

CHERRY WORK SLOW; MEN ARE BURROWING

Explorers in Mine Have Penetrated
Only 400 Feet of Many Miles
Underground.

KICKING MULES TAKE LIFE.

Bodies of Animals Which Hurt Those
Trying to Escape Found—New
Timbers Placed Under Roof.

After three days of incessant labor only 400 feet of the many miles of subterranean passages of the St. Paul mine in Cherry, Ill., were open, and it was problematical when the 167 bodies could be brought to the surface. Every effort was being made to clear a runway from the main shaft to the air pit. Inspection of the cleared portion of the second level showed that from the bottom of the main shaft 350 feet underground, westward for 250 feet, the main road is in good condition. Some of the heavy timbers near the shaft are charred, but they are solid and intact. The main passage to the east is walled up. Behind this wall is a smoldering fire. Back of the fire lie about 100 dead.

About 250 feet west of the shaft the bottom level ends in a blind alley, in which lie the bodies of two mules, covered with disinfectants. These mules kicked viciously at several miners as the men ran for their lives through the smoky passageways after the fire started. One miner was kicked into unconsciousness and could not escape, while his companion was injured so severely that he is still under the care of a surgeon.

Near the end of the main road a tortuous runway branches off to the south, ending in the air shaft. The top timbers in this passage are broken, letting shale rock through. Some of the fractured scantlings appear half-rotted. There was no fire in this tunnel.

As fast as men clear the runway new timbers are placed under the crumbling roof, making the ceiling so low that a man cannot stand erect. Rocks as large as a steamer trunk were piled as high as the roof. So narrow was the tunnel and so dangerous was the work that only two worked at a time.

POISON FOUND IN SWOPE CASE.

Cipher Telegram Discloses Result of
Chicago's Experts' Analysis.

Clearly indicating that poison had been found in the stomachs of Colonel Thomas H. Swope, multimillionaire philanthropist of Kansas City, and his nephew, Chrisman Swope, and foreshadowing arrests to be made immediately, a cipher message was sent the other day to Attorney John G. Paxton at Kansas City by Dr. Ludwig Hektoen immediately upon the completion of the exhaustive analysis made by Dr. Hektoen, Dr. Walter Haines and Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, of Chicago.

Mr. Paxton, executor of the Swope estate, agreed with Dr. Hektoen upon a code that was to be used in sending messages in the event evidence of murder was found in the stomachs of Colonel Swope and his nephew. The code word to be used in the event of the discovery of poison was "Positive," and that was the word put on the wire. The precaution was taken to prevent a "leak" and a warning to the suspects.

The finding of poison was essential to the making of specific charges. This was demanded by the prosecuting attorney. The alleged inoculation of eight members of the Swope family with typhoid will be introduced at the trial as circumstantial or corroborative evidence to show the existence of a plot to exterminate the remaining heirs to the Swope millions.

35 DIE IN NEW HORROR.

Drakesboro, Ky., Has Mine Catastrophe—19 Bodies Taken Out.

