

# SWALLOWED UP BY THE FLAMES

Many Brave Firemen Cremated at Chicago.

THE ENTIRE CITY IN MOURNING

Appalling Scenes Witnessed at the Burning of the Cold Storage Warehouse at Jackson Park—The Unfortunate Men Forced to Leap to Certain Death—The Frightful Spectacle Causes Strong Men to Weep and Women to Faint—Besides Those Killed Many Are Terribly Bruised and Burned.

CHICAGO, July 11.—The fear that has existed for months in the minds of nearly every citizen in Chicago, a fear that none dared utter to his fellows, but that all felt, found realization yesterday in a frightful holocaust at the World's Fair that claimed nearly two score of victims and for a time threatened the destruction of the entire White City. Yesterday's disaster was all the more dreadful because of its sudden transformation from an innocent flame into a death-dealing catastrophe. Like an animate monster it enticed its victims to the topmost stage of a high pinnacle and then encircling the whole shaft in a sheet of flame, held them in a trap until one by one they fell a sacrifice on the fiery altar that raged beneath them while 30,000 people stood helplessly by.

The structure that burned yesterday afternoon was by comparison, one of the smallest buildings of the Fair. It was the cold storage warehouse and skating rink and was not the property of the Exposition. It was a concession and exhibit of the Hercules Iron Works and Ice and Refrigerating Machine Manufacturers. In addition to the skating rink, there were three 120 ton ice machines and 30 or 40 barrels of linseed oil. The oil no doubt greatly hastened the conflagration and that the fire was not communicated to the other World's Fair buildings was due to the favorable winds.

The scene of horror was witnessed by many thousands of people and strong men wept and women fainted as one life after another was sacrificed within full view of the multitude but beyond the reach of human aid. Within 30 minutes from the time the fire was generally observed, the great loss of life occurred.

At the first signal the firemen rushed up the huge shaft surrounding the smokestack, and when at the summit began preparations to fight the flames which had first appeared at this point.

Before the hose could be coupled a cry of horror from the crowd below caused the firemen to look down and the whole shaft below was found to be encircled in flame.

Instantly every man realized his danger but there were few to find an avenue of escape. One man suddenly grasped a rope or hose, and half sliding, half falling, reached the roof ninety feet below in a bruised and burned condition, but still alive.

By this time the crowd below became wild with excitement, and weeping women and shrieking men rushed hither and thither, wringing their hands in anguish over their inability to render aid.

Suddenly one of the firemen was seen preparing to jump and every eye was turned upward. He gave a quick, spasmodic leap and turned over and over half a dozen times before he struck the roof 90 feet below. To the spectators he seemed a minute falling this distance, and when the body struck the roof with a frightful crash and bounced four feet into the air, a groan of horror went up from the crowd.

From this time the bodies rained from the steep but innocent steeple, but in nearly every instance breath and life had fled when the victim was picked up on the roof below. After the first wild leap, one man after another jumped in quick succession as the flames closed in below and the heat became more intense.

In nearly every instance the victim tumbled over and over again before he touched the roof and in nearly every instance the result of the leap for life was the same—death.

The very horror of death riveted every eye to the scene, and while men and women shouted hysterically and wept below, the guards were almost powerless to keep the crowd away from danger.

The spectacle of death became more terrible as minutes passed, and for the last man on the cupola was reserved the most dreadful fate of all.

After all his companions had leaped to apparent death and as the last man was hesitating, the whole shaft began to tremble violently. The lone fireman understood aright the ominous warning, and gave a quick, wild leap.

He was too late. At the very instant he sprang, the whole structure gave way, and this human being, quivering with life and wildly grasping for support in the anguish of despair, was seen to drop into the flame and fire and finally disappear entirely into the roaring furnace below.

His was a literal death by fire, for the flames caught him while his wife were still seen, his mind still active and all his senses alive to the terrible fate to which he was doomed.

As a firetrap the cold storage warehouse could not have been more perfectly constructed. The structure was two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide, and was constructed entirely of wood covered over with staff.

