

BRAVE FIREMEN DIE.

CHICAGO DEPARTMENT SUFFERS FEARFUL LOSS.

Explosion of Dust in the Burning Elevator of Railway Terminal Company Hurts Brick Walls and Burning Timbers Upon the Firefighters

Died at Posts of Duty.
Explosion in the midst of a terrific fire brought to a hero's death four of Chicago's firemen Thursday afternoon and stretched on beds of pain more than a score of officers and pipemen, who sought to keep in check a seething furnace of 300,000 bushels of grain in the Chicago Railway Terminal Elevator Company's elevator at Indiana and Jefferson streets.

Not since the cold storage disaster at the World's Fair have so many of the city's fire fighters been laid low, and only twice in the history of Chicago has the list of casualties in the department been more appalling. One unknown man dead and many spectators, railroad employes, elevator hands and others injured further mark the record of the disaster.

The Dead:
John J. Coogan, pipeman of engine company 3.

William Hanley, of engine company 5.

Jacob Schnur, pipeman of engine company 3.

Jacob F. Stramen pipeman of engine company 3.

Unknown man, thrown into the river by the force of the explosion and drowned.

Thomas Monahan, a driver for Chief Swenie, is missing, and it is feared he is dead; drove the chief to the fire and has not been seen since.

Of the score hurt, three will die, and several will be disfigured for life and laid up for months.

Swenie's Life in Peril.
Chief Swenie's life nearly paid the penalty of years of peril. He was close to the elevator when an avalanche of red hot bricks, burning timbers and sizzling grain was pitched on the heads of the fire fighters and escaped with severe bruises and burns.

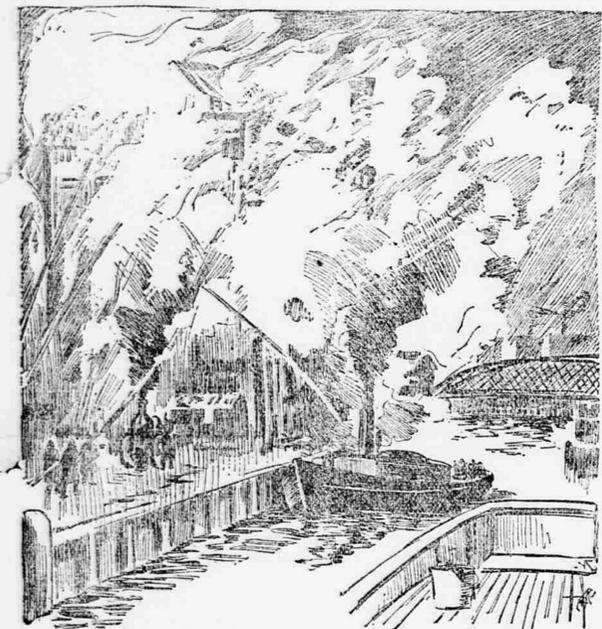
in an overheated condition. High in the bins are hung big lanterns to guide the workmen in their labors and the presence of these has given rise to the theory that a red hot chimney came in contact with the dry dust and set the place on fire. The age of the building and the amount of dust which had congregated in every crack and corner supports the latter opinion. Many of the firemen are of the belief that the blaze and subsequent explosion were due to spontaneous combustion.

Insurance Inspector Gillan gave the following statement as his opinion as to how the fire originated: "It was surely an explosion of dry dust. In the majority of cases in fires of this kind they all start from the same cause. The dust from the grain collects and when it is heated to the right point it is like powder. It is just as dangerous as any explosive. If this elevator had been constructed as grain elevators should be, the chances are the fire would have been put out with a loss of less than \$1,000."

Loss Will Reach \$500,000.
Before the insurance underwriters complete the list of buildings wrecked or damaged and property destroyed the total financial loss will reach \$500,000.

The tabulated statement of the loss, as nearly as can be learned, is:

The Chicago Railway Terminal Elevator Company, on building.....	\$ 90,000
Loss to grain in structure.....	210,000
Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, loss to freight house and cars.....	20,000
Engine and machinery in elevator.....	25,000
Loss to Chicago and Northwestern Railroad freight, including valuable teas and spices.....	25,000
Damage to Hathaway & Co.'s coal yard, Indiana and Kingsbury sts.....	2,500
Damage to building occupied by the Cross-Street Milwaukee Chair Companies, contents, windows and beams.....	20,000
Damage to Jung Brewing Company's plant, 6 Grand avenue.....	15,000
Damage to building occupied by the Wisconsin Dairy Company, Austin avenue and Jefferson street.....	3,000
Damage to Indiana street bridge, abutments and planking scorched.....	1,000
Damage to dock warehouse in Indiana street.....	1,000
Damage to building occupied by the Star Box and Barrel Company.....	2,000
Damage to tugs and shipping, estimated.....	3,000
Minor losses to stores, houses and other buildings, estimated aggregate.....	30,000
Total.....	\$507,500
Insurance on the contents of the elevator.....	500,000



FIREBOAT PLAYING ON THE BURNING ELEVATOR.

