the dogs, they say, suddenly darted off and was gone for about an hour, and it was thought he had struck the scent, but when he returned and was headed back under leash, he refused to work.

Prompted by curiosity, a number of the men who participated in the search propose to make a hunt for Zylonkus' dinner pail and lamp, that they may be able to get some idea of what part of the workings he wandered into.

Zylonkus says he did not eat or drink anything all the time he was lost. When he cast aside his dinner pail, that he might have the freedom of his hands in feeling his way, the dinner had not been touched. He was too excited to eat, he says, and did not think he was going to be unable to find his way back to traveled road for six days.