HOW GUESTS OF CHICAGO HOTEL DIED IN SMOKE AND FLAMES

Imprisoned in a fire-trap hotel, fourteen men were suffocated at daybreak on the morning of December 4 at Chicago. Only twenty minutes elapsed after the alarm was sounded until the flames were extinguished, but in that time fourteen guests of the overcrowded Lincoln hotel, 176 Madison stret, blindly groping in the dense smoke, had perished in the narrow hallway and closet-like bedrooms of the top floor.

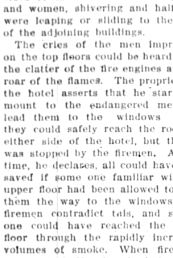
In the sixty diminutive rooms of the hotel, 125 persons were crowded when the flames broke out. Only fourteen of them were residents of Chicago. The others were stockmen and farmers attracted here by the live stock show or railway mail clerks and traveling men who could not secure accommodations at other hotels.

All the space possible was utilized. Even the hallway closets contained cots on which men were asleep, though there was not enough room in these improvised bedrooms for a chair in addition to the cot. In one room on the top floor the window of which opened to the only fire escape on the building, was a bed and a cot, an effective barrier, in the darkness and smoke, to this means of escape. With almost the first burst of flame the fuses on the electric switchboards burned out, stopping the elevators and leaving the building in total darkness.

Before the fire department could arrive, in response to the alarm were flames roaring from the rear windows of the building. Faces, white with terror, were appearing at the front windows of the upper story. From the sides of the ill-fated building men and women, shivering and half clad, were leaping or sliding to the roofs of the adjoining buildings.

The cries of the men imprisoned on the top floors could be heard above the clatter of the fire engines and the roar of the flames. The proprietor of the hotel asserts that he started to mount to the endangered men and lead them to the windows where they could safely reach the roofs on either side of the hotel, but that he was stopped by the firemen. At that time, he declares, all could have been saved if some one familiar with the upper floor had been allowed to show them the way to the windows. The firemen contradict this, and say no one could have reached the fourth floor through the rapidly increasing volumes of smoke. When fire-insurance patrol, No. 6, arived, its members started up the stairs from the

Mother and Son Saved from Fire.



Fred Shepard. Mrs. J. Shepard.

office to the third floor to rescue the men, whose cries were rapidly becoming weaker, but their captain refused to permit them to face almost certain suffocation, and ordered them to return.

The escapes of some of the occupants of the rooms were little short of miraculous. Six men, a woman and a little boy, saved themselves by jumping to the roof of a restaurant, adjoining the hotel on the west. Four mail clerks, who said they had a premonition of danger, arose at 4:30 o'clock, dressed, and left the hotel. C. H. Foster, another mail clerk, who occupied the room with Corey and Ewing, both of whom are dead, received a telegram early in the evening that his wife was ill and hurried away from the hotel to her bedside, leaving his valise with his fellow clerks.

room with Corey and Ewing, was nearly an hour late in ariving in Chicago that morning and slept in his mail car. Philip Koch of Janesville, Wis., saved himself by sliding to the ground by means of a rope made from strips of his bed sheet. W. J. Thomas, another mail clerk, climbed to a window on the fourth floor and was rescued by firemen just as he was

As I stepped from my room the light behind me flickered a moment and disappeared. I supose it was when the fuses burned out. My room was at the head of the stairway, or I would never have found it. I heard some one shout, 'Here they are!' Immediately there was a despairing chorus from all sides of 'Where' Where.' Those of us that could groped in the direction from which had come the cry of hope.

Bodies Waiting to be Conveyed to the Morgue.

H. G. McMasters of Minneapolis, a mail clerk who usually occupied the about to drop from exhaustion.

Olaf Oldorf climbed downward from floor to floor by means of the iron shutters before the flames had begun to break through the rear windows. R. C. Hamilton, while groping for the fire escape entered a room where a man was kneeling in prayer. He disregarded the man's admonition to give up hope, but continued his search for the fire escape and saved himself. H. E. Jett of St. Paul was awakened by the screams of a woman and, with four other half-clad men ran into the street and was given refuge in a saloon. The same screams awoke Edward Davenport and J. N. Westerland of Chicago. They were members of the party that was saved by jumping to the roof of the restaurant.

