

The Millheim Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.
A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.
Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.
VOL. 60. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1886. NO. 35.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontingment
of their papers, the publishers may continue
to send them until all arrearages are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their
papers from the office to which they are sent
they are held responsible until they have settled
the bills and ordered them discontinued.
If subscribers move to other places, a bill in
forming the publisher, and the newspapers are
sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 column 4 00 10 00 20 00 35 00 50 00
1/2 column 2 00 5 00 10 00 15 00 20 00
1/4 column 1 00 2 50 5 00 7 50 10 00
One inch makes a square. Advertisements
and Executions Notices \$2.50. Transient adver-
tisements and locals 10 cents per line for first
insertion and 5 cents per line for each addition-
al insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,
Auctioneer,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. J. W. STAM,
Physician & Surgeon
Office on Penn Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Public School House.

W. P. ARM, M. D.,
WOODWARD, PA.

B. O. DEININGER,
Notary-Public,
Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.
Deeds and other legal papers written and
acknowledged at moderate charges.

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Having had many years' experience
the public can expect the best work and
most modern accommodations.
Shop opposite Millheim Banking House
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

GEORGE L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
Millheim, Pa.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfac-
tory manner.
Jno. H. Orvis, C. M. Bower, Ellis L. Orvis

O. R. BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Office in Woodings Building.
D. H. Hastings, W. F. Reeder.

HASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of
the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum &
Hastings.

J. C. MEYER,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre county
Special attention to Collections. Consultations
in German or English.
J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart.

BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free
Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to
witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.
House newly refitted and furnished. Ev-
erything done to make guests comfortable.
Rates moderate. Tronage respectfully solli-
cited.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
Good sample rooms for commercial Travel-
ers on first floor.

REPEATING ITSELF.

But Instead of History It Was Romance.

'Close the shutters, Kitty. What a terrible night it is, to be sure. The rain is coming down in floods.'

A barrack ground, stiff and ugly under the most favorable circumstances, looking like a desert in the wind and rain, was just visible.

'Why, Aunt Bell,' said the girl, pausing with one hand on the shutter, 'there is a name scratched on this pane of glass. I never noticed it till this minute.'

'What is the name?' asked the old lady, half asleep by the fire.

'Kinloch, Scots Greys, 1816,' read the young girl, 'and then 'Kitty' written very badly just below.'

'Kinloch! Kitty!' said Aunt Bell, starting up with sudden interest. 'Why, that must be the same man! Then she sank back again, murmuring: 'Ah, Kitty, there was love in those days, and romance, too.'

'Is there no love now?' said Kitty, coming to her aunt's side and kneeling down on the hearth rug.

The ruddy flames and glow from the fire lit up the girl's chestnut hair, fair complexion, and bright hazel eyes. Aunt Bell gazed lovingly down at the faint little face and said:

'Now and again we meet some of the right kind, but would you like to hear the story of that namesake of yours, Kitty?'

'Very much.'

'Well, fifty years ago, as you know, I was a girl of sixteen, and was invited to spend the summer months with my aunt, who then had one of the finest houses in this county of Kildare.

Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine the girls of the party and I anticipated a gay time. Oh, those summer months! I grow young again as I think of them! The rides across the Curragh in the fresh morning air, when in parties of ten or fifteen we would gallop for miles on the stretches of breezy turf; the hand-some officers who played hide-and-seek with us in the evening hours all over the big house, starting out of corners and chasing us breathlessly down the slippery oaken corridors. Then, tired out, we would stroll into the garden, and under the trees there would be songs, flirtations and whispered confidences and promises made by the score and never fulfilled. What a mad merry time it was! The merriest and handsomest of all was a young Scotch Lieutenant, Kinloch Kinloch. His mother was Irish, and had bequeathed him her beauty and propensity for joking.

