

HE KNEW
WHAT HE WANTED
and got it, because he advertised his "want" in the
GLOBE.

Globe

THE ONLY
DEMOCRATIC DAILY
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all classes by its fairness,
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VOL. XVII.—PRICE TWO CENTS.—(ON TRAINS FIVE CENTS.)

SAINT PAUL MINN., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1894.

PRICE TWO CENTS.—(ON TRAINS FIVE CENTS.)—NO. 247.

APPALLING ROSTER

The Death List in Fire-Swept Eastern Minnesota Running Toward Four Hundred.

More Than Two Hundred Bodies Have Already Been Buried at Hinckley Alone.

The Awful Story of the Penning In of the People of Sandstone Village.

Eight Towns Entirely Swept Away by the Frightful Catastrophe of Saturday.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and Other Cities Coming to the Rescue With Provisions and Clothing.

More Than One Thousand of the Refugees Flock to Duluth—Story of the Great Disaster.

Jr. was digging the pit, with the friendly assistance of two neighbors. Laid in a row, decently covered, were the bodies of John Best, Mrs. Best, Fred, aged eight, aged twenty-three; Bertha, aged seventeen; Mrs. Annie Wigal, a married daughter, and her three-year-old daughter; Miss Annie Truttman, of Diamond Bluff, Wis., a visitor, aged twenty-six, and Victor Best, aged eight. Two other sons (George, aged twenty-five, and Willie, aged twenty-one) are missing, and are certainly dead. And of this whole family of three generations only the sorrowing grave digger and his wife and child, who took refuge in a dug-out, are left. They all lived together about two miles southeast of Hinckley. The only others of these ninety odd who were recognized were Charles Anderson, cashier of the bank; Mrs. William Ginder, and her daughter Winifred, aged six. One of two others were imperfectly identified, but it was largely guess work. Enough rude boxes were knocked together from rough boards to contain most of these bodies, and they were rapidly laid away under the sand, but not before other bodies began to come in. In the swamp across the Grindstone, where these corpses were found yesterday, were about thirty-five others, which were brought in this morning, making a total of upwards of 150 dead in this little space of four or five acres. Down near the river was found the body of Thomas Dunn, the Duluth operator at Hinckley. Dunn was born and raised here, and was a Universal Favorite.

He stuck to his key until the depot was burning above his head. The bodies in locating his body led his friends to hope that he might have escaped, but this morning the finding of his blackened corpse put an end to all uncertainty. Up the St. Paul & Duluth right of way were found three or four more of these bodies. Among those who perished north of town was Erick Etison, of 2313 Polk street northeast, Minneapolis, who was here visiting his son. He went out in a wagon with Dave Kane, of Rock Creek, also a visitor here, and both perished though the horse came out unscathed.

The busiest point at Hinckley at noon was the telegraph office. It was not much of an office, but it served to serve the bodies with a report, the only report sent out of Hinckley today. The report was brought down to a burned stump of a pole. A dry goods box near by furnished the operator with a desk. A cracker box made him a comfortable seat. A burned railroad spike held down the copy in the brick breeze. On a rough board, one end resting on the operator's table and the other on a milk can, furnished the correspondent his desk, and his seat was a beer keg—empty. Here in these circumstances was prepared and sent out the story of the day in this stricken city. An occasional shower blurred the copy, but it was rapidly fed to the engager, who, despite the discomforts of the occasion, sent it through the wire to the north of town this morning through a scene of desolation which rarely falls beneath the eye of man. The country is absolutely swept clean. Another was a young man, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, and from his clothing and high-topped boots apparently a prospector cruiser. The other five were the family of a settler named John Robinson, consisting of himself, three women and an infant. Above them were the work train reported twelve bodies on the right of way, presumably settlers. In retrospect the most sorrowful feature of the terrible fatality at Hinckley is the thought that had the situation been realized in time, not a single life among the residents of the town need have been lost. The Great Northern gravel pit, where only a hundred sought safety, is about ten acres in extent, broad enough and long enough and deep enough to have sheltered every soul in Hinckley with all their domestic animals. There is a pool of water of considerable depth. The banks are bare of grass or shrubbery, and there was no inflammable material near the brink on the side from which the fire came. Those who did seek this haven passed the hours of their enforced imprisonment in comparative comfort.

