

# LOSS IS \$1,000,000

## Packing Plant at Sioux City Destroyed by Fire

### THE FIRE FIGHTERS FAIL

Couldn't Check the Flames and They Spread to All Buildings, Causing a Total Loss—Six Hundred Men Will Be Idle All Winter

A Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 16, dispatch says: The packing plant of Armour & Co., which occupied three and one-half acres of ground at the extreme south end of the stock yards district, was totally destroyed by a fire which started at 12:50 o'clock this morning on the second floor of the fertilizer building.

The loss, estimated by Charles W. Lennon, manager of the company, was total, or \$900,000. The cause of the fire was said by Mr. Lennon to have been either spontaneous combustion or an imperfect dryer.

There is \$721,000 of insurance on the Armour property. Six hundred men will be thrown out of employment all winter.

The fire was discovered by a watchman of the building, who only a few minutes before had pulled a messenger box on the floor where the flames started.

Quickly the plant's private fire department of six men was called out, and the city department was notified. Every fireman in the city was called out.

By 1:20 o'clock six streams of water were being thrown upon the fire, which was gutting the fertilizer building, but the pressure was inadequate. The fertilizer building, which was of brick, 120 by 60 feet, four stories high, was located between the beef-killing house and the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad, on the east.

The floors and contents of the building went like chaff. At 1:25 o'clock the roof fell in, and a second later the fire burst through into the beef-killing house. Instantaneously with the catching of the fire in the beef-killing house the cattle chute ignited and lasted about five minutes, when it fell with a great crash.

Once in the beef-killing house, the flames began to dance madly. From this house to the oleo building was only a step, and when the latter started to burn the fire presented a most spectacular appearance. The big beef house, where 500 dressed carcasses were hanging, caught at 2 o'clock. By this time the whole plant, excepting the hog house, was a lake of fire. The roar was terrible. The country for miles around was lighted up. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, followed quickly by another, and then another.

"Those are the ammonia drums!" shouted Mr. Lennon to Fire Chief Kellogg. "Tell your men to be careful. There is danger of suffocation." Twenty-four drums of 100 pounds of ammonia each exploded before the reserve supply in the ammonia cistern was reached. That explosion almost raised the entire plant from its foundation.

At 2:30 o'clock the fire burst through the heavy fire wall which separated the big hog house from the other buildings. The hog house was the last building to the north and the largest of all.

Steadily the fire crept against the wind and through the office building, which from the first had been enveloped in flames. Not a scrap of paper of any kind was saved out of the office.

About this time, when the last of the ammonia drums was going off, and the engines were blowing their whistles the hardest, a burning roof of a chute fell upon a bunch of live hogs, and their squeals were added to the appalling chorus.

When the hog house caught all the streams were turned in that direction, but the water seemed like oil. In the building were 3,500 dressed hogs and 2,500,000 pounds of pork product.

After the fire got a good headway in the hog house all hope of saving any part of the plant was abandoned. The shops, chicken packing plant, ice houses and ice runways and smaller department houses were consumed in quick succession.

### NEW MINISTRY FOR SPAIN

Sagasta Keeps on Trying and Finally Succeeds.

On leaving the royal palace recently Senator Sagasta convened a meeting of all the members of the late Spanish cabinet and the liberal leaders. Those present at the assembly numbered twenty-two, and after a deliberation lasting two hours a unanimous vote of confidence in Senator Sagasta was given and the former ministers and the chiefs of the liberal party offered to accept any posts the premier should choose to assign them. Upon this decision a cabinet was formed as follows:

- The duke of Almodovar, foreign minister.
  - Senator Puigcerver, justice.
  - Senator Equillon, finance.
  - Senator Moret, interior.
  - General Weyler, war minister.
  - The duke of Veragua, marine.
  - Count Romanones, public instruction.
  - Senator Salvador, public works.
- It is expected that the king will approve the ministry. The chamber will assemble Monday, when a stormy debate on the recent cabinet crisis will probably take place. Senator Robledo raising several personal questions.

### Victory for Hello Girls.

The strike of the operators of the two telephone companies which has been in progress at Des Moines, Ia., has ended. The companies concede the minimum scale of \$1 a day demanded, agree to recognize the operators' union and to restore the strikers to their former positions. The operators had been receiving \$3.50 to \$5 a week.

A good many men are more interested in having work abolished than poverty.

### FAVOR HINSEY'S EXPULSION

Grand Tribunal of Illinois Pythians Vote Against Him

After a hearing lasting nearly all week the grand tribunal of Illinois Knights of Pythias has voted unanimously to expel John A. Hinsey, who was retired from the head of the board of control of the endowment rank last year. Mr. Hinsey has appealed to the supreme tribunal which will meet at Indianapolis in February.

