

THRILLING TALE FROM BURNING MINE IN RESCUE OF 20 MEN

Father Heiney Gives Graphic Account of Saving of Miners Entombed a Week—Farewell Letters of Men to Wives Found—The Heroism of Walter Wait

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 21.—Hope aroused yesterday by the rescue alive of twenty entombed men from the St. Paul mine just one week after the fatal fire started was dashed today, as it was feared in fulfillment for not one more of the 310 men caught by the fire was found today.

The day was spent in removing bodies from the mine and in burying the corpses heretofore recovered. Tonight the records showed that of the 310 men left in the mine last Saturday night, 198 are still missing, while 92 bodies have been found and twenty men have been rescued alive.

All day long the tolling of church-bells resounded in Cherry and Spring Valley. Eighteen bodies were buried in a field south of Cherry. At the mine a dozen victims in coffins awaited removal, while a score of coffins were piled nearby for others that might be brought to the surface.

Services for the dead were held outside the churches, into which coroner Mahan deemed it inadvisable that the bodies should be taken.

From the yet unfilled graves in which the Roman Catholic dead were placed, the priests hurried to the mine entrance to administer the last rites to any dying man who might be brought up. It was declared that the assertion made yesterday that 150 live men had been discovered was not well founded. Each hour that passes now is looked on as making the chance of escape pitifully less.

Among those who still hope for the rescue of living miners is Richard Newman, president of the Illinois mine inspectors. "Scotchmen are the most resourceful miners in the world and there are twenty-two of them down there. I can see no reason why they should not have found some refuge just as did those who were found alive yesterday. Eight days have passed, however, and we must hurry if they are not to perish of thirst and starvation. Everything possible to hurry on the work of exploration is doing."

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 21.—A graphic description of the rescue of the men, from the viewpoint of the rescuers, was told today by Father James Heiney, of St. Mary's church, Mendota (Ill.) Father Heiney, wearing a miner's cap and flaming torch, was down in the mine with the rescue party.

He said: "Just about 2 o'clock, when we were as near as I can tell, 300 feet into the gallery from the hoisting shaft, our party slacked up because of a pile of debris in the way. Suddenly David Powell said: 'Listen, boys, I thought I heard something.' We were all silent. A faint pounding, as if coming through the thickness of a wall, was heard. 'My God,' said Powell, 'I believe somebody is alive in there.' Some of the other men replied: 'No, that is impossible. Nobody in the world thinks for a minute the men could live down here for so many days.' 'Well, no,' I said, 'let's listen again.'"

We all listened for what seemed to be a full minute. Sure enough there came the same muffled pounding sound we had heard before. Then we were too much affected to speak. We could not believe our own senses. Grabbing hold of the picks and axes our men then began to tear down the loose pile of earth and rock. Frequently we stopped to hear whether the poundings were continuing. It took us several minutes to make much headway into the obstruction. Finally I, who had been in the rear, came forward and with a shovel relieved one of the men who had become tired out.

"It was a weird scene. The lights of our torches on our caps kept bobbing up and down as we labored and filled the place with moving shadows."

"Now let's listen and again," said Powell. Much to our glee the pounding sounds came louder. "A few more diggings in shovelfuls brought down the dirt from the top and a little black hole appeared before us."

"Two or three of us climbed over the dirt and yelled: 'Are any of you alive in there boys?'"

"An answer came back: 'Yes.' Before another word could be uttered the men began pulling at the dirt again and soon a larger gap appeared. We yelled in to them: 'Hold one of our torches.' 'How many of you are alive in there, boys?' We will save you in a minute."

"In faint, heavy voices the men called back: 'Yes, we are alive and you bet we are hungry.' Have you got some lunch out there?'"

"I crawled up as near the hole as I could without interfering with the men. 'God bless you, men, we will get you out in a minute and give you all the lunch you can eat. Be patient as you can.' 'I couldn't see anything back in there, for the men were in total darkness; so I climbed back and prayed that God would make the number of men who were about to rescue from the living grave as many as possible. 'By that time the hole was wide open and a dozen pair of glistening eyes shining out from black faces appeared in view.'"

"We kept yelling in to the men to keep up their courage, promising them that the way would soon be clear and the cage in the hoisting shaft was down and ready to carry them to the surface."

"One of the men inside answered back: 'Most of us are all right and feeling fine, but there is one poor fellow in here—a Frenchman called Frank—who is almost gone and I'm afraid he will be dead in a few minutes if he doesn't get some fresh air.'"

"When the pile of dirt finally tumbled down some of the men were staggered by the inrush of air and the lights from our torches. For during seven days they had lived in total darkness."

