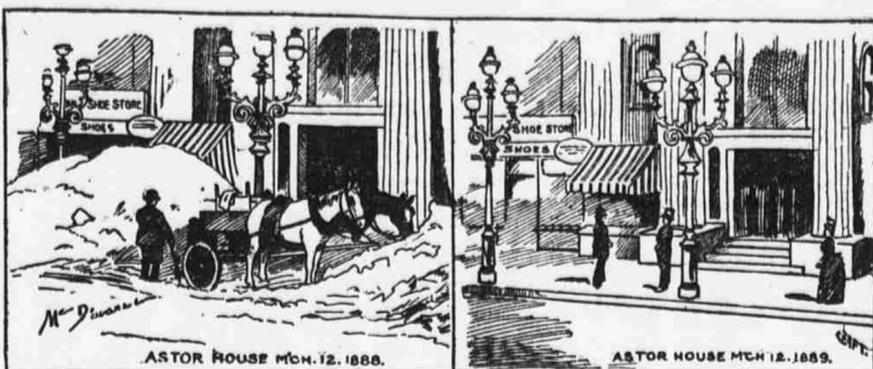


THAT WILD, WEIRD GUEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.



ASTOR HOUSE MCH. 12, 1888.

ASTOR HOUSE MCH. 12, 1889.

Note the Contrast Between His Presence at the Astor House Entrance a Year Ago and His Absence This Morning.

THE FUNNY BLIZZARD.

The Humorous Side of the Phenomenal Snow Fall.

Rare Good Humor That Prevailed Throughout It All.

Pleasantries Indulged at the Expense of "Beautiful Snow."

But the blizzard did not down the spirits of New Yorkers.

There was a funny side—many funny sides to the situation.

London, from the ponderous Thunderer down to the "two-pair back" lodger, growled and grumbled, and made itself miserable the other day over two inches of snow on the level.

But New York, buried under avalanches of the beautiful snow, laughed and joked, and grew fat with good nature.

A little Irish Mark Tapley, on his way downtown to his work on a Second Avenue L train, which was caught between Rivington and Grand street stations, kept a carload of half-dressed men and women merry during the four hours of their captivity in midair.

He passed his old hat and raised a collection, which he lowered from the train by a cord found in his hand pocket.

The attention of a man in the street was attracted by the money from the hat and in five minutes attached a big ball of beer to the string.

The beer was enjoyed, and afterwards, sandwiches, a bottle of "old pepper" cigars and cigarettes were also partaken of.

There were songs, jokes, stories and general hilarity.

This blizzard knocks his, will go down to fame along with "Sheridan's Ride," "The Charge of the Six Hundred," and other poems commemorative of occasions.

It was scrawled by an unassuming singer, on an amateur signboard stuck in a drift.

Another sign in a barred street read: "Closed till the Resurrection."

The hotels downtown were thrice full of people who couldn't get uptown, and those uptown were crammed with those who couldn't get downtown.

Give me standing-room for one night! ejaculated a tired seeker for a place of rest to the clerk at the Astor House.

At Currier's Fulton street hotelery appeared this card in the window on the second morning of the blizzard: "Yes, we are closed. No coal, no food—no nothing!"

"This is so overwhelming," said Chauncey M. Depew, as if his whole New York Central system were paralyzed at all.

"So overwhelming that nobody swears. It is the first accident I ever heard of which didn't largely increase the stock of profanity."

The Liberty street ferry-boats passengers, who couldn't get across the river, passed the whole night in dancing to the music of a half dozen banjos, which chance had been in the building and bankers, typewriters, clerks, brokers, merchants and salesmen were, walked and polkaed with much relish.

A job lot of beautiful snow for sale cheap, was the tempting offer posted on a sign set on the apex of a snow mountain in Fourteenth street, and in front of a Fifth avenue restaurant was another sign: "Wanted, 1,000 hands to chew snow," and added to the usual announcements before a florist's establishment was this ironical line from a popular song: "The flowers that bloom in the Spring! Ha, ha!"