John W. Higgs of Lansing, Mich., escaped from the upper floor with the loss of only his coat and vest and collar.

"If it had not been for the shouts of those who had already found the stairs, I would never have gotten out alive," he said. "The building was in absolute darkness, so dense that a person could see nothing. To add to this the smoke was so thick that breathing was almost impossible and the screaming and confusion of persons running wildly back and forth in the hall made it impossible for anyone to keep his senses.

"The smell of smoke was strong in my room when the noise awoke me. It must have been filtering through the cracks of the door, for some time. I was partly dressed and attempted to find the electric light bulb. It had seemed just over my head when I went to bed in the evening, but in my excitement it might as well have been in the clouds. I made a frantic plunge for the door, which I remembered that I had bolted. I could not find the bolt, and in the darkness and excitement imagined that my end had surely come. Then I tried again for the electric light. I gave a gasp of relief as my hand struck it. The current was still on at that time, and I found the bolt which held me a prisoner in my room.

"As I opened the door a blinding cloud of smoke rolled into the room. The narrow hallway seemed to be full of shouting and struggling men. It was imposible to distinguish them.

"As each man found the stairs he would give a shout of encouragement to those further down the hall and trying to follow him. The smoke was rapidly becoming heavier and more stifling. Below us could be heard the roar of the flames from the rear. No one lingered longer than necessary after finding the way to possible safety."

Meantime the firemen and several patrolmen had again started to climb the stairs in the hope of reaching the upper floors. Detective Sergeants Anderson and Ellsworth managed to reach the top of the building. In a corner near the head of the stairway they found Mrs. Mina Belder, her 11 year-old daughter Cora, and Mrs. Geo. Clett and her 9-year-old son. Removing their overcoats, which they threw over the shivering women, the two detectives carried them down the stairs to a place of safety in an adjoining building.

Mrs. June Shepherd of Cairo, Ill., who was occupying a room on the fourth floor with her 10-year-old son Fred, was awakened by the smoke. Rushing to the door, she opened it, only to find the hallway filled with flames. Screaming, she slammed the door and started toward the window. Her son grasped her clothing and clung fast until the two were rescued by the firemen.

Mrs. Shepherd's screams awakened several persons in the rooms adjoining her own, and doubtless saved their lives.

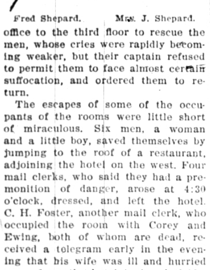
Eccentric Millionaire.

Among the many human curios to be seen at Monte Carlo this season none attracts more attention than M. Yturbide, an eccentric millionaire, who shuns daylight as he would a plague. In his splendid villa he has placed an enormous elevator, into which his curtained and shuttered carriage is driven and raised to his heavily draped apartment when he wishes to take a drive. His rooms are always kept at a Turkish bath temperature, and as conditions in the gambling rooms of the Casino are about the same he sometimes ventures there in the evening.

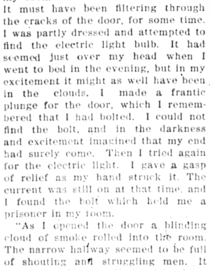
Many Holidays in Canada.

Canada has most holidays of any British colony. Including Sundays, Canadians have ninety-five holidays yearly.

Scenes Inside Lincoln Hotel, Showing Where Lives Were Lost.



Room on fourth floor, where two men were found suffocated in bed.



Entrance to elevator shaft at rear of fourth floor. Cross marks shaft.

Scenes on top floor. Crosses show narrow window through which escapes were made and spot in hallway where three bodies were found.

PEOPLE WHO ENJOY MISERY.

Strange Affliction That Some Unfortunates are Subject To.

How can anybody enjoy being miserable?

Men do, and so do women. They surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom. They hug trouble to their breasts. They make mountains out of mole-hills, and there are tears and groans when there should be smiles.

