

STATE PRISON BURNED.

The Cell Building of the Stillwater Prison Consumed by a Fire Breaking Out Just Before Midnight.

The Building Entirely Destroyed, with Offices and Papers of the Northwestern Car Company and the Warden.

A fire caught in the basement of the Minnesota state penitentiary at Stillwater, at 11:45 o'clock, Friday night, the 25th. The fire caught under the main office, and when the department arrived it was impossible to do any effective work on account of the dense smoke. The fire spread with remarkable rapidity and starting at the east end of the prison fronting on Main street, it soon reached the warden's office and the rooms occupied by the guards. It then spread to the offices of the Northwestern Car Company, the entire front part of the building being a mass of flames. From the office of the Car Company the fire spread to the kitchen and eating room of the prison adjoining which was situated the chapel. All the above named departments were gutted. The front part of the building where the fire started was composed of considerable frame wood work, thus affording a means of transmitting the flames to the cell department of the prison, which unfortunately was capped by a wooden cornice.

At one o'clock it became evident that the prison in the rear of the offices was doomed, and Company K, of the state militia was called out to assist in removing the convicts; about 35 in all, were shackled together by means of a long fine chain and removed to different parts of the prison ground.

The deputy warden, Abe Hall, was prostrated by smoke, and almost suffocated. If the walls can be used again, the loss will foot up to about \$150,000. The insurance is from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The fixtures and furniture in the Northwestern Car Company's office belong to the company, the balance to the state.

Militia Company K was sent for and with their assistance the prisoners will be removed out and placed in the store room west of the cell building. They suffered from the cold and were soon moved by detachments into the foundry north of the cell building, where they were taken to the warden's house adjoining the south wall. The prisoners behaved very well, and did not offer to make any disturbance. The gates were guarded by the militia. The shackles were removed from the convicts and they remained peacefully in the foundry. Hot coffee and tea was distributed among them. Everything in the building, the deputy warden's stock, the warden and steward's goods and furniture were all destroyed, nothing being saved but a few blankets. The warden telegraphed to Gov. Hubbard for a company of the militia from St. Paul to relieve Company K. The convicts sat around the foundry singing songs, and behaved nobly. The younger brothers and the St. Paul negro murderers were with the others and perfectly quiet. The smoke had penetrated the cells before the convicts could be reached. When the cell doors were opened, some of them were pale and trembling, as if fearing the fire would reach them before they could be saved. Most of the men were cool and careless. The younger brothers when their cells were opened, took their blankets coolly and followed the guards, with no sign of uneasiness. One of the convicts came near being burned to death. He was in his cell, and when the other prisoners were taken out he was forgotten. Con Riellen, of the convicts, insisted on being left behind, and the guards went back and found him locked in. A crowbar was used to batter the door and he was taken out in time to save his life.

The question of what disposition to make of the convicts is a serious one. Some suggest they be transferred to Fort Snelling, others that they be taken to St. Paul. It is thought they can be put back in their cells inside of two days, although there is no roof on the building; but temporarily this may have to be done. The convicts will necessarily suffer somewhat from cold, and their bedding is wet or destroyed, but the citizens will make every provision possible to shelter and feed them. The fire was marked by an act of great heroism by Mr. Geo. P. Dodd, of Stillwater, of (Company K.) Immediately after the convicts had been removed, a cry was raised that a man was confined in cell No. 200. The crowd stood aghast at the horrible fate in store for the poor wretch, and many faces were turned in the direction of the cell occupied by the apparently doomed man. It was a critical moment, and one which a man is called upon to face but once in a life time. George Dodd, in this instance, came to the front like a hero. Pushing the crowd aside he rushed into the building and was lost to view in the column of building smoke which belched out as from a furnace. In less time than it can be recorded, he had reached the cell of the convict, who proved to be a new man in the person, and in a few minutes returned bearing the rescued convict. It is considered an act of great heroism, and praises are to be heard on every side. The younger boys were seen in the foundry by a reporter who the fire was in progress, said Cook (the editor):

I was in my cell on the ground floor on the south side. I had gone to sleep, and was awakened by the alarm whistle. I looked out of my window, but could not see any fire; smelled the smoke but thought it was gas escaping in the corridors. I had no knowledge of the fire until the door was opened. I did not apprehend any danger. The guard told me that the building was on fire and I must hurry. I had my pictures on the wall, and my books, but couldn't take them. I wrapped myself up in a blanket. In a drawer I had a pair of worsted slippers that Mrs. Cayon, sister of Mrs. O'Brien, had sent me for Christmas. I put them on, and could save nothing else. I regret chiefly the loss of two books Gen. Sibley had given me Wit and Humor and God's Book of Nature. My brothers and I were released and taken to the store room. It was very cold there. Then we were taken to where it was very comfortable, as we came out there was much confusion in the upper galleries. We are chiefly afraid about our sleeping room and meals tomorrow. I wish now that I could go back to the Rice county jail under sheriff Barton, until they provide for us here. My brothers and I worked in the best shop. I suppose we shall have to lay around for a while. They all have treated us well here, however, and we have nothing to complain of. When the guard opened the door he was going to take us down chained, and I told him I would give my word of honor

not to try to escape. I have been here too long to go out except honorably.

Cayon, the guard, said: "I crawled all around the upper gallery on my hands and knees. The smoke was stifling and I was nearly suffocated. We released, however."

