"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Fair; winds shifting to easterly.

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JUMPED TO DEATH

A Score of Firemen Perish in a World's Fair Blaze.

VICTIMS OF A FIRE TRAP.

The Cold Storage Warehouse Destroyed With a Loss of $600,000—Firemen Ascend the Central Tower to Put Out a Blaze near the Top—The Interior was a Mass of Kindling Wood, and the Flames Rushed Down, Cutting Off the Retreat of the Men—Ropes on Which They Try to Descend are Burned Off—Numbers Killed by Jumping to the Roof—Then the Tower Falls Among the Dead and Dying, and the Roof Sinks, Carrying Other Victims With It—A Crowd of 20,000 People Witnesses the Scene of Terror and Many Brave Deeds.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Twenty thousand men and women stood helpless in Jackson Park this afternoon and watched a score of their fellow creatures die miserably. Fire showed itself in the tower of the Cold Storage Warehouse at 1:30 o'clock. The entire brigade of the World's Fair Fire Department answered an alarm. Reaching the scene of the blaze, Chief Murphy ordered his men to the roof of the building, whence a score or more clambered up the ladders of the tower to the top balcony, where, 150 feet above the earth, the flames were curling about the cupola.

The grounds were thronged with visitors. The heavens were blue above. A brisk north wind swept over the park and the gaudy engines and carts seemed but to add to the holiday appearance of the scene. It was as if the fire department was out on dress parade and none of the thousands saw any menace in the little blaze away up at the crown of the big white building.

A line of hose was dragged up to the waiting firemen on the top balcony. A truck Captain came to the edge of the roof and shouted the signal for a steamer to begin pumping. Before the order had been transmitted to the engineman the fire suddenly burst through the white sides of the tower, midway of its height.

The treacherous element had eaten its way down the wooden siding between the iron chimney and the exterior until the men on the balcony were cut off. A shout from the assembled thousands told them of their danger. They had been watching the flames above them, and discovered those below only when it was too late.

Chief Murphy himself had led his men on their perilous climb to the balcony, and when the fire burst forth below he ordered them to save themselves. They could not go down as they had come up, for the interior of the tower was a roaring crater.

The men of the hook and ladder trucks, seeing the peril of their comrades, sprang to their machines, and the big ladders were slowly hoisted against the roof. Meantime the flames spread with incredible rapidity. The men worked like trojans, but it was almost instantly apparent that the heavy ladders could not be drawn to the roof in time to save the men in the tower. The poor fellows rushed to the south side of the balcony and swarmed down the line of hose. Five men slipped down the smoking tube and then it gave way.

With this avenue of escape cut off the men surged back to the north balcony. A rope was made fast to the chimney, and a fireman started to slip down to the roof, seventy-five feet below. Twelve feet from the balcony the rope met the flames and snapped, dashing the poor fellows who clung to it to the roof.

The calmness of despair settled on the men still in the balcony. To remain where they were meant cremation; to jump meant to be dashed to pieces. Silent and grim the little band hung over the side of their death trap, and watched their fellows struggling hopelessly to raise the ladders. Over, under, and all about them, surged the fire. Not a man lost his head. None shrank back. None cried out.

When every vestige of hope was gone, one by one they dropped through the sea of flames that surrounded the tower to the roof below. Strong men in the crowd sickened and turned away as the blue-clothed forms shot through the air.

Women fainted as the mangled bodies bounded up after striking the roof. Sixteen men jumped from the burning balcony, and as the last one sprang out, the tower, completely enveloped in flames, tottered and fell with a crash. The burning mass smashed through the roof, carrying with it the dead and wounded who had not been dragged to a place of safety.

But the horror did not end here. Two minutes after the fall of the tower the entire roof was ablaze. One hundred men were on it. So quickly did the fire spread that the ladders on the east and south sides of the building were cut off. The only way of escape for the gallant hundred was down a single ladder at the north end of the building. The deeds of heroism, of self-sacrifice and courage performed in the few minutes that it took to clear the roof will never be told.

The able-bodied men rushed to save their helpless fellows, who lay about with cruelly broken bodies, the result of the leap from the tower. Every one who was not buried in the burning débris was lowered to the ground by ropes or in strong arms. Then the blistered heroes sought the north ladder.

About them surged the fire. Flames curled around their legs, stabbed at their faces, and licked off their moustaches and eyebrows. But here, as in the tower, there was no outcry, no struggle for precedence, no cowardice. Down the ladder they swarmed, by twos and threes and on both sides. The last man had scarcely left the roof when it fell with a roar.

Through the horror-stricken crowds dashed the ambulances and patrol wagon. Skilful hands tenderly raised the sufferers to the stretchers and they were driven to the hospital. Back and forth the wagons hurried until every one was cared for.

