

directions during the entire day. On the way to the cemeteries the solemn processions were constantly going, and passing vehicles coming from the mines laden with victims enroute to the morgue, there to be placed in caskets and prepared for another series of funerals.

In the town families were mourning inconsolably the death or absence of a loved one, and on all sides were little groups of weeping women and children. Thousands of strangers thronged the streets all day. They came from towns and country within a radius of many miles and by every means of travel.

In all twenty victims were buried today in the three cemeteries near town. Services were simple and brief and except for the grief of the mourners, which at times became almost frantic, were without special features. A majority of today's funerals were held from the little Polish Catholic church located between the two mines, where three priests officiated. The ministers refrained from making an reference to the catastrophe and the commitment services at the graveyard were as short as possible. There were no carriages and no flowers. The caskets were hauled for the most part in undertakers' wagons.

Large crowds of pedestrians followed and the church was crowded almost to suffocation. Several of the services were interrupted by women fainting, causing momentary excitement, but this was soon dispelled.

#### Team Runs Away.

Returning from a grave late in the day, a team drawing a hearse became frightened and ran away. Hundreds of people were in the path of the maddened animals and that all escaped injury or death seemed almost miraculous. The driver jumped to save himself, but was seriously, probably fatally hurt. The wagon was almost completely wrecked.

Many women believe their husbands or sons will be still found alive and refuse to leave the vicinity of the mine. When bodies are carried from the mine these women become almost insane. One woman overheard a man say that most of the bodies were badly mutilated. With a piercing shriek she fell to the ground and was carried to her home nearby. Tonight she is still unconscious and her condition is critical. An American woman who lost her husband, refuses to believe he is dead. She has put clean linen on his bed and insists he will be brought to her.

The bodies brought to the surface were in a horrible condition, necessitating almost immediate burial. It is now believed that the number of dead will not be over 400.

It is not known just how long a man can stay in the foul air of the mines, and relays of fifteen minutes have been provided. With clock-like precision the relief appears and good progress was made all day until halted by the fire.

#### GOVERNOR TO USE PRECAUTION.

Harris of Ohio, Sends Men to Monongah to Investigate.

Columbus, O., Dec. 9.—Governor Andrew Harris has ordered the chief state mine inspector, Harrison and deputies to Monongah, to make a careful investigation of the circumstances surrounding the explosion there. The information secured will be applied to correcting any shortcomings in Ohio mines. Inspector Harrison left for Monongah today.

## GRIM DEATH TAKES KING OF SWEDEN

(Continued From Page One.)

possibility for the throne. He was sent out to look for a wife and brought back with him Sophia, daughter of the Prince of Nassau.

In 1872 Charles XV died without male issue and Oscar II, Charles' brother, began his reign. A more democratic king never sat upon a throne, with no drop of royal blood in his veins. Tall, six feet two inches in height, broad shouldered and erect, with a magnificent head of the blonde-like type, King Oscar, if dressed in the apparel of his countrymen of ten centuries ago, would have been the perfect presentment of a Norseman old.

#### An Author and Composer.

King Oscar was known as a man of many accomplishments. He was an author far above mediocrity. In a novel entitled "A Romance of the Times of Napoleon and Bernadotte," which he published some years ago under the pen name of "Oscar Fredericks," he fully told the history of his parents and grandparents. He has also told some of the earlier history of the Swedish throne in "A Memoir of Charles XIV," his grandfather Bernadotte. He also published several volumes of original poems, as well as Swedish translations of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Goethe's "Faust," several dramas of Shakespeare and of the "Cid" of Corneille.

In his earlier years he had a good voice and great fondness for music. Many of the hymns now in use in the Protestant churches of Sweden are of his composition, words as well as music. Until ten years ago whenever the king was in residence at Stockholm, he would assemble a little cortege of his own in the beautiful music-room adjoining his library in the palace, among the number being usually the Countess Taube, the popular Swedish composer, Ivar Hallstrom, and the operatic singer, Oedman, with Hallstrom at the piano, and a delightful hour would be spent in music.

Not only was he a poet, a musician, a writer of books, but also an enthusiastic collector. He has taken special pride in his library on account of the fact that each of his books was personally chosen.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS PAY.

## REPRESENTATION AT BIG TOURNAMENT

Probable That One or More Richmond Bowlers Will Enter.

TO BE HELD AT FT. WAYNE.

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF EXCELLENT BOWLERS IN THE CITY WHO COULD LAND HIGH POSITIONS IN THE RACE.

It is probable that there will be several Richmond entries at the Tri-State bowling tournament, which will be held at Ft. Wayne January 13 to 18.