At the recent meeting of the supreme lodge in San Francisco he was suspended from its membership pending the action of the Illinois grand tribunal. Dr. Albert L. Douffleur, who was medical director of the endowment rank, during the Hinsey administration, has been suspended for a year by the Illinois grand tribunal. Secretary H. D. Stolte, who was also to have been tried, died last month. In the sixteen months since the Hinsey administration was retired the endowment rank in its announcement today has paid up a half million dollars of overdue death claims, and has nearly \$200,000 cash on hand.

### NO DANGER FROM INDIANS

Unlikelihood of any Trouble With Tribes in California

Indian bureau officials say that if any discontent exists among the mission Indians in the neighborhood of Indio, Cal., as reported from St. Bernardino, it is the result of misinterpretation of the government's motives in arranging to transfer what is known as the Warner's ranch Indians, their kinsfolk, from the lands the latter have occupied for years to a tract of land the government is about to buy for their home.

The Indian bureau has received no word of any discontent existing among the Indians, except at Warner's ranch, where the Indians are anxious to remain, though the courts have upheld the claims of white men for the land. There is no likelihood of trouble.

### STUDENTS ON STRIKE

Five Hundred at University of Colorado in Revolt

Five hundred students of the university of Colorado are on strike. They have revolted over lessons during the quarto-centennial celebration, now in progress. The students held class meetings and voted unanimously not to attend classes during the celebration. Girls who attend are threatened with ostracism, and boys have been told they will be ducked in the lake. Today not a boy or girl reported at classes.

There is some talk of President Baker taking drastic measures with the leaders as an example of discipline. However, as all the students are involved, it is generally believed that no action will be taken.

### MRS. MCKINLEY HAS MINE

First Shipment of Zinc Ore From Her Property in Illinois

The Empire lead and spar mines on the Illinois Central railway in Pope county, Ill., have just shipped the first car load of zinc ore ever mined in Illinois. This mine is on land owned by Mrs. William McKinley, wife of the late president, and was operated by the Saxtons for several years after the civil war for spar and lead. But so much carbonate of zinc ore was found that the mines were finally abandoned, the value of the brown-colored rock not being known. Recently operations were resumed by an Ohio man. Joplin, Mo., capitalists are interested in the claim.

### That New Kansas Tax Bill

John Francis of Allen county, chairman of the legislative commission that prepared the new tax bill, believes the measure will be accepted by the legislature this winter.

"The bill is all right," Mr. Francis said. "I believe it ought to be passed as we have written it. It is likely, however, to be amended in some minor particulars, but it is the foundation for a good law and I am satisfied that the legislature will so look upon it. We need a law that will reach the taxpayers. They are the only ones who are kicking, and a bill that makes them kick is all right."

### Many Want to Marry Her

Miss Lizzie Boyce, the Brown county, Kansas girl who received word that she had been left one million dollars by an aged man on account of kindness shown him, has become very popular, although she is not yet in possession of the money. She has received many proposals of marriage and many men admirers have sent their pictures to her. Every day, through the mail, she receives business offers, investment chances and requests for charity.

### Editors Acquitted

The United States grand jury at Helena, Mont., discharged P. A. O'Ferrill, editor, and A. W. Browne, publisher of a Butte campaign newspaper devoted to the interest of F. A. Heinze, and who were arrested for an alleged violation of the postal laws. A cartoon in which Senator Clark appeared was the basis of action.

### Stock Train Wrecked

A heavily laden stock train on the Panhandle division of the Santa Fe was wrecked two miles west of Wellington, Kan., by spreading of rails. The train was composed of nineteen cars. The three rear cars and caboose were overturned. Forty head of cattle, part of a shipment from Hereford, Tex., were killed. No trainmen were injured. In a thirty-eight foot kerosene launch Capt. W. Newman and son, aged sixteen, left New York from College Point for Southampton. The boat is eight feet beam with a draught of two feet nine inches. Newman expects to complete the voyage in about twenty days.

Gen. Pompilio Gutierrez, of the Columbian army, who arrived in New York Tuesday on the Panama steamer Aliancia, is detained at Swinburne Island. He is ill of fever, symptoms of which the health officer regards suspicious. Gutierrez is here on a diplomatic mission, believed to be connected with the Panama canal.

# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

## A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR  
Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.  
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### CHAPTER I.

The Van Heemskirks.

It was May in New York one hundred and twenty-one years ago, and yet the May A. D. 1886—the same clear air and wind, the same rarefied freshness, full of faint, passing aroma from the wet earth and the salt sea and the blossoming gardens.

