

TWENTY ARE TAKEN FROM MINE ALIVE

RESCUE WORK CONDUCTED IN RELAYS BY EAGER MINERS.

ONE REPORTS HEARING VOICES

Ninety-two Dead Are Taken From the Cherry Mine—Eighteen Victims Were Buried Sunday.

Cherry, Ill.—Twenty saved, ninety-two known dead, and 198 missing, is the record at the St. Paul mine. Ten dead were brought to the surface Sunday, and thirty-seven more dead were located in the second level, but were not brought up on account of black damp.

James Lewison, of Peru, one of the members of the rescuing party, declared at midnight he had heard a human voice on the other side of the cavern. He said he had heard the voice plainly, although it sounded as though it was far away. Lewison immediately called the attention of the other workmen to the place from which the voice came, but they could hear nothing.

"I would swear that I heard someone calling through the cave-in," said he. "It sounded like they were far away, or were so weak they could not shout loudly. Those people are alive, and the sooner we get to them the better, because I do not think they can last much longer."

What had promised to be Cherry's real day of thanksgiving, ended in a night of hope deferred, or despair.

At the end of the day no living man or boy had been added to the list of the twenty rescued Saturday.

Church Bells Toll for the Dead. All day long the tolling of church bells resounded in Cherry and Spring Valley. Eighteen bodies were interred in a field south of the town.

At the mine a dozen coffined victims remained awaiting removal, while a score of caskets were piled near by for the bodies which are to come.

From the yet unfilled graves in which the Roman Catholic dead were placed, the pastor hurried to the mine entrance, where, with a second priest, he waited to administer the last rites for the living should his services be needed.

The black damp in the east gallery was the obstacle that proved insurmountable to the men.

Through it the bodies of thirty-seven dead men could be seen. Preparations for the taking out of the bodies visible to the explorers was preparing when the morbid crowd around the mine had thinned.

Rescuers Work in Relays. In the mine level the work of the rescuers went on unceasingly. Relays of eager miners replaced those whose strength failed.

The gas from deepest despair to an hysteria of hope was run when twenty miners, almost to the hour, were brought to the surface (five Saturday).

At midnight a fire started in the mine, cutting off the rescue work. Fire apparatus had to be lowered and a stream of water again turned into the mine. It was feared the living would be killed, but the fire was soon under control.

The heat was intense. R. E. Maxwell, a mining engineer in the rescue party, was overcome and had to be hurried to the top. During the night the bodies of forty dead have been taken from the east entry.

The story of their sufferings and the heroism of their rescuers is one of the most thrilling in all the black history of mining disasters.

Forty Dead Brought Up. Dawn broke with the bearers of stretchers moving from the pit mouth to the tent which served as a morgue, with bodies swollen and scorched almost beyond human semblance. Forty of them had been brought up and most of them identified, when the marvelous report shot through the prostrate community: "They've found them alive—they've found them alive!"

In a moment the morgue was deserted, scarcely to be revisited, while the crowd, fairly insane with the great hope which had sprung like a miraculous flame from the ashes of despair, rushed to the pit. All thought was of the men who were alive.

From the top of the hoisting shaft to the sleeping cars drawn upon the side tracks, was a distance of about 150 feet. Between the crowd, held back by the militia, formed a gangway. It was along this line that the women, looking for lost ones, gazed into the faces of the survivors as they passed through.

As night drew on, the whole scene was revealed only by a pale moonlight and the flickering lights of torches worn on the caps of the rescuers. Each time, as the signal sounded from the hoist for the cage to come up from the mine, the noise of the crowd subsided into murmuring expectancy.

"Hoist her up," came from the depths. "Hoist her up," repeated the engineer overhead.

Soldiers Hold Crowds Back. Then the men and women pressed forward against the line of soldiers

and ropes, determined to get as near as possible to peer into the faces of the survivors as they marched by.

The machinery stopped. The cage was up and a dozen torches shed a dingy light on its passengers. There stood the rescuers, wearing shiny rubber coats and white caps. Between them, wrapped in militia blankets, they held the rescued men, some standing, others carried in arms. Slowly the procession moved through the gangway.

A burst of applause started from the crowd, but a raised hand from the militiamen brought silence.

It was a critical moment for the hopes of many. Mothers and wives stretched forth their arms murmuring, "Billie," or "Frank," or "James," "are you there; speak to me, am here."

The blankets over the bodies of the men hid their faces and prevented identification from the crowd. Not receiving a reply, the women tore towards the sleeping cars, imploring and begging any one to give them good news.

Eddy's Letter to Loved Ones. George Eddy, a hero among the heroes who escaped from the St. Paul mine, in the darkness and despair of his position made shift to write a few words of courage to his wife. The letter follows:

"Nov 14—Dear Wife and Children: I write these few lines to you, and I think it will be for the last time. I have tried to get out twice, but was drove back. There seems to be no hope for us. I came down this shaft yesterday to help to save the men's lives. I hope the men I got out was saved. Well, Lizzie, if I am found dead bury me in Streator and move back. Keep Esther and Clarence and Jimmie together as much as you can. I hope they will not forget their father. I will say good-by and God bless you all. GEORGE EDDY."