W. R. Porter, proprietor of the Brunswick bowling alleys, of Fort Wayne, will spare no expense to make the great tournament, which he will pull off on his alleys a success. His manager, George McKay, has arranged a long tier of lights extending the entire length of the alleys and they are now as bright as day. These alleys have been pronounced not only official and standard, but the finest and best equipped alleys ever bowled on by any bowlers and it will be a pleasure to see the past records go flying into chips, as the state record did several days ago when Mr. Fred Reynolds made his perfect score of 300 pins. As fast as entries are received, they will be classified by Mr. Geo. McKay, secretary, and recorded. When the tournament opens the management will adopt the card system, when it is expected that the winners of the grand prizes will be announced from twenty minutes to half an hour after the final pin goes tumbling into the bottom.

## COLD WEATHER MAKES APPLE YIELD SHORT

Miss Mary Stubbs Completes Statistical Record.

ALL INDIANA AFFECTED.

The yield of apples in Indiana in 1907 was not more than 16 per cent of the yield for 1906, according to reports which have been compiled by the Indiana bureau of statistics. The total yield of apples this year was only 745,828 bushels; the yield in 1906 was 4,798,300 bushels.

Miss Mary Stubbs, chief of the bureau, says that reports she has received, indicate that the decrease in the yield was due to the cold weather last spring and one year ago this fall. The cold weather affected the crop all over the state, and some of the best apple counties experienced almost a complete failure.

## IF YOU HAVEN'T IT DON'T GET IT

New Brand Of Itch Is Causing Annoyance to Many.

IS A LUXURY IN DAYTON.

Have you got it? Well, if you have not, thank your lucky stars, for it itches like fury—this Cuban itch, that is going around. Ever since the Spanish-American war there has existed in this country a new disease called the Cuban itch, which was introduced by some over zealous "boy in blue."

It used to be considered as rather a mark of disfavor to have the itch, but you can have this new brand and be strictly in style, for it is more in favor with the medical profession than the old fashioned "mealy itch."

It is said that the disease has seized Dayton like a fad and that 10,000 people are enjoying the luxury.

## INDIANA GAS NOW DECREASING RAPIDLY

Government Report Shows Volume Smaller.

SEVEN BILLION FEET A YEAR

Washington, Dec. 9.—A Government bulletin issued estimates the quantity of natural gas produced in Indiana in 1906 at 7,861,140,000 cubic feet and its value at \$1,750,715 which is at the rate of 22.2 cents per 1,000 feet. This is a decrease as compared with 1905.

## MRS. CAIN ASKS DIVORCE.

Theresa Cain has filed suit for divorce from Elmer Cain. In the complaint Mrs. Cain states that she was married in March, 1904, and that three months later her husband deserted her and she has never seen him since. He also has failed to provide for her.

There is no reason why a man should not dress well and have his clothes made to fit him, when he can get a fine suit or overcoat made by Emmons Tailoring Co. for \$15.00.



AN opera season that had been gun dully—the great Wagner cycle of the "Ring" alone drawing full and appreciative audiences during the earlier weeks—had risen, with the coming of Caruso and Melba, crescendo, until, though the nights were stifling, great queues of people stretched from the amphitheater and gallery door, away down the street for almost one hundred yards.

Nothing more brilliant than the performances in Italian with the world-famous tenor and the great Australian soprano could possibly be given, or so habits of the opera thought; and yet when a performance of "Carmen" was given in French, such scenes of enthusiasm occurred as perhaps had never been known in the classic house.

And why? Well, first of all, there was a French tenor singing the part of Don Jose, a M. Mires, who recalled the famous Jean de Reszke at his best and who sang the difficult "Flow-er Song" divinely. But it was not he who brought the audience standing to their feet, and cheering, as an opera audience seldom cheers.

A new Carmen had been discovered. What a performance! What a voice! What an actress! So cried the critics. And off they went to their offices or to their clubs to discuss her, and to write their half columns of praise such as artists have seldom had accorded her.

Mme. Giolitti, as the programme named her, had played the part as if inspired, and busy tongues began to wag. Who was she? Where did she come from? Was she really Italian? Those who understood and spoke the language smiled knowingly as they asked themselves the question. Her Italian was good but it was not spoken as a native would speak it.

One could not tell by her make-up what she was. A famous critic who had seen opera played in almost every country in Europe, and also in America, and who spoke several languages, declared that she was German and his opinion was respected.

