

FANS AT PIQUA ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PROSPECTS

Two Thirds of the Stock in for The Piqua Team in Indiana-Ohio League Was Subscribed in Short Order.

HAMILTON IS STILL AFTER SUITABLE BALL PARK.

As Yet the Management There Has Been Unable to Secure Satisfactory Location But This Will Be Done Soon.

At a meeting held yesterday in Piqua, Ohio, by the promoters of the Indiana-Ohio league, definite action was taken toward placing a Piqua club in the field. At the Plaza hotel about a dozen Piqua business men, headed by Dr. W. J. Prince and C. C. Sank, met with the magnates and after the prospects of the league were outlined to them these men got together and decided to organize a stock company. Yesterday two thirds of the stock in the company was subscribed and the remainder of the stock will be disposed of before the middle of next week. Mr. Sank, who is an enthusiastic fan and a man who has had practical experience in baseball, was made business manager of the new club. He will at once appoint a playing manager, probably Willis, the heavy hitting first baseman of the Dunkirk and Bluffton teams last season. Willis is an idol of the Piqua enthusiasts, having played in former years on the Piqua "Fast Blacks," which won the semi-professional championship of Ohio.

Piqua is an enterprising, hustling city of about 15,000 population and appears to be a splendid baseball town. The fans there have not been represented on the diamond for three years so the prospect of having a fast league team this year meets with their warmest approval. Already the new Piqua club has secured a ball park, complete in every detail. This park is located just three blocks from the Plaza hotel, which is in the center of the city.

John DeArmond, who holds the Hamilton franchise, was at the meeting. He has a number of business men of that city back of him and as soon as a ball park is secured Hamilton will be able to take the field. The president of the Hamilton street car company has promised to equip a park in the south end of the city near the power house. At the close of the meeting DeArmond went to Dayton, where he was to meet the street car man and make final arrangements toward securing the park. Mr. DeArmond states that if Hamilton is given league ball, the management of the Krebs baseball team will throw up the sponge. Hamilton fans are tired of seeing inferior baseball that the Krebs have been furnishing them for several seasons. The Krebs have always been a fast organization, but the teams they have lined up against have been less worthy of their steel.

Phil O'Neil of Anderson and Manager Lacey of Muncie were late in arriving at Piqua, owing to poor railroad connections. They report that everything is moving along satisfactorily in their respective cities.

As things stand now the I. O. league has five of the six cities in the circuit fully prepared for the season except the signing up of players. As soon as the deal for a park at Hamilton has been completed, everything will be ready for formal launching of the league. Next week President Frank Gamble of Van Wert will issue a call for another meeting, which will probably be held at Muncie. At this meeting various outstanding matters of minor importance will be settled. Those who attended the Piqua meeting yesterday were President Gamble of Van Wert, Frank Longwell of Van Wert, John DeArmond of Hamilton, Clarence Jessup of Richmond, Secretary W. R. Poundstone of Richmond, Phil O'Neil of Anderson, Robert Lacey of Muncie and Dr. W. J. Prince and C. C. Sank of Piqua.

POLO NOTES.

The Bridgeport, Mass., fans want to know where Eddie Higgins of the Waterbury team got his reputation.

Tommy Holderness is up to his old tricks again. He was gently but firmly removed from the floor by the Bridgeport police.

Ted Lewis and George Cunningham Jr., are on the rush line for Bridgeport in the National league.

There were 1,800 fans at the Boston-Providence game at Providence.

Flaxen Haired Davy Chick is tending goal in Waterbury.

Phil Jason is one of the best goal getters in the National league.

Research on the effects of high pressure of radio-active phenomena has met with negative results. The Montreal scientists, Professor E. and Adams, say that as a result of their experiments, they have found that radium generates heat by disintegration equally at the surface of the earth, and at pressures which obtain forty or fifty miles beneath the surface.