"What did you do to pass the time away?" asked an Evening World reporter of a passenger who had been four days coming from Buffalo to New York on the "limited."

"Well, we took turns bathing in a tub in one of the vestibule cars till the hot water gave out," he replied, indignantly.

But the joke over which stricken New York laughed most heartily was a despatch from a committee of citizens of Bismarck, Dak., to Mayor Hewitt, offering financial aid to the city in its distress, and the most unbecomingly authentic statistics, was a man tied up in the elevated railway blockades, who said he was sad because there was a note against him falling due that day and he feared it would be protested.

A signboard in a snowdrift in Front street said: "The flowers that bloom in the Spring! Ha, ha!"

THE MOURNFUL SIDE OF THE TERRIBLE STORM.

The Mournful Side of the Terrible Storm.

Great Roscoe Conkling Meets the Face of Death.

The Pilot-Boats Went Out to Sea Never to Return.

The blizzard left cruel marks along its course to be reminders for many a year of its terrible force.

Among its victims, first and foremost in the minds of the American people, was Roscoe Conkling; for, though his death did not occur until several weeks afterwards, it was the result of exposure in the storm.

Late in the afternoon of that memorable March 12 the great statesman, lawyer and man, having completed his usual day's work at his downtown office, set out for home.

There was not a cab in sight, and the stalwart man, indomitable of will and Herculean in strength, started on foot.

It was three miles to his house, but with his famous shaggy ulster buttoned to the chin and his broad collar turned up about his magnificent head, Conkling plunged into the storm. For three hours he struggled, and at last he reached Union Square almost exhausted.

He paused a moment for breath and then plunged on across the park.

The passengers sat shivering and waiting for the train to start, and the edifying spectacle of flying skirts and ribbed stockings to those who held the ladders. At other places where trains were stalled, passengers were also seen to be waiting for the train to start.

On the east side, business was entirely suspended. In one of the stalled trains the passengers began to smoke; the guard protested.

"Faith 'you can't put us out," ventured a bright young Irishman, whereas the guard gave it up. A poker game, 25-cent limit, was also started on this train.

No one was allowed to cross Brooklyn Bridge during the storm. Ferry-boats ran on irregular time and at long intervals. But the trains were running in Jersey or Long Island, the thousands who came to the city on early trains had to remain overnight.

Neither could they send any messages to their homes, the wires were cut, and the Astor House a boy was pushed into a snow bank. When he came out, he pulled with him an unconscious man who had been entirely covered up.

Not a word of news or entered port on that day. Wall street business was also suspended. The wires were cut, and the Astor House a boy was pushed into a snow bank. When he came out, he pulled with him an unconscious man who had been entirely covered up.

The crash at the downtown hotels was immense. Three and four people were crowded into one room, and were mighty glad to do that. Hospitals were crowded with people suffering from frost bite and various diseases of their anatomy.

The East River was frozen over, and hundreds of people waded across on the ice bridge. The Pennsylvania Railroad's wires were cut down, and messages to and from there were sent by the telegraph over long-distance telephone wires. Brooklyn Bridge trains ran regularly.

Hundreds of bodies were kept for days, frozen by the impassable drifts of snow in the streets.

A famine set in and many poor people were badly in want. Provisions could not be transported, and grocery and meat stores were completely denuded of edibles.

One thousand seven hundred and forty-three new men were taken to work at clean-up by the Commission. Clean-up men, truckmen volunteered, and hundreds of trucks loaded with snow could be seen wending their way to the rivers.

Misapprehensions were legion, and many narrow escapes were noted as the blizzard gradually melted away before the sun's force of dead horses came to light.

Flora's fared badly. Mr. Fred Gordon sent this polite note to THE WORLD: "All gone. Ruined! Glass all broken."