Meanwhile the musical world, taken by storm, did nothing else but discuss the contralto, and on the night when the second performance of "Carmen" was to be given, there was no getting near the opera house at all, and every seat that could be booked was sold on the day when the performance was announced.

Ere yet the orchestra looked down from the sweeping circle of the amphitheater, and beyond, in the gloom, were rows upon rows of music-lovers, packed as tightly as it was possible for them to be. They had come to pass judgment upon a woman, and were prepared to be either cruel or kind—as she deserved.

Near the stage door stood a man whose hair was grey. His was a stern, sad face, lined and seamed, and set with an expression of gloomy misery.

Philip Adair was never known to smile. For whole days he was never known to speak. He was insolent, boorish at times, and rude to the management. Yet he played the violin divinely, and because of that they forgave him.

The orchestra at the Berlin Royal Opera is composed of fine musicians but there was none so fine as he. He played with such rare distinction that men marveled that he had not made a name for himself and achieved an independent position. Yet he was very poor, and spent every penny he earned just as fast as it came to him.

No one knew his history; none dared enquire. They only knew that he had no wife or child—and it would seem from hints he sometimes dropped that he had no relations. Behind it all there lay a dismal tragedy. Of that everyone felt sure. And though he was so rude, so intolerable, they were kind to him and pitied him.

He stood near the stage door now, watching the entrance, with his violin case in his hand, and a briar pipe

stuck between his teeth, though he was not smoking.

Every time he heard a woman's voice he started, and peered at the door with an alert, intense glance; but as the chorus woman came laughing into the theater, his look of interest vanished, and he relapsed into his patient, waiting attitude as before.

A call-boy rushed down to the stage door.

"Mme. Giolitti arrived yet?" he asked, breathless.

"No," answered the stage door keeper. "She looks like being late."

"And the King here, too?" growled the boy. "The manager's in a deuce of a tear."

Philip Adair waited. He could hear his conferees tuning up, but he waited. "M. Mires ain't here, either," said the call boy. "He'll hardly have time to dress."

But now a cab drew up, some people stepped out of it, and the new French tenor, the man with the voice of liquid gold, pushed the door open, and held it for a beautiful woman to pass through.

It was Mme. Giolitti, and her exquisite face was wreathed in smiles. She was clad in a dress of silver-grey crepe de Chine, and wore some beautiful roses at her breast. Her full red lips parted, showing a set of teeth of pearl ivory whiteness.

She gave her hand to the tenor. "Francis," she said, "You have given me the happiest day of my life. I must try to prove myself grateful. Until after the performance, dear."

He kissed her fingers, and smiled at her out of eyes that were lustrous with love. She had spoken in perfect German, and to the waiting, patient Philip Adair, at least all doubt as to her nationality vanished.

"Adel!" whispered the tenor, the words just reaching the ears of the violin player. "I adore you! I worship you! I have not deceived you, have I? You know the worst about me. I have told you what an evil reputation I bear. But all that is past and gone. Now that I have you I shall change. God bless you, my sweet mistress!"

She tore her hand away and turned, laughing. Then her eyes rested upon the stern, forbidding features of the fiddler. His was a fine head, and once he must have been strikingly handsome—nay, he was handsome still, with his grey moustache and his small grey imperial, but his eyes blazed now with a thousand smoldering lights, and the prima donna started, fell back a step, shuddering. Then, with a low muttered cry, she ran towards her dressing room.

The tenor clenched his hands and gazed at the man who had offended. "You have no business to stand there frightening the ladies," said M. Mires, angrily. "It is time you were in the orchestra. Get there, or I will have you dismissed!"

The violinist turned away, and with his head bowed and his eyebrows bent in gloomy thought, he made his way into the orchestra, and taking his seat within it.

The curtain rose, and Bizet's charming opera, with its melodious strains and dramatic action, held the audience entranced. M. Mires sang as if inspired, and no sooner had Mme. Giolitti appeared than it was seen that the critics had not exaggerated. She was superb. Never had a Carmen seemed so fierce as she after the flight in the tobacco factory; never one so seductive as she lured the unfortunate Spanish officer to his doom.

The curtain fell upon the first act amidst the scene of indescribable enthusiasm. Mme. Giolitti had to appear again and again to bow her acknowledgment of the applause, and so great was the impression she had made that the fact that she had been singing in Italian while the rest of the artists sang in French had scarcely been noticed.

The musicians left the orchestra and returned to their dressing rooms. It was noticed that Philip Adair was unusually grim and morose, standing with his arms folded and his eyes staring into vacancy.

