FEARFULLY FATAL FIRE.

Seventeen People Burned to Death in a New York Fire Trap.

ALL ESCAPE CUT OFF.

Men, Women and Children are Fairly Roasted Alive.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: Thirteen people were burned to death in a six-story brick building in the rear of 197 Bowery this afternoon. Six more, burned so badly that they will probably die, were removed to various hospitals. The house was a ramshackle hidden in the middle of the block, the only entrance to it being a narrow alley from the Bowery. In front of it runs a four-story building, on the first floor of which was a saloon called the White Elephant. Adjoining this is Harry Miner's People's Theatre. In the rear of the burned building were two houses hemming it in on the Christie street side. In this caged-in building lived about 150 people. Each of the six floors was occupied by a single family, the head of which was a tailor, who made clothing for the cheap wholesale clothing houses and employed from fifteen to twenty men and women and children, in addition to his own family, in making up the clothing. They were all Polish Jews and the employers and employed worked, ate and slept in the rooms of the dingy tenement. The tenants who rented the apartments were O. Corn, S. Graft and Marks, S. Harris and H. Levine. About 4.15 o'clock this afternoon, while all the occupants of the building were busily at work in the closing hours preceding their Sabbath eve, flames broke out in the lower floor. Fire had already gained such headway that it was in full possession of the stairway, and escape by it seemed impossible. Many of the frightened inmates, however, rushed through the flames into the narrow court with clothes ablaze. Six of them were so severely burned that they were taken to the hospital and may die. There were fire escapes in front and rear of the house, but before any of the inmates had time to escape by them the flames had ascended through the house and were rushing from the windows so that descent by the fire escapes was impossible. One man, already half burned to death, escaped from a fourth-story window and fell, a mangled mass of flesh, in the little courtyard. Others jumped from the second story windows and escaped with bruises. A. H. Sheldon, manager of the People's Theatre, on discovering the fire, sent out an alarm and the firemen responded, but when they arrived the flames already had complete possession of the house and nothing could be done to save it and little to save its inmates. Charles W. Norman, property man of the theatre, with several of his comrades, ran to the roof of the theatre, carrying a ladder, which they stretched over to a window of the burning building. A woman with her hair and clothing already ablaze appeared at the window and Norman called to her to cross over the ladder. She cried back that she could not leave her two children. Norman tried to cross over on the ladder, but the flames drove him back and he could not save her. Afterwards the charred bodies of the mother and two children were found in the building. Three men, however, availed themselves of the ladder and escaped to the roof of the theatre. When the firemen had at last drowned the flames so that they could enter the house they searched floor by floor as they ascended and on the third floor they found the burned bodies of a man, a woman and a boy. On the fourth floor they found five bodies so badly burned that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. On the fifth floor no bodies were found, but on the sixth there lay on the floor five more bodies and they also were burned so that it could not be told whether they were men or women. This made thirteen bodies found in the building. That of the man who escaped from the fifth story window increased this list to fourteen, while it is feared the deaths of some, if not all, those in the hospitals will make this number greater. While the firemen were searching the ruins, the cry came that the roof was falling in, and the crackling of timbers was heard. The firemen did not desert the building, but ran to the windows, where they awaited orders. They shouted to Chief McGill, who was on the roof of a lower house. He climbed a ladder and saw the roof sagging in, and gave orders to prop it up. All the bodies had not been taken down and until this was done the firemen would not desert the place.

The list of the dead as far as known is as follows: Adele Graft, aged 28, with her new-born babe and two children, aged 7 and 4; Philip Laloph, aged 23, killed by jumping from the sixth story; Henry Schwartz, tailor. Ten men and one woman are at the morgue burned beyond recognition. Six were seriously, and in most cases fatally, burned or injured and several others slightly. Six others are missing. The missing are believed to be among those burned beyond recognition. The death of Isaiah Spennett at the hospital at a late hour this evening makes the seventeenth death to midnight.