THE DEAD NUMBER 360.
A List Which is Growing Larger Every Hour.
Special to the Globe.
HINCKLEY, Minn., Sept. 3.—This has been a busy day and one full of incident over the territory where towns and villages were so recently swept off the earth and borne off to hell into the heavens as clouds of smoke. Hundreds of men have been working with tireless energy in caring for the living but destitute sufferers, burying the dead and in searching for more victims of the appalling disaster of Saturday. Hundreds of others have been reported

ing the railroad and telegraph lines. All work is being carried on with system and under the management of cook-headed men. The end is not yet in sight. All day long about looking for work has been done, there seems to be little disposition to sleep even at night. Although the work cannot be prosecuted in the darkness, men gather in groups and discuss in low tones some new phase of the catastrophe. Women are still going about looking for husbands and children in the hope that they may be found among the living, and men are hunting for lost families. Most of the dead are burned beyond recognition and are being buried as such. The interring committee performed the last sad rights for fifty-six unknown incinerated persons today. A long trench has been dug, and the bodies placed therein with as much order as could be used, though there were no doubt a mingling of bodies of different persons. No elegant casket, not even a rough box, enclosed the remains of these. No funeral rites were said, and although the faces of the bystanders were sad, never a tear was shed. The people seem to be too much appalled to shed tears. The bodies of fifty others were incased in rough boxes, hurriedly made of rough lumber, and placed in another long trench alongside that containing the unknown. Then the trench was filled up with earth. The few ministers present looked on as spectators without even pronouncing a benediction or saying the customary "Earth to earth and ashes to ashes."

As the new cemetery was informally dedicated with the bodies of other trenches are being dug for the accommodation of the ninety or more bodies now ready for interment. The new cemetery is a mile west of Hinckley, near a woodland. Other dead bodies of women were brought to Pine City for burial. The bodies of other points. The dead are now estimated at 360, divided as follows: Hinckley, 225; Sandstone, 50; Pokegama, 30; Sandstone Junction, 30. There are others to the number of twenty buried in the woods, which were seen by searching parties today, and which, with any newly discovered ones, will be brought to Hinckley tomorrow. It is thought that a number of bodies, the fact of which is established by reports, as many were known to have gone there during the fire. The military have pitched tents at Hinckley and are guarding supplies taken there for the convenience of workmen. A telegraph station has been established at Hinckley. The searching committee also makes that point the base of operations during the day.

Tonight all the workmen and everybody except a few watchmen are at Pine City. The smoke at Hinckley is so thick that it is almost death to work there for many hours at a time. The fallen trees, the stumps and even the roots of the grass are curling over. Large territory and the smoke obscures the rays of the sun. The railroad is down for the time being. Tonight a brilliant aurora borealis is playing against the clouds of smoke hanging over the site of Hinckley. It is a beautiful sight to look on, as the lightning generated by the superheated earth disturbs the heavens.

C. F. ANDERSON, wife and two children.
MRS. AUGUST ANDERSON.
PETER KAFM, wife and three children. He was killed by the river, but Kalm refused, saying that he would fight and save his family and home. The evidence showed that Mrs. Kalm had poured tubs of water on the children.

THE HERO OF HINCKLEY.
[Written for the Globe.]
When devastation through the pine lands broke,
And the air was filled with flame and smoke;
When desolation stalked through Hinckley
Darkening the village o'er with fearful
When faces blanched with terror-stricken
And young boys wept up from far and near,
Lo, from the north a dark shape hove in
One moment later, and a whistle blew
"The bound-bound train!" a thousand voices
While hope eternal fills the hearts of all
The iron horse glared on the flame and smoke,
Which, like arch-demons of destructive
Fly madly after on the wings of death.
"Save others, if you come!" God's messenger
The populace send up a mighty cheer,
And prayers are answered by this glad relief.
The panic-stricken refugees in vain
Rush from the woods to crowd the waiting
Meanwhile, the flame, with many a crash
Seeking new victims, dashes madly on.
Within his cab, the engineer delays,
A broken axle, and the engine stalls;
Burning and bruised, bleeding from every
He calmly looks the situation o'er,
And bravely vows he'll never desert his post,
The cars are all a flame, it seems as age,
This awful waiting in a fiery cage,
"All aboard!" he cries, and there he lingers,
"All aboard!" "Abroad!" The last call has
The train starts swiftly backing for the
On through a perfect hell of flame she flies,
The air is filled with agonizing cries,
A broken axle, and the engine stalls;
He thought not of himself, but for the
With hand on throttle, through the dark he
The "bound-bound" falling on his ears,
A yawning chasm sweeps before his eyes,
Down on the cab floor, fainting, weak, he lies,
And bravely to his feet he staggers up,
"We have 'em yet!"—his wild eyes strangely
"Come, sonny! Watch the gauge! Fire up!
He grasps the throttle with a firmer hand,
And at his post he proudly takes his stand,
Till all his crew of passengers are gone,
Tortured by the flames increasing more and
The battle's won—Jim Root has saved the
A braver hero never was made from clay,
The hero's name, and there he lingers,
A sturdy specimen of Freedom's soil,
Let fame record a monument on high
To this immortal name, not born to die,
—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