The main body of the building was five stories high. In the centre of this rose the smokestack in the shape of a cupola to the top of which was almost 200 feet. The base of this cupola was about 30 feet square. About 80 feet from the base of this cupola there was a balcony from which another square tower arose culminating in the mouth of the smokestack where the fire was discovered. The interior of that tower and around the smokestack were the wooden beams and frame work on which the staff covering was laid.

It was at the top of this cupola that the fire was discovered. It is supposed that the frame work around the mouth of the huge chimney caught from a defect in the flue. At first it appeared to be an insignificant affair. But, knowing the inflammable nature of the structure, Fire Marshal Murphy, who had charge of the fire department on the grounds, sent in a call for all the companies to turn out.

With about 40 of his men he climbed the stationary ladders inside the tower to the balcony and from there ropes were lowered to haul up the hose. Only one hose, that of a chemical engine, had been hauled up when a gust of wind caused the flames to break out in an alarming manner about ten feet from the top of the cupola. So sudden and so furious was the outbreak

and so terrible was the spectacle that for the moment the crowd stood there transfixed with horror. Strong men wrung their hands in a hysterical manner and scores of women fainted. All alike were powerless to aid the unfortunate men imprisoned on the balcony 150 feet from the ground.

All the ropes save one on the north side of the tower were burned away in an instant. The hose from the chemical engine withstood the heat, however, and springing forward John Davis caught hold of it and slid down to the main roof of the warehouse where he fainted away. His face and hands were terribly burned by the flames which enveloped his body as he came down. He will recover. Two of his fellow firemen attempted to follow him, but before they were half way down the hose gave way and they dropped into the seething mass of fire and were lost.

As the hose parted and the men sank out of sight in the fire the multitude below gave utterance to a groan of sickening horror. Another of the imprisoned men started down the rope on the north side of the tower and had almost reached the roof when it gave way and he fell on his head and was instantly killed.

There now remained, according to the counts of various spectators from 25 to 30 men on the tower. They were hopelessly beyond the reach of help. The longest ladder fell short of reaching them by full 30 feet. Death of the most awful kind was fast approaching. At this terrible moment Marshal Murphy's tall form and white helmet appeared in front of the men who were huddled together on the narrow balcony.

He appeared to be addressing his brave followers. What he said will probably never be known for he alone of all the men around him at that moment escaped alive, and his injuries are such that it is doubtful if he will ever recover consciousness.

As he ceased to speak one of the men crept around the burning balcony to the east and returned a moment later with a rope that had been left there in the excitement. It was hastily fastened to the railing around the balcony and thrown to the roof. The foremost man seized it and started to slide down but ere he was half way the flames rolled up and he was swallowed into the mouth of the awful volcano. Another tried it and met the same fate. One after another five of the men at this moment sprang from the balcony to the roof and were killed by the fall.

The rope was burned off about half way down and it hung apparently useless against a portion of the wall not yet destroyed.

Seeing his men jump to their death the heroic Marshal seized the rope and started down. A ladder had been raised but was almost 20 feet away from the end of the rope.

He dropped and caught on the end of the ladder, but received injuries which proved fatal.

A large quantity of linseed oil was stored on the top floor and when the tower fell it crashed through the roof to this inflammable fuel and then the flames rolled up high in the air.

Seeing that it was a hopeless task to attempt to save the building and as all who escaped alive had left the roof, the firemen now directed their efforts to keep the fire from spreading. The World's Fair stables just south of this big warehouse was burning and the fire had spread to roofs of several hotels across Stony Isle avenue just outside the grounds.

With a good deal of effort the hotels were saved but the stables were burned to the ground. In less than two hours from the time the fire started the big cold storage warehouse was leveled to the ground, a smoking ruin.

It is doubtful if any of the bodies will ever be recovered, so furious and terrific was the heat. The building being of wood and added to this the barrels of oil made the fire one of the hottest the department has ever had to fight.