The work of the hospital corps, the Columbian Guard, and the World's Fair officials was admirable. When it became apparent that the fire would be serious Col. Rice established fire lines, and, calling out the full force of guards, placed a cordon about the building to hold back the crowds. The United States regulars, the French marines and the sailors from the Spanish caravels were also called into service.

Twenty thousand people saw the horror. When the tower fell on the unfortunates on the roof, the groan that went up seemed to shake the skies. Army officers, whose faces never blanched in the face of death, covered their eyes, turned away, and shuddered.

Bearded men cried out. Women swooned, and children stood transfixed with horror. When the terrible tragedy was at its height some one in the crowd shouted:

"Run for your lives. The ammonia tanks are going to explode."

A stampede ensued. Those nearest the building turned and dashed at the living walls behind them. Like a torrent the people swept back. Men, women, and children were thrown down and trampled on. For ten minutes the mass struggled to get away. Scores were hurt, but no serious injuries were reported.

Aside from the awful loss of life the fight with the flames was the most serious the World's Fair Department has had on its hands. The fire was an intensely hot one. Firemen, guards, and workmen about the building were prostrated by the heat. When the fire had been burning an hour the World's Fair stables, to the south of the cold storage warehouse, caught fire. Both buildings were completely destroyed.

By 4 o'clock the fire was under control, and at 5 the melancholy work of searching the ruins for the bodies of the brave men who were lost was commenced.

CHIEF SWEENIE'S REMARKS.

"It was a bad building for our boys, and poor Fitzpatrick complained of it a month ago," said Chief Sweenie. "Murphy never liked the looks of it. He said it was the only one on the grounds that would cause the boys much trouble.

It was a frame structure, with this staff covering on the outside. It looked solid enough, but inside it was a stack of kindling wood. Murphy made a diagram of that tower and sent it to me with a statement that it was a risky place. Then, about a month ago, soon after the other recent blaze, Capt. Fitzpatrick complained of the building. I could tell by the way he wrote that he regarded it as a trap. The chief cause of complaint was the tall tower, where the boys stood when they leaped to their death.

"The boys would have come out all right but for two things. The ropes upon which they depended to swing down from the tower were burned off by a sheet of flame that swept out of the windows on the very side that they selected for their ropes. That cut them off there. Then the explosion under the roof prevented the rescue after they had leapt from the tower. It was a horrible thing—the worst that has happened to our boys since 1857. Then the block between Dearborn and Clark streets was burned through from Lake street to Water. Fourteen firemen were roasted in the ruins, and nine citizens died with them. Even during the big fire we had nothing that compared with the loss of life to-day.

"There was a report at the grounds yesterday that the cold storage warehouse had been condemned by the Exposition authorities, but Mr. Burnham denied the rumor. The story probably arose from the fact that I ordered the company to quit using soft coal."

Mr. Burnham said: "They used to send out clouds of dense smoke, and, after being ordered a number of times to quit using soft coal, guards were sent down to put their fires out. Then they used hard coal."

THE DEAD.

BREEN, PHILIP B., Truck 8.
CAHILL, JOHN, Truck 8.
GARVEY, JAMES, Captain engine.
MCBRIDE, JOHN, Truck 8. Died at Emergency Hospital.
MOULTER, Lieutenant Truck 13.
PURVIS, CHARLES, Lieutenant Engine No. 4.
PAGE, BURTON E., Engine 1.
SCHROEDER, PAUL, Truck 8.
SMITH, JOHN A., driver engine.
Unknown American; initials on belt "P. W." or "M. H."
Four Columbian Guards; names unknown.
DEMING, WILLIAM, fireman, Engine Company 1.
FITZPATRICK, JAMES, Captain Company 2.
FREEMAN, JOHN H., Lieutenant Company 1, formerly Chief of the Springfield (Ill.) Fire Department.

THE INJURED.

Thomas Barry, Captain of Truck 8, right arm broken in two places.

Frank Bielenberg, Engine Company 1, jumped from the tower, receiving severe internal injuries and bruises both arms badly.

H. Breckenridge, Columbian Guard, Company 39, slipped down a line of hose, blistering both hands.

John Davis, fireman, truck No. 6, slid down a line of hose after burning his hands and face. Davis was the first of the unfortunates to reach the ground.

Capt. Kennedy, Engine Company No. 5, both hands burned and cut by falling gears and timbers.

James Kenyon, Marshal Twelfth Battalion, leg cut.

Martin Kimball, Columbian Guard, Company 4, hands burned and leg sprained.

William Lenehan, driver of Engine No. 3, fell from ladder and received a scalp wound.

W. Lynch, fireman, scalp severely cut.

T. J. Donahan, fireman, hands burned.

W. C. Fisher, fireman, eyes burned.

Lewis F. Frank, fireman, Engine Company 2, jumped from the tower, bruising his body and face in numerous places.

L. B. French, guard at the boat house, right foot smashed.

Fred Goets, laborer, right hip bruised.