One of the most pitiful incidents of the terrible calamity was the death of Mrs. Graft. In the awful panic she gave birth to a child and the mother and babe were burned to a crisp. Her two children were victims by her side.

Beer is King in the Motherland.

Acording to the latest Parliamentary returns, $7,500,000 was received for beer licenses in England last year, and as an indication of where the profits go it is announced that Lord Lansdowne has just sold three of his finest pictures, two Rembrandts and a Cuyp, for $250,000, to Sir Arthur Guinness, who has made his money in brewing beer.—*Boston Herald.*

Husband (to wife)—Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his son in life? Wife—I certainly do. I am thankful, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way. Husband—Oh

CUPID'S VICTIMS.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose's Third Husband—Other Matrimonial Ventures.

A London cable says: On Thursday the young curate of the church at Fulham, under a special license, quietly married the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, known on the turf as "Mr. Manton," to her third husband, a brother of Lady Durham. Not a whisper of the event had been heard previously, for the secret was well kept. It has been the social sensation of the week. The groom was Marcus Henry Milner, a young man of 22, while the bride is in her 71st year, and she has been married twice before, the first time in 1836. No woman in London society has a wider or more peculiar reputation. She does and says things which nobody else would venture upon. Her anecdotes and her jokes are generally better suited to the smoking than the drawing room, and she is very apt to stagger the most hardened man of the world by what some of her friends call her "emancipation from conventionalities." Other people may be hampered by the rules and obligations of ordinary life, but the Duchess of Montrose acknowledges no such restrictions. Everybody knows that the old Duchess takes a great interest in racing, and is indeed the proud owner of a stable, her horses running as "Mr. Manton's." She likes play actors and everybody, provided they are young and do not belong to her own sex. Naturally, therefore, she generally has a young man or two in her train, and one of them she has chosen for her husband. There is a matter of nearly fifty years' disparity in their ages. But what of that? The Duchess has fully £20,000 a year, and is nice and lively as a cricket. Crabbed age and youth can live very well under such circumstances. Mr. Milner is not the first young man who has married for money.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose was born in 1817, and at the age of 19 married the Duke of Montrose. When he died on December 30th, 1874, at the age of 75, the Duchess was well advanced in years, and had borne the Duke six children, the first of whom was born in 1845 and the last in 1872. Within thirteen months of the Duke's death Duchess Caroline married W. S. Stirling Crawfurd, of Milton, the celebrated owner of successful racers. The Duchess, in retaliation for the criticisms of the Montrose family, took every opportunity to display her preference for her second husband.

A social sensation was caused by the announcement that the Duchess had secured one of the most valuable and interesting pieces of burial ground in all Great Britain for the remains of her second husband, who died in 1883, paying $150,000 for the ground alone, and invited from the best architects of Europe plans for a mausoleum of classic style and unprecedented grandeur. The Duchess declared that this sepulchre would exemplify her affection for Crawfurd, and that it was her ambition to excel the effort of Artemisia.

Miss Violet Isaacson, daughter of the great dressmaker, Madame Elise, was married to Lord Beaumont in London on Saturday.

The Duke of Aosta, the ex-King of Spain, and his niece, Princess Letitia, the only daughter of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, will be married in Turin in September.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Mrs. Hamel Miraculously Recovers the Use of Her Leg.

A Lowell, Mass., despatch says a miraculous and well attested instance of faith cure has occurred in this city and excited the wonder of all who know the circumstances. Twelve years ago Mrs. Charles Hamel, of this city, then a little girl, contracted a severe cold which settled in her right knee. Since that time she has been unable to step without a crutch. The best physicians have treated her in vain. During her married life she has worked hard in domestic duties and reared four children. She is of a very religious nature, and has regularly attended the services of the Novena this week at St. Joseph's Church, of which she is a member, going to the church in a hack. Thursday was the last day of the services, and she attended high mass with a determination to end her sufferings by prayer. She used her crutch on going to and returning from the communion table, and then knelt in her pew and prayed for relief. At the close of the service she arose from her knees and, leaving her crutch in the pew, walked to the door without assistance. Since that time her limb has been apparently well and strong. Her case has created great astonishment, and hundreds of people have called upon her to hear her story. The crutch has been hung in front of the altar of the church.

