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 they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

GERMINAL,
 Or the Story of a Great Miner's Strife.
 BY EMILE ZOLA.
 Translated from the French.
 SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.
 Anton Lantier, a mechanic, unable to find employment at his trade in Paris, drifts into the interior of France and brings up at the Montson mine in the early spring. Being without money he readily accepts work in the Vulture mine and soon becomes an expert workman. The low wages of the mines, a constant struggle against hunger, and the insupportable condition of old and young, excites in him a lively interest and he begins the study of mechanics, mining and geology in his condition. Gradually he imparts his ideas to others and readily secures the support of the miners. A saving fund is started which each miner contributed the money thus obtained to support the men in case of trouble with the coal company. By the 1st of November the fund amounted to a considerable sum, and the miners, emboldened by this fact, determined to resist a new method of payment introduced by a majority of the companies, which was to go into effect on the 1st of December. The plan of the companies was to divide the ten centimes said for each car of coal, on a basis to go into effect on the 1st of December, and to pay the miners in case of revolt, worked fifteen days under the new system of payment, and found that it was an indirect method of reducing their wages. To strike was the only alternative. Meetings were held and a delegate chosen to represent the miners. The director of the mines and his before him the demands of the men—the abolition of the new system of payment, an increase of wages, and a strike per car. Anton's ability and sagacity made him at once the leader in the strike. The interview of the miners with the manager was a failure. The strike was a very little hope of ultimate success, settled down to a long and bitter struggle—the struggle of poverty against unlimited wealth.

CHAPTER XXV.
 At Jean-Bart, Catherine for an hour had been pushing her car, and she was so covered with perspiration that she stopped for a moment to wipe her face. From the end of the drift, where she was at work with some other comrades, Cheval was astonished that he no longer heard the sound of the wheels. The lamps were burning badly, the coal dust prevented him from seeing.
 "What's this?" cried he. When she answered him that she was surely going to melt, and that her heart was feeling queer, he saw a red light in the air.
 "You're two thousand feet in the north, in the first road of the vein Desiree, which was two-thirds of a mile from the shaft-room. When they spoke of that part of the mine the miners of the country paled and lowered their voices as though they were speaking of hell; and they contented themselves more often with shaking of their heads, not wishing to talk of that hot region. As the galleries went toward the north they approached Tartar, they penetrated into the interior fire, which coated the rocks above. The drifts in which they were now working had a temperature of forty degrees. They found themselves in a horrible underground place, in the midst of the flames which the people overheard through the fissures and which emitted sulphur and abominable vapors.

Mingled with her sufferings from the heat, a great fear filled her. In the six days she worked there, she constantly wished to get out of the mine, but she had told her in childhood of those boys and girls in olden times who had been so terribly punished for their misbehavior. Of course she was too old now to believe that she would be punished for anything, but she thought what she would do if she were to see a red-hot girl come out of the wall, and the idea made her perspire still more.
 "Your favours! you're making yourself comfortable!" said that woman, a slight widow of thirty years, when she saw Catherine in the road.
 After two trips, Catherine again became large and commodious, that vein, Desiree, being one of the thickest in the mine. The bed was seventy metres thick and the men could work standing. But they were not to be satisfied with their necks twisted and to have a little fresh air.
 "Are you asleep down there," screamed Cheval, when he no longer heard Catherine's rattle. "Go on, no, fill your cart and roll!"
 She was at the bottom of the shaft, leaning on her shovel, and almost overcome, she looked at him with an imbecile air without obeying. She was in the flickering rays of the lamps. But they could see her for the picks ceased, and they laughed at her for taking off her blouse.
 "Take care, you'll catch cold."
 Catherine, again being filling her car, then pushed it off. The road was too large for her to knock herself against the sides. Her bare feet were twisted between the rails seeking a support, while her hands were forced forward, and the ends of her arms stiff, her back bent. And when she went along the wall her agony was increased, the perspiration fell from her whole body in enormous drops, like rain from a thunder storm, and she arrived at the end of her journey blinded and also covered with a black mud.