"With a shout we jumped over and met them, throwing our arms around their necks and almost lifting them from their feet. Their joy was inexpressible. They pounded us on our backs and continued to laugh and cry aloud until the whole place reverberated with the cheering."

"We wanted to carry the men to the hoisting shaft in our arms but they insisted they were strong and well enough to walk out themselves. The only trouble was they were practically blinded by the torchlight. We threw blankets over their heads and started to escort them."

"My first concern was to get after the poor little Frenchman who was reported dying. I found him outstretched on his back breathing his last. Holding a torch over his face, which was black from soot, I said: 'Do you give your soul to God.'"

"He answered: 'Yes, I am afraid I will never get up alive.' I administered the last sacrament and in a minute he was dead."

"I then joined the others and walked toward the shaft. There occurred then one of the greatest acts of heroism I ever heard or read of. It can hardly be believed."

"Walter Wait, one of the men we rescued, on hearing that there were others alive in another part of the mine, threw off the blanket with which we had covered his head and shouted: 'Well, then, by God, I am not going out of this mine until I get the others.'"

"We remonstrated with him and told him if he remained below any longer it would mean his death."

"We will take you up to the fresh air and give you something nice and warm and then maybe we will let you help us do the rest of the work," but Wait protested and we actually had to use force to get him into the cage. All the way up he shouted: 'Let me go down and help get up the others.'"

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



UTMOST GRACE DISTINGUISHES INDOOR COSTUMES

Never was a season when draperies were so graceful, or frocks so replete with feminine charm. The pinafore draperies crossing the figure at the knees in front and knotted loosely at the back are particularly lovely when carried out in soft materials like this pale gray crepe de chine. The material is hung over pink satin which gives a delicate rosy tint to the gray crepe. On the bodice touches of silver lace make a dainty trimming and the girdle is held in place by ornaments made of silver soutache.

THE THREE KEYS BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"Then, you will consent!" Lathrop cried joyously. "But the girl shook her head in denial. 'No, no, I cannot!' she persisted. 'You must not ask it of me.'"

"But I do ask it, dear," Lathrop urged. "It is for my own happiness that I plead. You will do this to make me happy, will you not? . . . Listen: Tomorrow, I shall bring two of my friends here, and in their presence we shall be married. As quickly as I can, I shall finish up the business that detains me in town. When that is arranged, we shall go abroad. We shall travel where we please, and for as long as we please. Afterward, we shall choose a home as our fancy guides us. You will not refuse me, Rita? Tomorrow, at twelve o'clock, I shall be here. You will be ready, dear?"

The girl's eyes were moist as she gazed up at him, but for a little, she made no reply; indeed, she could not speak just then. Her whole heart went out to him, and yet—there was something wanting. Had he seized her in his arms; had he whispered words of endearment, had he covered her face with kisses; had he, instead of pleading, demanded, this thrill could not have held her in its thrall. But, now, she did not know.

"Say, yes, Rita!" the lover besought her. "It must be yes!"

For yet a moment more, the girl wavered. And then, at last, she yielded to the impulse of her own dearest desire. Her head drooped until it was bowed in utter humility before this man whom she worshipped, and in a voice so low that his eager ears could hardly catch the words, she murmured: "If you wish it so, Morris—yes!"

CHAPTER XVI.

When Morris Lathrop arrived at his own room that night, after he had won the consent of Charita to marry him the following morning, he scarcely knew the truth as to his own feelings. He did not realize that his love for Charita had received a shock from which it could never recover, yet he assured himself that he had done right in offering himself to Rita, despite the fact that his love for her was a quantity he had never yet paused to analyze. He was conscious of a sense of repose in the arrangement that had been made, and the pain that had been his because of the separation from Charita was gone. He could no longer think of her as hitherto. He remembered her now only as he had seen her during that scene in Rita's apartment, and he recalled the picture with a shudder.

Her Daughter Took Very Sick As Result Of Catching Cold.

Mrs. Dennis Delaney, Friar's Head, N.S., writes: "At the close of the year 1907, our youngest daughter, five years old, took very sick as the result of catching cold. She became very weak and could not move around at all. We consulted doctors and gave her various kinds of medicine but they did not seem to relieve her any. On the advice of a friend I procured a bottle of your valuable remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and after using the first bottle noticeable improvement was the result and after using three bottles she was entirely cured. I can certify that it was through your valuable remedy that she regained her strength and would advise every mother having young ones similarly afflicted to obtain your valuable remedy. For myself I would not be without a bottle in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree combined with Wild Cherry bark and other pectoral remedies. It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. Price 25 cents at all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

More Than 20

Ingredients give to Hood's Sarsaparilla its great curative power—power to cure many and varied complaints, including diseases of the blood, ailments of the stomach, troubles of the kidneys and liver.