'And now for Kitty, the heroine. She was the daughter of a gardener who lived about a mile from my aunt's house, and of all the distractingly pretty girls that have made men do silly things I am sure Kitty was one of the prettiest. I can't do her justice; but I can tell you she had the Irish blue eye; a complexion like milk, hair of the silkiest chestnut, curling in rings all over her brow, and a slender, upright figure, the envy of all our girls. One day, as a large party of us were talking under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket of fruit. Kinloch for the first time noticed the girl, and seemed struck dumb with amazement. He stood at a little distance, and kept his eyes fixed on her. It was love from that very moment, and every one noticed it. All the young men swarmed about the girl's basket and began helping themselves. She expostulated, but they put her off. Said one:

'Sure, Kitty, and you would like us to have the best. I'll be bound.'

'Another said: 'Mahone, one kiss from that cheek with the flush of the peach upon it will save you from these rascally thieves, for I will fight them all for such a favor.'

'But Kitty would not be bribed, and seemed about to resign herself to the loss of her fruit, when Kinloch shouldered his way into the group, and giving the last speaker a friendly push, cried: 'Leave the girl alone, Grant, please.' Then he turned to Kitty, saying: 'It is very heavy for your little arms, and there will come no one stealing the fruit now, I'm thinking.'

'Thank you,' said Kitty, gratefully, and walked along by his side.

'That is the first time I have seen my lady allow any one to fetch and carry for her,' my brother said.

'There is no gainsaying Kinloch, then, for he always gets his own way in what he wants, Harr,' I said.

'Especially when it has to do with pretty girls,' sneered Grant.

'Treason! we all shouted in a breath. 'Kinloch is the same to us all.'

'Of course; but are you not all pretty girls?' said Grant.

'We laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment; and so the momentary breach was healed. That was

the first time we noticed Kitty coming up to our house with her fruit. We were quite sure nothing we could have said or done would have prevented her, but we were not quite so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since that little episode, had wandered about like a distressed lover. One day we met Kitty in a lane, and I said to her:

'How is it you never come our way now?'

'The girl blushed. 'Father prefers to take up the things himself,' she murmured; for which painfully apparent fib we forgave her.

'The days passed on and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expectations, was now generally absent. Where he had been, was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees, or the old picturesque red shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, her round, dimpled arm appearing just below. Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland, and one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families.

'Thanks very much, but I'm afraid I shall be too busy,' he said.

'Oh, but you must come! We all counted upon you,' we said.

'But, I—I have so many things to do to-day.'

'Here he stopped and blushed. We girls were devoured with curiosity, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces.

'He has got to say farewell to his lady-love,' suggested Philip Grant.

'Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were like globes of fire.

'Confound it, sir, and suppose I have! What is that to you?' he cried.

'We all stared at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders and wisely forebore to answer. Kinloch's temper calmed down as rapidly as it had risen.

'I am sorry to disappoint you, girls, but I must beg to be excused,' he said gently; and bowing, he walked off.

'We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared, and then we all looked at each other and sighed.

'A clear case,' said one girl.

'Head over heels.'

'What will he do?'

'How can he marry her?'

'Kitty can take care of herself.'

'But I'm sure she is in love; she never has been before.'

'He will go away and forget her.'

'He gave his bride a shake, said, Adieu forevermore, my love, Adieu forevermore.'

'Never! Nothing of the kind will happen. I'm sure he will marry her,' I said.

'That night Kinloch made his way to the gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look at the corners of his mouth, he carried his head well thrown back, and stepped lightly along. The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden and enjoy the still beauties of the night. The air was fresh and the full moon was hurrying through the star-spangled course. The reeds in the neighboring streams rustled and shivered in the breeze, and the night moths bumping against Kitty's white kerchief on their way to the fatal candle in the window. The girl's eyes filled with tears.

'Why do you weep, Kitty?' said a voice at her side.

'The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

'You are going away,' she said.

'Yes, I am going away, but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me,' said Kinloch.

'Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you and wait till then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love.'