On the reverse side of this letter, written on a leaf torn from a note book, was the following from Walter Walte:

"Nov. 14—We, the undersigned, do not blame any one for the accident that happened to pen us in here, and we believe that everybody has done all in their power to relieve us. Best wishes to all concerned, Frank Walte, John Brown, Thomas White, John Lorimer, Jack Pigate, Salvator Pigate, Lawrence Fredrick, Q. Antonov, Frank Zanarini, Leopold Demond, Bonfio Roggardi, George Shimits, John Shimits, William Clelland, Fred Hieraaki, Frank Preraski, Joe Hieronas, George Eddy, Walter Walte."

From survivors who were seen, the highest praise for fortitude and leadership is accorded William Clelland.

Scott Led in Prayer. Twice Clelland, who is a staunch churchman, conducted religious services. His favorite hymn, the words of which even some of the foreigners picked up parrot-like, was "Arie, My Soul."

Twice a day Clelland's rich Scotch burr arose in the dark cavern with the grand consoling words:

"Arie, my soul, Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens, The Lord with us abide."

Twice daily, likewise, Clelland delivered a blunt, stout-hearted sermon, cheering on the faltering men.

"Keep up your hearts, lads. God is with us. Don't despair. Others have been shut off from the light of day as we are and in God's good time come out alive," is the way one of his sermons was quoted.

"The Lord is with us, even here, and great his mercy," then followed the Lord's Prayer, invariably.

Imprisoned with the miners was a live mule, which, owing to a Slavish superstition, is still alive.

Fearful to Kill Dumb Brute. When Clelland and Lorimer started out to find more water, the departure which led to their ultimate delivery, a dozen or more men remained temporarily behind.

"If we don't succeed in getting water, kill the mule."

At these instructions Lithuanians held up their hands in horror, for they had a superstition if in such an extremity they sought to prolong their own lives, even at the sacrifice of a dumb brute, they would surely die.

Rather than take this chance they speedily followed the trail of those who had started to obtain water.

George Semmerich's inexperienced efforts to make the contents of his lunch last as long as possible, threw a light on the extremities to which the prisoners were for food.

Eat Tobacco and Leather. Semmerich's pall contained four slices of bread, one piece of pie and a huge dill pickle. Semmerich's estimate of how long this food would last proved woefully wrong, for deducting what he gave others, it all disappeared in twenty-four hours. Fortunately the prisoner still had a practically unimpaired plug of tobacco.

From this they extracted all the nourishment possible, and then swallowed the quid. This diet kept the stomach in so feverish a condition that for five days the plug lasted he felt no hunger pangs. The leather band on his cap was pressed into service as a substitute for tobacco, and as a destroyer of appetite served quite as well as tobacco. His gloves followed.

"It wasn't very sustaining," said Semmerich, "and I got pretty weak; but it was better than being hungry all the time."

Hurt on Submarine. Portsmouth, Eng.—A battery explosion occurred on board a submarine in the harbor Saturday morning. Two engineers' artificers were seriously burned and the interior of the vessel was badly damaged.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Canada's Day of Thanks a Month Earlier Than in the United States.

For some reason better known to the Canadians themselves than to the people on this side of the line, our Canadian cousins celebrated their Thanksgiving a month or more earlier than we do. It may be that the Canadian turkey had become impatient, and sounded a note of warning, or it may be that the "frost on the pumpkin" declared itself. But whatever the reason, their Thanksgiving day is past. It may have been that the reasons for giving thanks so much earlier than we do were pushing themselves so hard and so fast that the Canadians were ashamed to postpone the event. They have had reasons, and good ones, too, for giving thanks. Their great broad areas of prairie land have yielded in abundance, and here, by the way, it is not uninteresting to the friends of the millions of Americans who have made their home in Canada during the past few years to know that they have participated most generously in the "cutting of the melon." Probably the western portion of Canada, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have the greatest reason of any of the provinces to express in the most enthusiastic manner their gratitude. The results in the line of production give ample reason for devout thanksgiving to Providence. This year has surpassed all others in so far as the total increase in the country's wealth is concerned. There is no question that Providence was especially generous. The weather conditions were perfect, and during the ripening and harvesting period, there was nothing to interfere. And now it was well it was so for with a demand for labor that could not be supplied, there was the greatest danger but with suitable weather the garnering of the grain has been successfully accomplished. There have been low general averages, but these are accounted for by the fact that farmers were indifferent, relying altogether upon what a good soil would do. There will be no more low averages though, for this year has shown what good, careful farming will do. It will produce 130 million bushels of wheat from seven million acres, and it will produce a splendid lot of oats, yielding anywhere from 50 to 100 bushels per acre. This on land that has cost but from \$10 to \$15 per acre—many farmers have realized sufficient from this year's crop to pay the entire cost of their farms. The Toronto Globe says:

"The whole population of the West rejoices in the bounty of Providence, and sends out a message of gratitude and appreciation of the favors which have been bestowed on the country. The cheerfulness which has abounded with industry during the past six months has not obliterated the conception of the source from which the blessings have flown, and the good feeling is combined with a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of living in so fruitful a land. The misfortunes of the past are practically forgotten, because there is great cause to contemplate with satisfaction the comforts of the present. Thanksgiving should be a season of unusual enthusiasm."

