A FATAL MIDNIGHT FIRE.

Horrible Fate of a Man While Drunk.

CREMATED IN AN OLD COACH.

A Spark From the Pipe of Joseph Lawn Ends in His Death—Twenty-Nine Horses Consumed By Flames.

Burned to Death.

The quiet and conservative residents of Nineteenth and Nicholas streets, who as a rule, seek their beds at the setting of the sun and the parting of the day crowing by the cock, were awakened fifteen minutes before 12 o'clock last night by the terrible cry of fire. A nocturnal pedestrian saw flames shoot up in the center of a plot of ground which has become recognizable as Squattersville, owing to the fact that a number of people have of late located there, habilitating in tents and rudely constructed shanties. Soon the heavens were aglow with the light from the fire, which spread with the rapidity of a cyclone, and the firemen were summoned by a call from box No. 34.

Everybody in the proximity of the conflagration rushed from their primitively constructed homes, and the shrieks of frightened women, terror-stricken children, and the excitement by the temporarily unnerved men, presented a picture of the wildest consternation. Three stage coaches, patterned after those used in the United States mail service in the far west, were burning and the flames were fast licking up a frame stable from which the horses rushed wildly for freedom from death, when the firemen arrived. Without delay, strong and effective streams were at play and the fire fiend was subdued, leaving the barn in ruins and the stage coaches charred and wrecked.

When the excitement had cooled down a horrible discovery was made. The burned coaches had been in use as temporary sleeping quarters by the men in the employ of C. F. Williams, of the firm of Williams & Stephenson, graders and contractors. Five men in all occupied the three coaches, which were in line together and stood against the barn. Four of the five men retired early in the evening, and were sleeping soundly when Joseph Lawn, a laborer on the grade, came from down town somewhat under the influence of liquor. Lawn was an inveterate smoker, and occupied one of the coaches by himself, the bedding consisting of hay in the coach bottom and blankets for covers. It was in the coach occupied by Lawn that the fire was discovered, and the supposition is that a spark from his pipe fired the hay and caused the conflagration that destroyed property, cost him his life and imperiled the lives of others.

Soon after the fire was put out the charred and disfigured remains of Lawn were discovered lying in the bottom of the wagon. His limbs were burned to a crisp, and the trunk presented a sickening sight. The liberal bestowal of water on the coach had checked the flames from reaching his face, which escaped untouched.

Lawn was thirty-five years of age, and had been in the employ of Mr. Williams since the 13th of September last. He is supposed to have come from Nebraska City, he a few days ago in a conversation with Mr. Williams having brought up recollections of people whom Mr. Williams knew in that place twenty years ago. Williams had unlimited confidence in Lawn and yesterday allowed him to overdraw his account, when he drew ten dollars. With this money Lawn went to the city, and spent it for whisky which made him drunk and brought him to his frightful end. The body was removed to the morgue by direction of Coroner Drexel.

The coaches were owned by Mr. Stephenson, the liveryman. Mr. Williams owned the barn and contents and estimates his loss at about $400.

TWENTY-NINE HORSES BURNED.

A Terrible Conflagration on Saunders Street at 2 O'clock This Morning.

Fire broke out in the back part of John Reese's barn, near the southwest corner of Blondo and Saunders streets, shortly after 2 o'clock this morning. It spread rapidly and before the fire department could reach the place the structure, with its entire contents, consisting of twenty-five horses and as many carriages and buggies, besides harness, grain, etc., were consumed. Two men who were sleeping in an office in the building, were discovered after the fire had got far under headway, and barely escaped with their lives.

A small one-story cottage immediately south of the barn was also burned with all the furniture. John Peterson's barn, west of the cottage, was consumed and two horses which were in it at the time burned to death. The flames spread from Mr. Peterson's barn to that of W. H. Askworth, north of it. This barn was also destroyed and two horses burned to death. A cottage occupied by Mrs. Carl Kirk stood between the two barns and was badly damaged, the roof and north side being burned in. The origin of the fire is unknown.

TRAIN HEARD FROM.

An Invitation to His Anarchist Banquet—To Boom Omaha.

