THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 38. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Board of Works

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be hired at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WM. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Registrar University of New Brunswick.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE { TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 1st, 1891.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

7.10. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, no connection for St. John Mondays.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 25, 8.30 a. m.; 4.30, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a.m.; 12.10, 5.55., p. m. McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.50, a. m.; *3.30, p.m. Vanceboro, 10. 25, a. m., *2.40 p. m. St. Stephen, 5.45 7.45, a. m. St. Andrews, *7.20, a. m.

*Monday and Wednesday at 5.15 a. m.

*Sundays and Mondays excepted.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.55 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 14.30
Express for Sussex 16.35
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal 16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect June 22nd, 1891.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00 p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:13; Durham, 3:44; Cross Creek, 4:17; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:15; Upper Blackville, 6:52, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:05; Chatham Junction, 8:35, arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

7:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:35; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:50; Blackville, 8:35; Upper Blackville, 9:00; Doaktown, 9:42; Boiestown, 10:25; Cross Creek, 11:35; Durham, 12:10; Marysville, 12:47; Gibson 12:57; arriving at Fredericton, 1:00 p. m.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction for all points on the I. C. Railway and Upper Provinces; at Fredericton with Canadian Pacific Railway for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and all Western points, and River Steamers for St. John and points on St. John River; at Gibson, with Canadian Pacific Railway for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

1.1-10 83

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

1891. Summer Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made some of the fastest trips on record.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Quebec and Montreal Service.

From Liverpool.		From Montreal.	From Quebec.
9 July	.....PARISIAN	25 July	26 July
16 "	.....CIRCASSIAN.....	1 Aug.	2 Aug.
23 "	.....POLYNESIAN..	8 "	9 "
30 "	.....SARDINIAN.....	15 "	16 "
6 Aug.	.....*MONGOLIAN..	26 "	.....
13 "	.....PARISIAN.....	29 "	30 Aug.
20 "	.....*NUMIDIAN....	9 Sept.	.....
27 "	.....CIRCASSIAN....	12 "	13 Sept.
3 Sept.	.....SARDINIAN....	19 "	20 "
10 "	.....*MONGOLIAN..	30 "	.....
17 "	.....PARISIAN.....	3 Oct.	4 Oct.

*S. S. Mongolian and Numidian will carry cattle and only Cabin Passengers to Liverpool, and do not call at Quebec on the homeward voyage, but from Liverpool they carry all classes of passengers and call at Quebec.

Mail steamers are despatched from Montreal at daylight on day of sailing. Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage passengers desiring to embark at Montreal can do so (without extra charge) after 8 o'clock the preceding evening. Steamers sail from Quebec at 9 a. m.

Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John's, Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service.

Liverpool to Baltimore via St. Johns and Halifax.		Halifax via St. Johns, N.F. to Liverpool.
7 July	.....NOVA SCOTIAN.....	3 Aug.
21 "	.....*CARTHAGINIAN.....	17 "
4 Aug	.....CASPIAN.....	31 "
18 "	.....NOVA SCOTIAN.....	14th Sep
1st Sep	.....*CARTHAGINIAN.....	28th "

And fortnightly thereafter.

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $50 to $80
" RETURN ..... $95 to $150

Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE $30
STEERAGE $20

NEW S. S. MONGOLIAN and NUMIDIAN.

REDUCED CABIN RATES.

As these steamers carry cattle on voyage to Liverpool, it has been decided to fix the rates at the following low figures:

CABIN ..... $40 and $45 Single
" ..... $90 and $95 Return

The cabin accommodations are first-class in every respect, and the steamer is lighted throughout by electricity.

The arrangements for carrying cattle are so complete on these steamers, that the usual objections made by passengers to sailing on Cattle boats cannot be applied.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

Reduced rates on railroads are allowed Allan Line passengers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

HIBERNIAN ..... 6th Aug
CANADIAN ..... 20 "
MANITOBAN ..... 3rd Sept.

And fortnightly thereafter.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.		From New York.
17 July	...STATE OF NEVADA.....	6 Aug., 10 a.m
31 "	...STATE OF NEBRASKA.	20 " 9.30 a.m
14th Aug	...STATE OF CALIFORNIA	3 Sep., 9.30 a.m
28 "	...STATE OF NEVADA.....	17 " 2 p.m
11th Sep	...STATE OF NEBRASKA.	1 Oct., 8.30 a.m

Rates of Passage New York to Glasgow.