G. S. Haman, Columbian guard, nearly suffocated and left hand blistered.

John McBride, fireman of Truck 8, leaped from the tower, breaking both legs and burning his face and hands.

W. P. Mahoney, fireman, Engine Company 1, jumped from the tower, broke his right leg and foot and was badly burned.

Edward Murry, Columbian guard, nearly asphyxiated; recovered after treatment at the hospital.

Nordrum Segward, fireman, Engine Company 2, leaped from tower, bruising both legs and burning his body and arms.

George Peters, fireman, Engine Company 6, hands and arms blistered.

FIREMAN FAULKNER'S STORY.

Frank J. Faulkner hobbies around on one foot and wonders how he escaped death. Faulkner belongs to hook and ladder company No. 8, which was on the fatal tower and which, almost to a man, was sent to the hospital or to death. Faulkner was on the tower. It was he who made that awful jump to the roof below. Three of his unfortunate comrades involuntarily saved his life. A sprained ankle is his only physical reminder.

"I don't know how I came off so luckily," said Faulkner. "I've had narrow escapes before—have stood on a window sill and seen three upper floors fall past me—but I never went through anything like this. When I dropped I struck on three men who had jumped before. That was all that saved me."

"There must have been eighteen or twenty firemen in the tower, but I don't know the exact number. Twelve more of our company were up there and some of No. 2's men. Half a dozen Columbian Guards went with us, but we chased them down before the fire became serious. I suppose they all reached the ground without injury.

"When we went up into the tower we had no idea that the fire would be serious. We had been up there twice before to put out fires precisely like this one and knew just how we would have to work. The two fires before made this one worse. The wood on the top of the tower had been partially charred or parched, by the other two fires, and caught more quickly and burned more rapidly this time.

"The construction of the tower made it a trap. Although the fire was at the start in the very top of the tower, burning embers began to fall very soon and set fire to the dry wood lower down. The timbers in the tower caught and burned like matches. It was like a fire in an elevator shaft. A stiff breeze was blowing, and this increased the draught inside the tower. The flames crackled and roared up through the chimney formed by the walls of the tower like a furnace. The flames shot above us and made the top of that tower look like a rolling-mill chimney. The crowd down below warned us of our danger. But for that none of us would have escaped. We didn't realize our danger.

"The dropping embers caught below, as I have said, and burned through the stairway and the sides of the tower so we could not get back that way. If we had had a line of hose up there that we could get at it would have taken us all down, for hose does not burn easily. We had one line of hose up there, but after Marshal Murphy and one or two others had gone down that way the wind veered and blew the flames to that side so that it was impossible to take that path to the ground. We thought the ropes would carry us down, but the fire was ahead of us. When we were ordered into the tower I took up the ropes with which we were to draw up the hose. As soon as the cries of the crowd warned us that the tower was on fire below we threw out the ropes to the roof below and started to descend that way.

"There were two galleries around the tower, one at the very top, where we were, and the other twenty or twenty-five feet below. The flames burst out below this lower gallery, and quickly burned off the ropes. We did not know that. We could not see it. We supposed that the ropes reached the roof below. All of us tried to go down that way, but had to drop from the lower gallery, where the ropes were burned off. I did not know that until I came down myself. I suppose it was the same with other boys. I was one of the last to come down from the tower. I saw most of the boys who went before me strike the roof, but I never for a moment supposed it was because the rope had been burned.

"When the men struck the roof they would rebound into the air six or eight feet, some of them broke through the roof, or broke in and stuck there, others went clear through to the inside of the building.

"When I came down three others had fallen across one another from the same rope. As I dropped from the burned rope I struck them. That was what saved me, striking those other men. It broke my fall and I rolled over with only one injury, a sprained ankle, from my foot striking the bodies under me.

"I picked myself up and helped to carry the other fellows who had dropped from the tower to the edge of the roof and sent them down the ladder. We had most of the boys picked up and carried away when the tower fell, but not all of them. I don't know how many were left there when the tower fell—probably four or five. I think none of them was saved. Their bodies will never be found, for they must have been burned to ashes. I believe I was the only one of those who came down the rope who escaped without serious injury."

SENATOR PALMER A SPECTATOR.

Senator John M. Palmer stood beside his wife in the crowd of 20,000 people when saw the firemen jump from the burning tower to certain death.

His cheeks, usually rosy, were almost as white as his beard; his eyes, usually twinkling with good nature behind his spectacles, were filled with tears. But the Senator saw but one fireman jump. He knew the others must follow, and that nothing short of a miracle could save any of them from a terrible death. So he turned away rather than see the awful spectacle.

"There must have been some defect in the water lines," he said later. "The firemen were there in plenty of time, but could not use their apparatus. It was a horrible disaster, and I do not want to talk about it."

ESCAPES AND INCIDENTS.