Pascal T. Barquet and J. B. Clarke walked from Mount Vernon to secure their stock of newspapers. Their trip was a perilous one, but they were rewarded by receiving fabulous prices for their papers. The snow drifts in many places ranged as high as seven or eight feet, and drifts fifteen feet high were common.

A Triumph of Long-Distance Telephoning. To show the benefits that may be derived from the long-distance telephone we will state only one case: The New York EVENING WORLD, with which paper we will be in direct communication, was notified of the fire on Lloyd street immediately on its breaking out last Monday morning, the operator at this end telling THE EVENING WORLD people that it was a very blizzard day, a high wind blowing, the scene near the lake, and the probabilities were it would be a large fire.

"Give us all you can get of it, get it to us quickly, and we'll get out an extra," said the enterprising manager of THE EVENING WORLD, and it was about all the news could do to get on the street right here where the fire occurred before the New York EVENING WORLD was being sold on Broadway. This could only be done through the long-distance telephoning.

THE WEATHER CLERK'S DREAM.

How the wind sang in the eaves! A song that anon was cruel and cold and strong. And anon sobbed low in the dreamer's ears With a faint pipe as if hushed for tears!

The street-cars lost at the Battery. The horses lost in an alleyway. The women and children who kneel to pray In night—almost—of the frenetic hearth. And, deep in a drift, were lost to earth.

The dreamer stirred and his breath came quick; He looked again where the snow whirled thick, Where the great white flakes had changed in a trice To piercing needles of driving ice.

He looked again, and his blood stood still; He heard the wolves howl over the hill, Saw the horses part as they ploughed through the night, While the driver's features were set and white.

Heard the pitiful moan of a little child And the prayers of a mother rise fast and wild—Blizzard-bound, in the plains astray, Miles and miles from the wonted way— He shrieked and awoke in agony 'E'er the wolves leaped over the axe-trees.

Midnight out on the sea, the gale Tears at the fragments of a sail That flutter and wave, as in wild appeal To the straining spars and the groaning keel! Midnight under the leaden sky, The clouds like horrible shadows fly; Midnight! and over the icy spray, As the long waves course their prey, A human soul cries out in affright, And then the winds rave on to the night!

Where is the Othello, where are the tars That looked through the snow wreath up to the stars? Where is the statesman whose stately form Was the pride of the town before that storm? Where are the merchants who fought a track To their stores, and were lost in the driving wreck?

Where are the children whose tender notes Were frozen like nestlings in their throats? Where are the sparrows frozen here? Where are the blizzards of yester-year? J. P. B.

AH! THE BLIZZARD.

New Yorkers Well Remember It's Call of a Year Ago.

Few of Them Would Wish it a Regular Visitor.

"There Should Be a Prohibitory Tariff on Blizzards."

Do you remember the blizzard? Do you expect a blizzard this year? Were you caught in the blizzard last year?

What do you think of blizzards in general as a permanent institution?

Broker E. R. Livermore—Of course I remember the storm, but we are not likely to have another like it. I stayed within doors while it lasted. As to having such blizzards as permanent institutions, I say no. A prohibitory tariff should be put on blizzards.

Banker Whitley, of Prince and Whitley—I was ill at home at the time, and I consider that I was fortunate. That was the best place to be during such a visitation. I don't want more blizzards.

Mr. Worcester, the well-known woolen merchant—I was out in it, so I think I remember it. There ought to be an act of Congress prohibiting blizzards.

Banker Whitley—I recall it, of course, as I was in the city. I trust we won't have any more blizzards. They are ruinous to business. I was lucky enough not to have been caught out in the storm.

Ex-Coroner Ellinger—I think we ought to have one of these storms every year. Of course I have not yet forgotten last year's blizzard, but do not expect another like it. I came down to the office Blizzard Day. I think we ought to have one of these blizzards every year. They purify the atmosphere.