Perhaps you have a cynic in your employ. You can pick him out with your eyes shut. He has the blues from Monday morning till Saturday night. He will tell you, that he always gets the worst of it from everybody; that his talent isn't recognized; that his genius is wasted; that he isn't getting enough money; that there is no future for him—and a lot of tommyrot like that.

After that comes the brooding stage. Any man who broods over real or fancied wrongs is dangerous. He is not sane, and he, is also a mighty poor workman, whether he is making hoe handles or counting money in a bank. He deliberately destroys his own efficiency and chance for success, and all for the perilous and questionable happiness of being miserable.—Cleveland Press.

MATTER OF RELATIVE WEAR.

Leather Seat Patch Would Go Farther Than Paper Sole.

The New England town meeting is ever a source of anecdote, and one that may bear repeating comes from Wellesley, Mass., noted for a college and, until his recent death, for one Solomon Flagg, who attributed his fourscore healthy years to the fact that he had always used tobacco and liquor—if the liquor was good.

Flagg was town clerk, historian and the traditional wit of town meeting. At one of these March gatherings the management of the poor farm was under criticism, and some one had made bold to defend the superintendent, Robinson by name, who was charged with being intolerably lazy.

Flagg listened intently, then cleared his throat and thus addressed the chair: "Mr. Moderator—Our friend who has taken his seat is an eloquent gent, and there may be some truth in his remarks. But, Mr. Moderator, in my opinion, a pair of paper taps on the soles of Brother Robinson's shoes would outwear a leather patch on the seat of his trousers."

And Solomon Flagg carried the day. —New York Times.

The Bishop and the Bum.

Sir Robert Anderson, a veteran of the Sotland Yard detective force, of London, England, maintains that bums and criminals often spring from blameless families, that they may be reclaimed, and that the offspring of criminal families may be developed into respectability if caught young.

Max Nordau maintains the reverse on each of these three points. He insists on the literal truth of the proverb: "Like father, like son." Nordau also claims that the sins of the fathers are written on the faces of their sons.

Recently Anderson and Nordau got into an argument on the subject in London and Anderson produced two photographs, one of a bishop, and the other of a burglar, and challenged Nordau to point out the criminal. After some consideration Nordau declined to make the attempt.

Napoleon's Egotism.

New anecdotes showing the heartless egotism of Napoleon are even yet appearing annually. Some of the newest are from memoirs, recently published, of Chaptal, Minister of State under Napoleon.

Chaptal said of the Emperor:

"Accustomed to take everything to him-elf, to have no eye for any one but himself, to esteem no one but himself, Napoleon paralyzed at last everybody and everything around him.

"If he caressed a child, he pinched it, to hear it cry.

"He never felt a generous or humane sentiment. His heartlessness was expressed in a remark once made to Prince Kourakin, the Russian minister: 'Your master has not, as I have, twenty-five thousand lives to spend every month.'"

Hoodoo Started Trouble.

"Some people I know," he began in an insinuating tone, "act very much like a hoodoo."

"Who do?" asked his indignant and suspicious friend.

"Yes, that's what I said, hoodoo!"

"Well, answer my question—who do?"

"You stupendous ass, that's what I say—hoodoo! Hoodoo! Hoodoo!"

"You hopeless, gibbering idiot, that's what I'm asking you—who do? Who do? Who do?"

At last their friends found them locked in a deadly embrace, chewing each other's ears, and long before the attempt at explanation was completed each had been placed tenderly in a heavily padded apartment.—Los Angeles Herald.

Noises Attract Snakes.

It is a remarkable fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure them and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months so many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a farm in India.

There by Right.

One of them went over and whispered to the stranger who had come in and taken a seat:

"I beg your pardon, but this is a gathering of working women, met to protest against—"

"I am a traveling preacher's wife," said the stranger.

And they made her the president of the meeting.

The only woman who is proof against temptation is the woman who loves.

Dangers of the Ocean

New England Fishermen Ply Their Vocation Amid Imminent Perils—Fog and Sudden Storms Their Chief Menace.

(Special Correspondence.)

