

FIREMEN IN DANGER.

Dozen Daring Men Have a Thrilling Escape From Death.

A Minneapolis despatch says: A brisk and blustering breeze was blowing this afternoon, and when at 2.20 o'clock the alarm bell called the fire department to the corner of 9th avenue south and 3rd street it was evident there was hard work ahead. The fire in the five-story brick building of the Norwood Carving Wood Machine Co., and the inflammable nature of the goods and stock caused a rapid spread of the flames, which quickly burst through the windows and rolled rapidly up through the building. Within five minutes the fire burst through the roof and the building was doomed, and the firemen had to turn their attention to adjoining property to prevent the spread of the flames. Elevator "C" stood close behind the now blazing building, and the flames seized hold of it in spite of the many streams of water played upon it. Soon the roof of the elevator was on fire, and although but fifteen minutes from the start of the fire the Morwood building was gutted, and the firemen had barely escaped from it when the walls collapsed. In order to better fight the flames in elevator "C" a score of firemen went on the roof of the annex, unconscious of danger. There was a sudden explosion, and a great stream of fire burst from the end, quickly followed by one to the left of the end, and through the roof, and then on the right. The great crowd was appalled as the dozen firemen were shut from view by columns of flame and smoke that rolled up. A momentary break showed that the men were fighting for life in a desperate attempt to get on the three ladders which stood near together. The break assisted them, but a groan escaped from the multitude as four fell or jumped from their narrow footing. Again smoke arose and cleared, and there on the very ledge stood a fireman apparently dazed and not knowing what to do. "Slide on the hose," yelled the crowd, and the man heard it, and grabbing the big hose at his feet he slid down through the shooting flames and reached the ground without dropping. The work of rescuing the firemen was prompt. For a time it was thought the men had been dropped into the flames, but all have since been accounted for. Two or three of the injured are in a precarious condition, but were still alive at last reports. The total loss is placed at \$197,500, and the total insurance \$107,000.

WITH A POCKET KNIFE.

Ex-Governor Morehouse, of Missouri, Commits Suicide.

A Marysville, Mo., despatch says: Ex-Governor Albert P. Morehouse committed suicide at his residence at nine o'clock this morning. Several weeks ago the Governor was violently overheated while driving cattle, and had been in a very nervous condition since. At times he had been delirious and very much depressed. He was taken out for a drive by a friend last night, but became so much excited that he was brought home, and a physician was called. He became quieter during the night, and this morning was sleeping quietly. Two watchers in another room heard a gurgling noise in the Governor's room, and on entering found him lying on the floor, blood spurting from his throat. He had cut a gash in the left side of his throat about four inches long. The weapon was a common pocket knife, which he still held in his right hand. He had folded up his coat and vest and placed them under his head.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

Responsible for the Indifferent Treatment of the Modern Daughter.

They entered a north side cable car—the mother loaded down with parcels, the daughter carrying her skirts at a neat elevation, says the Chicago Mail. "Take that seat, Ellen," said the mother, pointing to the only vacant one in the car. Ellen took it without thanks or hesitation, and the mother took her chances on the possibility of some gentleman's courtesy. She was given a seat next to her daughter, but Ellen completely ignored her existence during the whole of their long homeward ride. "Hit's a bloody shame—the way Hamerican daughters treat their parents!" growled an Englishman in mutton-chop whiskers to his seat-mate. "Yes, but it's the mother's fault," answered the friend. "Hid like to know 'ow?" inquired the Englishman. "Because, from the time they can understand anything, the daughters are made to understand that they are glorious fetiches for their mothers to serve, adore and sacrifice to. It's a case of American push! The father pushes his business and the mother pushes the daughter."

How Bill Nye Kept His Teeth White.

One day I asked Mr. Nye how he kept his teeth so white. "Oh, that's easy," he said; "all teeth will remain white if they are properly taken care of. Of course, I never drink hot drinks, always brush my teeth morning and evening, avoid all acids whatever, and although I am 40 years old, my teeth are as good as ever."

He Married for Love.