BLUE COATS ABOUND.
Of Great Assistance in Pushing the Relief Work.
Special to the Globe.
PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 3.—The crowds at Pine City, Hinckley and Sandstone have been largely augmented today by searching parties looking for friends, by sight-seers and parties joining in the general work of relief. The incoming of so many hundreds of people adds to the facilities for pushing the work of recovering bodies. A number of owners of camps in the woods came here today and will assist in ascertaining who are missing in the woods and will organize a systematic search for those unaccounted for.

The arrival of the United States troops with hospital and camp outfits, today was very timely, as they are being utilized in rushing to the outposts and providing shelter and assistance to searching parties in the yet unexplored territory. The state militia is rendering valuable services in maintaining order and giving confidence to the army of civilian workers. If it were not for the timely and renewed efforts of the St. Paul relief committee, there would already have been suffering here among the people who were devoting themselves to the work of caring for the wounded, the dead and the people who lost their all. This good work is being supplemented by the people of Minneapolis, White Bear and elsewhere. The searching parties today recovered two or three bodies along the track between Hinckley and Skunk creek. They evidently were attempting to follow the track from Hinckley to escape the flames, but were overtaken. North of Hinckley a number of bodies were found, and presumed the people were running from the pine stumpage to the woods. Had they reached the forest death would have been a certainty, for the timber lands are even yet raving furiously. The best way to get out of the almost intolerable, and the earth seems to be still red-hot from the burning of timber and the thick covering of grass at its roots.

The hospital at Pine City has received no new patients today, the injured at Sandstone being taken to West Superior and Duluth. There are four trained nurses, several ladies and a dozen physicians and attendants on duty in the hospital. The best of care is being taken of the patients. Some of them are improving. Maternity cases, condition is growing more serious, and her demise is expected at any time. Mrs. Hammond, who was so severely burned externally, will probably recover, but will be horribly disfigured.

Some and Alex Henderson, the two boys who were burned to death at Hinckley, were buried today. Thomas Dunn and a family of three others will be buried here tomorrow. Thomas Dunn was twenty-six years old. He was the heroic telegraph operator who lost his life at Hinckley because he remained at his post until the station was on fire. He it was who sent the order for the train to return to Hinckley and take on board those who wanted to escape the flames. He put his order through. The train returned, and carried away about 300 people from the fire of hell. He then jumped from a window, and started for the gravel pit, where so many saved their lives. Dunn was within five rods of the gravel pit when he fell, and was unable to go farther. His dead body was found almost on the edge of a safe retreat. He had a large circle of acquaintances in Hinckley and Pine City.

THE HORROR AT SANDSTONE.
One of the Survivors Tells the Story of the Disaster.
Special to the Globe.
PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 3.—The survivors at Sandstone, looking for relatives to relate. Otto Staffenfeldt, merchant, related the story of the beginning of the fire. He said that during Saturday afternoon a great smoke rolled over the city, and a loud noise like thunder was heard in the distance. People packed up everything, so as to be in readiness to move to the river, which lies on the east of the village. Before any person was aware of the real danger, a great roll of smoke, dust and fire came upon them and in less than five minutes the whole town was in a blaze. The fire came from three sides, completely hemming

them in. So rapidly did it come that many were unable to reach the river and died in the middle of the street. Not a thing was saved. In less than half an hour the town was swept from the face of the earth. Those who survived are the ones who managed to get into the river, where they remained most of the night. Mr. Staffenfeldt said that they have found forty-eight dead bodies and twenty-five are still missing, most likely missing for all time. The quarry had just received orders for a large amount of work, and in two days more a crew of 600 men would have been working there. One hundred when contemplating the consequences had the night not come until several days later, the people are entirely destitute, not having as much as decent clothes to wear, and their condition is one which appeals to the sympathy of all.