It Was a Long Walk.

A Parkersburg (W. Va.) despatch says: It is rare, indeed, to record an elopement on foot, but such a case has just occurred in Jackson county. Miss Hester Tyre, 18 years, in spite of the opposition of her parents, decided to marry George Fineld, 19 years. He was a farm hand, and between them they only had $1.25. Last Friday they met by appointment and walked fifty miles to the Ohio River, taking three days for the journey. Crossing the river, a justice united them. The appearance of the groom and that of his blushing bride betrayed their poverty, and the justice declined the piece of silver offered as his fee, and gave the happy young woman a blessing, which he sealed with an official kiss, and bid them go, and saw that they were ferried back to West Virginia for nothing. When on this side, after another fifty miles' walk, the home of her parents was before them. They footed every step of the way, happy in their new relations, and reached the old homestead this morning to find father and mother, who thought their daughter lost, waiting a blessing and a welcome.

He Would Try.

Proud Father (displaying twins to Mr Oldboy)—What do you think of them, old fellow?

Mr. Oldboy (who doesn't care for babies)—Not bad, Jinks, not bad. Er—are you going to try to raise 'em both.

The Prince of Wales is going to Dublin. It is said that Mr. Gladstone has made him a good Home Ruler.

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF AGONY.

John Anderson Tells of His Dreadful Experience in the Well.

A Johnstown, Neb, despatch says: John Anderson, who was imprisoned in a well nine days and was released on Saturday, says that when the boards and sand closed in over him he was crowded into a box about two feet square and with not enough room for him to stand erect. He could not get on his knees or sit down, but had to stay in a crouching position during the whole of his imprisonment.

About the first three days," said Anderson, "I got along very well, but after that I began to want water badly. The fourth day when it rained I heard what I thought was water slowly dropping. Feeling around I found it, and holding my mouth open managed in this way to get about a dozen drops of water, which gave me much relief. I had no difficulty in breathing until the well below me came so near being filled by sand occasionally coming in, caused by the diggers above. I had breathed the air over so much that it had become impure, causing me to feel a smothering sensation, but about this time the rescuers got near enough to let in air from above.

"By having a good supply of chewing tobacco I did not suffer so much for food as might have been expected. From the beginning I could hear considerable that was said and done above. I heard the waggon when it started to town for lumber and heard some one say the man is dead and the order given to try and pull my box out. When they began to pull I knew there was great danger of the boards giving way and crushing me, and for my own safety and to give evidence of being alive, I cut the ropes and heard the exciting talk that prevailed when it was discovered that I was alive. It was music to me and from that time on I was hopeful of being rescued.

"About the sixth day I felt something crawling on my hand and found it to be a fly. I thought by this that an opening had been made from above. I was correct, for soon a wet rag was passed to me. In reaching it to me it became covered with sand, but no honey ever tasted better than that wet rag. Soon a bottle of water and a piece of bread were given me and I was truly thankful.

"From this time on I began to gain strength, and by helping my rescuers the time passed quicker than one would suppose. When my feet, which are badly swollen, are better, and I dare eat a square meal, I will be all right."

THE PARTHIAN'S PASSENGERS

Transferred and Sent to Boston From Cottage City.

A Cottage City, Mass., despatch says: The schooner which collided with the steamer Parthian was the Ayr, Captain Fowler, of St. John, bound for New York with a cargo of lumber. The weather at the time of the collision was foggy, and Captain Fowler, of the Ayr, mistook the position of the steamer when she whistled, and headed directly for her. The next instant the Ayr's bowsprit struck the steamer, snapped and fell off. The Ayr rebounded, struck again and again. At the third time she struck the Parthian just at the water line, making a ragged hole about four feet in diameter just amidships in the engineers' compartment. In a moment every one was on deck, and the wildest confusion reigned for a short time. Capt. Nickerson and First Mate Lane showed wonderful coolness, checked the prevailing excitement and controlled the crew. On their assurances of safety, the passengers soon calmed themselves, and nearly all had retired within an hour after the collision. Captain Nickerson headed for Vineyard Haven, where the Parthian was run aground about 11 o'clock. This morning at 10 o'clock the tug Confidence and lighter Oak, of the T Wharf Company, of Boston, transferred the passengers and baggage to Oak Bluffs wharf, Cottage City, and left here on the steamer Martha's Vineyard at 4.45 this afternoon.