Saloon ..... $35 to $65
" Return ..... $65 to $120

Special Railway fares from Glasgow to Liverpool, $2.50; to London, $5.00; Londonderry to Belfast, $1.30; to Dublin, $1.85. Passengers have their choice of lines and are allowed 10 days stop over at Glasgow or Londonderry if desired.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON CO., Agents, ST. JOHN N. B.

Aug. 4th.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York

Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent, N.Y. & S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

Pine Oil.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 BARRELS Pine Oil,
2 Cases Caster Oil,
10 Barrels Southern Pitch,
1 Case Air Guns,

From New York by Steamer.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

PARSONS PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins,

Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.35 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent, Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

C. C. GILL,

PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

BE A MAN

Laocoon in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN CURE YOU by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unfailing treatment at home for Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen, WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

4

Per S. S. "Hibernian."

JUST RECEIVED:

165 OF the old fashioned three legged Iron Pots. And the best after all.

And for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

SCORES OF DEAD.

Collapse of a Building from some unknown Cause, followed by a fire.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—This afternoon at 12.31 four five-story stores, Nos. 68, 70, 72 and 74 Park place, suddenly collapsed. The fall was instantly followed by fire.

The four stores were the rear of the building 247 Greenwich street, which extends 135 feet on Park place. They were all occupied.

Not since the Brooklyn theatre fire has there been such a terrible disaster. No one now alive of those in the building heard the report of the explosion. There was a rumble like the roar of distant thunder, they say, and then the crash, as if some gigantic truck with wheels of iron laden with tons on tons of steel bars, had rolled over a pavement of boulders and dropped its tremendous load with one burst of sound. Then came the fire and smoke.

Instantly, before the frightened people in the building could collect themselves to attempt to escape, there rolled the stifling clouds of smoke and the roaring flames. With one accord, the people rushed to the main entrance on Park place. Already it was impassable. Then, almost tumbling over each other, men, women, boys and girls climbed and fell down the fire escape on the Greenwich street side of the building. Those who were on the street side say they heard

The Boom of an Explosion.

Hardly three seconds after the report a hundred feet of the outer wall pitched out into the street. It buried, in a mound of bricks, men retiring from their work, children at their play, and people passing along the sidewalk. It caught a horse hitched to a truck, and before the poor beast could realize where the first brick came from, thousands of other bricks pounded it to death. By one of those rare streaks of fortune, the driver escaped.

No one could tell accurately anything about the number of people in the building. Those who had escaped were too much excited to think of anything else than their own good fortune. Men hugged each other and laughed hysterically; women sat down on the doorsteps and cried.

On the ground floor was a bronze powder factory, a drug store and a restaurant. Above them were a blank book manufactory, a printing shop and a lithographing establishment. No one could tell how many people were in the drug store. In the basement of the bronze powder factory there were five girls employed cutting gold leaf. All are thought to have been lost.

The restaurant employed about fifteen men, most of whom are missing. There is no reliable information as to the number of persons in the restaurant, but as it was noon hour the number was probably large. It was said there were thirty-three of the lithographers' employes in the part of the building which fell. About eight people were employed in the printing shop. One escaped with a miracle. In the blank book manufactory there were about fifteen, three or four of whom were girls. It is difficult to see how any of them could have escaped.

It was almost two o'clock before the first efforts could be made toward the

Recovery of the Bodies.

The firemen had worked with tireless energy. When the word was given to begin to dig away the wreck, they turned to with as good a will as they had fought the fire.

At 2.20 o'clock a fireman who was tossing the bricks from a little heap in the middle of rhe street, called out: "Here's one." In an instant a dozen firemen were on the spot, and bricks began to fly on all sides. Soon a large hole was dug in the heap, and then the back of a man's garments was exposed. Rapidly still, though more tenderly, each brick that covered the body was removed until it lay comparatively free. Presently a young lad, poorly dressed, came along and asked to see the body. His sleeves were rolled up, and his left arm bore a livid bruise. They uncovered the face for him, he glanced at it a moment and then said: "That's him."

"What's his name?" asked a policeman.