"If I had my life to live over again you bet it would be different," said the man in the ten-dollar suit; "specially the marrying part of it." "Yes," ventured the man who had paid for the beer. "I married for love, or thort I did, which is about the same thing. My cousin Joe, he had more sense. He married one o' the best cooks in our town, and now she's workin' in a big hotel, and makin' a good livin' for both of em."

Mercantile Item.

"How do you sell these peaches?" asked Gilhooly of a colored woman who had them for sale. "Six for a dime, boss." Gilhooly began to pick out half a dozen of the largest and finest. "You can't do dat, boss. Yer can't pick out de biggest ones unless you buys 'em all."

ELEVEN WERE KILLED

And Thirty Wounded at the Celebration of an Italian Feast.

A New York despatch says: Eleven people are dead and 30 wounded as the result of the bomb explosion at the Italian celebration last night. The Italian colony residing in the neighborhood of Bayden and Nassau streets have for several days been preparing for the celebration of the feast of St. Rocco. Alfonso Illario, a saloon-keeper who on account of his wealth is known as "King Alfonso," was the chief mover in the arrangements. A platform for musicians was erected in the street next door to the saloon. A statue of St. Rocco was next to and at nightfall Chinese lanterns were exhibited and a great crowd blockaded the street. A big copper casing mortar was used for the bombs. These were filled with colored fire and shot into the air where they burst, throwing out a shower of various colored sparks. It was this mortar that exploded and caused all the harm. The bomb-casing is about 5 inches in diameter and 30 inches long. About 11 p. m. a large bomb was put in the mortar and lighted. It is supposed that the bomb exploded in it. There were hundreds of men, women and children standing around watching with great expectancy. When it exploded the air was filled with the shrieks of the injured and dying. Intense confusion followed. A platoon of police were on the scene, and they had great difficulty in preventing the frightened multitude from trampling the injured to death. The explosion is supposed to have been due to an overcharge of powder.

The names of the dead are: Michael Anzalona, 19 years old; Charles Stewart Carollin, 12; Michael O'Neil, 13; Pasquelli Rezzilino, Ered Weiss, 15; Guiseppi Yarrazo, Frank Miller, 8; Arthur Flynn, 11; Lizzie Hughes, 18; Lizzie Murphy, 19; Henry Burgess, 13. Rumors were abroad that there had been dynamite in the bomb, but this is denied.

Her Mother Knew.

Mother—And so you engaged yourself to that young man at Idlewild Springs, did you? Daughter (sheepishly)—Y-e-s, ma; I promised to become his wife.

"It was on a beautiful moonlight evening." "Why, yes, ma; how did you know?" "And the hotel band was playing a delightful waltz by Strauss."

"Why, yes. Who told you?" "And you two were in the arbor on the lawn." "Yes."

"And the fountain sparkled in the moonlight, and made music which seemed like a fairy echo to the sweet melody which floated out from the distant orchestra."

"Yes. How—?" "And the lake with its fleet of pretty boats gliding about the softly illuminated waters seemed like a bit of lovely Venice dreaming at your feet."

"Yes, yes. But how did you know all this?" "I knew it must have been under some such combination of circumstances that he proposed, or you would never have said 'yes' to such an adde-pated nincompoop as that."

A Chapter on Courtship.

An old-fashioned book of etiquette contains a chapter on courtship that is exceedingly naive. Any young man who might be contemplating a proposal of marriage was urged strongly to select with care and due forethought the proper time and place for such proposal. For instance, he should never propose to a young woman while out boating, for, if she should happen to refuse him, it would be difficult to reach shore immediately, and the situation would obviously be awkward. On the other hand, if she should accept him the situation would be equally undesirable, since too close a proximity and certain attitudes incident to the circumstances are known to threaten the safety of a boat. Also, said young man was advised never to propose to a young woman just before dinner. Having been invited to eat for some hours, she would, doubtless, be in a less amiable frame of mind than usual, and might, under these conditions, refuse an offer which at another time might seem desirable.

Western Wisdom.

One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is, that it is not the tax on his memory that he would be.