Henry Breckenbridge, a Columbian Guard belonging to Company 39, had a thrilling escape from the top of the tower. He, with Guard Kimball and another whose name is unknown, and who is supposed to have perished with the firemen, was among the first to ascend the tower.

Breckenbridge helped to lift the heavy hose from the roof of the warehouse up into the tower. Just as this was accomplished the flames burst out beneath the men and means of escape were sought. The rope which had been used in hoisting the hose was tied securely about one of the supporting pillars, and Breckenbridge, grasping it firmly with both hands, swung himself off the platform on which the men stood huddled together. Down he slid through the suffocating smoke until he reached the blaze. Breckenbridge felt his skin blistered in a dozen places. When he fell in a heap upon the roof below his clothes were afire, and his face and neck, besides his hands, were blistered. His injuries are not serious.

FIRE MARSHAL MURPHY'S NARRATIVE.

Standing in the shadow of the smoking ruins, his face and hands blistered, and his boots charred by the flames so badly that they seemed about to drop from his feet, Fire Marshal Murphy told the story of the fire with the modesty of a hero.

"There was but a slight blaze coming from the top of the tower when I reached the fire," he said, "but I knew from experience the difficulties in the way of the firemen. The quickest and easiest way to reach the fire was to go up the rounding stairway, and by that route the boys reached the cupola of the tower. I don't know positively how many men were up there. I ordered companies No. 1 and 2 and the men of Chemical Engine No. 14 to go up on the roof, and there were more who followed.

"While the boys were pulling a lead of hose and an eighteen-foot ladder to be raised to the cornice of the cupola, I turned to Capt. Fitzpatrick and pointed to the ropes that had been left hanging by the painters when the fire broke out. 'John,' I said, 'if anything happens, you can make use of those life lines.'

"'Pshaw!' he replied, 'we will put this fire out just like no other.'

"Then he climbed up inside the tower, and in a few moments I saw him on the rim of the cupola. The boys had succeeded in getting up the hose, and I sent a man to the edge of the roof of the building to order the water turned on with a 125-pound pressure. The order had not reached the engineer, when it seemed as though a great sheet of flame came suddenly upon us from the inside of the tower. I had seen no signs of the fire working down from the top of the tower until it burst upon us. It came without warning, and the men began to crowd to the edge, and the first man was sliding down one of the ropes, when a sheet of flame blew out the south side of the tower.

"The ropes were burnt off in an instant. One rope was on the east side of the tower, and before it could be used the fire cut it in two.

"The men began to jump off, and as they struck the roof we ran to pull them away from the tower. When Chief Fitzpatrick jumped, his fall forced him partly through the roof.

"I ran to him and was dragging him toward the edge when an explosion came and the roof began to sink. The whole tower then fell down. I turned and ran with the others to the north edge of the roof. As I started away from Capt. Fitzpatrick he called out:

"'Ed, for God's sake, don't leave me here.'

"I went back to him in a moment, when I saw that the roof had not caved in, and pulled him toward the east edge. The roof began to sink again, and I had to run for the ladder at the north end of the building again. There were too many of us to go down the ladder with much speed, so I slid down the hose. Then I had a ladder raised on the east side of the building, and with Capt. Kennedy of Engine 5, and Hans Zrehfeldt of Truck 8, I climbed up to see if we could find Captain Fitzpatrick. There were two other firemen who came up the ladder, but I don't remember their names. We found Captain Fitzpatrick about thirty feet from the edge of the roof, still conscious. He had pulled himself a considerable distance from the spot where I left him. The roof had burned beneath him so that his arm was hanging down into the fire, and his clothing was partly burned off of him. Capt. Kennedy helped me tie a rope around him, and then we lowered him to the ground, and come down ourselves."

Of the scenes on the roof of the building the great crowd knew nothing. They only knew that a lot of brave firemen were battling with the flames on the roof, and that many of them had plunged to an awful death from the tower. When a ladder was quickly thrown up at the north end of the building, the crowd began to cheer as a score of nimble firemen swarmed up the ladder, carrying with them a lead of hose. As the last fireman stepped on the roof another cheer went up.

The crowd began to realize that a work of rescue was to be performed. Their cheers were suddenly hushed into cries of warning when a great billow of fire rolled out through the arched windows beneath the roof and swept with the speed of lightning from the west to the east side of the building.

"Come back! Come back!" the thousands shouted.

A fireman came to the edge of the roof and looked over. A tongue of fire shot out beneath his feet.

"Come back! Come back!" was the cry that arose in the hot air and greeted his ears.

Men and women screamed the warning and beckoned with frantic gestures that he might better understand. The fireman turned quickly and disappeared from view. A second later and the edge of the roof was lined with his comrades, whom he had warned of the danger that threatened them.

They crowded about the ladder and began to descend with a deliberation that frenzied the crowd with fear. The flames spread with terrible rapidity.