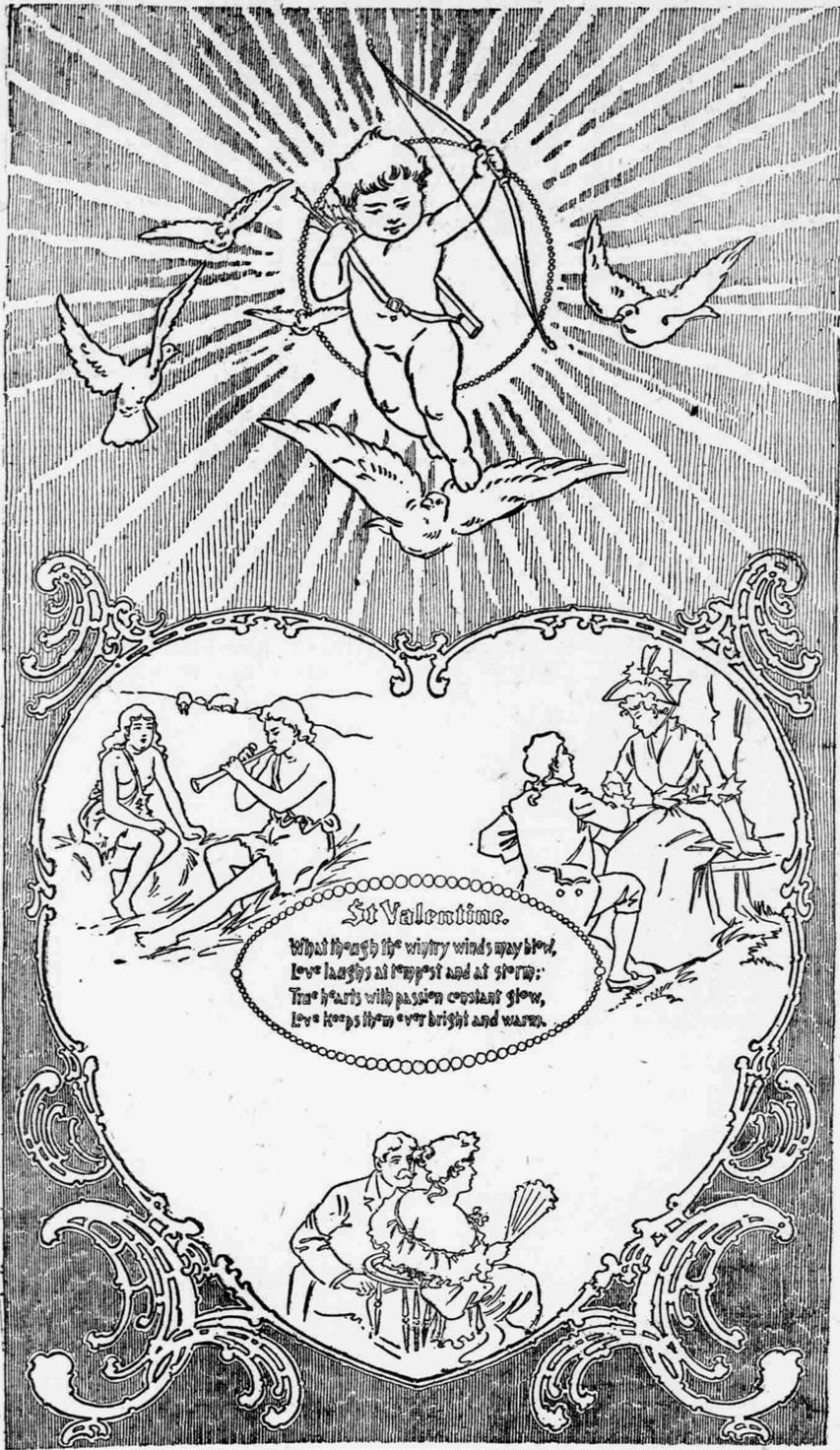
Nineteen corpses removed from the Browder mine at Drakesboro, Ky., ten bodies in sight in the workings and six others known to be dead was the count at midnight in the death roll resulting from the explosion of gases in the mine at noon the other day. Nearly a score of men were mangled by the explosion, and many of these will probably die.

Rescuers worked desperately to save the miners who might yet be alive and to recover the bodies of those killed. Of the ten men who were taken out, five were badly injured and five practically unharmed. There is no fire in the mine and both the fan and air shafts remain intact.

Because of the accumulation of gases in the entry where the explosion occurred, 170 feet beneath the ground and 700 feet back from the main shaft, it was impossible to begin rescue work until six hours after the disaster. There were 100 men in the mine, many of whom fought their way to safety.

Aged Actress Hurt in Auto.
Mrs. Sol Smith, the retired actress, was knocked unconscious in an automobile collision in New York. On account of her age—she will be 80 in March—it is feared that her injuries will prove serious.

ST. VALENTINE



St. Valentine.

What though the wintry winds may blow,
Love laughs at tempest and at storm;
Thy heart with passion constant glow,
Love keeps it ever bright and warm.

MY VALENTINE.

A valentine for father.
And one, I think, will do
For mother and for grandpa,
And for Brother Willie, too.

I know that dear old grandma
Would ask for three or four,
And Sister Nell and Cousin Ned
Would say they wanted more.

And then there's someone else I know
Would prize it quite as well,
Now can't you guess my valentine,
Or must I really tell?

No envelope contains it;
It bears no tell-tale line.
Although two lips have sealed it
No postal clerk may find.

It has no gleaming golden hearts,
Sly Cupid's tempting bait;
Nor has it got the feathered shaft
With which he shoots so straight.

And yet it brings, this valentine,
A thousand times the bliss.
Now can't you guess? Of course you can—
My valentine's a kiss.

"LINCOLN THE MERCIFUL."

A characteristic story of Lincoln's kindly interference in behalf of young men who had rendered themselves amenable to the law, but in whose case there was reason to hope for reformation, is told in the Portland Oregonian by Mr. J. B. Montgomery, who was a witness to the circumstances.

One Michael Lehman of Williamsport, Pa., had a contract for carrying the mail from the railroad station. He was the personification of integrity, but his son, Michael, Jr., 16 years old, who drove the mail wagon, was induced by evil associates to take a letter from the mail bag, and was detected in the act of removing a check from it. He was sentenced to imprisonment.