'Keep as you are, Kitty; remain unchanged,' said the young man, jealously, 'lest when I come back again I shall not see in you the last look that I took away with me, my life, my love!'

he murmured, passionately, and then kissed her sweet brow and mouth, and folding her in one last embrace he left her.

'As she went into the cottage a large moth sailed in before her, flew up into the alluring brightness of the candle and dropped dead on the table.

'Kitty, my girl,' said the old man, pointing significantly to the insect, 'don't be as silly as that thing. Its eyes were dazzled, and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination.'

'Father, you may trust me,' said the girl, bending down and kissing the gray hair.

Here Aunt Bell stopped.

'Is it interesting? Shall I go on?'

'Oh do! Did he come back?' said her niece.

'Well, the years passed on, and the girl was joked and teased and had many offers of marriage, but she was

firm and would listen to none. At last the young fellows grew weary of their fruitless attempt at love-making, and the greater part left her alone. A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuations. Nine years went by, and there came the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men went down together in hundreds. Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never failed in its lightness nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time.

'Early in the next year—in fact, on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited. Girls were in great demand then, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night. I was anxious to see Kitty myself and to find out how the years had passed over her head. You think, perhaps, twenty-six was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty. Well, I felt almost as young as when I was sixteen.'

'Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when the unhappy damsel with torn skirt or blouse should require her assistance. She was then twenty-eight, and the young, girlish beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest, and you saw the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age. She wore a pale, tea-rose-tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves.

'It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within. The dancing of the high-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the roar of the wind, and the tinkling wine-cups drowned all sound of rain. Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped dancing; a chill blast swept round us; we turned and saw a silent figure standing in the doorway.

'He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carelessly thrown over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making large puddles on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips.

Just at that moment the clock struck twelve, and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the nervous girls screamed and ran behind their partners. Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?

'I seem to frighten you, friends. Does nobody know me?'

'Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door. She heard the voice and turned round trembling, with a wild cry.

'Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back! And amidst a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she sprang to his side, and disappeared in the folds of his great cloak.'

'How splendid, Aunt Bell!' said her niece, drawing a deep breath; 'but if she married him then I don't see why she should not have done so before.'

'Ah, but she was a wise girl; she knew it would test his constancy, and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at twenty-one—as she knew so well—would not be his choice at thirty-one.'

'What become of them, aunt?'

'Oh, they married and traveled about a great deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army, also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed, and not wait any longer for your father.'

'There is a new Lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place,' said her niece, as she bade her good-night.

'The young men are not what they used to be,' sighed the old lady. 'Some little whipper-snapper, I'll be bound, with feet that would fit in your slippers. Good-night, child!'

Kitty went down-stairs and pondered over the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and faithful Kinloch. She went to the window and undid the shutter. She pictured to herself the young man as he came to the window and scratched his name on the glass, and then, taking the girl's hand in his, slowly guiding it just below. She leaned in the shadow of the window seat and tried to realize each scene in the little drama. There, under that very door, stood the tall, black-gobed figure they had all shrunk away from in the midst of their mirth.

What! was she dreaming? What stood there at that moment? A figure darker than the gloom of the room. The rain poured in rivers outside, the wind whistled round the house. The figure came farther into the room. She saw by the misty light that he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hips. She felt as if the

whole scene was to be played over again, but she looked in vain for the pretty girls with their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high-heeled shoes. Kitty, where was she? And here she blushed to herself in the darkness. There was a Kitty, but not that one.

The man came up to the window, evidently thinking no one was in the room; the girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

'Kinloch!' she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer, for she could hardly tell yet whether she was dreaming or no.

'Who spoke my name?' he called out, glancing round.

'I did,' said Kitty, feeling very abashed, almost at his elbow.

He glanced down, drawing away his wet cloak.

'I am sure I beg your pardon; I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters. Arriving so late I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion.'