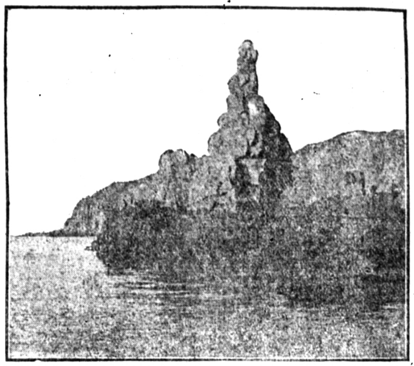
HOW often while seated beside your cosey breakfast room fire, with your steaming cup of coffee, your plate of muffins done to a delicious brown, with perhaps a tender bit of swordfish or mackerel ready for your discussion, do you stop to think of the men who just at this season of the year are braving the dangers of old ocean in order that your table may be well supplied with all the delicacies which, as a part of their calling, they take from the grudging waters and place at your disposal.

When you read in your morning paper of a fisherman run down and sunk in the treacherous fog-shrouded waters off Georges do you even for a moment regard the matter as one

Gloucester had strayed away in a fog while out with the trawls. The Independence cruised around the ground for two days with men at each masthead, but without success. Not even a floating oar or a trawl tub could be found as a clew to the fate of the members of the crew.

Many a time an overturned dory tells the story of lives lost in a vain effort to locate the vessel which in the brightness of the morning stands out as a shining mark, only to disappear in an incredibly short space of time when the fog once settles down.

The seining fleet which operates off the Grand Banks figures in the disaster columns of the newspapers quite as frequently as does the fleet which confines its activity to the vicinity of Georges. There is plenty of the picturesque to be found could one but spend the time on any one of the



MASSACHUSETTS COASTLINE.

which in the least concerns your personal well-being, or simply pass it off as one of those happenings over which you have no control, or as something to be taken as a matter of course and to be immediately forgotten? If you do there are scores of homes in the fishing towns all along the coast of the Bay state where the news which interests you for the moment only comes with tragic force to people in whose life tragedy plays a far too prominent part.

The man who stands on the bridge of the liner plying between New York, Boston and Liverpool, if he would, could tell many a tale of disasters in the vicinity of Georges. Plowing through the fog-enshrouded waters, with no thought save to make a new record for the transatlantic passage, there is no time to heed a warning shout, a blast from a horn, to linger when the sound of crashing timbers rises out of the surrounding darkness, or to trace the course of drifting remnants of the vessel of sturdy oak pierced by iron prow.

"Another fisherman run down," is the word passed from cabin to steerage, and there the matter is dropped.

It is only when the roll of the missing is read at that annual service in quaint old Gloucester that the story comes out in all its vivid details. Then it is that many are left to mourn and with each succeeding year the number of mourners increases.

The fog and the gale are the dangers from which the men of the fleet have most to fear. A smooth sea and a bright sky in the morning is scanty guarantee that the fog will not shut everything in before night, or that a "northeaster" will not swoop down, leaving destruction in its path.

With a tooting of fog horns, too often but a poor guide along a darkened path, the dories are recalled from the scene of the day's labor. To

vessels which at the end of the season make port at Gloucester, Boston, New Bedford, or any of the towns which in the old days sent larger numbers of this class of vessels than in recent times.

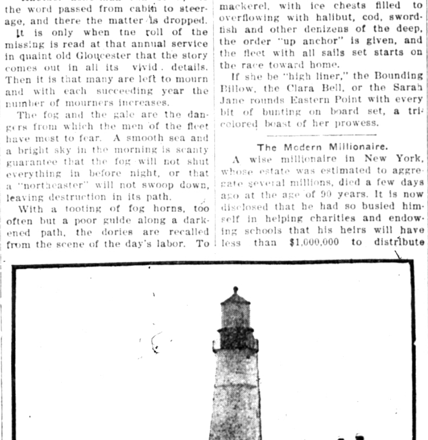
The early morning haul has more about it, perhaps, to attract the lover of the beautiful, for the sight is beautiful beyond the power of pen or brush to properly describe.