John Thompson, the veterinarian of the Surrogate's office—Oh, pah! I have already nearly forgotten the so-called blizzard. Why, that was only an April shower compared to the real form which I experienced in '86 along with Felix Leeder. We were volunteer firemen and had a fire on the day I speak of. I wouldn't mind a gentle breeze such as we had last March 12, but a like one as we had in '86 would be a little too much.

Banker Griswold, of Griswold & Gillette—I remember not only the snow blizzard of last March, but also the blizzard that struck Wall street, Black Friday. I don't think we'll have any more of either kind of blizzard for some time.

Banker P. W. Gallaudet—I recollect quite distinctly the blizzard of last year, and hope we'll have another one this year. They are good for the health. They tone up a man's system. I was out in last year's, and enjoyed myself.

Record Clerk Fitzpatrick—Blizzards are all right—in Dakota. As long as they confine themselves to that part of the country I have no fault to find with them, but when they tackle New York I kick. I remember last year's blizzard so vividly that I hope we won't have another this year.

Daniel Samuel Post—I remember the blizzard of course. But I was fortunate enough to be away from New York at the time it occurred. I don't expect we'll have another like it for a good many years. I don't think much of blizzards as a permanent institution.

J. O. Arnold—I well recollect there was such a blizzard, and sincerely hope we'll not have another like it for some time.

Broker Schumaker—I believe such a blizzard did strike this city, but we don't want any more of them.

William Murray—I remember it well. I was out in it, don't want any more of them. One is enough.

Lawyer W. C. Percy—Remember it? Well, yes. Why, I was on an L train that was stalled midway between two stations during four mortal hours. I don't anticipate such a blizzard again for some time to come. We had blizzards enough to last a long time.

means should be devised to prevent its reappearance.

Brooker Litch—I remember the blizzard well. I was in Orange street, and was snowed in the house for three days. We had to shovel our way out. Blizzards are not conducive to comfort.

Assistant Administration Clerk Scannell—I should think I did remember the blizzard! If we have any more of them we had better move to some other country. But that's an experience of a lifetime, walked to the office in last year's storm. It was the only way to get here.

Deputy Clerk Wolf, also Sergeant of Seventh Regiment—I think we ought to have one of these little storms every three days. They wake the boys up. I was caught by last year's storm, so of course it made an impression on me. The impression is not quite so distinct, because I haven't quite recovered from the effects of the inaugural festivities yet.

Attache Robert Hastings—Do I remember it? Well, I ought to, I walked to the office in last year's storm, and I remember it in the teeth of the storm. I am seventy years old, but am ready to repeat the performance which I had to make another such storm, which wouldn't be for some time, I guess. I don't object to blizzards.

William A. Hogan, of the Administration office—As I walked down from Forty-first street in the storm, I remember it. The boys in the office won't have a blizzard again this year. Once in fifty years is enough.

Thomas Harrow, of the Surrogate's office—I was caught in it, and cannot fail to remember it. There will hardly be another this year. Blizzards are a nuisance.

Charles Golden, Jr., same office—I was on an L train that was blocked for five hours, so I shan't forget the blizzard. Fortunately, I had some lunch and a bottle with me, I didn't suffer, but I'd rather eat my lunch elsewhere this March. Blizzards are unbecomingly for a gentleman.

Guardian Clerk O'Bohannon—There is business enough to attend to in this office without the interference of blizzards. I didn't get down during last year's storm, but I'll recollect it in the teeth of the boys in the office say my lower extremities were too cumbersome to get through the snow. I don't mind blizzards as long as I am not out in them.

Thomas B. Casey, the pride of the Bowery—It was coming home from a ball with a lady at 3 o'clock in the morning. "The blizzard was just starting. We were nearly drowned by the snow, I don't want to think again under such circumstances, and I don't think we need worry. We won't have another.

Stenographer Enos McNamara—I was in the Equitable Building at the time. I walked up to Fourth street in the teeth of the blizzard. As a lover of all that is beautiful in nature, I enjoyed the phenomenon greatly. I'll never forget it. I hope to have a similar experience again some day, though I hardly expect it will occur in New York.

