

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

OMAHA. MONDAY MORNING. JULY 11, 1887.

NUMBER 23

CREMATED IN A THEATER.

Seventeen Persons Burned to Death in a Wisconsin Mining Camp.

HURLEY'S HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST

Nine Charred Corpses Recovered From the Smoldering Ruins—The Business Part of the Town Completely Wiped Away.

Frightful Loss of Life.

HURLEY, Wis., July 10.—Fire broke out on the stage of the Alcazar theater at 8 o'clock last night, and within an hour the entire business part of town was in flames, while eleven persons had perished in the theater. The charred remains of nine people have been taken from the ruins. The loss is fully \$50,000. The Alcazar was a variety theater, chiefly frequented by miners, and was one of the resorts of unsavory repute associated with the notorious dance houses of the mining regions. Only a small audience had gathered when the fire broke out, and they scrambled out in a hurry. Several actors, however, rushed up stairs to save their wardrobes, and when they sought to escape found that they were hemmed in on all sides, the flames having spread through the wooden building with incredible rapidity. How they struggled to flee will never be known, as none of them except Sadie Wells and Mabel Powers were even seen again. The former appeared at a second story window and called pitifully upon the crowd outside to save her. Before a hand could be raised the flames reached her and communicated to her clothing. She made a frantic effort to jump through the window, and then, with a piercing shriek, fell into the furnace below. Mabel Powers had reached a third story window. She jumped and was so badly injured that her recovery is doubtful.

Among those who perished in the theater were:

FRANK YOUNG, SADIE McCABE and JACKSON, colored comedians.

TILLIE MOORE, song and dance artist.

MARLE GOODRICH, and husband.

SADIE WELLS.

MICHAEL FENTON.

Two or three others whose names are not known.

The Alcazar was in the very heart of the city. It was a mass of flames in a very short time. The fire seemed to leap from building to building until several blocks became a roaring oven. It was not long before every building between Third and Fifth avenue was in flames. All efforts to set the fire under control seemed futile. The fire department, reinforced by scores of volunteers, sent its pungent streams against the approaching wall of flames, but had to retreat as the fire swept resistlessly on. It did not stop until material for it to feed upon was lacking.

The individual losses are over \$5,000,000, and are as follows: Moore, MacFarran & Co., merchandise and clothing, \$50,000; S. Moore, Agnew & Co., general hardware, \$40,000; Meinemann Bros. & Co., dry goods, \$25,000; Cann & Minn, general merchandise, \$10,000; Brill & Langdon, \$30,000; Carothers Bros., stock of liquors, \$5,000; J. B. Langlois, saloon and household goods, \$5,000; Oscar Hanson, furniture goods, \$6,000; Lemon & Foster, drugs, \$8,000; proprietors of the Fair, \$5,000; John E. Burton, sixteen buildings, \$50,000; Chas. LeClair, Alcazar theater, \$25,000; P. D. McNeil, saloon and household, \$10,000; P. S. Birde, wholesale liquors, \$5,000; A. E. Gallagher, law library, \$5,000; Pease Bros., groceries, with building, \$11,000; C. Perain, restaurant, \$5,000; F. A. Day, hardware, \$5,000; J. Ridgeman, saloon and restaurant, \$5,000.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

CHICAGO, July 10.—A special telegram to the Bee.—The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen arrived last evening from Milwaukee. In an interview Lord Aberdeen said the fate in regard to the Irish question here which had most favorably impressed him was the entire absence of that fire-eating fanatic element which Englishmen have been taught and believed that if the English people generally were better informed on this subject much good would be accomplished. In regard to the Irish question he had no doubt it would become a law. How much value it would have is not clear. But he understood that already there were certain arrangements being made in Ireland that would practically make it impossible for the English to interfere.

Of course this was simply a guess.

He added that he had no doubt he had not in the least how it was to be accomplished.

A REDSKIN WAR.

Fatal Fight With Indians in South St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, July 10.—About two weeks ago a band of six Kickapoo Indians appeared in South St. Louis and plied a brisk trade in selling moccasins and other Indian wares. They had a camp on the bank of the river Desperes, just outside the southern limit of town. On the 4th of July one of the Indians attempted to whip a white boy who was pestering and plaguing them, when John Rose, a rolling mill hand, interferred and gave the Indian a threshing. About 6 o'clock this evening the Indian and a companion met Rose on the street near the star of the West hotel and made at him with knives. Rose pulled a revolver and shot one of them through the body. The other hastened to camp and brought the rest of the Indians into town, armed with Winchester rifles. Rose and two or three of his friends went into a second story room of the hotel, and when the Indians appeared near enough opened fire upon them, revolvers and rifles dischargeing twice in the air, the gun severely wounded. The remainder of the Indians began shooting promiscuously and fired into the hotel and surrounding houses. Great alarm seized the people in the vicinity, and almost immediately a hundred of them started from their houses, running to hillsides near by and taking shelter wherever they could. A few moments later a number of citizens armed themselves and with the aid of the police drove the Indians out of camp, and the Indians surrendered to another stalwart buck marched up and down before their tent, and with their sixteen shotguns held the crowd at bay. The Indians had been captured and were sent to the hospital and Gray Eagle, Black Hawk, and Moosehead, the two leaders, were sent to the sheriff's office. The Hastings boys didn't leave their corn-cutting and come over here for nothing!

They intend to exterminate the hated Omaha and Manager Malone says by next Tuesday evening they'll all wish they were never born.

It's just what it is.

Both the Indians and the others are getting tired, and Manager Malone will have to put up some hammocks before long if he expects to hold the crowd.

Yesterday was the Sabbath, and the sky was in bright blue and gold, with an eminence of light, while the clouds were not enough to roost a turkey, but two thousand people never headed this, and heroically made their way out to Association park to see the Hastings play with the Omahas.

Like a cat does with a mouse.

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