The citizen editor of the BEE received by mail from Chicago last night an invitation to attend the banquet to have been given by Citizen George Francis Train to the wives and children of the anarchists at the Palmer house on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Train was anxious that there should be no hitch in his wishes, but it is presumed that he surrendered to the application of Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, and adjourned the feast to some day this week, when Mr. Train will return from Mendota. Accompanying the invitation was a printed list of Train's psycho wiregrams, forwarded while en route to Chicago, and the appended from Palmer house headquarters, Chicago:

Citizen Old Friends, Omaha: Thought you were joking at first! But Hundred Columbus Press Eulogy (Saas Sneers) convinces me "Psychos go with Psychos!" Was astounded to see what I Forecast quarter century agone! But next Decade will score Half Million! Have organized to Boom Omaha (through Kansas City and Chicago Psycho Publishing Co., Hundred Thousand in Ten Thousand Dollar Shares) to publish Devine's (Chicago) WESTERN NEWSMAN! Wilson's (Kansas City) *Free Speech Champion!* Morse Bruner's Real Estate Syndicate Suggested Hundred Thousand Round Robin to Boom *"New Chicago of New North West!"*

If you will take One Share Each (Ten Dollars) send Greenback to Geo. P. Bemis (*The Patron*) and I will accept Manager Jones' (Opera House) offer to Lecture in One Hundred Cities both sides Atlantic on Coming London! Sheffield! Manchester! Birmingham of America! Better move quick before I "Skip" to Canada! Will Press set idea Rolling! Buy Sample Papers (Five Cents).

(Sold in Omaha, through District Messenger Parcel Delivery Boys) also authorized to take Dollar (6 months) subscription for Devine's WESTERN NEWSMAN!

(For full particulars see Bemis!)

GEO. FRANCIS Train.

A Thousand Dollars Realized.

The German fair ended last evening with a ball and final auction of the unraffled articles. The fair has been financially as well as otherwise a success, nearly a thousand dollars having been cleared above expenses. This fund goes toward the maintenance of the German-American school. Some fine prizes were won by lucky holders of tickets in the fair. Among them were the sewing machine by Henry Sussenbach, an elegant cigar stand by Charley Heitz, a fine hand embroidered lap-robe by Mrs. Windoe, a crazy quilt by Miss Barbara Bowman, a rocking chair by Mr. F. Metz sr., and a zither by Henry Rover. Metz, as the most popular brewer, carried off the gold-headed cane.

Personal Paragraph.

J. L. Caldwell, of Lincoln is in the city.

L. C. Redington, of Chadron, is at the Pakton.

George J. Weigwart, of Lincoln, is at the Millard.

Orlando Fefft, of Avoca, Neb., is at the Millard.

L. M. Tyler, of Lincoln, was in the city last night.

S. M. Webster and wife, of Essex, Ia., are at the Millard.

William Dickerson, of Des Moines, Ia., is at the Windsor.

Messrs. Wetherington and Chapman, of Lincoln, are in the city.

M. W. Gannon and C. Dempsey, of Cheyenne, are at the Windsor.

A Darkey Who Dispised Dishonesty.

Arkansas Traveler: "This bale of cotton seems to be unusually heavy, old man," said a cotton buyer to a negro whose cotton he had just weighed.

"Yas, sah; yas. Raised in mighty low groun' down naixt ter de bayou, sah. Old Tom Neil had some raised down dar dat's heavier den dis."

"But this seems to be a little too heavy."

"Oh, it's nachul, sah; it's nachul. Mighty heavy dew down in dat low groun' at night. Almos' think dar'd been er rain ever' mawnin', sah, Yas, it's nachul."

"Yes, but I don't care about paying you until I open this bale."

"Dar ain't no use openin' de bale, sah; no use er tall. Cotton's all dar, nachul an' mighty fine. Look out, boss, doan t'ar de cotton ter pieces dat erway. Look out—injer it foolin' 'long wid it dat erway. Dar, dat'll do. Oh, yer see it's nachul. Tow groun'——"

Lhe cotton buyer hauled out a log of green wood. "What do you call this?"

"Sah?"

"I say what do you call this?"

"W'g, sah, some o' de cuis things—"

"Never mind. What do you call this?"

"Looks like wood, saw; I'll be blame ef it doan. Is it sho' 'nuff wood, boss?"

"You know well enough what it is, you good-for-nothing old rascal."

"Who do?"

"You no, you thieving—"

"Ta' bere, now; ta' kere. Neber seed dat wooe till dis minit, an' I doan know how it got dar. Muster drapped in w'en I wan't lookin'"

"I think it dropped in when you were looking. Take your cotton away from here. I don't want it."