"Michael Slattery," replied the boy. "My name is John Elliott. We both worked for the Empire City subway company, and the men were going to fix the pipes in this street. The watchman went off to get his lunch and I took his place. I was sitting on the tool box near the curb, and Slattery came over and sat beside me. Suddenly there was an awful noise, and I jumped up and looked behind me.

"The front of the house was sliding down into the cellar and the bricks were tumbling into the street. I scooted for my life, and just as I was getting on the other side of the street a brick hit me on the arm. When I looked around the whole house was caving and I couldn't see Slattery anywhere. There he is now."

The lad pointed to the cloth-covered heap that lay motionless in the front of the house. While he was telling the story the firemen were working at the wearisome heap that seemed never to grow less. There seemed to be a little excitement, which concentrated itself in a group of firemen that stood right near to what had been the entrance to the restaurant. Here the bricks and rubbish were cleared away with increased rapidity. Presently there was a general stooping, then the group opened and two firemen walked out

Carrying a Limp Figure.

The legs were horribly blackened and the skin in many places was curled in sharp shreds. They placed the body in front of No. 60, but even before they could cover it the light fell on the face and those who saw it shuddered. The lips were spread wide apart, as if in a mocking laugh. It was the body, apparently, of a young man of 22 or 23, and the clothing was burnt to a crisp. And, what was most ghastly of all, the skin of his right arm, was of a bright green. A fireman explained that this often appeared in the case of men that were burned to death.

After this there was a lapse of more than a half an hour before the firemen came to anything beneath the ruins. The heat was fierce, and the dust that arose from the moving of the bricks parched their throats and made their eyes smart.

Edward S. Mulligan, of hook and ladder 8, stooped and gathered up a lot of bricks in his hands when he heard a faint cry.

"Here, here," he shouted to those around him. "Quick."

They came to him, and it was wonderful to see how they worked. The sounds that Mulligan had heard became more distant. Soon the firemen had cleared away a considerable pile, and a small, black hole was exposed, leading into what appeared to be the cellar. In a few minutes, however, the firemen saw that a heavy iron shutter had fallen on the sidewalk upon two beams, and when the bricks showered upon it a cave-like inclosure had been formed.

Through the half darkness they saw the agonized eyes of a little girl, across whose mouth and nose one end of a beam rested. She was able to moan faintly, but the heavy pressure against her mouth would not allow her to talk. It was a wonderful sight to see the firemen work then.

Somebody ran and told an ambulance surgeon that a living being was beneath the bricks. The surgeon quickly filled a small hyperdermic syringe with a solution that would send the blood coursing faster through the body and stimulate weakened nerves, and stood close by the fast widening aperture ready to use it as soon as it was possible.

Presently strong hands lifted the beam from the girl's mouth and she spoke. Her first words were: "My little sister is in here." Then she cried from her own pain. Soon they were able to seize her and lift her up, and when the crowd, that stretched blocks on either side, saw her wave her hands, a loud cheer went up and there was a clapping of hands. Fireman Mulligan took her in his arms and carried her to an ambulance that was backed to the curb near-by. She curled one arm around his neck and waved the other. Her face was bloody, and there was an ugly cut beside one eye and on the chin.

At first every one thought that she was waving her hand to the crowd, but as she was carried on the sidewalk

There was a Loud Scream

that seemed to come from the air above, and then the little one began to cry. Everybody looked up, and through an open window, on the top floor of the building opposite the fire, beheld a sad scene. The mother had recognized her daughter, and the revulsion of feeling after the mental torment she had gone through had, for the moment, deprived her of reason, and she was struggling in the clasp of her husband, and trying to throw herself out of the window.

He held her tight and dragged her back into the room, but several times she freed herself and ran to the window's edge. Finally he pushed her into a room, and she did not come out for nearly an hour. But the little girl who had been waving her hands and crying "mamma, mamma," was struggling in the fireman's arms and sobbing:

"Oh don't take me to the hospital. Mamma will scold me. Please, mister, please."

But the fireman patted her and said huskily: "Don't cry, little girl. I'll go along with you."

Then they placed her in a Chambers street hospital ambulance and drove off. The girl's name is Mary Heagney, and she is 9 years old. Her father, Eugene Heagney, is a plumber, whose place was in the basement of No. 76, the corner house. He was also janitor of No. 76, on the top floor of which he lived with his wife and three children.