A complete and accurate list of the dead will be difficult to obtain, as many of the bodies were entirely destroyed, and not even the officers of the fire department will know who of their men are gone until after roll call to-day.

**JOHNNY GRIFFIN KNOCKED OUT**  
The Californian Puts Him to Sleep in Just Four Rounds.

ROBY, Ind., July 11.—In the prize fight last night between Johnny Griffin, the "Bramble Lad," and Solly Smith, of California, the former was knocked out in the fourth round by a chance blow. The "mill" was witnessed by fully 7,000 people, and the enthusiasm was high.

Before the fight was commenced Jim Corbett had a little discussion with Parson Davies, Jackson's manager, the outcome of which was that Corbett and Peter Jackson were matched to fight to a finish for \$10,000 a side. There was great excitement while talk over this match was being indulged in.

**Cut Down Their Employees' Pay.**

TOLEDO, O., July 11.—The Milburn Wagon Company, whose works are the second largest in the world, Studebaker's alone surpassing them, has served notice on its eight hundred employees of a 25 per cent. reduction in wages. A large number of the men at once laid down their tools and walked out, and yesterday afternoon not over a score of men returned to work.

**Both Are Charged With Arson.**

WORCESTER, MASS., July 11.—Benjamin F. Learned of Worcester, 19 years of age, was arrested in this city last evening on the charge of setting fire to the Eddy block at Webster, which was burned with over \$21,000 loss July 4. Eddy's Lawrence, aged 27 years, of Webster, has also been arrested, charged with the same offense.

**Summoned to Gray Gables.**

NEW YORK, July 10.—Ex-Senator John J. Kiernan, of Brooklyn, left here on the limited train for Boston last evening. It is stated that he has been summoned to Gray Gables by President Cleveland. Mr. Kiernan's application is now on file at Washington for the position of Naval Officer at this port.

**To Be Tried by Court Martial.**

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Secretary Herbert has directed a court martial to assemble at Mare Island, Cal., on the 20th inst., for the trial of Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, charged with embezzlement.

**Charged With Embezzlement.**

BUFFALO, July 11.—Eric Ontario Van Brocklin, secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners, was arrested last evening charged with embezzling a sum said to be over \$50,000.

**More Currency to be Printed.**

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The Comptroller of the Currency has ordered National Bank Currency to be printed on account of bonds deposited to the amount of \$3,937,000 since July 1st.

**Their Name Is Legion.**

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines.

There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask?

A fair trial guarantees a complete cure.

**What Do You Take**

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

**Live Like a Cat.**

The vitality of the snail is remarkable. One that has been glued to a card in the British Museum for four years came to life upon being immersed in warm water. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years.

A French scientist says that an un-failing test of death may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the corpse, using a candle for that purpose. If the blister, upon being opened with a pin or other instrument, is found to contain fluid of any kind there is still life in the supposed corpse. On the other hand, should it contain steam only, rest assured that the vital spark has flown.

William McCough, of Altoona, has entered the contest for the collectorship of the Ninth internal revenue district and has formally filed his application and papers at the treasury department. This makes seven candidates in all, and Collector Fridy has over a month yet to serve.

A cure all for ants of all kinds, cockroaches, and any other pests that invade the sanctum of the "chef" is green walnuts. Place in the pantry, closets, cupboards, or any place where they are likely to be. The cure is effectual and the remedy clean.

Germany is the only civilized country in the world wherein murderers are still beheaded with an axe or sword.

**Unendurable Suspense.**  
Visitor—Can you read the future?  
Fortune Teller—Certainly—that's my business.

Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me if our cook is going to leave or not; she's been acting very queer for the last three days!—Puck.

**Tasted Soap.**  
Uncle Wayback—I declare, Elvira, this knife tastes soapy, same as the other one.

Shrewd Niece—It's too bad, uncle, but city servants are so careless. Try eating with your fork. Maybe that's clean.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Are Girls Really So Anxious?**  
"I have just gained your mother's consent, Clara, dear."