SAVED BY PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Mother's Careless Act Atoned for by Her Bravery.

A Chicago telegram says: Mrs. J. Norman attempted last evening to replenish the fuel in her little oil stove while the wick was still aflame. She allowed the oil to run over and it ignited. The flames reached to the ceiling, and Mrs. Norman seized a pail of water to quench them. This only tended to make matters worse. The blazing oil ran in streams about the floor and ignited Mrs. Norman's dress. She hastily rolled herself in a blanket and extinguished the blazing garments before she was severely burned. Little Clara Norman, who attempted to put out the fire, also had her clothes ignited. She seized her baby brother in her arms and was about to rush out with him. The flames had communicated to his clothes and the two would have been burned to a cinder had not Mrs. Norman caught and wrapped them in the same blanket which had saved her. She then smothered the flames from the burning stove and fell to the floor exhausted with her efforts. Fortunately all three escaped with a few slight burns, which will soon heal.

FOUGHT FOR THE MOON.

Wild Indians Badly Frightened by the Eclipse.

A Muskogee, I.T., telegram says: Four thousand blanketed Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Delawares were at the Anadarke agency last week to get their rations, when the total eclipse of the moon occurred. The savages were filled with alarm and became very demonstrative. The principal chief ordered them to shoot at the "evil thing trying to harm the moon," and the entire force of Indians opened fire in the air, keeping up the shooting for upward of an hour and until they were out of ammunition. When the moon appeared in full, after the eclipse, wild whoops went up for what they believed to have been their victory.

It is related among other exploits of the desperado Ike Lambert, who was recently arrested in Alabama for killing three men, that he once compelled a young lawyer to pick a banjo all night for his amusement, keeping him covered the entire time with a loaded revolver.

A MYSTERIOUS CONCERN.

Its Proprietor Says he Coins Money from Dirt.

A Boston despatch says: There is a man in Melrose who claims to have discovered the art of coining money out of dirt, and he has been doing it some time. The business has been conducted in such a mysterious manner as to attract the attention of the secret service officials, but they have left his retreat mystified, but satisfied that he is not breaking the laws. The man's name is C. H. Washburn, and his inventive genius has enabled him to manufacture aluminum from ordinary clay. He keeps the method a profound secret, yet the facts have leaked out. For two years this mysterious work has been conducted at Red Mills, but none of the town's citizens have obtained the slightest hint of what is going on. Those in charge of the experiments are extremely reticent. It may be spoken of, however, as the "atomic theory," or the disintegration of one substance and the formation of another by a new combination of atoms. This combination has been secured by the action of certain chemicals. To purchase these chemicals without betraying the secret, and transport them to the factory, has been one of the most difficult features of Washburn's secret, yet he has done it successfully, and only the capitalists backing the inventor know how it is done. This mysterious shipping of chemicals and boxes with their unknown contents attracted the attention of the Government officials who are on the lookout for counterfeiters. Detective Canton was the first outsider to force his way within the barred door, and he found nothing, as Washburn and his assistants were engaged in a legitimate experiment. The Government agent, after a careful examination, concluded there was no cause for him to interfere. Mr. Washburn is 40 years old. After five minutes' conversation one is unlikely to soon forget him. "People think all sorts of things of me," he said. "Some imagine I am a counterfeiter, others that I illegally carry on a still. You might go to my laboratory now, and you would see nothing to shed light on what I'm doing. The secret is not to be discovered, but it is big enough to revolutionize commerce by and by. Why, I use water for fuel, and that is only one of many wonderful things I can do. It's too early to say anything yet. In two months I expect to have all in readiness, and then the public shall be enlightened." Washburn has the backing of prominent capitalists in Boston. He was formerly in charge of the Government secret service.