The three children were playing on the sidewalk just before the house collapsed. Peter, the boy, was on the corner, and so escaped all harm. The two girls, however, were caught in the shower of ruin and were imprisoned. The firemen now began to dig for Annie, the little sister, who was still buried beneath the bricks. A woman rushed bareheaded among them and cried in an agonized voice:

"Where's Johnnie? Have you found my Johnnie yet? Oh, God! my Johnnie! He's killed—killed!"

The police came and dragged her away. She said she was Mrs. Gibbs of Greenwich street. Her ten year old son, she said, had been playing with the Heagney children, and now she could not find him anywhere. The firemen found him, and ten minutes afterward they found poor little Annie Heagney close by. Both were dead, and were wedged in with loose bricks so tightly that it required considerable work to free their bodies. Mrs. Heagney came, and they had to force her away from the spot. When Mrs. Gibbs saw her boy lying there dead, the scene was repeated.

It was 4 o'clock when the city deadwagon with its load of plain coffins drove up. There were six bodies in waiting for it.

Darkness came on with half a dozen fire companies still pouring water into the ruins. The crowd outside the police lines increased, and in it were many who thought they had relatives or friends numbered among the victims of the disaster. To these the police did not have the heart to refuse admission within the lines, and the result was that in a little while the crowd inside numbered nearly as many as those outside, and they hindered the firemen in their work.

It was a quiet crowd. Its quiet betokened the awfulness of the calamity. The people spoke to each other in whispers. Those who had missing friends or relatives speculated with each other as to the chance they had of being still alive in that furnace of red hot bricks and mortar and stone. Many wrung their hands, and cried out in their sorrow. Others offered them poor comfort and sympathy.

The total loss is estimated at $195,000. The building was condemned 13 years ago by the building department. There are all sorts of theories as to the cause, the most plausible being the shaky condition of the building and vibration of heavy presses in it. Practically there was no mortar between the bricks.

The total number of bodies taken from the ruins up to the time the men stopped work Sunday night was 17, of which 14 were identified.

Some fancy the charms of the lily-white maid,
Of etherial form and languishing eye,
Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade,
And is always "just ready to die."

But give me the girl of the sunshiny face,
The blood in whose veins courses healthy and free,
With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace,
Oh, that is the maiden for me!

She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a "thing of beauty" worn down by female weakness and disorders, subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing-down pains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a healthy, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.

MAINE'S HUMAN MAGNATE.

His Finger Tips Too Strong for the Heavy Weights of Maine.

Perhaps it is not generally known, but in the city of Lewiston lives a man who is possessed of magnetic or some kind of wonderful power which is truly miraculous. Oscar E. Whitman, the man in question, is 36 years old, and lives with his wife and little daughter in a cozy house at 76 College street. A reporter called on Mr. Whitman and received a cordial reception. Mr. Whitman is a man about the average height, with a pair of broad shoulders and a deep chest. He is in every way an athletic and healthy appearing specimen of humanity, and his face, though at times it appears stern, is in itself a picture of benevolence and kindness.

After a brief conversation the party adjourned to the kitchen and Mr. Whitman proceeded to give an exhibition of his power.

Seating himself at the head of a large table in the middle of the room, Mr Whitman held his hands out at an angle of 45 degrees. In a short time a convulsive expression seemed to creep over his face, and placing his finger tips on the table he raised it up and held it in the air as if it was nothing but a sheet of paper. The reporter, with Mr. Whitman's consent, then took a seat at the opposite end of the table and tried to hold it, but the magic finger tips were too much, and was pulled over, chair and all. Now, Mr. Bradbury prides himself on being a pretty strong man, so, with a smile on his face changed his seat from the end of the table. Grasping the table legs firmly he braced his feet, and the look that stole over his face plainly said: "Now friend spirits, or whatever you are, I've got you." He did not have them, though, and the 215 pounds of human flesh, chair and table followed the dictation of the wonderful finger tips over the whole room in a manner which made every one else laugh.

Mr. Linscott during these proceedings had been rubbing up his muscles and preparing for a grip with the supernatural. He took the seat, calmly got a good hold and announced that he was ready. He was ready, too for his muscles stood out like whipcord, but still he was not "in it," and like the others yielded to the inevitable. Messrs. Tarr and Wood concluded it was no use to try it, so this part of the proceedings came to an end.