"But, Mr. Swift, I am so young, I—really—"

"I don't think it will make any difference, as I am to be your step-father."

**Emancipated.**  
Howe Skeeper—You have given up your house, I understand, and gone boarding. How do you like the change?  
H. O. Tell—I like it immensely. Why I feel that I am now the equal of every servant girl I meet.—Life.

**Another Letter to Women.**  
May 25, '92, Syracuse, N. Y.  
"Dear Madam:

"I want to tell you what your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done for me.

"I was so bad with falling of the womb and Leucorrhoea that I could not stand.

"I had doctored so much without benefit I was entirely discouraged. I expected to die.

"One evening I read in the 'Herald' about your medicine. I got some, and took 2 bottles of the Compound, and used one of the Sanative Wash.

"I am now well and strong, am never troubled with either of the complaints. If more women would use your Compound, there would be less suffering in the world."—Mrs. Ida Casler, 126 Olive St.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence. LIDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

**Liver Pills, 25 cents.**

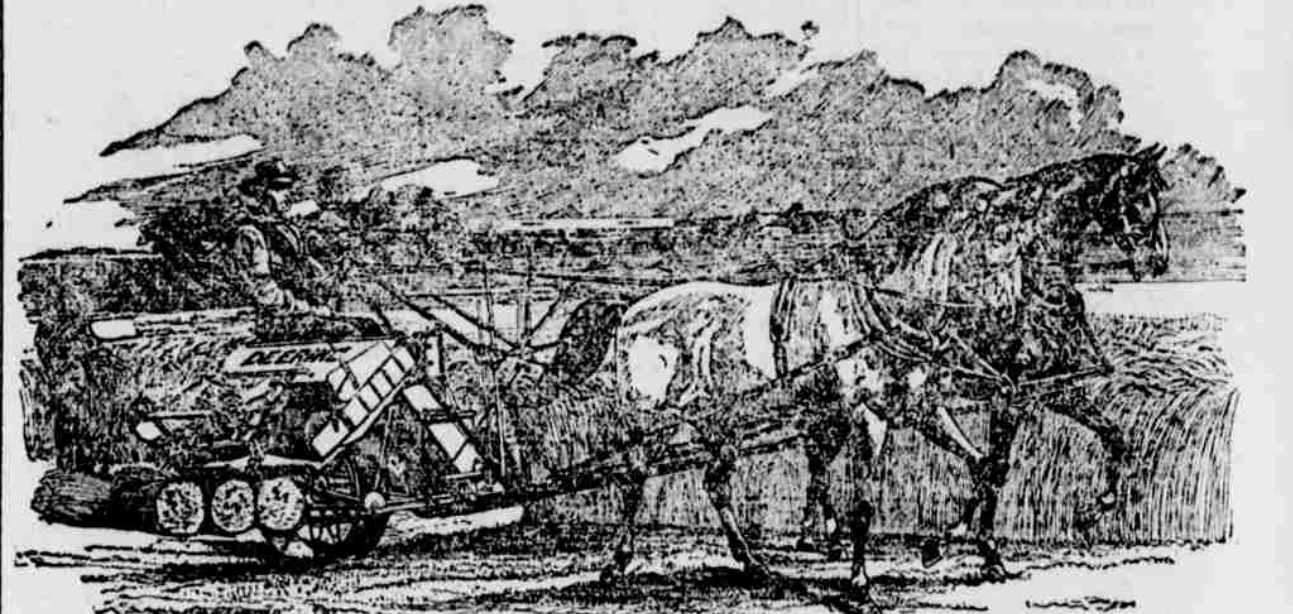


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To see them is to appreciate their value.  
We are offering a few **SECOND HAND BINDERS** at a **SPECIAL BARGAIN.** If you are going to buy a Binder this year, come and see us. We **GUARANTEE** to give you **FULL VALUE** and can **SAVE MONEY** FOR YOU.

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The Finest Trimmed,  
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