"W'y, sah jes pay me fur de cotton, an' let de wood erlone. W'at yer mean by sich capers? Huh? I ain' axed yer to take de wood. I—I—I ain' er pusson to force nuthin' on er man w'en he doan want it. Yas, sah, dat's mighty fine cotton. Raised down dar—"

"Take it away, I tell you. Take it away or I'll burn it up."

"W't, come 'stroyin' er man's property widout gibin' him warnin'? Onreasonablest man I eber seed, an' it doan peer ter me like yer wanter ack hones' nohow; an' I wanter tell yer right yere dat I ain' gwine ter hab no mo' dealin' wid yer. Ef dar's anything I spizes it's er unhones' w'ite man."

The Author of "See Saw."

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 2.—Cynthia Elois Cleveland, who has been brought into prominence of late as the author of a book entitled "See Saw or Civil Service in the Departments," is not unknown in this section and is well known throughout Dakota, where she was an earnest temperance worker. About eight years ago she first entered the territory at Elkpoint, twenty-five miles from this city, where she began her labors as president of the territorial W. C. T. U. She traveled over the territory in this capacity and did good work for the cause. While at that place she met Col. S. M. Laird, rfterwards mayor and postmaster at Pierre, to whom it was reported that she was engaged to be married, but through some misunderstanding the match was broken off and the colonel wedded a lady at Lincoln, Neb. This was a severe blow, as it was deeply and truly in love. Shortly privious to this Miss Cleveland passed an examination and was admitted to practice of the law. Locating at Pierre, she made a bid for legal business but was not rewarded with a practice that brought with it either wealth or glory. Leaving Pierre, Miss Cleveland took a claim near the present town of Highmore, on the Dakota Central railroad, and the bitterness that she afterwards evinced towards ex-Governor Ordway was occasioned by his refusal to appoint commissioners who would locate the county seat of Hyde county, after she offered to deed him one-half of the land as soon as the location was made. Vhis offer to the governor was made by letter, which afterwards fell into the hands of the public. Her warfare against Ordway was carried so far as to have printed denunciatory circulars, which were distributed throughout the country, and was found on a certain day on the desk of each member of congress thon in sessiou at Washington. After Governor Cleveland's nomination Miss Cleveland vanished from Dakota, and next appeared as a worker in his behalf, since which little was heard from her until her book was announced a fortnight or so since. It is suggested that Colonel Laird, and not Governor Swineford, of Alaska, is the possible hero in her story.

How a Crow Chief Acquired Greatness

Chicago Herald: The young chief, Swordbearer, is at the bottom of all the discontent. He went among the Cheyennes not long ago, and took part in a sun dance. This is a ceremonial in which a pole is set up and long ropes fastened to the top of it. A brave who wishes to participate cuts a slit in his breast with a knife and digs up a muscle. Under this muscle he passes the end of the rope and ties it. Thus tethered he dances around the pole, continually throwing his weight upon the rope and attempting to tear the piece of flesh loose, and thus free himself. Sometimes he cuts a hole in each breast and fastens himself in two places. Sometimes, too, if the brave wishes to gives proof of great endurance, he lays bare a muscle on his back and passes ropes under it, to the end of which he attaches a buffalo head or some other weight, which dangles and jerks as he dances around the pole. The object of the entire ceremony is to see who shall give the greatest proof of endurance. A brave dances as long as he can stand it, twelve and sometimes even twenty-four hours. Sword-bearer paid a visit to the Cheyennes and participated in one of these delightful occasions, covering himself with great glory. When he returned to his tribe they made a hero of him, and he became so inflated that the humdrum of common work was too good for him. Nothing but war would give him an opportunity of displaying his prowess. Of course the other Indians would be easily stirred up by a member of their tribe who had carried off the honors in the sun dance."

Shot With His Mouth.

W. L. Finch was in a hilarious mood when he went into the Union Pacific depot last night. There was no end to his "cuss words" and abuse, and he expressed an intention of shooting everybody in sight. The depot policeman gathered him in and he was locked up.

BUILT IT IN TEN DAYS.

Congregationalists Hold Prayer and Praise in a New Church.

THE DEDICATION YESTERDAY.

Astonishment of a Minister From Connecticut—Western Enterprise Treats Him to a Pleasant Surprise—Rev. Gordon's Sermon.