It is all well enough to tell a man when he is in trouble to look at the bright side—the rub is to find the bright side to look at. Girls, never send flowers to a dandified man. Send him fodder.

Sometimes a man grows so mean that even the devil is willing to excuse him. To get an honest living without work requires the hardest kind of work.

The fool destroys his own health while drinking to the health of others. When you want to know all about yourself inquire without.

It sometimes takes a deaf man to face the music. What is lovelier than a sorrel-top girl in a bay window.

An Old Bachelor's Excuse.

"You were never married, I believe?" "No, I was never married." "That's a little singular, isn't it?" "No, not at all. You see, the first time I fell in love I said to myself: 'I'll marry her or none.'"

"Why didn't you marry her, then?" "Well, you see, after I had become better acquainted with her I said to myself, 'I'll marry none rather than her.' Since that I've got along very well with none."

A Dignified Answer.

A north side teacher was getting the new pupils tabulated. "What does your father do?" she asked one of the new boys. "He's a contractor," was the reply. "A railway contractor?" "No, ma'am; a sausage contractor. He ties up the ends after another man fills 'em."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Like His Mother."

"I was born in Indiana," says a stranger lank and slim. As we fellows in the restaurant was kind o' guyn' him.

And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie in his eye—

"I was born in Indiana, mo'n forty years ago. And I ain't been back in twenty, and I'm workin' backarses slow."

But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe, and I want to state this coffee tastes like gettin' home to me.

Pour us out another, daddy," says the fellow, warm'n' up.

A-spakin' cros' a saucerful as uncle tuck his cup—

"When I seed yer sign yonder," he went on to "Come in and get some coffee like your mother used to make."

I thought of my old mother and the Posey And me a little kid ag'n a-hangin' on her arm.

As he shot the pot-a-bilin', broke the eggs and poured them in—

And the fellow kin' o' halted, with a tremble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake fetched the feller's coffee back and stood As solemn for a minute as an undertaker would.

Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door, and near to it.

Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' her specs—

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers: "It's him!"

Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I ain't forgot!"

But, wipin' of his eyes, says he: "Your coffee's mighty hot."

—James Whitcomb Riley in St. Paul Globe.

Three Fishers.

Three fishers went strolling away to the stream. To the babbling brook where the fishes swim.

And each felt certain they'd bite for him. For men may fish, but may get no bite.

And drink to stop their groaning. Three fishers strolled into the market place.

'Twas some two hours after the sun went down.

And a look of gloom was on each man's face. For at empty baskets they each did frown.

For men may fish, but may get no bite. And vent their wrath in groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the beer saloon. Where the crowd sat round and the gas was bright.

And each gayly whistled a merry tune. For men may fish, but may get no bite.

And boast of catching the fish they buy. While inwardly they're groaning.

The Latest "Big Gooseberry." The Dardanelles! The Dardanelles! Of canards and of boursiers' sells;

Of Tory whoops and Jingo yells. Their very name wild panic spells.

VISITING THE SICK.

Kindness to the sick and the afflicted is such a commendable virtue that its exercise covers a multitude of sins, yet discretion should go with it.

According to a Brooklyn paper, one woman in that city disenta from the idea that it is true charity to take flowers and books to the hospitals.

"If I were sick," she remarked, "and in the public ward of a hospital, I should, if it were possible, be very miserable, but why should my misery be accentuated by having women sit down and read to me about the tortures of hell? Or have them lay on my bed half-withered flowers, or by giving me Bibles or old German, who is in one of the public hospitals, wanted a bun the other day, and that the visitor would not give it to him unless he first took a Bible.