TURKISH TROOPS THREATEN RUSSIA

Mobilization in Armenia Admitted.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 8.—Reports of a Turkish mobilization in Armenia and the threatened movements of troops on the Russian-Persian frontier are admitted by the general staff. It is not known yet whether this action on the part of Turkey is directed against Russia, and measures so far taken by this country are confined to certain precautionary dispositions of units within the Caucasus.

Foreign diplomats here believe that Russia and Turkey are engaged in a game which neither is desirous of carrying to an extreme, although Turkey might be willing to go far, relying upon the supposed weakness of Russia because of her quarrel with Austria over the Macedonian question.

DIRTY TACTICS MARRED THE GAME

Contest in City League Was Interesting Chiefly Because of Scraps.

INTERESTING COMBINATION

PUGILISM AND POLO WENT HAND IN HAND AND THROUGH THIS THE GREEKS LOST ONE MARKER ON FOULS.

City League Standing.

Kibbey's.....3 0 1,000
Crescents.....2 0 1,000
Greeks.....2 1 667
Kronos.....2 2 333
Empires.....2 2 300
Bealview.....2 3 200

(By Gaston)

GREEKS 2; KRONOS 1.

In a combination of pugilism and polo, the Greeks defeated the Kronos in the City League game last night by a score of 2 to 1. The Greeks team work was good and they had a good line on the cage. If they had omitted their dirty tactics and played polo they would probably have swamped the Kronos. Besoke played the best game for the Greeks and Myers was the shining light of the Katy Harolds.

Bulla played a nice game for the candy makers. About a minute after the gong sounded Haas let go a vicious drive and Lancaster failed to get his lamps on it. After a few fights had been pulled off, Bulla laid one to rest. There was no scoring in the second and the mixers of soft drinks lost a marker on fouls. In the third both Myers and Bulla counted. Lineup and summary:

GREEKS.....First Rush.....Craighead
Bulla.....Second Rush.....Myers
Haas.....Center.....Ryan
Besoke.....Half back.....Swain
Stinkamp.....Goal.....Lancaster

First Period.
Rush.....Caged By.....Time
Craighead.....Haas.....1:50
Karns.....Bulla.....9:05

Second Period.
Karns.....No Goals

Third Period.
Karns.....Myers.....3:15
Karns.....Bulla.....7:20

Rushes—Karns 5; Craighead 2.
Stops—Stinkamp 13; Lancaster 28.
Fouls—Karns, Bulla, Haas, Swain.
Goal forfeited—Greeks 1.

Have you trouble of any kind arising from a disordered stomach? Go to your druggist and get a 50c or \$1 bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is positively guaranteed to cure you and keep you well.

A Wonderful Memory.

Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer and orator, had a memory of extraordinary scope and tenacity. After composing a speech or oration he could repeat it word for word exactly as he had prepared it. On one occasion he went to an auction, where the business was carried on during an entire day, and at evening, for a wager, he wrote down a list of the articles that had been sold and the prices, together with the names of the purchasers, in the order in which the purchases had been made.

INNETS IN AFRICA.

Dr. Arthur J. Hayes in his "The Source of the Nile" tells how the Innets come to drink out of the Athara river; "They come with an undulating rush, and small as they are, the rushing of the wind as they beat the air makes a noise like thunder, and their numbers darken the sky. The weight of the throngs of them which alight at a time bends down the ends of the overhanging branches and twigs to the level of the water."

Practical.

"Why do you teach your children to recite and sing?"

"Well," answered the practical woman, "there has to be some way of starting people who come to see you and forget when it's time to go home."—Washington Star.

The Best Proof.

"That surgeon, they say, has a remarkable touch."

"He has. If you don't believe it, I'll show you his bill for my operation."—Baltimore American.

LOGANSPORT WAS DEFEATED BY THE RICHMOND TEAM.

Polo Game at Coliseum Last Night Considered the Best Of The Season as It Was Fast From Start.

QUIGLEY BROTHERS SHOVED IN LIMELIGHT.

The Work of the Two Men Was of Sensational Order—Two Men Injured Near the Close of the Game.