Now some think that Mr. Whitman is a walking electric plant, but such is not the case, for he placed a pane of glass on the table and placing his finger on it lifted it just as if the non-conductor was not there.

Mr. Whitman does not claim to be a spiritualist or an electrician. When he wants to use his lanent power he holds his hands out, as stated above, at an angle of 45 degrees, and the current starts from his shoulders and runs to his finger tips, and when he is done using it he dips his fingers in cold water, sprinkles a few drops on his forehead, and, holding both hands in the air, allows it to run back to its receptacle in his shoulder. "It seems, said Mr. Whitman, "as if there was a hollow in my bones through which this power is transmitted."

This power was noticed in Mr. Whitman when he was a small boy. Sometimes, when playing with other children, he would place his finger on a chair and, for his amusement, pull the other children around the room hanging to it. Mr. Whitman grew up the same as other boys, and, being of a rather reserved disposition, said little about his powers. He has been working and is now employed as a cutter with the firm of Gry, Woodman & Co., although lately he has not worked more than half the time.—Auburn Gazette.

A NUISANCE.

One of the worse of nuisances is
The chap who's up at early dawn
Making the lawn-mower ziziziz,
Rasping the whiskers off the lawn.

The hateful whirr
Of the fierce machine,
The buzz and the burr
Excite the spleen
Of the man whose sleep
Is driven away,
And with curses deep
He begins the day.
But the lawn-mower chap
His ardor whets,
And he's never so happy as when he gets
Up close to the room
Where his neighbor lies
In the morning gloom,
With staring eyes,
And twists and turns,
Till, half insane,
At last he learns
'Tis all in vain;
He cannot sleep,
All hope is dead,
And with a leap
He bounds from bed.
Oh!

One of the worst of nuisances is
The chap who's up at early dawn
Making the lawn-mower ziziziz,
Rasping the whiskers off the lawn.

HOW HE GOT IT.

A Frenchman Who Cut a Woman's Body Open to Obtain a Will.

BORDEAUX, Aug. 25.—Victor Berge has just been sentenced at the Gironde assizes to life imprisonment at hard labor for the murder of his mistress, Marie Bondon. Berge, whose father is a small land owner at Cahoes, department of the lot, was a medical student in this city. He met Marie, who was a dressmaker, and shortly afterwards the couple lived together. By the death of a maiden aunt a short time ago, Berge came into possession of 10,000 francs. The will naming him as heir he had in his possession and showed to Marie, whereupon she demanded that, as a recompense to her, he give her one half of the legacy. This Berge refused and the woman snatched it from his hand. A terrific struggle ensued, which was finally ended by Berge throwing the woman heavily to the floor, but not, however, before she had by a final effort swallowed the will. In a few hours the woman was dead.

Berge, in order to regain possession of his inheritance, cut the body open and removed the will. It was in this condition that the body was discovered.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

MANUFACTURED RAIN.

Sky as Clear as a Bell is Made Cloudy in Short Time, and There is Water in Abundance.

MIDLAND, Tex., August 21—Gen. Dryenforth's party of rain makers are jubilant. The first important experiments have met with great success. A rain fell for more than six hours, and they declare it was undoubtedly caused by the explosion of oxy-hydrogen balloons, rackarock powder, and dynamite. At three o'clock in the afternoon a large balloon was sent up at the C ranch, where the men of science have their headquarters. The ranch is about twenty-five miles from Midland. The balloon was sent up at about one and a quarter miles, and then exploded. It made a report like a severe clap of thunder. There was only a few white clouds floating in the blue sky at the time. The sun was shining, and any old farmer or mariner would have said that it would not rain in a week. The weather instruments showed that the air was remarkably dry and the barometer pointed at "fair."

Ten minntes after the balloon had disappeared in a peal of thunder, kites were set flying and attached to their tails was dynamite. This was exploded when the kites were high in the air, and then a great quantity of powder which was scattered over the ground for about two miles was set off by electricity. This made a noise like a succession of batteries of artillery. The smoke rose in the air for about 200 feet and drifted towards the experts headquarters. Before it reached there, however, it was driven to the earth by a torrent of rain.