"Adair has got one of his fits on," whispered Germont, a young French cellist, with a smile, addressing himself to a fellow countryman. "Did you notice how he stared at Mme. Giolitti?"

"Yes," answered Jean Fortunac, who played the horns. Then he added: "What a stupid craze it is, to be sure, this custom of adopting foreign names for singers! I know something about Mme. Giolitti."

"Tell us it, Fortunac."

In a moment his conferees had gathered around, all wildly excited to learn something of the history of the beautiful prima donna, who, by two performances had brought Berlin to her feet.

"Oh, it isn't much," laughed Fortunac. "She is German, that is all. It is the strangest thing out. My landlady used to live in Milan, where she ran a wine shop, and let lodgings. She declares that Mme. Giolitti and her French mother—"

"Ah, her mother was French, then?"

"If you interrupt you can tell the story yourself," said Fortunac, posing with one hand upon his hip. "Yes, her mother was French, though she spoke perfect German too. Well, Mme. Giolitti, then a little girl, and her mother lodged with my worthy landlady at Milan. The mother called herself Mme. Savarin—"

A startled cry interrupted the speaker. He glanced in the direction from which it came, and noticed that Philip Adair had joined the group of listeners. But he looked as gloomy and as solemn as ever, and Fortunac concluded that the cry could not have come from him.

"And it was at Milan that Madame learned to sing and to speak Italian?" said Germont, wishing to get to the end of the story.

"Yes, boorish fool," cried Fortunac, in a rage. "And since you haven't the politeness to wait and hear the end, you can guess how Mme. Savarin managed to support herself whilst attending to the musical education of her child."

And he stalked majestically out of the dressing room, and made his way up the street where he could smoke a cigarette until the bell summoned the orchestra in.

"I will tell you how Madame supported herself."

It was Philip Adair who spoke. His face was livid. His eyes were blazing with smoldering fire. His comrades stared at him in astonishment.

"She left the man who worshipped her, who would have died for her," the violinist went on in quick hurried jerks, "and she took her child with her. She killed his ambition, his love, and ruined his life. She was heartless, selfish and counted upon her beauty, the beauty which she sold for her livelihood. Piece the portions of the story together and you have the whole."

With that he walked away.

No one had ever heard the violinist speak at such length before. The musicians looked at each other in wonderment.

"Savarin! Savarin!" said one of them, searching the almost dried-up cells of his memory. "Why, that was the name of the beautiful woman who married Philip Legrande, the virtuoso whose violin playing took all Berlin by storm over twenty years ago. What has become of him? Can it be possible that—"

And he looked at the door through which Philip Adair had vanished.

At the stage door the bell was clanging. The violinist, who had gone up to the door, scarcely seemed to heed the summons. He saw Germont and Fortunac crossing the street in a hurry.

Fortunac was laughing. "I tell you it is true," he was saying. "Mires is in love with her, and she with him. There will be a big scandal presently. A Mires-Giolitti affair. She supped with him last night and the night before, privately, at his hotel. She was not seen to leave—"

he took his place again in the orchestra. During the second act he scarcely paid any attention to the score. He watched the stage all the time.

During the third scene in the mountains, where Carmen appeals to the stars and is warned of her fate, tears stood in the eyes of the man.

He carried his violin with him when the act was over and put it in its case. "I am ill," he said, "I am not going to play any more."

They looked at him and whispered. He knew they were talking about him, but he did not care.

He sat down, moody and silent. His thoughts had carried him far back into the past and as urging wave of rage and jealousy seized him.

He thought of a woman, as young and as beautiful as this Madame Giolitti now, whom he had worshipped with all his heart and soul. He recalled happy days, they had spent together when money was earned easily and the summer days were long. A smile wreathed his lips at the thought. Then he recalled blacker, gloomier days, when jealousy had torn at his heart-strings, when poverty had come to them and some of Madame's rich friends, had tempted her from him. Like a flash he remembered how he had returned one night to the rooms they had shared together at Kensington to find them deserted.

His wife had left him, taking their child with her, and leaving only a brief, but loving note behind.

The years that followed had been full of agony to him. He scarcely knew what had happened to him. He went to the dogs. He changed his name. He refused to mix with those who had been his friends. It was only the necessity of living that had drawn him into the orchestra—he who, in his day, in the brief period before illness had stricken him down, had been looked upon as perhaps the finest violinist in the world.

So absorbed was he in his thoughts that he did not notice the arrival of the King.

Philip Legrande had subsisted he scarcely knew how. He had drunk his cup of bitterness to the dregs. The gutters of the artistic world had claimed him, for many a year past, and he did not care, it was only the sight of his daughter—rich, prosperous, triumphant, claiming the homage of the musical world, as her own in the part of Carmen—that made his pulse beat quicker and the blood rush to his head.