(By Gaston)

Logansport, 1; Richmond, 5.

Last evening at the Coliseum, in the best game of the season, the Quakers took the Logansport polo pushers into camp by the score of 5 to 1. The lads from upstate were the best attraction that has been offered the local boys this year. Their team work was of high order and their defense was good. Sheridan made some fancy stops in front of the cage. The locals' defense seemed a little off color in the first period, but improved as the game went on. The Quigley brothers worked the floor nicely, but always bumped into the visitors' defense. After five minutes fast play, L. Quigley slipped one by Sheridan for the first marker and a couple of minutes later Martin banged one past Alexander for the second count. In the second period, O. Quigley coaxed the sphere around a few times and finally landed one in the draperies. Quigley counted on a pass from O. Quigley. In the third period, L. Quigley scored on a difficult angle drive and followed with another. Shortly before the gong sounded, Hayworth received a bad blow in the face and was forced to retire. L. Quigley also left the floor and each team finished with four men.

Lineup and summary:

Logansport (1) Richmond (5)
Martin.....L. Quigley
Hayworth.....O. Quigley
Ragan.....center.....Parry
Porter.....half back.....Williams
Sheridan.....goal.....Alexander

First Period.
Caged By.....Time
L. Quigley.....L. Quigley.....5:20
L. Quigley.....Martin.....7:45
L. Quigley

Second Period.
L. Quigley.....O. Quigley.....6:00
L. Quigley.....L. Quigley.....14:05
L. Quigley

Third Period.
L. Quigley.....L. Quigley.....3:15
Hayworth.....L. Quigley.....4:10
L. Quigley

Rushes—L. Quigley, 8; Hayworth, 1.
Stops—Alexander, 14; Sheridan 47.

Decision of Much Local Interest

Indiana Appellate Court Affirms Unique Judgment.

A decision of much local interest has just been handed down by the Indiana appellate court, affirming a judgment covered by the second divorced husband of a woman against the administrator of her estate, who was also her first divorced husband.

The judgment was for money which the second husband, Monroe Huntzinger, lent to his wife to pay a balance due on her house and to pay for painting the house and making other improvements while they were living together.

The evidence showed that they, respectively, sued each other for divorce four or five times, and that they dealt with each other on a business basis in the meantime. The court says there is nothing in the law to prevent a husband from lending money to or borrowing money from his wife, and that a debt for borrowed money is not cancelled by the parties becoming divorced.

If you suffer with indigestion, constipation, feel mean and cross, no strength or appetite, your system is unhealthy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes the system strong and healthy. 55c. Tea or Tablets. A. G. Lukon & Co.

LAST OF ROBBERS NOW IN LAW'S CLUTCHES

Men Robbed Penny Freight Cars at New Castle.

New Castle, Feb. 8.—With the arrest of Fred Mart last night, aged 26 years, who is now in jail here, the police have secured the last of the young men who were connected with the robbery of Pennsylvania freight cars two months ago. Several days after the robbery the police arrested Orville Glens and James Jester on a charge of committing the robbery. The former is still in jail, but the latter was released on bond. To the officers Hart made a confession implicating others, and claimed that drink was the cause of the trouble.

Barrels, boxes, what not, were flying wild, and a case of machinery finally caught the captain against a brace, crushing his leg so that splintered bones were driven out through the skin. He was carried to a lifeboat son took command and Peter, his post on the bridge, never moved. Lower and lower drove the British King, and the crew of Belgians, verging on panic, but held by the personality and calm assurance of their new command, watched him like dogs ready to obey his will. From his post the chief officer signaled the Mannheim and the Bostonian, which were plunging through the riotous waters to the rescue, and he it was that maneuvered his sinking craft so that small boats from the succoring vessels could come alongside. Three boats filled with the British King's men were carried to safety, and as the storm increased, prohibiting further attempts at rescue, the stricken vessel took her long plunge, with Peterson on the bridge blowing a farewell blast upon his mate's whistle.