He could not read or speak one word of English, but he took the Bible and got of the bun, and if that woman don't take the cake for being a consummate fool, then the world has a larger store of them than even I had imagined. It is no charity to go in people. It would be a good deal more of a charity to take an entertaining book, read a little from it, and say a few cheerful words, and then when the poor wretched body was better, think over if it were better to say a little about the poor, wretched soul. One of the cleverest doctors in Bellevue told me that if anybody who had plenty of money wanted to do a really good work there was room for it. And this is what he suggested: Men come here with broken legs, hurt in all sorts of ways, men who are laid up for months. They would get well in half the time if their minds were easy. Now, when a man is brought here, if some of the people who want to do good would come to him and say: 'My friend, have you a wife or a mother? Have you any children? And is there anybody to care for them and give them bread and butter while you are ill? And then, when he told the state of affairs, for the Samaritan to look after that wife and those children until he could come out and care for them himself. There is a work for you. It is better than carrying around half-faded, sickly-smelling flowers. It's better than buns and Bibles. It is what the Bible teaches, and the experience of most people in this world is, we find it easier to give away black and white editions of the Bible than to show its teaching as man to man, and brother to brother. Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but there are more crimes, more worrying little deviltries committed in the name of charity than in the name of any other virtue.

"A woman thinks she is charitable when she asks a man what he thinks about the future. Now, when he has a raging fever, and every separate and individual bone in his body is aching, and his eyes feel like balls of fire, the future doesn't trouble him in the least; it is the present that he is interested in; and a good sponging off with cool alcohol, the straightening up of a bed, and the giving of a veritable drink of cold water is a far greater charity than picturing to that man what he would look like dressed up as an angel, playing on a harp. In his present condition he has no use for harps. Just remember that I don't want to say one word to keep any good woman from trying to do her best, but I wish a few of them—just a few—would be a little bit more practical, and remember how, when they are ill, their own husbands and sons want to be treated, and credit other men with having the same human feelings. A sick man is always a sad and sorry sight—especially if he isn't very sick. He has it firmly planned out that he is going to die. He thinks nobody ever had such pains as he did, and from the very first takes an aggressive position toward the doctor, regarding him as a personal enemy, rather than a kind friend."

CONICAL BIRD.

The Grotesque Pelican With Its Husky Asthmatic Whisper.

Four or five mangrove trees in the vicinity of Bird Key were occupied by a colony of brown pelicans. The nests were a simple mass of refuse, twigs and seaweed, and the flocks and jetsam of the ocean, upon which were perched two large blood-marked eggs. A young pelican may be considered one of the comical things in nature—a grotesque, ill-proportioned animal, a modified do-do, and like that famous bird, of which an old writer said it was "as remarkable to the eye as to the stomach."

The voice of the pelican but adds to its absurdity, being a husky asthmatic whisper, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle.

This patient bird, with its solemn, decorous bearing, is a victim to the laughing gull. The laughing gull, being lazy and heavy, labors at a disadvantage in fishing, so prefers to borrow from its companion, the pelican. The operation, which I have often observed, as well as its sequel with flies along at a distance of about 20 feet from the water, occasionally precipitating itself upon a school of small fry that, not being able to see an object directly overhead, often become victims, and are captured by the long bill and pouch. Having caught the sardines, the pelican rights itself, and for a second floats serenely upon the surface, wagging its diminutive tail in satisfaction. To swallow the game, it tosses its beak upward, which throws the fish from the pouch between the bills, the next movement being to swallow.

But here the laughing gull becomes a party to the performance. He has been a watchful follower for some time, and now times its back, the pelican uttering no protest and apparently not objecting in the least. As the tempting morsel is tossed by the pelican the gull leans forward and deftly plucks it from the long bill, and either coolly swallows it then and there, while standing upon the broad back of the victim, or flies away with the stolen fish, uttering the victorious "ha, ha," that may attract the attention of the frigate bird, which, in turn, proceeds to rob the gull.

The Duke of Cleveland, whose title will become extinct at his death, is a descendant of a Sir Henry Vane, who received the honor of knighthood at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, and also of that more famous Sir Henry Vane, who flourished in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell.

And what do you think, Maude! Then he winked at me with his alter ego! "His alter ego!" "His other eye, of course!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The words in common use by the ordinary individual are estimated at from 1,000 to 3,000.

Mrs. "Bob" Ingersoll is a tall brunette, with hair of ebony blackness, fine features and a pretty mouth.