And Fortunac had said that of her and Mires? Besides what had he not heard and seen himself, that evening at the stage door? The violinist clenched his hands and beads of perspiration stood upon his brow.

When last he had seen his little child she was a little thing, scarcely 4 years old, an innocent prattling chick. Yet he had recognized her from the first. She was so like her mother: And like her mother in other things, too. She was false, wicked. She would ruin men's lives as her mother had done. He gritted his teeth, and with a fixed resolve in his heart, he hurried to the wardrobe room, found a costume that would suit him, and rapidly dressed himself in it. Then he went down to the musicians' dressing room. Fortunac had a knife with a long, tapering blade. He knew where to find it, and took it with him up to the stage.

The curtain had been rung up. The Toreador's march was being played. The brilliant cavalcade was entering the arena. Last of all came Carmen, and Escamillo. The Toreador raised his hat in salute to the beautiful Carmen, and then the woman was left alone with Don Jose, the man she had ruined.

Mires could act. In the great scene that followed, both artists played their parts for all they were worth, and when the final scene came where the fierce and jealous discarded lover stabs to the heart the woman who has betrayed him, and Carmen falls dead upon the stage, the audience stood up, and shouted. Then as Don Jose stood staring in horror at dead body of the woman he had loved, a figure clad

in Spanish garb rushed quickly on to the stage, and a knife flashed and fell. There was a hoarse, inarticulate cry, and Don Jose fell beside the body of Carmen.

The audience stared and a great silence gripped the house. What did it mean? It was not the true ending to the opera. The curtain had fallen. Some of the chorus men, who had witnessed the tragedy, rushed forward and seized Philip Adair.

"What have you done?" cried one of them.

Carmen had risen now, and clutching her cheeks with her hands, she stared at the form of Monsieur Mires, who lay where he had fallen on the stage, only half conscious, with the blood running from the wound in his breast.

"I have avenged the honor of my child, faltered the violinist brokenly. "Take me away! Take me away!"

The woman stared at him, uttered a cry, ran forward and clutched him by the arm. She looked straight into his eyes.

"Father, Father!" she faltered. "Yes," he cried, drawing himself up, "I am your father! I am Philip Legrande."

She shuddered. She held on to him with one hand and pointed to Mires with the other.

"I loved him!" she whispered. "He was all the world to me. We were only married two days ago, and now—"

Her voice broke, and she fell sobbing on her knees beside her wounded husband.

Philip Legrande stood transfixed with horror, and then, bowing his head upon his chest, he permitted them to lead him away.

M. Mires was seated in an arm chair by the window in his magnificent rooms. His wife stood near him, and by her side, permitting her to stroke his hair, sat Philip Legrande. The violinist looked younger than of yore. He was dressed in new and fashionable things, and his old air of distinction seemed to have come back to him. He could smile now, for he had not only recovered a daughter, who was very dear to him, but also a son, for M. Mires had quickly recovered from his wound, and had freely forgiven the old man, who he knew had suffered.

"Father," said the daughter, "if you only knew how my mother wept for you! How she tried to find you! How she loved you! You went away, leaving no address behind you! You changed your name. I do not believe you wanted her to find you again."

"She left me with the Comte de Marsay," said Legrande, in a terrible voice. "It was he who supported you both in Italy. He robbed me of her. Is it likely I could forgive? If I had only met her, or him then, I—"

"Hush," said the beautiful woman, gently. "The Comte de Marsay was my mother's brother. My mother was as innocent of any wrong-doing as I have been. She loved you always. I have seen her weep for hours at the thought of you, father. She always believed that you were dead. You forced her to leave home because of your unreasonable jealousy. She asked her brother to take her away. She meant to cure you, and then to come back. But when she could not find you, and believed you to be dead, she took me to Milan, and devoted her life to teaching me to sing—"

"And she is dead. I have wronged her, bitterly wronged her. It is I who have ruined my own life!" said the violinist gloomily, "and now she is dead!"

"No, father," said the woman, kneeling down and rubbing her cheek

(Continued on Page Seven.)

**The Noisy Of Life.**  
Married people should learn what to do for one another's little life, and for the life of the children that may come. They are sure sooner or later to have occasion to treat constipation or indigestion. When the opportunity comes remember that the quickest way to obtain relief, and finally a permanent cure, is with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The great herb laxative compound. A bottle should always be in the house. It costs 50 cents a bottle of 100 tablets.