The few fleecy clouds had gathered together, others had formed, the sky quickly had become overcast, and a storm had been created by man's efforts. The barometer began falling ten minutes after the balloon was exploded, The rain was very heavy and the center of the storm was over the C ranch. According to the reports of the ranchmen and employes along the line of the Texas and Pacific railroad the storm extended over an area of not less than 1000 square miles. It is hard to get definite reports and it may have reached further.

The noise of the exposion was heard plainly at Midland, and even at ranches forty miles from the scene of the experiments. The people thought it was thunder. At about 7 o'clock Wednesday evening several more explosions were heard. The sky became overcast inside of half an hour, and it began to rain at 7.40 o'clock. It looks now as if it would rain all night.

This region as a rule, is very dry, and it is exceedingly unusual to have much rain at this season of the year. The rainmakers are sure that they have the secret of Jupiter Pluvius, and say they can flood this country at an hour's notice. Their greatest experiment, when they will explode a tremendous lot of balloons, kites and dynamite, will probably not take place until Friday next. The ranchmen and town weather prophets don't believe the storm was made by the rain producers, but Gen. Dyrenforth says he will convince the most skeptical in a day or two.

THE COMMON FLY.

Its Metamorphosis an Explanation of Its Disappearance.

How many people are there whom the harmless but annoying little house fly does not only worry but sometimes drive to distraction, and yet how few there are whose entomological knowledge is of sufficient breadth to allow of their tracing it from its first existence to a full-grown fly.

Does not the question often arise as to its mysterious and sudden appearance? Summer after summer they present themselves for personal annoyance, in great abundance, and strangely enough appear always in fully-developed proportions; yet with the same yearly regularity they as mysteriously disappear, leaving no trace of their existence behind.

Let us follow one of these little dipterous insects through its metamorphosis.

During the month of August the fly lays its eggs in clusters or bunches in decaying animal or vegetable matter of almost any kind, such as manure or other filth. The eggs remain unhatched usually for a period of six months, after which their hatching will depend upon the degree of heat to which they are subjected.

A day or two of moderate heat will bring the eggs to life in larva form—a maggot without head, tail or legs. These crawl to some dry place to pupate. In less than two weeks, with neither food nor sustenance, the puparium will grow from its tiny shape to the size of a small pea, when the perfect fly emerges.

Their lives is of short duration, for they only thrive through warm seasons of the year, when they are more plentiful, and as the colder weather returns they die.

Fragile is their composition, which contains nearly 80 per cent. of moisture, they greatly diminish in size when dead and dry, and their matter in consequence most brittle, easily crumbles, turns to dust and blows away.

ELOPES WITH TWO WOMEN.

Charles W. Windus, a barber hailing from Minneapolis, has thrown not only Annandale, Minn., but the whole of Wright county into social fits. He has eloped with two pretty women at the same time, both of them married to prosperous men, and each of them the mother of three children. Both are four or five years older than Windus. They are Mrs. Samuel Wells and Mrs. Leander Watson. Young Windus, who sails under the name of Charles E. Edwards and two or three other aliases, came to Annandale a few months ago and being good looking got on well with the women. One day in July Mrs. Watson came over from Smith lake to visit her friends, Mrs. Wells, and the former was introduced to Windus by the latter. For several weeks afterwards Windus was constantly in the company of the two married women. The affair came to a climax late last week when the trio disappeared. The sudden going of the three soon became the subject of gossip. The husbands of the missing women learned that their wives had gone to Minneapolis and decided to follow them. The runaways were, however, posted by some one in Annandale and left Minneapolis. Upon returning to Annandale the two men caused a warrant to be issued for Windus's arrest. The village marshal went to Minneapolis and was not long in locating his man. But the barber managed to slip away from the marshal and was soon hid in St. Paul, where he has been living with the women.

Cora—"Isn't Simpson a man after your own heart?" Dora (firmly) "I'm told he is, but he'll not win it."

THE HOLY COAT.

Impressive Scenes in the Cathedral Where the Venerated Relic is Shown.

In the cathedral at Treves the holy-coat was exposed to view. Two knights of Malta, in full costume, with drawn swords, guarded the shrine, which was surrounded by tall candles and surmounted by a large gold cross. There was an impressive scene.

The cathedral was richly decorated for the occasion, and was packed to the doors with people. The interior of the sacred Bishop Korum made an address