The preacher has a right to his vacation, and if the devil doesn't take one during the heated term the more fool he.

Among the permanent decorations to be added to the vestibule of the White House are portraits of Washington and Lincoln, painted on the wall over the mantelpieces.

An explosion of naphtha occurred on the Woonasquatuck river near Providence, R. I., on Saturday by which two men were seriously burned, one fatally; and several others more or less injured.

The new City Hall of Philadelphia will be the tallest building on the continent, excepting only the Washington monument. It will be two inches more than 547 feet in height and will cover an area of four and a half acres.

The log cabin which was the boyhood home of Lincoln and which is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago was built in Abraham and his father in the river boat and hauled to the spot where the cabin was erected.

The Italian Marquis Prospero Marsigli, who recently died in Bologna, left behind a fortune of about 3,000,000 lire. Of this amount he bequeathed in his will 130,000 lire to the Pope to say masses for the repose of his soul.

A Hartford (Conn.) woman smoked a cigarette while in bed the other night. She went to sleep and the cigarette fell from her lips and set the bed afire. The woman was so badly burned that it is feared she cannot live.

"How far did you say it was from the station to the house, Dennis?" "Two miles, sir." "Two miles! Why, we have been over three, already!" "Well, sir, the roads are bad about here, so we give good measure."

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the well-known author of books describing her travels in "unbeaten tracks," has received the honor of being the first woman to deliver an address in the British House of Commons.

The last verse of the Apocrypha: "For as it is hurtful to drink wine or water alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant and delighteth the taste, even so speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story. And here shall be an end."

Scientist Anschutz, of Lissa, has just perfected a set of photographs of a dog in the act of jumping over a small bush. In the act of making one jump the animal was photographed twenty-four separate times, and each picture is not a mere silhouette, as was the case with Muybridge's first attempts of this kind, but a little picture showing half-tone and detail.

Antoinette Sterling, the famous singer, once attended a Quaker meeting in England, says the Tribune, and after a prolonged silence on the part of everybody she rose and sang "Rest in the Lord." At the close of the service one of the elders approached her and said: "Thee knowest, that it is against the rules, but if the Lord telleth thee to sing thee must."

The city of Bremen will probably soon enjoy the distinction of being the first German city in which horses will have been wholly supplanted by electric power for street car service. A portion of the Bremen street car system has been worked electrically for some time, having been equipped by the Thomson-Houston Company. At present, however, arrangements are being made with this company to fit up the whole Bremen system on its principle.

Pat Got There Just the Same.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop to-day to buy eggs. "What are eggs to-day?" "Eggs are eggs to-day, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three lady customers who happened to be in the shop.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

The New Commercial Industry.

Puck: First drummer—I am representing the Thunderbolt Rain-Producing Company—our showers last two hours and twenty minutes, and we make a sample shower free of charge!

Second drummer—Let me take your order, sir, for the Aquarius Artificial Rain-Making Company—our rain is superior to anything on the market, and we give a silk umbrella and a pair of overshoes with every shower!

A Terrible Temptation.

Morris—I have just been discharged by the bank, Miss Mary, for making use of my confidential knowledge outside the bank.

"How was that?" "I proposed to a heavy depositor and was accepted."

He Knew It.

"Now, little boys, can you tell me," said a Columbus teacher, "what the effect of tobacco is upon the system?" Little Billy, who had wrestled with his first chew, promptly held up his hand.

"Well, Billy, what is the effect?" "Makes ye wisht ye wuz dead."

Getting Down to Business.

Chicago Herald: "I think, father," said Farmer Begosh's son, "that I will go in for a little more cultivation." "All right, my boy," replied the old man, "I'm glad to hear you say so. You'll find the cultivator right down there in the barn."

Not a Boom.

Buffalo News: "This place doesn't seem to be booming," said the new arrival. "No," replied his majesty, lighting another brimstone cigarette, "the bottom fell out some time ago."

A patient man recently counted the flies on a number of sticky flypapers that he had weighed before exposing, and found that 50,000 flies weighed one pound.