SINGULAR INCIDENTS.
Some of them Bob Up During the Great Fire.
Special to the Globe.
PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 3.—The body of Mr. Rowley was brought to Hinckley tonight. A casket arrived from St. Paul. The remains will be enclosed tonight and will be sent on the first train. The body is blackened so that recognition was difficult. Of the many incidents is one witnessed by a number of people in the Grindstone river. Among the people in the river were dogs, cats and two bears. The most singular animal in the group was a prairie wolf that was driven into the river by the flames. The beast did not seem wild, and was among the people trying to keep above water by clinging upon one man, who first took it to be a dog. It got out of the river alive, and afterwards made its escape. Another party of men told of seeing a large black bear and several wolves in the shallow water of Snake river. The only two animals surviving at Hinckley are a horse and cat. The horse belongs to the Brennan Lumber company, and was saved by going into the river. It is so badly crippled with burns sustained by walking over the hot coals, that it will never be able to get on its feet. The cat was picked up today by John Williams. He brought it to Pine City, and will keep it as a memento.

Gov. Nelson arrived in the city last night from Alexandria, where he had gone Saturday to be with his family over Sunday, and at once issued the following relief proclamation concerning the great calamity at Hinckley and other Minnesota localities:

TO THE PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA:
Information of an official character has reached me that the villages of Hinckley, Sandstone, Mission Creek and the neighboring towns and farms have been destroyed by forest fires; that hundreds of lives have been sacrificed, and suffering and destitution are on every hand; that the survivors of this terrible devastation are in immediate need of food, clothing, shelter and everything that makes existence possible.

This appalling disaster appeals to every heart of generous impulses, and the case is one that demands the immediate and liberal assistance of all good citizens of this state.

Now, therefore, I, Knute Nelson, governor of the state of Minnesota, in view of this awful calamity which has befallen our people, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, do hereby appeal to all liberal and public-spirited citizens, to all municipalities and to all religious and benevolent institutions of this state, to take immediate action towards securing contributions for the relief of the prevailing distress.

I hereby appoint the following state commission authorized to receive contributions of money and supplies, and to expend and disburse the same:

C. A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis.
Kenneth Clark, of St. Paul.
Charles H. Graves, of Duluth.
Matthew G. Norton, of Winona.
Hastings H. Hart, of St. Paul.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused to be affixed the great seal of the state of Minnesota, at the capitol, in the city of St. Paul, this 3d day of September, A. D. 1894.
(Great Seal.) KNUTE NELSON,
By the Governor,
F. P. BROWN, Secretary of State.

MAYORS MEET.

Smith and Eustis Confer With Tams Bixby.
A meeting was held yesterday at the quarters of the Republican state central committee, in the Endicott arcade, in which Tams Bixby, as Gov. Nelson's private secretary, Mayor Eustis and Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, and Mayor Smith, of St. Paul, were in conference. Its object, it was learned, was to have the mayors of the Twin Cities agree upon some plan of relief for the fire sufferers, that would be in harmony with the plan to be pursued by the chief executive of the state.

OVER \$4,000 RAISED.

St. Paul Aroused to the Relief of Fire Sufferers.
As report after report came over the wires telling of the enormity of the calamity which had befallen the people of Hinckley and of other Pine county towns, the population of St. Paul woke up to a man in the immediate work of doing all that was possible for the relief of the sufferers. Never was there a more spontaneous outburst of like character, and never a more liberal spirit of giving. And yet only a beginning had been made, and the work will be kept up.

Early yesterday morning the members of the chamber of commerce and citizens in general held a meeting and started the work of relief. J. E. W. Post was chosen to preside, and J. L. Beaumont acted as secretary. Mr. Post in brief outlined what had already been done to relieve the immediate wants of the sufferers, and urged that the action be taken at once and that a committee be appointed, to consist of twenty-one or more members, to act as the soliciting of aid and to look after the distribution of supplies.

A general committee for the soliciting of aid and to look after the distribution of supplies. Mayor Smith stated that he had thought of calling a special meeting of the city council, and ask that a special

NELSON SPEAKS.

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TO THE FIRE SUFFERERS.

St. Paul Citizens Form Relief Committees to Raise Large Funds.

SEVERAL MEETINGS HELD.

Various Civic Societies Go Actively into the Work of Raising Funds.

TWIN CITY MAYORS CONFER.

Voluntary Aid Telegraphed by Mayors All Over the Nation.

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