Peterson was fine, Peterson was noble," said an officer of the British King brought to New York on the Mannheim. "He was not a captain. But when he took O'Hagan's place he took O'Hagan's responsibilities without a murmur and died as O'Hagan would like to have died." As it was, O'Hagan was the first man by Peterson's express order to be lowered into the rescue boats. He died the day before the Bostonian reached port. The British King was only a freighter. There were no passengers aboard, but Peterson saw his light clear and acted in accordance with it.

Even more dramatic was the death of Captain Deloncle of the ill-fated French liner La Bourgogne, rammed and sunk by the Cromartyshire, a sailing vessel, on the banks in the summer of 1888. La Bourgogne was a gilded ship, and her commander was the pride of the line. He was a poet, influenced in style by Edgar Allan Poe and by Baudelaire, not only in style of verse, but in demeanor, the last no doubt inherent. His conversation was brilliant, but fantastic. A raconteur, his trend was morbid, melancholic, his humor satiric—in other words, no ordinary man and a good sailor. On the evening of the disaster the liner ran into a dense fog.

HEROES OF THE SEA CAPTAINS WHO GO DOWN TO DEATH WITH THEIR SHIPS.

Working of the Honor Code in the Deep Sea Fraternity—Noble Examples of "Living the Faith" When a Move to Escape Meant Dishonor.

Tradition, which is to say the honor code of the deep sea fraternity, decrees that in event of mortal disaster to a vessel of whatever kind, sail or steam, large or small, the master must be the last person to leave.

From this law, unwritten though it be, no seafarer is exempt. So stern is it, so inexorable and so jealously upheld, not only by those of the sea, but by landsmen, that where escape is impossible for passengers and crew the commander of a stricken ship stands right on the bridge until she sinks, carrying with her, it may be, a score or hundreds of human beings, considering his sacrifice but slight in the face of the alternate of self preservation at a price too great for any man to pay, at the price of worldwide scorn, the averted faces of those who had formerly held him in esteem and the pain of those who had loved him as husband, father, son or brother.

Death and a name written bold on the roll of those who have perished sublimely at sea is infinitely the easier way. Many have found it so. And not a small element of the dignity and the nobility which attach to the calling of the ocean is due to that exalted army of martyrs who in the heart of fearful darkness, in the wreck of elemental fury triumphant have kept the faith unflinchingly, alone, unwatched, unaided—men who in dying have put up a steadfast star which lends far from sordid things and ennoble the credit of mankind.

Annals of the sea record not a few instances of captains who have refused to leave their vessels even after every other human being has been saved. Love of their ships, for which many skippers evince such affection as they bestow upon wife or child, may explain this, or pride or despair, where the master has been at fault, or—oh, ever so many reasons may be advanced. The captain of a great liner not many years ago, whose boat had met with an accident which seemed likely to bring him before a court of inquiry, was found dead in his cabin when the vessel finally made port. He brought her in safely—and then he died. Apoplexy, they said at first. Later came a rumor that he has never been satisfactorily explained away to the effect that this captain died by his own hand. It is not at all unlikely. He had been eminently successful. His pride could not bear up under his first great setback.

Another case of the kind was that of the suicide of Captain Brunswick of the beautiful cruising steamship Prinzessin Victoria Luise after he had run her on the rocks near Port Royal, in the West Indies. The invariable comment of the shipping world has been that the German commander did the only thing possible under the circumstances. Brunswick would probably have lost his certificate, and since steamship companies as a rule prefer to "grow" their own captains and in addition have absolutely no use for a skipper with a lost ship against his name poor Brunswick's future must have looked dark to him indeed.

It is far more pleasant to turn to the case of a man who, paradoxically enough, was not a captain, but who is now held out in accordance with big, brave things done on the waters of a lower creation—to the case of Chief Officer Peterson of the British King. He left New York in that craft one winter day in 1905, and on the banks great rending waves simply beat in her bow plates. Tons of water flowed in, and before the leak was discovered O'Hagan led his men into the hold to shift cargo and thus right the wallowing steamship.