A CORNER ON HYSTERICS.

Sixteen Silk Mills Employees Make an Exciting Scene.

A Wilkesbarre despatch says: The silk mills in South Wilkesbarre were the scene of an unusual and exciting incident yesterday afternoon. One of the young women employed there was taken with an epileptic fit. She fell to the floor and the other girls gathered around and became most alarmed and excited. Suddenly one of them gave a wild shriek and fell over in violent hysterics. The excitement increased, and in a minute or so another young woman was seized with hysteria. The girls were now almost wild with nervous excitement, and one after another was seized with hysteric convulsions. Their cries and struggles as they lay quivering on the floor combined to make the scene an extraordinary and exciting one. Sixteen of the girls were thus prostrated. Medical aid was summoned, and the girls were revived and sent home.

A MASONIC ASYLUM.

The Munificent Gift of John Hodge, of Lockport, to the Order in New York.

A Lockport, N. Y., despatch says: Junior Grand Warden John Hodge, of the State Lodge of Masons, has donated the old Gov. Hunt place in this city, valued at $50,000, to the State Lodge for an asylum. The estate consists of a beautiful stone mansion on an eminence, with lodge, acres of lawn, barns, summer-houses and conservatories. There are 80 acres of land. The name of the place is Wyndham Lawn. This munificent gift of Mr. Hodge will be greatly appreciated, and may bring the State Asylum to Lockport.

Royal Flushes.

The Queen of Italy on recent occasions received guests seated in the chair of state just under a picture of her husband, the king. She was dressed in a severe robe of black velvet, which showed off her magnificent pearl necklace to the greatest advantage.

When the Princess of Wales opened the royal naval and military bazaar she was dressed in navy blue silk, with three bands of scarlet on the bodice and some touches of red visible on the skirt. The young Princesses Victoria and Maud, simply dressed in brown tailor-made costumes, were with their mother.

On the recent 70th birthday of the King of Denmark his daughter-in-law, the Princess Waldemar, presented to him a piece of embroidery made by herself representing in heraldic fashion the coats of arms of the principal members of the imperial and royal families of Russia, England, Hanover and Orleans, who have become united to that of His Majesty.

The King of Sweden was on his last birthday the recipient of a pretty little letter from a Swedish girl 6 years of age, who, beginning her epistle "Dear King," informed him that as his birthday coincided with her own she had written in order to congratulate him, particularly as she "loved her dear king so very much." He wrote back: "I thank the little Miss S. A., 6 years of age, for her letter of congratulation on my birthday, which is also hers. May she become a good woman, and thus afford pleasure to her King Oscar." The letter was accompanied by a handsome gold bangle.

A curious story anent the Japanese Emperor's opinion of dancing is told by the Tokio *Dempo*. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his majesty expressed the opinion that the prevalence of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The State Minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dismantle the dancing saloons in the new building, which was already completed.

WHOSE SWEETHEART?

I had always been led to think that my sister Kate would marry Bert Evarts, for he was in the habit of running in to see us at all hours of the day, and they were together a good deal.

That was before Mr. Hope began to call at the house. He had been very kind to us after father died. Found work for us both and made presents to mother, but it made me uneasy to see him so much around my sister. I thought she was not behaving right toward Bert. It never occurred to me that she did not return his love.

One day Kate comes to me in a great state of excitement and lays a letter in my lap. I see that Bert has spoken at last, and my other suspicions are stilled. I open the letter and find an offer of marriage, signed "Mortimer Hope," requesting that if her answer is favorable his heart may be gladdened on his return by seeing his betrothal ring on Kate's finger.

"Kate," I exclaim, "I didn't think you could marry an old man for his money?"