The New Congregational Church.

The Eighth Congregational church corner of Thirtieth and California streets was formally opened yesterday. The church was comfortably filled, nearly all the Congregational ministers in the city being present to aid the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Holt, in the exercises. Five minute addresses were made by each of the following named gentlemen: Rev. Craik, of the Seventh Congregational church; Rev. Thick, of the Bethel (Bohemian) church; Rev. Milligan, of the Cherry Hill and Saratoga churches; Rev. Willard Scott, of St. Mary's Avenue Congregatienal church; Rev. Biddeman, of the Third Congregational church; Rev. A. F. Sherrill, of the First Congregational church, and Rev. Wilson, of Bridgeport, Conn. The last gentleman was astounded when he learned that the number of Congregational churches in Omaha during the past five years has increased from one to eight.

The society of the Eighth Congregational church was organized only last July. On September 7 the ground for the present structure was first broken. On the 15th the carpenters commenced work and in ten days services were being held in the building. The church is a plain, substantial structure, with stained glass windows and has inside a cozy, inviting look that many more imposing edifices lack. The building cost $1,600, and inside of five minutes yesterday $1,000 was subscribed for paying this debt.

The Rev. Mr. Holt, the pastor of the new church, is a professor from Gage college, at Neligh, and has already captivated his new charge.

The Christian's Fears.

In the Westminster Presbyterian church Rev. John Gordon preached from Mark 10 32: "And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem and Jesus went before them, and they were amazed; and as they followed they were afraid. And He took again the twelve and began to tell them what things should happen unto them."

This is very lifelike. The disciples were afraid. Why? We have to admit that we are afraid. Why? Of what? Reason says we should not be, but we are. Afraid of ourselves; afraid of pain; afraid of death. Many, "through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage." Of what were the disciples afraid? That day on the road to Jerusalem nothing happened to either them or their Master. Their fears were all on the future. Something terrible might happen some day. Is it not so with a large part of our fears? It is not the part of the road on which we are walking that frightens us, but the part out of sight around the bend. Not what we see, but what we don't see that we are afraid of, for that may be like the beast in Revelation with its seven heads and ten horns. Not what we are suffering, but what we may have to suffer next year. Not the living that strikes far into our hearts, the "living" which is really the frightful thing, but the dying, which, if the living be all right, is an apothesis, a glorification.

Aside from these imaginary terrors there are real sources of dread. If we follow Christ we will be afraid necessarily. He leads, you follow, up through the rocky defiles, up to the dizzy yeaks, where the storm howls around and the wind all but flings you headlong into the valley, up to giddy heights where you walk with Him in places where your head swims. Walk with men and you may lead a calm, quiet life of respectability. Walk with Christ and it will be out in the terrible wilderness where the devil has been known to tempt a man who fainted with hunger for forty days and forty nights. Walk with Him and you may be out where men have only one coat to thin backs and no money in their purses, and "have trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments." And being there you will come to have great contempt of dangers such as these, and a true gospel fear will come to you, fear of Him who can destroy both body and soul in hell.

Jesus noticed their fears and set about quieting them. But how? By telling them of the things that should happen to Him. It was a strange way to reassure them. But extraordinary as it is, nothing so calms and quiets us as the sorrows and sufferings of Him whom we love most. No one can tell why it is or how it comes that the story of Jesus has such power over the soul. You go to a house when there is hopeless poverty, trouble, or grief. What shall you tell them? Why tell of the travail of his soul, of His long, weary agony, and peace comes to their souls. So, likewise, it has happened that delicate ladies who were afraid all their lives, who could not bear a single drop of rain on their heads, who never dared walk out and face the wind gusts, have stood on the shores of that deep, dark river—the hither shore of which is so stormy and tempestuous—with the spray dashing in their faces and the dark night journey just before them. It is

The chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning.

How to drive away their fears! We tell them of Jesus, how they scourge him and mock him and spit upon him and they pass over Jordan gloriously.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

A soul is stricken with fear of God. It fears him, fears the day of judgment. Day and night awful fear siezes it. It fears that it is in the hands of an angry God. Telling it of the things that happened to Jesus, its fear disappear and peace, quiet and assurance come upon it.

The Rock-Founded Church.