What was the matter with her that day? She had never felt such a giving way in her bones. There must be some bad air, that one of the rays was badly aired at any rate. They breathed all sorts of gas which came out of the coal with a little sound like the bubbling of a spring, so abundant, sometimes that the lamps refused to burn, then there was the fire-damp about which they no longer troubled themselves, the whole vein smelt of it from one day's end to another. She knew it well, that bad air, that air of death, the miners called it. Since her childhood she had inhaled so much of it that she was accustomed to be able to stand it better that day, for her ears were ringing and her head was as though on fire. Surely it was the heat that was making her sick.
 The buzzing in her ears, made her giddy, she seemed to be pressed as in a vice, she felt all upon her nose. Her lamp wedged in, on the coal on the ear seemed to be going out. Amid her confused ideas the thought came to her to turn up the wick. Twice she started to do this, and both times she got before it she saw it become dimmer, as if she were blowing it out. Suddenly it went out entirely. Then in the shadows everything commenced to go round, her heart almost stopped beating, and overcame with the great fatigue she fell over on the ground, that upon her back, to die in that air of asphyxia.
 "Believe, she's still laying around," growled Cheval.
 He listened at the top of the drift, and not hearing the sound of wheels, called "Catherine!"
 His voice was lost in the distance of that black gallery, and not a breath responded.
 "Do you want me to come and make you more?"
 Nothing stirred. There reigned the same death-like silence. Furious, he descended, running so fast that he fell upon the body of the girl, who barred the way.
 He looked at her in amazement. What was the matter with her? It was a shame to pretend to be sick just to get a nap. But as he lowered the lamp to look in at her face, it threatened to go out. He turned it up, and it went down again, then he understood, it must be bad air. The anger was all gone, the miner's devotion awoke before that comrade who was in peril. He seized her in his arms and he felt her raising her up, as high as possible in the fresher air, and when the men had thrown over his arm the cloth-

ing of both, he set out on foot, running, sustaining his unconscious burden with one hand and carrying his lamp with the other. The deep gallery wound down, he ran on, first to the right, then to the left, until he had reached the foot of the air from the plain which blew from the ventilator. At length the sound of running water made him pause, and he found himself at the cross-road of a new abandoned shaft, the shaft which was formerly used for the Gaston-Marie. There it blew like a tempest, and it was so cold that he shivered as he seated himself on the ground with the girl in his arms, who was still unconscious, her eyes closed.
 "Catherine, look up, good God! don't fool. Take care, or I'll put you in the water."
 He was afraid, to see her so still. But he wet a corner of his chemise in the water and bathed her face in it. She looked as if she was dead, buried already at the bottom of the earth. Suddenly she opened her eyes, stammering:
 "I'm cold."
 "Ah, that's better," said Cheval, relieved.
 And he began dressing her, swearing at the trouble she had put on him, and her blouse for she was not able to assist him a great deal. She was amazed, and not comprehending where she was or why she was naked, she looked at him with a troubled face, and she asked him how he got there. How had she gotten there? she questioned him. Had any one seen her that way. He, to those her, told some stories how he had brought her there, in the midst of all his comrades. Then when she almost cried with shame, he gave her his word that he had run so quickly no one was able to see her.
 "I'm dying of the cold," said she, hastening on her clothes.
 She had never known him to be so good to her; for one kind word he said to her, she received two harsh ones. A tender earnestness in her voice, a fatigue she smiled on him and murmured:
 "Put your arms around me."
 He did as she asked, then stretched himself out beside her while waiting for her to be able to walk.
 "You see," she continued, "you were wrong to yell at me so for I couldn't keep on. It's not as hot in the drift but if you only knew, why it's like an oven in—that road."
 "Yes," replied Cheval, "of course you'd be better off under the trees. I knew it was hard on you there, my poor girl."
 It touched her to hear him speak so kindly.
 "Oh! it is a bad place. We'll end up there sometime or other. And then to-day the air is bad. But I won't be any trouble to you. When a person has to work they must do it, mustn't they? Why, I'd die sooner than give in."
 He was silent. With his arm thrown around her he held her to his breast to prevent her from taking cold. All through she already felt the strength to return, in her delight at his tenderness she forgot everything else.
 "Why can't you be like this always?" said she.
 And as she still cried he embraced her again.
 "You're crazy! Yes, I swear to be good to you. One man is no worse than another."
 She looked at him and smiled. Perhaps he was right, happy women were seldom heard of. Then she gave herself up to the joy of seeing him amiable. If it could only have lasted! She had finished the sandwich and went about to drink their coffee, a rumbling noise was heard coming from the distance. They were uneasy. What now? This another accident? They all ran off, miners passed them every second, and none knew what was the matter. They were all crying that it must be something terrible. Like by and by the entire mine had become upstirred, and the galleries, lit by the lanterns in the darkness, where was it? Why did no one tell them?