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LITTLE WAITRESS WAS READY

Clearly Nothing Doing in Usual Line of Talk for the Fresh Traveling Man.

A good story is going the rounds about a drummer and a pretty waitress. Here is what happened, according to the report:

The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu and then looked up at the pretty waitress. "Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach, and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory; and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds, and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a fresh \$50-a-month traveling man, who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said he was not very hungry, and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.

Eating for Strength. The greatest pleasure to be derived from eating is the pleasure one gets in the knowledge that his food is giving him greater strength and vitality.

Because of this fact there is a constant increase in the consumption of Quaker Oats; every time the strength making qualities of Quaker Oats have been tested by scientific investigation or by experiments in families it has been found to be a food without an equal.

It builds the muscles and brain without taxing the digestive organs; it costs so little anyone can afford it, and it is so carefully prepared and packed that it is absolutely pure and clean. A Quaker Oats eating family is always a healthy family.

Quaker Oats is packed in regular size packages and also in large size family packages. The latter very convenient for those not near the store.

Good Place for Camels. Gov. Glasscock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" the native spat. "Rain? Why, say, partner, there's bullfrogs in this year over five years that don't learn to swim yet!"—Everybody's Magazine.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Lucas County, Ohio, and that said firm was pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY Swears to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1914.

W. A. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for free literature. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Fighting the Slave Trade. Although slave-trading is generally supposed to be a thing of the past, the United States contributes annually \$100 as its share of the expense of keeping up at Brussels an institution known as the international bureau for the repression of the African slave trade.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Taking No Chances. "What did Barker do when he discovered that his wife and chauffeur had planned to elope in his car?"

"He eloped it thoroughly, and put it in first-class shape."

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, chafing and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to keep in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. Trial package mailed free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

The grandest time a man has is describing to his wife exactly how an election is coming out and the busiest explaining why it didn't.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will cure not only a fresh cold, but one of those stubborn coughs that hang on for months. 50¢ a trial and 10¢ a bottle. 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, and the last duty well done.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, kills pain, cures whooping cough. 25¢ a bottle.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who would rather stay home and work than go to school?

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar. Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others. Constipation cures and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. The greatest necessity in a woman's life is love.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.



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ST. JACOBS OIL

If you had, you would have stopped the pain and the limping. It is a mighty hard case that this tried, old-time remedy won't alleviate after a few applications. All druggists, 25c. & 50c.

IT CONQUERS PAIN

ST. JACOBS OIL, Ltd., Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL

stops itching. Is the most effective application known for eczema. The best dressing for burns of scalds, a prompt and effectual remedy in all forms of inflammation, eruptions and irritation of the skin. 50 cents a jar, all druggists or sent direct on receipt of price. A certain cure for itching piles.

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

"I have found in my experience nothing to equal RESINOL for all diseases of the skin." S. S. Stewart, Stewart Station, Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy walking, common sense shoes. A trial will convince any one that W. L. Douglas shoes hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions, shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

CAUTION! The genuine W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom, which guarantees full value and protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

With the Expense. The story that Sir John Fisher of the British admiralty tells with the greatest enjoyment—and he tells many, and all with zest—is of an old boat swain on his flagship who fell into a little money and retired. One day the admiral visited him at his country box, to find the old sailor possessed of an apparently useless man servant.

"What do you want with him?" asked Fisher.

"Hevery morning," explained the old sailor, "e comes to me hammock and tells me to roll him out. The admiral wants to see you," he says to me and I says to 'im, 'Tell the admiral to go to 'ell,' says 'im."

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c. Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.

The danger from slight cuts or wounds is always blood poisoning. The immediate application of Hiram's Wizard ointment makes blood poisoning impossible.

If man were not vain the power of woman would cease—Smart Set.

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What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

70,000 Americans

1,000 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley. In addition to which the cattle country was an immense item. Cattle raising, dairying, beef raising and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid harbors, fine churches, and good railroads.

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J. S. Crawford, 1258 BNS, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A. or 430 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill. (Use address nearest you.)

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—CASCARETS regulate—cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver!

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching and dandruff. Stimulates the hair follicles. Should be used by all.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.