Great sympathy was felt with the father, and a delegation of citizens, headed by Judge Hale, a member of Congress, including Mr. Montgomery, and accompanied by the elder Lehman, went to Washington to see the President. Mr. Montgomery tells what followed:

"As we entered the executive chamber, President Lincoln came sauntering in. He had on a faded and much-worn dressing gown. His slippers were run down at the heel. The President, as soon as we were seated, said:

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you want? Judge Hale handed him the petition. He scanned it carefully, names

and all, and possessed himself of all the circumstances. He then said to Judge Hale:

"Judge, can I do so and so?" stating a legal proposition as to his power to do a certain thing. Judge Hale, after a moment's reflection, replied:

"Mr. President, I don't think you can."

"Lincoln then said, 'I know I cannot, but I wanted to see if you knew. But,' he went on, 'I can do something else.'"

"He was sitting by his desk, and every one except this man, who 'swallowed all formulas,' would have written on it, but he twisted his two long legs together like a whiplash, placed the petition on his knee and wrote these words, as near as I can recollect:

"To the United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania: You are hereby directed to enter a nolle prosequi in the case of the United States vs. Michael Lehman, Jr., in consideration that the said Michael Lehman, Jr., enlist in the army of the United States and serve three years, unless sooner honorably discharged."

"A. LINCOLN."
"What do you think of that?" he said, handing it to Judge Hale. It was all that was wanted.

"Lincoln got up out of his chair, shook hands with us all, telling us, 'A dozen Senators are waiting outside to see me, but this gives me more pleasure than talking to them about offices.' Then, holding Lehman by the hand, he said:

"Tell your son never to be tempted again, to be a good soldier, and how happy it has made me to get him out of his scrape."

The old Dutchman, who was short and fat, made a pathetic figure. He was beyond the ability to express himself, or even to weep. He stood silent, his eyes almost bulging out of his head. His boy was saved.

McClellan's Talent.
President Lincoln one day remarked to a number of personal friends who had called upon him at the White House:

"General McClellan's tardiness and unwillingness to fight the enemy or follow up advantages gained remind me of a man back in Illinois who knew a few law phrases, but whose lawyer lacked aggressiveness. During the trial of the case, the man finally lost all patience and springing to his feet, vociferated:

"Why don't you go at him with a fl. fa., a demurrer, a capias, a sur-rebutter, or a ne exeat, or a nundam pactum, or a non est, or any old fool thing?"

lows the beginning of their acquaintance:

I had been invited to make a speech in the old State House in Springfield, Ill. Five minutes before I stepped on the platform the committee asked me to change my subject,—the Maine temperance law,—as they wished for some reason to defer it to another occasion. Under the spur of the moment, therefore, I made a patriotic address.

After I had finished, the audience called vociferously for "Lincoln! Lincoln!"

He rose to respond, and I shall never forget his appearance. Before the meeting he had been consulting some law books in the basement of the building, and the janitor, whom he had requested to call him, forgot his duty, and at the last moment rushed in and cried out to Mr. Lincoln that the speaking was going on.

Lincoln turned out the light and grabbed the first coat he touched, which proved to be that of the janitor himself, who was a short man. Lincoln, on the contrary, was a very tall man.

On this occasion he wore, as usual, a faded red woolen shirt, buttoned neither at the neck nor at the wrists. There was a space of eight or ten inches between the top of his trousers and the lower edge of the coat, and his trousers were rolled up at the bottom, so that there was a space of nearly a foot of bare leg between them and the tops of his stockings.

He had one suspender, and the sleeves of the coat reached little more than to his elbows. His hair looked as if it had never been brushed or combed since he came from the woods of Kentucky.

He began to speak. His subject was law, its design, its essence, its mission, its power.

He spoke in a low, thin voice. I had heard Beecher, Gough, Phillips, Chapin, Starr King and Webster, but I had never before heard anything like this speech of Lincoln's. Nor did I ever see an audience so scorched and kindled—so held breathless! His speech lasted twenty minutes, and for fine logic and the most touching pathos, I have never heard its equal. When he got through he touched me on the shoulder and said, "Come home with me."

We talked all night, so oblivious of time that when light came I looked out of the window and asked if there was a fire. Mr. Lincoln replied, "It is sunrise."

How Lincoln Played Watchman.

James Etter, a doorkeeper in the War Department, frequently occupies a chair from which he could not be induced to part, because it was once occupied by Abraham Lincoln when he was President of the United States, although at the time he acted as watchman with a badge pinned on the lapel of his coat. Mr. Etter explains the incident by saying: "One day during the war I was sitting here, when a tall, angular gentleman entered the main door and asked if the secretary was in. I told him that it was too early for the secretary to be in his office."