Hearts ached for the men who slowly took their places at the top of the ladder and started down. Prayers that were not hushed mingled with those unspoken for the safety of the little band.

There was no crowding among the firemen for the one chance left them. They took their turns, and one man who wore a white helmet stepped back and motioned for a fireman to go before him. A moment later and the white helmet stooped down, and grasping the hose that dangled from the edge of the roof, went whizzing down its length and landed as lightly as a cat on his feet. He was Fire Marshal Murphy.

There were others on the roof yet who calmly awaited their turn at the ladder. All might have descended without injury but for a tremendous gust of fire that suddenly sprang up behind them through the roof. It was a new menace to their lives, and one man, filled with a terror he could not control, seized a slender rope and ran wildly to the northeast corner of the building. He sought frantically for some friendly projection upon which to fasten the rope, and sought in vain.

In despair he made a loop and threw it over one of the frail mouldings of the cornice. Then, with a gesture that needed no interpretation, he grasped the rope and slid over the edge.

For one brief instant he swung in space and then a groan of horror swept through the crowd. The fragile cornice broke and the fireman went whirling 100 feet downward to his death upon a heap of lumber.

The cold storage warehouse was not in any way a part of the Exposition. It was far from all the main buildings in the southwestern corner of the grounds, and was several rods below the Sixty-third street entrance.

The Cold Storage building had a capacity for 600 car loads of perishable provisions, with an ice-producing plant capable of freezing 120 tons each day, besides a summer skating rink 180 feet long and 85 feet wide. It was perhaps the largest building on the grounds used for a private exhibit, and in it was some of the most valuable and recent introductions in refrigeration. It was five stories high, of Romanesque design, with four corner towers shaped like the big centre one in which the men were killed. At the entrance was a massive arch, with eight Roman columns supporting it. The engine rooms, containing three 120-ton machines, filled two of the lower stories, and on either side of the main hall was a gallery intended to allow visitors to witness the entire process of artificial ice making.

The loss on the building and its contents is estimated at $600,000.

Colloyn's La Rilla,
a safeguard to accompany you on your vacation.—Adv.

THE PARNELLITES DESERT.

THEY SUPPORT A TORY AMENDMENT TO THE HOME RULE BILL.

The Amendment was to Wholly Exclude the Irish from the House of Commons—Henry Labouchere Also Votes Against the Government—The Result was to Reduce Mr. Gladstone's Majority to Thirty-one.

LONDON, July 10.—The discussion of the ninth clause of the Irish Government act, which relates to the representation in the imperial Parliament of Irish counties and boroughs, began to-day in Committee of the Whole of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. John W. Mellor in the chair. The clause provides for the retention of eighty Irish members in the imperial Parliament, a reduction of twenty-three in the present representation of Ireland.

Mr. John Redmond (Parnellite), Member for Waterford City, moved the adoption of an amendment to retain the Irish representation at its full present number—103 members.

Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion. The Government, he said, could not go beyond giving Ireland representation in accordance with her population as compared with that of Great Britain.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that it was open to the House to arrive at what decision it pleased. The general home rule plan did not depend upon Irish representation in the imperial Parliament.

Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Opposition in the House, objected to the Ministers evading responsibility, as he asserted they were attempting to do. The question of Irish representation in the imperial Parliament, he said, was of the first importance.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal-Unionist leader, taunted Mr. Gladstone with leaving the matter in the hands of the House, so that the position of the Cabinet might not be prejudiced if the matter was decided against the Ministers.

A division taken on the amendment resulted in its defeat by a vote of 280 to 206. The announcement of the result was greeted with cheers by the Liberals.

Edward Heneage, Unionist for Great Grimsby, moved an amendment to the effect that the Irish be excluded entirely from the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone replied that the retention of the Irish members would prove the means of reassuring doubters as to the experiment of home rule.

Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal Unionists, said in favor of the amendment, that the retention of the Irish members would render it possible that at any time they might support a vote of want of confidence, and thus cause the fall of the existing Government. Mr. Chamberlain referred to the bill as a "complete fraud."

Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, warned the Government that the retention of the Irish members would result probably in the endless discussion of Irish affairs by the House. In case the bill should pass, it would be an advantage for the Government to have the Irish outside the imperial Parliament, so that the best opportunity might be given for the smooth working of the measure.

Mr. Gladstone, amid derisive Opposition cheers, moved the closure. It was carried by a vote of 241 to 211.

The division on the amendment caused considerable excitement, as it was reported that the Radicals, as well as the Parnellites, were likely to go with the Opposition. The only Radical who voted against the Government, however, was Henry Labouchere.

Sir Charles Dilke abstained from voting. The Parnellites fulfilled expectations by supporting the amendment. The only exception was Timothy Harrington, who was absent. The McCarthyites supported the Government. The result was the rejection of the amendment by a vote of 240 to 209. The committee then rose and the House adjourned.

RUSSIANS SEE THE HUDSON.