Guardian-Answer Cook, of the Coroner's office—I don't think I remember it. I don't think I don't think such storms add much to the climatic attractiveness of this city. I don't think I don't think I should be abolished. I don't think I'd be troubled by another such storm.

Coroner's Clerk Reynolds—I walked two miles in the blizzard, and therefore have good cause to remember it. But we don't want any more blizzard. They are trying to kill the nerves.

Cross-Server Hawkes—Blizzards are good for undrunk men. I think they are the only business men who would like to see another one. I kept out of the way of the snow, within doors, which I think was a sensible thing to do, don't you?

Banker Gregory—I was at the Board all blizzard day. I attended to business all the time the blizzard continued. But blizzards don't do much for my business. We can get along without them.

Banker William C. Sheldon—Of course I remember the great blizzard of last year. I don't think I don't think I should be abolished. I don't think I'd be troubled by another such storm.

Lawyer Delos McCurdy—As I walked to my office in Wall street, from the Park Avenue Hotel and back again the day of the blizzard. I don't think I shall forget it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and sublime things of nature, and I don't think I should be abolished. I don't think I'd be troubled by another such storm.

Banker J. Seligman—The blizzard made me late for my office. I don't think I should be abolished. I don't think I'd be troubled by another such storm.

Lawyer George McAdam—I don't think I'll forget it in a hurry, for I walked all the way from Chambers street to Grand Park in the teeth of it. I don't think I should be abolished. I don't think I'd be troubled by another such storm.

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BLIZZARD STATISTICS. A SUBDUED TERROR.

Some Facts and Figures About the Raging Visitor.

Loss of Life and Loss of Property in the Gale.

The Blizzard Estimated to Have Cost New York About \$1,780,000.

The first accident attendant upon the storm was a crash on the Third Avenue L road. It happened about 7 o'clock in the morning just below Seventy-sixth street. A train drew up there and an immense crowd packed itself into the cars.

The train started, but the engine only went a few yards when it stopped, unable to draw the load up the steep grade, and another train, drawn by two engines, rushed down from Eighty-fourth street and crashed into the stationary train. An engineer riding as passenger on one of the engines was killed. Eight passengers were known to be badly injured and a score or more bruised.

Another accident occurred later in the day on the Ninth Avenue road, one man being injured.

The Chicago express stopped at Yonkers at 7:45 o'clock A. M. for water, and the North-western express telegraphed it. Only one person was seriously injured.

A "wild cat" train on the Jersey Central crashed into another blocked at Rosell station. Two persons were injured, and several badly bruised.

At Huntingdon, Pa., a passenger train collided with a freight train. The engineer, fireman and brakeman were instantly killed and the trains were completely wrecked.

At Silverton, Col., John O'Neill, a mail-carrier, was killed by an avalanche.

Five pilot boats were wrecked. They were blown ashore in the Horsehoe at Sandy Hook, where they had taken shelter. The privations and sufferings of the crews were something terrible. Over \$100,000 was lost.

Several persons were frozen to death. An unknown man was found dead at the foot of Stanton street, East River.

Annis H. Fisher's dead body was found in a hallway of No. 429 West Thirty-ninth street.

Robert H. Masterson, of Tuckahoe, got off a train at Mount Vernon to walk to school. His body was found in a snow drift.

Christina Bickel, of 27 Frankfort street, started for work and was brought home a corpse three hours later.

Over twenty-five people were frozen to death in Essex County. Terrible sufferings were experienced there.

At the Delaware Breakwater a terrible loss of life was occasioned by the blizzard. Thirty-two persons were drowned and fifty-eight vessels were blown ashore. Over sixty men from the crews of these vessels were covered with a thick coating of ice and badly frosted.

A party of eleven stood on the end of the steamboat pier when they broke in three places. For twenty-three hours they faced the blinding wind and waves, and were finally rescued in a precarious condition. A number of tug-boats were sunk. The loss was estimated at \$500,000.