Barrels, boxes, what not, were flying wild, and a case of machinery finally caught the captain against a brace, crushing his leg so that splintered bones were driven out through the skin. He was carried to a lifeboat son took command and Peter, his post on the bridge, never moved. Lower and lower drove the British King, and the crew of Belgians, verging on panic, but held by the personality and calm assurance of their new command, watched him like dogs ready to obey his will. From his post the chief officer signaled the Mannheim and the Bostonian, which were plunging through the riotous waters to the rescue, and he it was that maneuvered his sinking craft so that small boats from the succoring vessels could come alongside. Three boats filled with the British King's men were carried to safety, and as the storm increased, prohibiting further attempts at rescue, the stricken vessel took her long plunge, with Peterson on the bridge blowing a farewell blast upon his mate's whistle.

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Deloncle was on the bridge, considering abstractedly no doubt new poetic themes while watching, waiting, guiding his immense vessel with her thousand odd passengers through the pall.

Suddenly out of the darkness, without a sound, rushed a tall bark, which dealt her deathblow, and then stole away in the darkness toward a Canadian port, into which she crawled, like the murderer she was, some days later. La Bourgogne was sinking. The crew had gone mad and, assisted by the crazed coal passers and firemen thronging up from below, were stabbing and beating the passengers—men and women who ran about as senseless cattle run. Deloncle saw all this from the bridge, but he was powerless to do anything. Some of his officers had fought to suppress the panic at the cost no doubt of their lives; others were at the boats. Lower and lower went La Bourgogne. Her captain seems now to have abandoned himself to a mood of strange exaltation in the presence of death, for he seized the whistle rope, and while steam lashed his wild, wailing, roaring salute to death rocked over the heads of those who were drowning below him. And with this last salute Deloncle bade farewell to the face of the sea.

Captain Griffith of the Atlantic Transport line steamship Mohegan ran his vessel on the rocks near the Needles, in the English channel, in October, 1898, under conditions which, had he lived, would have justified capital punishment. It was not darker than twilight, landfalls were untroubled, and yet the Mohegan, miles out of her course, went on the rocks and sank with most of her passengers. Griffith directed his crew from the bridge, with out avail, however, as the work of lowering the boats was bungled atrociously. The last seen of him he was still on the bridge, shaking his fist and cursing the waters as they rose over the deck or the floundering crew or both.

Admiral Tryon, standing on the afterdeck of the British battleship Canopus, had no thought other than dying with his great flagship as she sank in the Mediterranean off Tripoli after collision with the battleship Victoria. Tryon had given the signal calling for a maneuver within dangerous distance, and its disastrous ending placed him in such position that no doubt he deemed death a far simpler solution to the problems that must have flashed through his mind.

Inspired by the ethics of his profession and by the dignity of his office, Captain Tunis Augustus Craven of the monitor Tecumseh died in a way that will live as long as the history of this country lives. His monitor was one of the vessels attached to Admiral Faragut's squadron, then collected for the attack on Mobile. On the morning of Aug. 5, 1864, the Tecumseh, in the post of honor at the head of the attacking squadron, engaged the defenses of the city. The orders to fleet captains were that in order to avoid torpedoes at the entrance to the bay vessels must pass to the eastward of a certain red buoy, which was directly under the guns of Fort Morgan. The Confederate ram Tennessee was lying to port of the Tecumseh and inside the line of torpedoes. Captain Craven, in his eagerness to engage this craft, neglected the course warning and passed to the westward of the buoy. The penalty was immediate. There was a muffled explosion, the monitor listing sharply. As she began swiftly to sink Captain Craven and his pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret—a ladder of iron leading to a manhole above, to safety. The turret was nearly submerged. There would be time for one to mount the ladder perhaps, but only one. The pilot knew this; Craven knew it. There was no hesitation. With a smile Craven stepped away from the ladder.