Not a single premonition of disaster warned the men of their impending doom. There was a bright glow of the heavens for an instant, a trembling as if the interior of the earth was lending its heat to the flames, and then the east wall was precipitated on the heads of the firemen and a few spectators who had escaped the fire lines hurriedly established by the police. The noise was different from the ear-piercing roar of dynamite or gunpowder, but its effects were as deadly. There was a muffled boom, a crash, and the firemen were buried.

Edward Westlake, a newspaper man, was standing with Chief Swenie when the wall collapsed. Both were covered with the fallen material and rushed blindly to the nearest shelter.

"My God! That was the nearest I have come to it," said the intrepid leader, and turned back, in the face of flying embers, to aid in the work of rescue.

Start Work of Rescue.
After the walls went toppling over, Chief Swenie, hurt, blinded and bleeding, staggered forward and shouted to his men to follow him. Lying on the ground were a score of injured men, crying for help. Beneath the mass of white-hot bricks and iron sheeting were two men, burned until nothing but the bones were left.

In an instant half a dozen streams of water were turned on the blazing mass. As the water struck, the red hot debris a cloud of steam hid the ruins from view. The injured were first assisted to a place of safety. Three patrol wagons and two ambulances were soon in service. The men were put on stretchers, and Lieut. McDonald directed that the wagons be driven at once to the different hospitals.

As the last victim was hurried away from the scene of death and destruction the work of removing the charred bodies of the three firemen from the ruins was taken up. By this time the flood of water had cooled off the ruins sufficiently to allow the firemen and sixty policemen to start their search for the dead. Sergeant Decker was the first man to find a body. He used a long pole in lifting the iron sheeting to one side, when he discovered the remains of Coogan. The body was in a crouching position and showed that Coogan was running when the mass of bricks fell him to the earth. He was identified by his helmet, which lay within a foot of his head.

It was impossible to distinguish the burned bodies of Schnur and Stramen apart. They lay side by side, and a heavy beam had fallen across the neck of one of the bodies. Chief Swenie directed the men to continue their work, and not until the entire pile had been gone over was the chief satisfied that all the bodies had been found.

Origin of the Fire.
The origin of the fire is indefinite. Recently furnace driers were introduced into the structure and these may have been

for was placed by D. M. Rodgers, while Fred James had the building in charge. Mr. Rodgers said he was not in a position to give the exact figures. He declared, however, that the losses were fully covered by insurance.

The officials of the Chicago Railway Terminal Elevator Company, that owned the elevator, are:

President—C. A. Weare.

Secretary—Edward W. Thompson.

Treasurer—Charles C. Rubins.

PREACHER SHOTS A GIRL.
Sleeping Child Suffers in a Fight with Indiana Kufians.

Rev. John Wolslein, who has been holding revival services at Concord Christian Church, near Washington, Ind., received word the other night that he would be egged if he preached again. He went prepared, and when he opened services laid a pistol on each side of his Bible, announcing that he would defend himself if necessary.

It was not long before a disturbance was raised at one of the windows. In an instant the minister commenced firing toward the window. He scattered the ruffians, but one bullet passed through the abdomen of the 3-year-old daughter of John Standiford, who was sleeping on one of the seats. The little girl is dead. Standiford refuses to prosecute Walslein.

Toid in a Few Lines.
The Metropolitan Electric Company of Chicago has failed. The liabilities amount to about \$35,000. Poor collections are said to have caused the assignment.

James Gerah, a well-known sporting man from the Pacific coast, was instantly killed at Chickasaw, I. T., by Willis Day, a stranger, in a quarrel over cards.

At Philadelphia, Daniel Mohan, aged 19 years, accidentally ran his bicycle against a low stone fence, plunged headlong over it into Wissahickon creek, and was drowned.

Two Ohio firms, the Canton Rolling Mill Company of Canton, O., and the P. Hayden Saddlery and Hardware Company of Columbus, have signed the Amalgamated Association scale.