"At what hour can I depend on finding him here?" he asked. I told him, and with a pleasant "Thank you" he walked away.

"Promptly on the hour the tall gentleman ascended the steps, walked in the door, and I was almost struck dumb when he asked me if I would not go into the secretary's room and tell him to step out in the hall. I could not leave my post of duty, and even if I could I did not think the secretary would come out to see him."

"He replied: 'O, I guess he will, and as for leaving your post, I will be personally responsible for that. I am Mr. Lincoln, and I will simply take your badge and keep do-while you step in for me.'"

"Well, I couldn't doubt him, and he pulled off my badge, pinned it on his coat, and took my chair, just like an old-time watchman."

"A smile played over his face as I left him, and you can rest assured it was not long before he and the secretary were holding a quiet talk in an out-of-the-way corner in the hall."—Washington Special.

TERRIFIC MINE BLAST DESTROYS 149 LIVES

Underground Horror Occurs in Primo Pit of Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

79 BODIES ARE FOUND IN A PILE

Victims Die in Fight for Freedom—
Women Wail at Mouth
of Pit.

More than 100 men were killed by a terrific explosion in the Primero mine of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, Primero, Colo., at 4:30 the other afternoon.

The bodies of seventy-nine victims were found piled in a mass at the foot of the air shaft shortly after midnight. When the explosion occurred the men evidently made a rush to escape through the air shaft and were suffocated as they battled with each other for freedom.

It is shown by the timekeeper's records that there were 149 men in the mine at the time of the explosion. The main shaft of the mine is completely wrecked. Only one man has been found alive. He is badly injured and has not been identified. Three men were killed at the mouth of the mine slope by the force of the explosion.

Both fans with which the mine is equipped were shattered and it was impossible to enter the mine until they were repaired. As soon as the fans were repaired, General Superintendent J. F. Thompson and a rescue party entered by the main air shafts, but were unable to reach the main shaft, which is completely blocked. A party equipped with oxygen helmets replaced this party. The workings were reached through the air shaft, and were searched for more bodies.

Miners were rushed to Primero from Trinidad, Segundo, Starkville, Sopris and Cokeville, and labored frantically to clear the main shaft, relieving each other every few minutes.

It is impossible to determine how far the main shaft has caved, and it may be days before the shaft is cleared and the total death list known. Most of the victims are Slavs and Hungarians. Electrician Will Helm is among the missing.

The camp is a scene of indescribable horror to-night. Every able-bodied man is taking his turn with pick and shovel to clear the shaft. The women and children, kept back by ropes, gathered about the shaft, weeping and calling wildly for their husbands and fathers.

Members of the first rescue party say that the effect of the explosion underground is indescribable.

BISHOP FOSS, 76, DIES.

Taken from Street Car to Hospital
in Philadelphia.

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Philadelphia the other night. He was stricken with paralysis in a street car on Jan. 18. His wife and son, Cyrus D. Foss, Jr., and a daughter, Mrs. George M. Wood, were summoned to his bedside. When he was stricken Bishop Foss, who is 76 years of age, was found to be paralyzed in the right side. Cyrus David Foss was born in Kingston, N. Y., in 1834. He was graduated from Wesleyan University twenty years later. After serving in various pastorates, the general conference of the Methodist Church in 1880 elected him a bishop. From 1880 to 1888 Bishop Foss made his home in Minneapolis. In 1888 he went to Philadelphia. He spent nine months in Mexico in the year 1893 organizing many Methodist missions there. During 1897 and 1898 he was in India and Malaysia preaching the gospel. In 1900 the bishop was retired from active work.

BIG PACKING HOUSE FAILS.

Mexican National Company Is Sent
to Receiver by Bank's Suspension.

The Mexican National Packing Company, a New Jersey corporation controlled by English investors and operating a string of slaughter-houses and packing-houses in the Republic of Mexico, under concessions from the Mexican government, failed the other day with liabilities, including stock, of approximately \$37,000,000.

The assets were not announced, but it is estimated that they are in excess of the liabilities. The company will continue to operate its plants as usual. Henry De Kay was appointed receiver by Judge Lanning in the United States Circuit Court in New Jersey.

The appointment of a receiver was not brought about by any condition in the live stock market, but by the tying up of part of the company's funds in the United States Banking Company in Mexico City, which suspended recently.

Ex-Slave Is Dead at 119.

"Uncle" John Ramsey, 119 years old, known as the oldest person in Ohio, died at the county infirmary near Elyria. Ramsey was a slave and escaped forty years before the civil war. He went to Oberlin, which later became a station for the "underground railway" for escaping slaves.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

And when he fell in whirl-
wind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar
green with boughs
Goes down with a great
shout upon the hills.
And leaves a lonesome
place against the sky.

Edwin Markham