Rev. J. M. Wilson, of the Castillar Street Presbyterian church, preached a sermon to the young people from the text, Matt. 16: 18, "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The city of Jerusalem is a type of the church of God. Its people, laws, ordinances, and history are a figure of the new Jerusalem. Its place in the plan of God is prophetic of the church. Its temple, a symbol of the tabernacle made without hands eternal in the heavens. The foundation of the holy city is like that of the church of Christ. As the mountains beneath Jerusalem, so is the rock beneath the church. Capture, destruction and utter demolition, only partially eradicated the sacred capital and the foundations were immovable. The hand of persecution and inquisition and the inroads of worldliness have left the structure of the church only partially ruined and the rock foundation has been assailed in vain. But what is the rock? None others than the "chief corner stone elect and precious." Not the man Jesus alone but the God man, and not separate but in the hearts of his people. Peter's confusion embodied the truth, "Thou art the Christ the son of the living God," and Peter's faith and firmness showed the stone already laid. But not in Peter's heart alone but in John's and Paul's and Augustine's and Wesley's,—in all the stanch adherents to the Christian faith the rock of ages is imbedded and on the sure foundation the church of God is built.

This church is divinely blood-bought. It is purchased not by silver nor gold, but the precious blood of the Son of God. Already He told his disciples that He must suffer and die at Jerusalem. The covenant was made in the counsels of eternity and He was a lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The vicarious atonement means that Christ purchased His people. God is now just and the justifier of the ungodly because He "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He therefore calls it "My church." And who is he that condemneth? Christ died, yea, rather is risen again.

This church is divinely called. None other than the Son of God built the church on this foundation. "I will build My church." Flesh and blood had not planted Peter's feet on the rock, but "My Father hath revealed it." The divine spirit had called him and the other faithful disciples to the high mountain lodge of open vision. The clouds were scattering and on Pentecost the fire of the spirit shone full on them. Abraham was divinely called to be the father of the faithful, Moses to deliver Israel in bondage, David to be king. Likewise all the true apostles, prophets and ministers of Jesus Christ, and so the individual lay member. The church is "God's building," and if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest, haply, ye be found even to fight against God.

This church is the embodiment of the divine purpose. Like Plato's idea, it was before the divine mind in the eternal counsels and is wrought out in its every day form and life. It is God's will that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Death and he who hath the power of death, that is, the devil, are conquered and in the counsel of God destroyed. It is God's purpose to give the children the kingdom. "Called according to His purpose" and "predestinated" mean the final triumph of the redeemed. The laws of nature are the laws of God and the world's history the unfolding of the plan of Providence, so the ten commandments and the law of love are his, and the history of the church is the outgoing of his plan of redemption. Chance is a by-word and a hissing; He worketh out these things according to the counsel of His own will. One jot and tittle of the plan shall in no wise fail till all be fulfilled. The missionaries of the cross are traversing the track marked out and evangelization shall go on till Jew and Gentile be gathered in and then shall come the end and the Son deliver up the kingdom to the Father.

1. The history of the church is the prophecy of its future. Smallness, wandering, bondage, conquest, triumph, captivity, formalism, persecution, inquisition, martyrdom and division, but always progress have characterized its march. Weakness within and foes without—Satan and all his emissaries have only retarded—not blockaded the advance.

From this vantage ground, the future is only one of promise. The movement among the young men and women in christian endeavors is one of the signs of the times. Marshalled as the hosts of God are to-day, the watchword is "triumph."

The gateway to this invincible church of Christ is sincere and firm confession. Peter's answer composed the whole beginning. Joining the church is nothing more. Enlistment to serve the new commander is the step upon the solid rock. The look and word and act solemnly taken are our committal. No raptured feeling may come at once, but place and assurance and safety are our enduring inheritance. "With the lips confession is made unto salvation." Do you believe?

Plasterers' Notice.

All members of Omaha Operative Plasterers' union No. 4, of Nebraska, are hereby notified to attend a special meeting to-night at 8 o'clock p. m., to make arrangements for funeral of Alex Anderson.

A. W. CRAMER, Pres't.
AL DONNELLY, Sec'y.

H. Cassady, of Des Moines, Ia., was at the Paxton yesterday.

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EYE AND EAR Acute or Chronic Inflammation of the Eyelids or Globe and Far or Near sightedness, Inversion of the Lids, Scrofulous Eyes, Ulcerations, Inflammations, Abscess, Dimness of Vision of one or both eyes, and Tumors of Lid.

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