With nets dripping sparkling gems of rainbow hues under the morning sun, with thousands of mackerel, their bodies of blue black and silver reflecting the light, enmeshed in their watery prison, endeavoring in vain to get free from the bonds that are drawn closer and closer, a sight is furnished not soon to be forgotten.

Sometimes it happens that before the net is drawn the fish become frightened, and in a mad rush for freedom overturn men and dories, and carry away net and gear with them. Then it is that the profits of a trip are materially cut down.

The day long looked forward to is the day when, with salt pens full of mackerel, with ice chests filled to overflowing with halibut, cod, swordfish and other denizens of the deep, the order "up anchor" is given, and the fleet with all sails set starts on the race toward home.

If she be "high liner," the Bounding Billow, the Clara Bell, or the Sarah Jane rounds Eastern Point with every bit of bunting on board set, a tricolored boast of her prowess.



PORTLAND HEADLIGHT.

be lost in the fog is a not uncommon occurrence, and then it is that the luckless fisherman becomes a prey to the dangers that lurk in the darkness. Fortunate is he if nothing more serious than a night out in the all-surrounding, nerve-testing silence falls to his lot.

Not long ago one of the Allan line steamers reported on her arrival in New York that four members of the crew of the schooner Independence of

The Modern Millionaire.

A wise millionaire in New York, whose estate was estimated to aggregate several millions, died a few days ago at the age of 90 years. It is now disclosed that he had so busied himself in helping charities and endowing schools that his heirs will have less than $1,000,000 to distribute among them. No doubt there will be disappointment among the relatives of the deceased, but he has arranged for a satisfactory audit on the other side of the river.

Inherits Financial Talent.

According to his San Francisco friends H. E. Huntington, a son of the late Collis P. Huntington, of Southern Pacific fame, has cleared over $4,000,000 in recent stock speculations.

CONVINCING PROOF.

Case No. 41,206.—Capt. Alfred G. Rigler of Hose Company No. 4, Canton, Ohio, says: "I had a weak back ever since I was a boy, and about six years ago the cause developed into rather a bad case of kidney complaint. It was not a little backache now and then, but backache which caused actual suffering day and night, and the harder I tried to get rid of it the worse it became.

When the attacks were in the acute stage it was difficult to sit down, and when down it was just as hard to regain an erect position, on account of the twinges of pain in the kidneys. I can only describe some of the pangs as similar to that received from a knife thrust.

In time, distressing and terribly inconvenient urinary weakness resulted, causing annoying embarrassment during the day and loss of sleep during the night.

I took everything which came to my notice from reading, from observation, and which my friends and acquaintances advised. I consulted physicians, but none of them were able to relieve the trouble, let alone stop it.

It became so well known that I had a pronounced case of kidney complaint that I often received circulars from medical companies offering to cure me, and one day eighteen letters were handed to me by the mail carrier.

When Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention I wanted to try them, just as I had tried everything else, and Mrs. Rigler went to Durban & Wright Co.'s drug store for a box. Relief followed.

I knew after a dose or two that the medicine was acting directly on the kidneys from the altered condition of the kidney secretions, and, encouraged, I continued the treatment. Finally, the backache and other complications stopped.

Let me sum up my opinion about Doan's Kidney Pills by saying, I would willingly pay one month's wages for a box of them if I could not buy them for less. You can refer any one to me about Doan's Kidney Pills and I will convince them that they act just as represented."

Four Years After.

"Lapse of time has strengthened my appreciation of Doan's Kidney Pills. I gave this remedy my unqualified endorsement in the summer of 1896, because of the results I obtained from a course of the treatment. I can now add to my original endorsement the experience of a number of others who are just as enthusiastic, when they express their opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, as I."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Rigler, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Wisconsin Bank Is Sold.

Cumberland, Wis., dispatch: The Island City bank has changed hands, O. A. Ritan selling his interest to Lewis Larson, the present cashier of the bank, and Fred W. Miller.

Cured of Morphine, Cocaine and Catarrh.