In the city the business of the day was over; but at the open doors of many of the shops little groups of apprentices in leather aprons were talking, and on the broad steps of the City Hall a number of grave-looking men were slowly separating after a very satisfactory civic session. They were all noticeable men, but Joris Van Heemskirk especially so. His bulk was so great that it seemed as if he must have been built up; it was too much to expect that he had ever been a baby. He had a fair, ruddy face, and large, firm eyes, and a mouth that was at once strong and sweet. And he was also very handsomely dressed. The long, stiff skirts of his dark-blue coat were lined with satin, his breeches were of black velvet, his ruffles edged with Flemish lace, his shoes clasped with silver buckles, his cocked hat made of the finest beaver.

With his head a little forward, and his right arm across his back, he walked slowly up Wall street into Broadway, and then took a northwesterly direction towards the river bank. His home was on the outskirts of the city, but not far away; and his face lightened as he approached it.

Councillor Van Heemskirk's father had built the house and planted the garden, and he had the Dutch reverence for a good ancestry. Often he sent his thoughts backward to remember how he walked by his father's side, or leaned against his mother's chair, as they told him the tragic tales of the old Barneveldt and the hapless De Witts; or how his young heart glowed to their memories of the dear fatherland, and the proud march of the Batavian republic.

"Good evening, Mr. Justice. Good evening, neighbor," and he stood a minute, with his hands on his garden gate, to bow to Justice Van Gaasbeek and to Peter Sluyter, who, with their wives, were going to spend an hour or two at Christopher Laer's garden.

"Men can bear all things but good days," said Peter Sluyter, when they had gone a dozen yards in silence; "since Van Heemskirk has a seat in the council room, it is a long way to his hat."

"Come, now, he was very civil, Sluyter. He bows like a man not used to make a low bow, that is all."

"Well, well, with time, every one gets into his right place. In the city Hall, I may yet put my chair beside his, Van Gaasbeek."

"So say I, Sluyter, and for the present it is all well as it is."

This little envious fret of his neighbor lost itself outside Joris Van Heemskirk's home. Within it, all was love and content. Madam Van Heemskirk was a little woman, with clear-cut features, and brown hair drawn backward under a cap of lace very stiffly starched. Her tight-fitting dress of blue taffeta was open in front, and looped up behind in order to show an elaborately quilted petticoat of light blue cambric. Her white wool stockings were clocked with blue, her high-heeled shoes cut very low, and clasped with small silver buckles. From her trim cap to her trig shoes she was a pleasant and comfortable picture of a happy, domestic woman; smiling, peaceful, and easy to live with.

When the last duty of the day was finished, she let her bunch of keys fall with a satisfactory "all done" jingle, that made her Joris look at her with a smile. Then he asked: "Where is Joanna and the little one? And Bram should be home ere this."

"I am not uneasy, Joris. They were to drink a dish of tea with Madam Semple, and Bram promised to go for them. And, see, they are coming; but Bram is not with them, only the elder."

Elder Alexander Semple was a great man in his sphere. He had a reputation both for riches and godliness and was scarcely more respected in the market-place than he was in the Middle Kirk. And there was an old tie between the Semples and the Van Heemskirks—a tie going back to the days when the Scotch Covenanters and the Netherland Confessors clasped hands as brothers in their "churches under the cross." Then one of the Semples had fled for life from Scotland to Holland, and been sheltered in the house of a Van Heemskirk; and from generation to generation the friendship had been continued. So there was much real kindness and very little ceremony between the families, and the elder met his friend Joris with a pleasant "good evening," and sat down in front of the blazing logs.

Joanna tied on her white apron, and, at a word from her mother, began to take from the cupboard various Dutch dainties, and East Indian jars of fruits and sweetmeats, and a case of crystal bottles, and some fine lemons. She was a fair, rosy girl, with a kind, cheerful face, a pleasant voice, and a smile that was at once innocent and bright. Her fine light hair was rolled high and backward; and no one could have imagined a dress more suitable to her than the trig dark bodice, the quilted skirt, and the white apron she wore.

Her father and mother watched her with a loving satisfaction, and Elder Semple was quite sensible of Joanna's presence, and of what she was doing.

At this point Katherine Van Heemskirk came into the room, and the elder slightly moved his chair and said, "Come away, my bonnie lassie, and let us have a look at you." And Katherine laughingly pushed a stool towards the fire, and sat down between the two men on the hearthstone. She was the daintiest little Dutch maiden that ever latched a shoe—very diminutive, with a complexion like a sea-shell, great blue eyes, and such a quantity of pale yellow hair that it made light of its ribbon hood, and rippled over her brow and slender white neck in bewildering curls.

Long before supper was over, Madam Van Heemskirk had discovered that this night Elder Semple had a special reason for his call, and when the meal was finished, and the girls gone to their room, she was not astonished to hear him say, "Joris, let us light another pipe. I have something to speak about—sit still, guidwife, we shall want your word on the matter."