The blow of a hammer upon a nail caused a \$40,000 fire at Olean, N. Y., and eleven men narrowly escaped being burned to death. The men were roofing a 35,000-barrel oil tank when it was discovered that the oil had ignited from a spark caused as above.

Representatives of Eastern hop-buying firms have been in Chehalis, Wash., several days and displayed great eagerness to make contracts for the 1897 crop. Recently the best quality sold for 7 cents, but now 8½ cents and even 10 cents a pound is offered, and the latter figure has been refused by several parties. The prospects for the growing crop are exceedingly good.

FIVE WIVES OR MORE.

David E. Bates a Big Star in the List of Marital Marauders.

With five known wives and possibly as many more not yet discovered, with sweethearts by the score loving by mail and telegraph, David E. Bates, now locked up at the stock yards police station in Chicago, has lived a life of consummate marital deceit and trickery which has seldom been equaled. Bates has been married five times surely, though the police believe they have information concerning another woman who claims to be his wife. "He has confessed that he had wedded twelve times and should have married as many more women," was the startling statement of pretty 19-year-old Nettie Swain, his last bride.

Bates told the relatives of his first Chicago wife that he had had an agreement with wife No. 2 to separate, and this made his marriage to Miss McCarthy legal. They are going to prosecute him for big-



THE MAN OF MANY WIVES.

amy, however. H. F. Lawrence, the brother-in-law of wife No. 5, caused the arrest of Bates, and there will be another prosecution for bigamy. Bates' career has been remarkable. He is 33 years old, but he looks younger, though his experience has been such as would turn any other man's hair gray. He is a psychological puzzle. He is a dull, uninteresting, homely, thin-faced, angular specimen of humanity of the commonplace type. In the slang of the street he would be called a "lobster." Yet he induced at least five women to marry him and has been in correspondence with a score of others who have expressed in their letters the warmest affection for him. He kept three and possibly four establishments in Chicago at the same time, though he was only getting \$60 a month as night clerk for the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company. He fell heavily into debt. This was the only matter that troubled him. He had finally determined to get rid of all his wives by starting for Alaska on the day he was arrested.

DEBS ISSUES A DEFI.
Labor Leader Says the Jackson Injunction is a Farce.

Engene V. Debs, the social reformer, says that he will talk when and where he pleases, regardless of the injunction issued by Judge Jackson in West Virginia. He declares it is the most sweeping document ever promulgated and one which, if its principles were sustained, would effectually strike down all constitutional rights. Concerning it he says:

The injunction issued by Judge Jackson is substantially the same as that issued by Judge Mason. By its provisions I am enjoined from walking on the public highways which lead to the mines, and as all the highways lead to the mines I am subject to arrest the instant I enter the State. This is the most sweeping injunction ever issued by any court, and if sustained, as it doubtless will be, it effectually strikes down all constitutional rights and leaves us bound and helpless at the feet of the money power.

The courts of this country have degenerated until they are now the conveniences of corporate capital. There are but few exceptions and they but serve to prove the rule. They are the oppressors of the people who support them. This fact is being gradually understood, and when the eyes of the people are entirely opened there will be a change, and the high priests of the bench will learn that judicial despotism will not be tolerated on American soil.

As for Jackson's injunction, I hold it in sovereign contempt. If I have occasion to speak in the interest of famishing miners in his jurisdiction I will do so, or at least make the attempt, totally regardless of his infamous injunction. The force of it is that the injunction pretends to be issued by a judge. If it came direct from the coal operators some little respect would be due the creature who owe their positions to organized capital, and they obey the orders of their masters with the alacrity of spaniels.

DIES TO PAY DEBTS.
Charles Knorr Writes Creditors Where His Body Will Be Found.

Charles Knorr, an architect of Chicago, decided to shoot himself to pay his debts. Saturday he cashed a check for \$25 at Albrecht & Glemblow's meat market. Sunday, filled with remorse, he wrote a letter to the butchers, it is said, confessing the check was a forgery. "When you receive this note I will be dead," he wrote, "but my wife will pay you for the loss out of my insurance money."

Wednesday morning A. L. Kraus received yet another note telling him just



RACE TO SAVE A SUICIDE.

where the body would be found. The writer told him to inform the president of his lodge of the death at once, so his wife would have no delay in securing her insurance money. Kraus, behind a fast horse, set out at once, and at top speed began the mad race with death. The note had said the body would be near Niles Center, but when the exhausted animal and his driver reached the spot indicated it was too late—life was extinct.