Kitty's castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash. How commonplace. He was only the new Lieutenant after all; but he did not appear the whipper-snapper her aunt had prophesied.

'Then you are not Kinloch?' she said, in a disappointed tone.

'My name is Kinloch,' he answered, with a pleasant smile.

'My aunt was telling me about this Kinloch,' and Kitty tapped the frame with her finger. 'I will tell you the story some day if you like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and every thing. But here! I suppose you are not even a relation?'

'He was my father,' said the young man, quietly; 'so no wonder we are something alike.' It was now his turn to say, in a disappointed tone: 'But your name is not Kitty, I'm sure.'

'Yes, it is,' she said, eagerly, then paused; a sudden rosy flush rushed over her face. 'At least, no—it is—'

But she could not deny it for it was Kitty.

'These are our namesakes; shall we write ours below them, Kitty?'

'Some day, perhaps.'

A WRECKED CITY.

Havoc of the Earthquake at Charleston, S. C.

Great Loss of Life—The Destruction to Property Roughly Estimated at \$5,000,000.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 1.—There was a terrible earthquake here last night at 9:50 o'clock. The principal business portion of the city was destroyed and hundreds of persons were rendered homeless. Men were frantic, women were beseeching mercy from the Almighty and children were in tears.

THE SCENE THRILLINGLY DESCRIBED.

The following article was prepared for publication in the "News" and "Courier," and is telegraphed almost in the writer's own words:

Necessarily the description that can be given of the disaster which has befallen our city consists in the narration of the experiences and observations of individuals, and, the subject being the same and the experiences of all being nearly alike, the story told by one careful observer may well stand for a hundred others, with slight variations. Probably the best idea that can be had of the character of the disturbance here may be obtained from a narration of the events and scenes of Tuesday night as they were presented to a single person. When engaged in his usual duties in the second story room of the "News and Courier" office at the time of the first shock the writer's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavily laden truck, over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or a dray along the street. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then by swift degrees, or perhaps all at once, it is difficult to say which, the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of window-sashes, gas-fittings and other loose objects. The men in the office, with perhaps a simultaneous flash of recollections of the disturbance of the Friday before, glanced hurriedly at each other, sprang to their feet, with startled questions and answers. What is that? Earthquake? And then all was bewilderment and confusion. Then the long roll deepened and spread into an awful roar that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was a rude, rapid quiver that agitated the whole lofty, strong-walled building as though it were being shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power with intent to tear its joints asunder and scatter its stones and bricks abroad as a tree casts its over-ripened fruit before the breath of the gale.

There was no intermission in the vibration of the mighty subterranean engine. From the first to the last it was a continuous jar, only adding force at every moment, and as it approached and reached the climax of its manifestation it seemed for a few terrible seconds that no work of human hands could possibly survive the shocks. The floors were heaving under foot, the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead, and without the terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought, and for a few panting breaths, or while you held your breath in dreadful anticipation of immediate and cruel death, you felt that life was already past, and waited for the end as the victim, with his head on the block, awaits the fall of the uplifted ax.

It is not given to many men to look in the face of the destroyer and yet live; but it is little to say that the group of strong men who shared the experience above faintly described will carry with them the recollection of that supreme moment to their dying day. None expected to escape. A sudden rush was simultaneously made to endeavor to attain the open air and flee to a place of safety; but before the door was reached all reeled together to the tottering wall and stopped, feeling that hope was vain, that it was only a question of death within the building or without, to be buried by the sinking roof or crushed by the toppling walls. The uproar slowly died away in seeming distance. The earth was still, and oh! the blessed relief of that stillness; but how rudely that silence was broken. As we dashed down the stairway and out into the street, already on every side arose the shrieks, the cries of pain and fear, the prayers, wailings of terrified women and children mingled with the hoarse shouts of excited men. Out in the street the air was filled to the height of the houses with a whitish cloud of dry, stifling dust from the lime and mortar and shattered masonry which, falling upon the pavement and stone roadway, had been reduced to powder. Through this cloud, dense as a fog, the gaslights