Many of the ingredients are just what the profession prescribes in the ailments named, but the combination and proportions are peculiar to this medicine and give it curative power peculiar to itself. Therefore, there can be no substitute for Hood's. Get it today.

looking out upon the street. When he turned, he rang the bell for the maid.

"Your mistress writes," he said without showing any emotion, "that she may accept an invitation to spend several days with a friend in another city. She probably had not fully decided when she went out, or she would have told you. So, if she does not return, you will understand."

"He went out then, got into his cab, and was driven to the office of George Trevor. "Come in, come in," said the broker, when he saw him. "I want to talk to you. You are late!"

"I could not very well help it, pater. What is it? Anything new?"

"No, I want to talk to you about—last night I must talk to someone, or I shall go mad. And you are the only one to whom I can speak."

"Then let us leave it until evening," Lathrop suggested. "Here we are likely to be interrupted. I'll come to you to your house, after dinner, but you must be very well, the financier agreed. Then he added reflectively: 'You will come to the house on Carla's account. She has gone away.'"

"Gone away?" Lathrop repeated, astonished. "Where?"

"To Lakeswood," was the answer. "At last I found a note on the breakfast-table, telling me that she had gone."

At this moment, the conference of the two was interrupted by a clerk, who entered with a card. The financier glanced at it, and read aloud the name, "Harry Chapman."

"Very well," he directed. "Send him in."

There was another private room, at the back of that unusually occupied by the broker, and when the clerk had gone out, Lathrop rose and went into it.

"I am the best dressed in news, Mr. Trevor," Chapman announced, as he came into the presence of the financier. "Your daughter, Carla, has met with an accident. She—"

"She is not dead!" the old man exclaimed, his face ghastly.

"No, no, sir," Chapman replied quickly. "I regret that I must tell you this. It was present when it occurred, and I did all that I could to give assistance. Then I hurried here. She was conscious when I came away. The physician told me that, if there was no internal injury, she would recover."

"Where was it? How did it happen?" the financier questioned.

"At the American Line pier, where she had gone to see about her room for the voyage. She was knocked down by a team of truck horses. But her injury is not serious."

"American Line pier—voyage?" spluttered Trevor, not comprehending in the least. "What the devil do you mean?"

"She was to sail today, you know," Chapman answered, in astonishment. "I met Miss Trevor last night, as she was coming out of the Millington on Central Park West, and I escorted her home. She told me that she intended to sail today, but that you had neglected to procure her tickets. I volunteered to attend to it for her."

"Coming out of the Millington?" exclaimed the broker, heeding nothing else that Chapman was saying. "What time was that?"

"About ten o'clock—perhaps a little after," Chapman replied.

"Good God! What was she doing there?" came the imperative question. "She had been calling on a friend, I suppose," was the wondering answer. "I did not ask her!"

"Morris! Morris!" Trevor called. Lathrop stepped into the room, but he did not turn his eyes in Chapman's direction. Chapman, smiling cynically, said: "Mr. Lathrop can inform you as to whom she called upon, for he also was there."

SALE OF Bed Comforters

Reversible Comforters, covered with fine English Silkoline Covering. Large Range of Patterns.

\$2.00 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, Sale, \$1.59 each

\$2.50 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, Sale, \$1.98 each

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FOR THE PUBLIC NEWS NOTES FROM

New Formula Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Hoarseness in Five Hours

Much is being done in these days to stop the ravages of consumption, but probably nothing has been so effective as teaching the public how to break up a cold and cure coughs, bronchitis, tonsillitis, etc., with simple home-made medicine.

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Then, he turned abruptly and left the office.

(To be Continued.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Charles H. Sumner, of (Joffstown, N. H., shot a handsome osprey or fishhawk, that measured nearly six feet from tip to tip of the wings.

Washington, Nov. 19.—Former president Castro, an exile in Santander, Spain, is accused daily by the highest officials of the Venezuelan government of attempting to foment a revolution against the Gomez regime.

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ACROSS THE BORDER

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WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me. I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAY, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

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If your child is saving up the wrappers to get a premium, put 2c. in his bank that you save in the additional weight when you buy Coll's Soap. Compare the savings on 25 or 50 bars with the premium secured. Insist on getting Coll's full round for 6c.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



ROOT VERSUS ROUTE "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "Too root at the football game," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "If you know the route, kind sir," she said.

Who is speaking to him? ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE Upper right corner down, in Winter's back.

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in a very short time. It not only builds her up, but enriches the mother's milk and properly nourishes the child.

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