There is no happier or more grateful man on earth to-day than Doctor Frank Harcourt, of New York. For over two years he had suffered from the evil effects of morphine, cocaine, and catarrh. The morphine habit was bad, the cocaine habit was worse, and the catarrh disgusting. Having heard of a place in Detroit where they claim to cure the worst forms of drug habits in three days, "he came, he saw, and was cured." In speaking of his experience, he said: "I was aware that I could not be cured of the catarrh from which I suffered until I could stop using drugs. I had acquired the cocaine habit in the attempt to cure myself of the catarrh, and had acquired the morphine habit in trying to get rid of the cocaine; so I decided to get cured of the drug habits and then go to a throat and nose specialist and if possible get cured of the catarrh; but when I was cured of the morphine and cocaine habits—which was done to my satisfaction in three days—I no longer suffered from catarrh, and now just ten days from the day I came to Detroit, a morbid and badly discouraged man, I am well and happy. I had expected to pay some specialist at least $200 for treating my disgusting catarrh, with no guarantee of a cure, and as they only charged me that amount for my entire treatment at the sanitarium where I was cured, I feel as though I was cured of the awful drug habits for nothing. I am telling you the truth when I say that I would not be placed where I was ten days ago for ten thousand dollars in gold. That is my reason for telling this story, for I want everybody to know that I was cured at the Three Day Sanitarium, 1147 Third Ave., Detroit, and I advise anyone who is afflicted with the morphine or cocaine habit to write to them for a free booklet telling all about the treatment."

A man may do worse than read poetry. He may attempt to write it.

Some men show their secret desires so plainly that they are vulgar.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The comet of 1843 was the only one during the last century visible in broad daylight.

Valuable Pointers About Texas.

A 144-page book, profusely illustrated, of present day conditions and prospects in the Lone Star State. It is worth your while to get a copy; free on request.—James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

A wise man always bets on the top dog and the bottom facts.

Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. A delicious breakfast. Ready in a jiffy. At grocers.

Even a deaf man can have sound judgment.

No Clandestine Marriages.

Dr. George C. Houghton, rector of the famous "little church around the corner" in New York, announces that in future he will refuse to marry persons unknown to him unless they have reliable vouchers and acceptable witnesses. "This parish is widely known for its charitable disposition," says the doctor, "but there is a limit to the interpretation of charity, and I limit 'secret marriages' and marriages unsupported by family recognition."

Saw Lincoln Assassinated.

W. J. Chapelle, who died recently in Leavenworth, Kan., was manager of Ford's theater at Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated, and was one of the first to reach the side of the wounded president. He was 73 years old and had been in the show business for fifty years. He was buried at Great Bend, Pa., where his daughter resides.

Heavy Snow in Canada.

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.

To Guard Against Infection.

At the recent international conference on tuberculosis at Berlin, Dr. Obertuschen suggested that teachers suffering from consumption ought to receive sanatorium treatment, and permission to return to duty ought to be withheld till all danger of infection had passed away; they should receive their salaries during their illness.

Prevents Mud and Dust.

French journals speak of a substance which, when placed upon the roads, does away with mud and dust. The composition consists of a mixture of scoria from a blast furnace and tar. The preparation, carefully pressed, renders the surface of the road impervious to water.

Ants Construct Long Tunnel.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

Only Sixty-five Years Ago.

Sixty-five years ago Paris had only one postoffice.

Electrical Roads in Berlin.

A plan has been laid before the Berlin municipal council for an underground electric railroad from the extreme north of Berlin to the Hillisches Gates, ending at the suburb of Schoenberg, a distance of seven miles. Four years will be required for the construction of the road, and its cost is estimated at $14,000,000, to be covered by a loan. It is reported that the underground and other municipal undertakings will render a $50,000,000 loan necessary.

Little Danger of Burial Alive.

More than a century ago the fear of being buried alive led to the establishment in German cities of mortuary chambers in which a bellrope is placed in the hands of each corpse. In his recent volume on "Death and Sudden Death" Prof. Brouardel declares that there is no case on record of that be' having ever been rung anywhere.

Japanese Gold and Silver.

The annual output of the gold and silver mines of Japan amounts to about $2,500,000.