Gen. Butterfield Entertains Admiral Kaznakoff and Forty Officers.

Admiral Kaznakoff and about forty officers of the Russian fleet went up the Hudson River on the steamer Aurora yesterday at the invitation of Gen. Daniel Butterfield. They took the Rynda's band along with them and enjoyed themselves hugely during the entire trip. At Peekskill the Aurora stopped to take on a dozen officers of the Twelfth Regiment, now in camp there, and at West Point Gen. Sickles, Gen. Howard, a Don Cossack in full uniform, Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant, and a number of army officers came on board. At Stony Point the party disembarked and drove up to Gen. Butterfield's country place, Cragside, where elaborate preparations had been made for the entertainment of the foreigners. A big tent had been pitched on the lawn, and underneath it were small tables, at which luncheon was served. During the meal music was furnished by the sailors and by a military band from Poughkeepsie. After Gen. Butterfield proposed a toast to Russia and to the United States.

At 4½ o'clock the party boarded the steamer again and sailed to West Point, where Admiral Kaznakoff reviewed the cadets. A salute of thirteen guns was fired in his honor.

The Aurora left West Point at 6 o'clock and landed its passengers in this city at 11. During the long trip down the river the Russians passed away the time by singing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," "The Bowery," and other American concert hall tunes. The Czar's cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, a tall, dark-bearded Lieutenant, was one of the party. He enjoyed himself as much as any one else, and beat the bass drum while his shipmates sang "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" in Russian. The white-coated and much daggered and sworded Cossack caused a great sensation in the quiet town of Stony Point. He is a Lieutenant of the Russian irregular army, and is visiting some officers at West Point.

The hour for the meeting of the Committee of One Hundred to arrange for the entertainment of the city's Russian guests has been changed to 1 o'clock this afternoon, at the Governors' Room in the City Hall.

STILL ABLE AND READY TO BUY.

Broker Bouvier Sells and Delivers His Waistcoat on the Stock Exchange.

People had an idea yesterday that the brokers on the Stock Exchange are not buying much nowadays, and that the transactions are of a "wash" character. Thomas L. Manson of Charles Head & Co. of Boston was on the floor and sold 8,000 shares of St. Paul. These transactions were of a legitimate character, and there were ready purchasers. Yet M. C. Bouvier and others joked Mr. Manson as to the purchase of the stock.

"Nobody's buying anything here," said Mr. Bouvier. "You wouldn't even buy this waistcoat of mine."

"Yes, I will. What's it worth?" replied Mr. Manson.

"Two dollars and a half," replied Mr. Bouvier.

"Sold," responded Mr. Manson.

Mr. Bouvier thereupon took off his waistcoat and handed it to Mr. Manson. Mr. Manson took it to his offices in the Mills building. Mr. Bouvier's experience shut off any further question of legitimate transactions on the Exchange.

Policeman Day Hung On, and Stopped the Runaway.

F. Muhleseld, a piano manufacturer of 607 East 125th street, is unfamiliar with the art of driving skittish horses. He was unable to manage the animal he was behind yesterday afternoon. At Seventh avenue and 127th street it took the bit between its teeth and ran away. The horse tore down Seventh avenue to 124th street, where Policeman Day ran out and grabbed its bridle.

Day was dragged a block and a half, but he brought the horse to a standstill. Mr. Muhleseld was dazed with fright, and made no effort to help himself while the horse was racing down the avenue. Day's clothes were torn, and he was bruised and dusty. As he came out of the livery stable where he took the horse the crowd gave him three cheers, and he looked proud and grateful.

Dying From a Black Spider Bite.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10.—Lewis Gerner, proprietor of the Candy Kitchen, on the Broadwalk at Atlantic City, was bitten by a black spider last Thursday. To-night he is lying at the point of death from blood poisoning.

Saratoga Special: morning and afternoon, every day, via New York Central.—Adv.

UMBRELLA REVENGE AT ROCKAWAY.

Mrs. Miller Only Sorry She Did Not Shoot Her Husband's Companion.

A stout woman about 45 years old was walking up and down the pier at Seaside avenue, Rockaway Beach, at noon yesterday when the steamer Grand Republic arrived. She was tremulous with suppressed excitement and hugged a formidable umbrella. Among the passengers who got off was a dapper little man with a silver-handled cane, who was chatting gayly with a young woman hanging on his arm. The stout woman confronted this couple and smashed her umbrella on the young woman's head. The umbrella made a wound so severe that the young woman became faint from loss of blood. Policeman John Colohan escorted the three before Justice Smith. On the way thither the stout woman regretted that she had not had a pistol instead of an umbrella.

She was Mrs. Charles F. Miller, the dapper little man was her husband, and the young woman was Ella Hart of 437 East Thirty-fourth street. Mrs. Miller said that her husband was a barber at the Sturtevant House and had been going with Miss Hart nine years. Yesterday morning she suspected that he was going to take Miss Hart to Rockaway by boat, and so she came down before him by train.