Insurance agent—"Do you want the insurance for one or three years?" Isaacs—"Er—von veek vill do."—Judge.

Husband—"Do you need anything for the house?" Wife—"The cook says there is not enough china to last the week out."—Life.

Literal: The Rescuer—"How did you come to fall in?" The Rescued—"I didn't come to fall in; I came to fish."—Harper's Weekly.

He—"Would you scream if I should kiss you?" She—"And if I were to allow you to, would you squeal?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Bertha—"What is the height of your ambition, dear?" Marie (blushing)—"Oh, something between five and a half and six feet."—Fun.

Mrs. Church—"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?" Mrs. Gotham—"That's the way I did catch him."—Youkers Statesman.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"What type of girl would you call that one with bloomers?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"A bold face type."—Youkers Statesman.

Mr. Buftum—"Is it a fact that you can neither read nor write?" Illiterate—"Don't know. Never tried to do either."—Boston Transcript.

He—"Do you think women are the equals of men?" She—"Yes; but I don't think men are the equals of women."—Columbus State Journal.

"Capital, you know, is universally timid." "How queer! I thought it was the man without money who was shy."—Typographical Journal.

"Has the unpardonable sin ever been discovered?" "Yes; it is the act of sprinkling ticks on a bicycle path."—Philadelphia North American.

Higglinton—"Come up and see us some time." Stepperby—"Awfully sorry, but I shall be engaged on that occasion."—Boston Transcript.

First Summer Girl—"Having many offers?" Second Summer Girl—"Yes, I've had to limit proposal speeches to five minutes each."—New York Journal.

James—"The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust." Jones—"True, but the unjust man is generally provided with the just man's umbrella."—Fun.

"He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more." "You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."—Indianapolis Journal.

Archie—"I always think evening dress must be so trying to a lady of humor." Bertie—"Why?" Archie—"Because she can't laugh in her sleeve."—Pick-Me-Up.

Claud—"Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?" Mabel—"No; but I think he will if you don't pretty soon."—Fit-Bits.

The old maid's soliloquy: "At seventeen years of age I inquired who is he? At twenty, who is he? At twenty-five, what has he? And now, where is he?"—Flegende Blatter.

Bride (who has eloped)—"Here is a telegram from papa." Bridegroom (anxiously)—"What does he say?" Bride—"All is forgiven, but don't come back."—Collier's Weekly.

A question in grammar: Mr. Kink (to a professor in Biddle University)—"Perfesser?" "Well, Mr. Kink?" "Which is the past tense of the verb 'to hoodoo'—hoodone or hoodid?"—Harlem Life.

Mr. Benham—"I wish I were single again." Mrs. Benham—"You horrid wretch. What would you do if you were?" "Marry you again." Mrs. Benham—"Oh, your darling creature."—Modern Society.

Poet—"That man we just passed is Editor Soanso. He is one of my most particular friends." Ditto—"He must buy your poems." Poet—"Oh, no; he never buys any. I said most particular, didn't I?"—Judge.

"It is so aggravating to go house-hunting every spring," said the lady in the city. "We generally have to hunt ours up two or three times a summer," said the cousin from the cyclone belt.—Typographical Journal.

Teller—"Grimshaw is the only man of my acquaintance who invariably wins in an argument with a woman." Askins—"How, in the name of wonder, does he do it?" Teller—"Oh! he states his side of the case and walks off."—Puck.

Traveler (to the ferryman crossing the river)—"Has any one ever been lost in this stream?" Boatman—"No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."—Flegende Blatter.

A mere figure of speech: He—"Away you go to the sea-shore, Mrs. Tiffington, and leave your hard-working husband chained to his desk." She—"Chained? No, indeed; if you only could be, I'd have some peace of mind."—Brooklyn Life.

Bacon—"Have you see Sprocket lately?" Egbert—"No." Bacon—"He's a sight. Face all cut, arm in a sling, and walks lame." Egbert—"How did he do it, on his bicycle?" Bacon—"No; if he could have stayed on the bicycle, he'd have been all right."—Youkers Statesman.

"Thank you," said the lady to the man who gave her his seat in the street car. "You surprise me," replied the man. "How do you mean?" "By that 'I thank you.'" She smiled. "I couldn't have surprised you more than you surprised me by offering me your seat." The stand-off was thus completed.—Detroit Free Press.

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