"After you, pilot," he said. Collins sprang up the ladder, and as he gained the top rounded the vessel west to the bottom and Craven, the "Sydney of the American navy," with her.

In a humbler but wonderfully heroic way the captain of the oil ship Lodi, Anna, burned at sea several years ago, saw every man jack of his crew clear of the doomed ship before thinking of his own safety. Then it was too late. Foot by foot he was driven forward until he hung over the bow, the flames shooting far out above him. A tramp steamship came up. It was too rough to lower, and there she stayed, watching the unequal fight on the part of a man who could not know that human eyes were upon him and human hearts aching for him—stayed until at last the man relaxed and cleared the dark waters, while his ship burned on.

There are many such as he—men who have fought the good fight and died calmly where they might have lived—whose names will never be known, whose deeds are enwrapped in that mystery which invests the sea. But, for that matter, it is not for glory that a captain sacrifices his comfort or happiness or life. It is only because his calling includes such things as a part of everyday routine.—Lawrence Perry in New York Post.

CAMPAGNS FOR HER INVALID HUSBAND

Henry County Woman Appealing to Voters.

Middletown, Ind., Feb. 8.—Mrs. George Morris of New Castle is canvassing the county for votes for her husband, who is a candidate for recorder. Mr. Morris is an invalid. He was thrown from his buggy several months ago, and he is compelled to go about on crutches. The inclement weather makes it unsafe for him to look after his political interests, and his wife filled her shopping bag with his cards, and began canvassing among republicans for support. Mrs. Morris is accomplished, and she does not mind matters in stating the nature of her business.

To the Voters Of Wayne Co.

In answer to the rumors that are being circulated concerning my qualifications as an aspirant to the office of prosecuting attorney I wish to say I have had a thorough course under the tutelage of a good law school and a member of the bar in Indiana since 1881.

The illness of My Trustee, Albert Anderson has prevented me from making an extensive canvass.

I want the office and ask a careful consideration.

Respectfully submitted,

JOE C. BURGESS,

Principal High School, Whitewater.

TEN MEN KILLED IN COAL MINE

Comrades Work Heroically in Effort to Rescue.

Port Hood, N. S., Feb. 8.—Six coal miners and four loaders were crushed to death as the result of an explosion in the Port Hood Mine of the Port Hood Richmond Railway Coal Company. Whether the explosion was due to gas, fire damp or gunpowder remains to be determined by a coroner's jury.

The accident occurred about 7:30 o'clock this morning, soon after the day's work had begun. The explosion was in the south level, and the six miners and four loaders were buried under tons of soft coal that were loosened by the explosion.

Practically every man of the 300 miners employed in the pit volunteered for rescue duty. With the exception of the four Bulgarian loaders all of the victims were natives of this place, and were descendants of the Highland Scotchmen who settled Cape Breton.

SAVED THE LANDS

How De Cosmos' Great Speech Happened to Be Delivered.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. De Cosmos in the legislature of British Columbia when a measure was pending the passage of which would have taken from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a minority. The measure had been held back till the eve of the close of the session or session. Unless action was taken before noon of a given day the act would fail. De Cosmos got the floor at 10 a. m. and began a speech against the bill. His friends supposed he would be done by 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock he was saying, "In the second place," At 3 he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it.

Then the truth dawned. He was going to speak till noon the next day and kill the bill. Then they made merry over it and tried to shout him down, but that gave him time and breathing space. They finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. De Cosmos had no mercy, no time for dinner or wetting lips with water and no sitting down. Members went to dine and sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. Day dawned.

The speaker was alternately dozing and trying to look wide awake. At last noon came, and a single man was triumphant. Although his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were bloodshot and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood, De Cosmos had spoken for twenty-six hours and saved the lands.

If you are troubled with sick headache, constipation, indigestion, offensive breath or any disease arising from stomach trouble, get a 50c or \$1 bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is positively guaranteed to cure you.

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