"I am only sorry I did not kill her," Mrs. Miller added, after describing the blow with the umbrella. "But I will kill her if she continues to go with my husband."

Miss Hart said she had been acquainted with Miller only three years and did not know he was married.

Justice Smith discharged Mrs. Miller upon condition that she should leave the beach at once. Miller started to go home with his wife after giving Miss Hart $2 with which to buy a new waist, hers having been rendered unfit to wear by the blood from her wound.

After purchasing the new waist and a veil to hide the bandages on her head, Miss Hart sat in Cable's pavilion, near the steamboat landing, to await the return of the steamer. She said she had no money to pay her fare back on the train. While she was sitting there Miller turned up again, having apparently reached an understanding with his wife. As soon as Miss Hart saw him coming she sprang up, exclaiming frantically:

"Go away, Charley! Go away! You have caused me trouble enough. How can I go home to my parents this way? Go away!"

It was evident that Miller either wanted to make an explanation or see that she got away safely, but the woman was too hysterical to listen, and finally a policeman ordered Miller to leave.

The injured woman is about 30 years old, and fairly good looking.

"I didn't dare give my right name," she said. "If my father knew this I would never dare set foot in my home again. I didn't know Miller was married. He should have got this instead of me.

"We was married about nine years ago, but my husband turned out to be worthless. He is now somewhere in Brooklyn."

Miss Hart finally got away in the boat.

BITTEN IN THE MORNING.

Little Joseph Rhein Apparently Has Hydrophobia by Night.

Ten-year-old Joseph Rhein of 264 Belmont avenue, Newark, and his cousin, Joseph Miller, were passing Wetschert Brothers' grocery, at the corner of Rose and Barclay streets, Newark, at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, when a bull terrier belonging to the grocer sprang at them. Miller escaped injury, but young Rhein was knocked down and savagely bitten upon the left thigh.

The boy ran home and told his mother, who first applied a lotion, and later went with him to a drug store, where the wounds were cauterized. The boy played around until the afternoon, when he visited his grandmother, who gave him a drink of elderberry wine and sent him home to his mother with a bottle of the wine.

When Joe got home he complained of pains in his back and head, and refused to be washed. He said he wanted to go to bed, and this, together with his feverish condition, alarmed his mother, who left him in care of Mrs. Heinlein, a neighbor, at 7 o'clock last night, and went down town to call Dr. Charles C. E. Lehlbach, the family physician.

While she was gone the boy's father, Tobias Rhein, went to the Fourth precinct to report the case to the police. The boy was quiet then, but when alone with Mrs. Heinlein a spasm seized him and he called for help.

The boy began to writhe and kick, and tore at the bedclothes with his teeth. He seized his own arm in his teeth and bit it savagely. Mr. Heinlein ran in and helped his wife hold the lad, but he soon tired them out, and two men were called in.

It was as much as all four could do to hold him, and when Dr. Lehlbach arrived and gave the boy an injection of morphine, it was an unusual time in taking effect, and the men were completely exhausted.

The morphine quieted the boy for an hour, and then another spasm seized him, and he leaped to his feet. He is a well-built boy for his age, and the strength which he exerted in his convulsions was almost superhuman.

He frothed at the mouth, emitting low, growling sounds from the throat, and, though his arms and legs were held by four men, and the doctor was holding his head to keep him from biting the men, he tossed them all aside several times, and finally the doctor resorted to chloroform, which quieted him.

Dr. Lehlbach refused to talk about the case, and was considerably excited over it. It is extraordinary if a true case of hydrophobia, and the only other theory is that it is a simulation of the dread disease in hysteria.

The police were unable to find the dog last night, as the owner had gone away, and, it is believed, took the dog with him.

Physicians are loath to admit that the boy is actually suffering from hydrophobia, because of the quick development of the convulsions.

All admit, however, that many of the symptoms of the awful disease are present. At midnight the boy was quiet under the influence of drugs.

MR. CLEVELAND GOES FISHING.

He Catches Scup, Tautog, and Bass, and Appears to Feel First Rate.

BUZZARD'S BAY, July 10.—The President made his first fishing trip to-day since he arrived at Gray Gables. He was accompanied by Col. Lamont and Dr. Bryant. The party only went down the bay five miles, and cast anchor off Wing's Neck. They fished several hours, catching scup, tautog, and bass.

As they were returning under full sail, with a strong southwesterly breeze, they were hailed by some newspaper men in another boat. "What luck to-day?" was asked. "Fairly good," came the reply.

The President was not gone as long as usual, and arrived at the wharf soon after 4 o'clock. When it was time to land the President came out of the cabin in his shirt sleeves and, putting on his coat, followed Col. Lamont ashore. Mr. Cleveland jumped onto the floating wharf with considerable agility and walked up the pathway to Gray Gables. He is looking unusually well.