On the Lehigh Valley Railroad, New Jersey Division, at the Three Bridges, four engines and a snow-plough plunged into a drift. The first engine left the rails, and in less than a minute three of the engines were wrecked and three men were killed.

A similar accident occurred on the New York and Harlem Railroad near Sharon, N. Y. Five engines and a snow-plough plunged into a gorge packed with snow and were completely wrecked. Four men were killed and five injured. In other places death and destruction followed in the wake of the blizzard, mention of which would entail the use of columns.

The number of deaths from the storm in this city was seven, and the number injured and treated at the hospitals was forty-nine. Of course there were a score or more cases which did not come into the police reports. The losses of this city, as carefully computed by THE WORLD, are as follows:

Working people's loss..... \$500,000
Out of town railroads..... 600,000
Roads..... 600,000
Elevated and surface roads..... 100,000
Stock Exchange brokerage..... 28,387
Consolidated Exchange brokerage..... 50,412
Produce Exchange brokerage..... 7,302
Cotton Exchange brokerage..... 6,176
Coffee Exchange brokerage..... 2,000
Other exchanges' brokerage..... 6,000
Total..... \$1,789,402

Corroboration.

Said Paddelford to his wife on the way back from the museum: "I am firmly convinced that women have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible."

"Good thing for you," she retorted, "or you might have been a bachelor for your dying day."

A Cordial Invitation.

Rayner—Chokeband, why don't you come around and join our club? You've had invitations enough.

"I know it, but I'm afraid it's an intellectual affair."

Rayner—Oh, no, it isn't. You wouldn't feel out of place in the least.

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The Blizzard Yields to the Perunian of a Shadowy Reporter.

His Vain Attempt at Disguise by Dropping One "Z."

This Explains Why New York is Not Snowed Under To-Day.

A blizzard struck this town this morning. Perhaps the blow was not so hard nor so generally felt as that of a year ago to-day, but the blizzard came.

Readers will remember that a month or six weeks ago, when snow and hail and sleet pelted the unfortunate pedestrian, THE EVENING WORLD stated, on the authority of the handsome young weather seer in the Equitable tower, that it was a Jersey blizzard.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter became a shadow, and the other day he discovered on a shingle, at 64 Broadway, these words:

BURRILL, STITT & BLIZZARD.

Brokers.

Ascending the winding stairs yesterday, the inquiring mind softly opened the door of a rear office bearing the same shingle. He came upon a smooth-faced, crinkly-haired young man, and startled him with the announcement:

"I want to see Mr. Blizzard."

The young man colored deeply, and cast a hurried glance about the office; but his eye lighted on no one, for there was no one else present.

So, as he couldn't pass himself off as Mr. Burrill nor Mr. Stitt, he said boldly: "I have the honor to be that gentleman—only if you would be my friend, call me not Blizz-zard, but Blizz-zard, with the accent hard on the zard."

"I just dropped in to see how you were getting on—if your health was in its usual strength, and what kind of a racket you were going to have to-morrow. Going to give us another razzle-dazzle?"

The young man looked uneasily beyond his caller towards the only egress from his lair, and then inquired in an agonized tone, "Now what do you mean? I don't know you."

"See, here; you came to this town about a year ago, didn't you?" queried the reporter, impatiently.

"Why, yes. My lease here dates from about a year ago. I recalled the Blizzard, un-early."

"And you are from Jersey, aren't you?" "I live at Passaic, En Jay," confessed the broker.

"And do you suppose that the thin disguise of your true name, made by shaving off one 'z,' is enough to lull anybody of your guard? Now, I want to know again: Are you going to turn us on to-morrow? Are you going to order a tie-up on the I. and surface railroads; force me to walk down from Harlem to my office; run me up to 64 a sip; oblige poor folks to burn their furniture because it is cheaper than coal; clog railroad traffic; make Manhattan a desert plain;