flickered dimly, shedding but little light so that you stumbled at every step over piles of brick or came entangled in the lines of telegraph wires that depended in every direction from their broken supports. On every side were hurrying forms of men and women, bareheaded, partially dressed—some almost nude—and many of whom were crazed with fear or excitement. Here a woman is supported, half fainting, in the arms of her husband, who vainly tries to soothe her, while he carries her into the open space at the street corner, where present safety seems assured; there a woman lies on the pavement with upturned face and outstretched limbs, and the crowd passes her by for the time, not pausing to see whether she be alive or dead.

A sudden light flares through a window overlooking the street; it becomes momentarily brighter and the cry of "Fire!" resounds from the multitude. A rush is made toward the spot. A man is seen doubled up and helpless against the wall, but at this moment, somewhere out at sea, overhead, deep in the ground, is heard again the low, ominous roll which is already too well known to be mistaken. It grows louder and nearer, like the growl of a wild beast swiftly approaching his prey; and all is forgotten again in the frenzied rush for the open space where alone there is hope of security, faint though it be. The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and the stars, and seem to overhang every foot of ground between them. The shattered cornice and copings at the tops of their ironing walls seem piled from both sides to the centre of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing down upon the people below, who look up to them and shrink together as the tremor of the earthquake again passes under them, and the mysterious reverberations swell and roll along like some infernal drum-beat summoning them to die, and it passes away, and again is experienced the blessed feeling of deliverance from impending calamity, which it may well be believed will provoke a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from every heart in the throng.

Again, far along the street and up from the alleys that lead into it on either side is heard that chorus of wailing and lamentation which, though it had not ceased, was scarcely noticed a moment before. It is a dreadful sound, the sound of helpless, horror-stricken humanity, old and young, the strong and the feeble alike, where all are so feeble, calling for help from their fellow-creatures and raising their anguished voices in petition to Heaven for mercy, where no human aid could avail. It is not a scene to be described by any mortal tongue or pen. It is not a scene to be forgotten when the witness has shared all its dangers and felt all its agony.

The first shock occurred at seven minutes of 10, as was indicated this morning by the public clocks, the hands on all of which had stopped at that fatal hour, as though to mark the end of time for so many who had heard the preceding hour pealed forth by St. Michael's chimes without a thought but of long and happy life. The second shock, which was but a faint, crisp echo of the first, was felt eight minutes later. As it passed away the writer started homeward, to find the scenes enacted on Broad street, around the "News and Courier" office, repeated at every step of the way. St. Michael's steeple towered high and white above the gloom, seemingly unharmed. The station-house, a massive brick building across the street, had apparently lost its roof, which had fallen around it. A little further on the roof of a portion of the Hibernian Hall, a handsome building in the Grecian style, had crushed to the ground, carrying down part of the massive granite pillars with it. All the way up Meeting street, which in respect of its general direction and importance may be called "The Broadway of Charleston," the roadway was piled with debris from the tops of the walls.

In passing the Charleston Hotel, which, to carry out the comparison above indicated, occupies the position of Stewart's up-town store in New York, the third shock was felt about ten minutes after the second, and, of course, caused the greatest alarm in that neighborhood as elsewhere. At Marion Square, corresponding exactly with Union Square, New York, a great crowd had collected, as even the edges of the wide spaces embraced in it could not be reached by the nearest buildings in the event of their fall. From this crowd, composed of men, women and children of both races, arose incessant calls and cries of lamentation, while over the motley half-dressed throng was seen the lurid light of the conflagration which had broken out just beyond the square immediately after the first shock and had nearly enveloped several buildings in flames. In three other quarters of the town at the same time similar large fires were observed under full headway, and the awful significance of the earthquake may most fully be appreciated, perhaps, when it is said that with these tremendous fires blazing up

(Continued on Fourth page.)