"For his money!" she stammers, "why, I have been in love with him all along. Where have your eyes been?" looking at me in astonishment. Where have they been, indeed? I kiss her silently and steal into the garden, wondering how Bert will take the news. He is just coming in the gate, and a smile crosses his frank face as he sees me. The smile changes to gravity as I tell him of Kate's engagement. That is the only sign he gives that what I say has power to move him. After a while he says:

"Bonnie Kate—hers should be a happy fate. I hope and trust that it may be."

We walked along silently together for a while, then he said abruptly:

"Margaret, I am going away for a while. I came to-day to bid you all good-bye."

Ah! the brave fellow! As if I did not see through his transparent ruse. But not for worlds would I have him suspect that I know what is passing in his mind. So, carefully schooling my tones to quiet friendliness, I utter a few commonplaces of regret, and in a short time we are at the house.

Bert goes, and after a while Mr. Hope returns. We see him very often, and it is not long before I acknowledge to myself that notwithstanding he is 40, while Kate is but 18, her love and pride in him are only equalled by his adoration for her.

As I watch the lovers an intense longing comes into my heart to be loved myself—even as my sister is. But my glass shows me a pale, plain face and a small insignificant figure, and the conviction is forced upon me that not for such as I are this world's richest blessings.

One afternoon when Mr. Hope and Kate are out driving I wander down to the beach and clamber up the cliffs to the narrow ledge of lichen-covered rock, which is my favorite seat.

I sit and think, regardless that the moments are flying, and that before a great while to remain will be fraught with danger. I think of the past and of the future and of how lonely I shall be when my sister shall have gone to make the light of another home, and then my mind turns on Bert, struggling with his disappointment.

I draw my shawl closer around me and rise to go, but I find that while I have been thus absently musing, with noiseless, insidious approach the treacherous tide has risen.

In an instant a full realization of the terrifying truth bursts upon me. The water had covered the narrow foot-path by which I came, and is even now licking with hungry tongues of foam the rocks beneath me.

On my knees upon the cold stone I sink, and with upraised hands pray as I never have before. I am so young to die: "Oh Father in Heaven, have pity!"

Then I call aloud for help; it is my last hope and a feeble one, for I know that if they have not missed me no one could hear my voice above the roar of the elements.

The waters rise still further, until a wave sweeps its chilling embrace over my feet. Another; one more cry: "Help! help!"

A voice answers me; surely I recognize it.

"Margaret is that you? Where ——" The wind takes the sound away, but I know that God has heard my cry, and that deliverance is at hand.

Over the heaving waters to the jagged ledge of rock upon which I stand comes a boat. Then I feel myself snatched from my perilous position and strained for an instant close to a warmly beating heart, while Bert cries:

"Saved, my darling? Thank God that I was not too late!"

Then I know no more till I wake to consciousness, to find myself wrapped in my mother's and sister's loving embrace.

So it is that I find that it is little, plain I that Bert loves after all, and has loved all along, though, thinking from my habitual calmness of manner toward him (he attributed it to indifference) that I did not care for him, he had never dared to put his hope into words.

He had returned just as the storm had arisen, and I had been missed, and, knowing my fondness for the ocean, had sought me with a heart torn with anxious apprehension.

"All's well that ends well," and that it is well with Kate no one can doubt who sees her in her stately home, its beloved mistress and sovereign; while that it is also well with me I can safely affirm, since do not I reign a queen, too, in one noble, loving heart?

She Only Wanted Tea.

It seems that Catharine Gafney, who fell heir to $100,000 by the death of her bachelor brother in Chicago, was in the Blackwell's Island (N. Y.) Almshouse when found.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the lawyer when he had informed her of her good fortune.

"Yes," she answered quickly; "some tea. I only want plenty of tea."

"Well, you shall have all you can drink," said Mr. Stillwell, handing her $5.

"Oh, no; not all that. Fifty cents will be enough," she said, pushing the money away.

"Then," said a Boston reporter in his fine Athenian style, when reporting the laying of a corner-stone, "the holy priest, with impressive ceremony, blessed the stone in a solemn manner, which was 31 inches long, 17 wide and 13 deep."