Soon after the President left on his fishing trip Mrs. Cleveland rode over to the station in a carriage with Mrs. Hoyt and Baby Ruth and sent a telegram. They afterward called on the Jeffersons. This is the first time Mrs. Cleveland has driven out since the President arrived. In reply to a query regarding the President, Mrs. Cleveland said that he was feeling very much better to-day.

Mr. Cleveland's yacht Ruth, Capt. Bradford Wright, like the rest of Uncle Sam's navy, is painted white, and like its namesake, baby Ruth, it has a pert, clipper look, entirely different from other boats of its size and rig. It is about 25 feet long, cat rigged, and is decked over forward.

NOT EAGER FOR LITERARY FAME.

Even for $25,000 Congressman Campbell Would Not Write a Book.

Congressman Campbell returned from Washington last night, and for the first time saw a newspaper article in which he was spoken of as an author. The article purported to give a chapter from Mr. Campbell's book, portraying social life at the capital. He was indignant at first, but his indignation soon gave way to amusement.

"Lord So-and-So, eh! Why," he said, "I never saw a live lord in my life. I have had the pleasure of meeting a Duke, the Duke of Veraguas, I mean. You can say for me that this story is one long falsehood. I don't think I'd have to go far to find the man who started the story."

"Mr. Campbell," the reporter asked, "were you ever requested to write a book?"

"Four years ago a prominent publishing concern offered me $25,000 if I would write up my twenty years' experience in politics. To this was added the service of two stenographers and a secretary. I declined the offer."

Ripans Tabules are a gentle cathartic and the best of liver tonics. A family remedy.—Adv.

310 PERSONS DYING DAILY.

Fearful Ravages of Yellow Fever in Santos—The Port Will Be Depopulated.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10.—The brig Odorilla, Capt. Holland, has arrived here from Santos. Capt. Holland is the only survivor of the original crew, eight men having succumbed to the ravages of yellow fever.

The vessel was under charter to carry to Santos a cargo of locomotives. When she arrived in that plague-stricken port May 25, 1892, she was docked 342 days before her cargo could be discharged.

Capt. Holland's description of the misery and sufferings from yellow fever in Santos are heartrending. Thousands have been stricken with the disease and have died. Business was at a complete standstill, and there were forty-five vessels lying in the Santos River without their crews. Anchored near the Odorilla were fully twenty vessels, every one of which had lost her Captain.

Capt. Murphy of the bark Privateer, Capt. Lane of the bark Earl of Grande, Capt. Berryman of the bark Mary Chapman, and Capt. Mitchell of the bark Enterprise all died shortly after their vessels reached the harbor.

The London and Brazil Bank closed its doors shortly before the Odorilla left, every one of its employees having been carried off by the dreadful scourge.

The Brazilian and South American Bank was compelled to do likewise.

The members of the firm of Messrs. Zerener, Bulow & Co., consignees of the Odorilla, have nearly all died.

On March 3 Charles Wadsworth, the American Vice-Consul, died, and the vessel could not get any consular certificate upon her departure from that port.

Capt. Holland believes the entire port will in a short time be completely depopulated.

While the Odorilla lay at Santos, the death rate daily averaged 310. Hundreds of corpses were afloat in the river in all stages of decay.

The Government has exhausted every means looking toward a suppression of the spread of the disease. Three gigantic hospitals have been erected for the care of those stricken with the fever, and they are crowded to their utmost capacity.

The patients die more rapidly than their bodies can be disposed of. No services are ever held over the bodies of any of the unfortunates, and they are thrown into long trenches.

On April 22, when Capt. Holland made sail from the pest hole, the fever was on the increase.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

A New Jersey Farmer Dies in Agony After Killing the Reptile.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., July 10.—Henry Gravers, a well-known farmer of Winslow, a few miles from this place, met with a terrible death yesterday. While engaged in picking blackberries in a field back of his house he heard the rattles of a snake which lay in the bushes a few feet from where he was. A few yards distant Gravers found a heavy stick, with which he returned with the intention of dispatching the reptile. He had made several unsuccessful strikes at it when it suddenly sprang at him.

He caught it in his hands as it was about to alight on his breast, and succeeded in throwing it from him, but not until it had bitten him several times. He continued the fight, and finally succeeded in killing the snake. He then started for his home, a mile and a half away, but before he reached there he was in great pain, and although he took every remedy he knew to alleviate his suffering, in a short time the pain had become excruciating.

The efforts made to save him were without avail, and he died in agony. This is the first case of the kind known in this region. Rattlesnakes are scarce here.

THERE WAS NO USE IN PUSHING IT.

The Fans Made 1,500 Revolutions a Minute, but Only Blew Foster's Hat Off.

BOSTON, July 10.—Joseph S. Foster of Salem has tried his flying machine and it will not work. Mr