Suddenly an overseer passed them crying:
 "The cables are cut, the cables are cut!"
 Then the panic increased. They ran rapidly across the dark roads, almost out of their minds. Why had they cut the cables, and who had cut them when the men were at the bottom? That was monstrous. But the voice of another overseer broke out, then Cheval, the Montson people cut the cables.
 When Cheval comprehended he stopped Catherine. The thought that he would meet the Montson miners if he went out, frightened him. So they had come, that band which had been in the hands of the generalists! For an instant he thought of retracing his steps and going up by the Gaston-Marie, but as they no longer worked there, he would have needed some one to guide him, and he was afraid, as he said that it was foolish to run like that. Perhaps they were not going to leave them at the bottom.
 The voice of the overseer was heard coming near, he saw the light of a lantern.
 "To the ladders! To the ladders!"
 And Cheval, in spite of his rage, was carried on with his comrades. Then the panic seized him, he shoved Catherine, accusing her of not running fast enough. Did she want him to stay in the mine alone, to die of hunger? The ladders of Montson were capable of breaking the ladders, without waiting for the people to come out. That abominable support, some boys, had been in the galleries were only a stream of fools, all trying to go up first. Cries broke out that the ladder was broken, that no one could go out. And when they commenced to pass by fringed groups in the shaft room, they threw their arms toward the shaft and broke in the ladders; while an old staid man who had just prudently put the horses back in the stable, walked toward the shaft, and unconscious disdain, accustomed to the nights passed in the mine, certain that someone would draw him out of it.
 "Great heavens! Can't you get in front of me?" cried Cheval to Catherine. "I can hold you, then, if you fall."
 Suffocated by that man which had once more covered her with perspiration, she gave up and allowed herself to be eluded about by the arms of the man who pulled her along by the arms, nearly breaking them, and her tears broke forth again, he had already forgotten their talk, she could never be happy.

"On one's scabbard."
 But he frightened her too much. She resisted him and the strongest frightened people pushed them on one side. The water running down from the shaft fell in great drops and the floor of the shaft room shook under the stamping, trembled above the water, and the men dug deep where all the water collected. Two years before at Jean-Bart a terrible accident had occurred; a cable broke and through the water, a counter, a lamp, the cars were drowned. And everyone thought of it, on going there when a great number stood upon the boards which planked it over.
 "Mercy on me!" cried Cheval, "die then, I'll be free."
 He went on and she followed him.

From the bottom to the top there were a hundred and two ladders, nearly twenty feet each in length, and placed upon a straight landing; the small opening which led to them only just permitting the passage of the shoulders. It was like a chimney seven hundred high steps between the shaft and the surface. The bottom of the shaft was a long, damp and narrow gut, black and scum-

lingly without end where the ladders were placed almost straight and by regular stories. It took twenty-five minutes for a strong man to go up that giant column. However, the ladders were only used for the first fifteen stories. At first, Catherine went up easily. Her naked feet had grown accustomed to climbing and did not yet suffer from the rungs which were covered with iron to prevent them from slipping. She was rolling, clinging without fatigue to the mountings too great for them. And even that occupied her, almost putting an end to her chagrin, that unforeseen accident, the long, slender line of iron, she was pulling themselves up, three on a ladder, and the ladder would arrive on top when the last man was about to start from the bottom. But they were not there yet, for the first of them were only a third from the top. No one spoke, the feet went on and on with a dull sound; while the lamps equal to moving stars, sparkled from above to below in an almost unbroken line.
 Behind her, Catherine heard a boy counting the ladders. She also started to go up. They had already gotten up fifteen and had arrived at a level. But at that instant she hit against the legs of Cheval, who was telling her to be more careful. At times the whole column passed, motionless. What was the matter, what had happened? And each one questioned in terror. The agony increased as they left the bottom fearing what was above. Some one cried that it was necessary to go down again that the long, slender line of iron, she was pulling themselves up, three on a ladder, and the ladder would arrive on top when the last man was about to start from the bottom. But they were not there yet, for the first of them were only a third from the top. No one spoke, the feet went on and on with a dull sound; while the lamps equal to moving stars, sparkled from above to below in an almost unbroken line.
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