# WRITTEN BY LINCOLN

## VALUABLE RELIC OWNED BY THE STATE OF IOWA.

The Formal and Official Acceptance by the Great President of His Second Term as Chief Magistrate of the American Nation.

Abraham Lincoln was chosen to his second term as President of the United States in November, 1864. After the official canvass of the votes, a committee of the two Houses of Congress was appointed to notify him of his election, says the Des Moines Register and Leader. The committee consisted of Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. James F. Wilson of Iowa and John F. Dawson of Pennsylvania on the part of the House. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson was at that time a member of the House of Representatives. Waiting upon him at the Executive Mansion, the committee, by its chairman, notified him of his election to a second term. Mr. Lincoln, in anticipation of this official visit, had his acceptance, written by his own hand, and filling a little more than half a page of old-fashioned letter paper, ready for the occasion. He read as follows:

"Having served four years in the depths of a great, and yet unended, national peril, I can view this call to a second term in no wise more flattering to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may better finish a difficult work, in which I have labored from the first, than could any one less severely schooled to the task. In this view, and with assured reliance on that Almighty Ruler who has so graciously sustained us thus far, and with increased gratitude to the generous people for their continued confidence, I accept the renewed trust, with its yet onerous and perplexing duties and responsibilities."

When the official ceremony was over Mr. Wilson said: "With your permission, Mr. President, I would be glad to keep that page of manuscript." "You are very welcome to it," replied Mr. Lincoln, handing it to Mr. Wilson. This paper, which was Mr. Lincoln's formal and official acceptance of his second term as President of the United States, was retained by Senator Wilson until his death. It has since remained in the possession of his family. Just now they have turned it over to Mr. Charles Aldrich, by whom it has been placed in his great autograph and photograph collection in the Historical Department of Iowa. While it is not signed, it is yet a manuscript of great value. It would command a price in New York City or London which would have to be expressed in four figures. It is a precious memorial of the great President and of James F. Wilson of Iowa. We may add that the page upon which it is written also contains seven lines, which are in the handwriting of Mr. Wilson, explanatory of the manuscript.

The bright young face shadowed, and a sudden fear came into Madam Semple's heart as she watched the girl turn thoughtfully and slowly away into the house.

"(To be continued.)"

COLORED INKS IN TATTOOING.

English Expert Now Does Work in Many Colors.

In an article on the subject of tattooing, in Pearson's, the marvelous results obtained by an English expert are thus described:

"Until comparatively recently only two colors, indigo blue (or India ink black) and red were used in tattooing, but a Japanese increased the number by discovering a permanent brown, and Sutherland Macdonald has now added four more to the list, so that he works with no fewer than seven colors altogether. The difficulty has been to get a color that will hold; any color can be pricked into the human skin, but those made from minerals will all set up, sooner or later, a state of inflammation of the skin and the color will be forced out again, leaving only an ugly scar to mark the spot.

"But by careful experiments on his own body, experiments which have been going on for years now, he has been able to produce a very beautiful green, a permanent ultramarine blue, a lavender, and, most difficult of all, a rich yellow, all not only perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, but colors that will hold, and by blending some of these together he is able to produce brilliant effects, which to the uninitiated would appear to be altogether impossible.

"Tattooing in so many colors, with all their gradations of shading, is a lengthy process—Mr. Macdonald will spend a matter of sixty or seventy hours in completing a design to cover a man's chest—not at a stretch, of course, but working two or three hours a day for twenty or thirty days."

Then He Saw It.

Von Blumer (roaring)—Who told you to put this paper on the wall? Decorator—Your wife, sir.

Von Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?—Harper's Bazaar.

### A Strong Boy.

Derby, Conn., has a "strong man," 17 years old, who lifts 500 pounds with comparative ease, and juggles 100-pound dumb-bells for an everyday exercise.

This muscular youth is Peter Madonna, and his occupation is that of a barber. His appearance belies his extraordinary strength, and many a patron of the shop where he is employed has lost a wager against Peter's ability to perform feats credited to him by the proprietor. Peter has put above his head eight successive times a dumb-bell weighing as much as himself. It is his ambition to be a champion strong man, and all who have seen him handle heavy weights believe he will attain his desire. Peter attributes his great strength to daily exercise, his habit of eating only simple food and his abstinence from tea, coffee, alcoholic beverages and tobacco.

### Concerning Names.

Apropos of the eternal domestic question, an English woman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply could not ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle—happy woman to have one to fill!—or to holystone the doorstep, I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one?' 'Yes,' replied the damsel, brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her, 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied, acidly: 'Yes, I have; but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Ermione for to wear a livery.'"