L. M. Sage of Faribault, in for the murder of J. W. Shibley, said: "I was in cell 33 on the top floor, over the younger boys; the smoke was stifling, and the boys were much worried. R. B. Conroy of Minneapolis met the guard Brown, who was exhausted. He bravely volunteered to release the prisoners, and crawled along the upper gallery in the blinding smoke and released thirty prisoners. He says there was great terror on the upper floor. In one cell I found a man on his knees praying. There were many praying. They got over their fright when we got them out and behaved very well. We went up three times to release the men."

The Champion Novelty in Official Life.

Washington Special: The champion novelty of the age in the line of office holding is John N. Irwin of Iowa, who was appointed governor of Idaho territory in March last. When his first quarter's pay was sent him he returned it with his compliments to the treasury. The accounting officers having no other method of disposing of it turned it over to the conscience fund. Mr. Irwin in a letter to the first controller, objects very positively to this. He says he returned the money because he only desired the office of governor for the honor of the position, and cares nothing about the emoluments. He desired that an "honorable" fund be created and that the money which he returned be deposited to its credit, and says that as soon as the balance of his salary is remitted to him he will return it for credit to the fund. As this is the first instance of this character in the history of the government, and as there is not much probability of a second case, the secretary has not decided to establish the "honorary" fund. Perhaps he will refer the question to the attorney general, whose powerful and astute mind is so well calculated to grapple with obscure points. In the mean time, if any of the dime museum can make an engagement with Gov. Irwin he would be a greater card than Sergeant Mason or Barnum's white elephant.

Death of a Wisconsin Senator.

State Senator P. H. Smith died at his home in Plymouth, Wis., Tuesday morning, the 22d. He was the wealthiest and best known man in Sheboygan county, one of the first settlers of Plymouth, and one of the leading politicians of the state. He fell a victim to consumption. Patrick Henry Smith was born in the town of Royalton, Vt., Sept. 28, 1827. He had a common school education, went to Wisconsin in 1857 and settled at Sheboygan, whence he removed to Plymouth the following year. He was a merchant and the first town clerk of the town of Plymouth. He was postmaster from 1853 to 1857, and deputy United States marshal in 1860. He was elected state senator as a democrat. He had also been a democrat and president of the Plymouth city council. The district that he represented in the senate (the Twentieth) is composed of Sheboygan county and several towns of Fond du Lac county.

New York Special. C. P. Huntington, before leaving Washington, said:

"I have the opinion of four of the ablest lawyers in the country, and they say the Texas Pacific grant is ours by law, and nobody can take it from us without paying us for it. If congress declares the grant forfeited we shall appeal to the courts, and it will be a very bad thing for those territories for the courts will keep all that land tied up for twenty years while we are fighting it. I don't think the publication of these letters of mine had a very bad effect upon congress. In any event, there was nothing in them that I want to take back or apologize for. They were the reflex of that day. If I were to write them now I should speak differently of some men, because I know them better now than I did then. But I don't want to change a word in them. They were the reflex of that day, and expressed my feelings at that time, and there are some pretty good things in them."

Vandecar Jury Disagrees.

The trial of Alfred Vandecar at Waupun, Wis., for the murder of Banker H. C. Mead ended on the 21st inst., by a disagreement of the jury. There were seven for acquittal and ten for conviction. The murder of H. C. Mead was committed on the night of Oct. 8, 1882. On the morning following the body of the dead man was found in an apartment of his bank, which he used as a sleeping room, having apparently been shot through a window. His head and face were literally blown to pieces.

Fred Douglas Marries a White Woman.

Washington Special: Fred Douglas was married in this city Thursday evening, the 24th, to Miss Helen M. Pitts, a white woman, formerly of Avon, N. Y. The wedding, which took place at the house of Dr. Grimke, of the Presbyterian church, was private, only two witnesses being present. The first wife of Douglas, who was a colored woman, died about a year ago. The woman he married to-day is about thirty-five years of age, and was employed as a copyist in his office while he was marshal of the district. Douglas himself is about seventy-three years of age, and has a daughter as old as his present wife.

Down on Dynamite Business.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette publishes an open letter from John Byrne, vice president of the Irish National League of America, to Patrick Ford, editor of the Irish World, taking strong exceptions to Ford's call for an "emergency fund," to be subject to his judgment a one without accountability, for the purpose of waging war with England. Mr. Byrne claims that such a course as this fund implies would be regarded by all civilized nations as guerilla warfare, revolting to the belligerent uses of the age and they would be bound from self interest to assist England in crushing it. He protests against allowing Ford and Rossa and that class to fix a standard by which 95 per cent. of Irishmen and Irish politics shall be measured. Mr. Byrne closes by saying he believes he can rely on a majority of the Irish element in America, including the business and professional classes, to support this declaration.

1883 1884.

Let us drink to the year that is dying fast
Though his days were weary and long;
Let us sing for the year that has come at last.

Let us welcome him in with a song!
Let us speed with a song the sad old year,
With the trouble he brought in his train;
Let us greet with a toast the one that is near—
We had hoped: Let us hope again!

The snow that glistens on briar and thorn
Like a sheet o'er the landscapes lies,
Like swaddling clothes for the year that is born.

Or a shroud for the year that dies;
And the night winds wail through the leafless tree,
And the blazing yule-log's roar:
Souds the funeral anthem of Eighty-three,
And arelude for Eighty-four.

Familiar faces make way for the strange,
And the old gives place to the new,
But faith in the future is firm through change
As dreams of the past are true.
Then a toast for the year that is coming fast.

May his days be merry and long!
And a dirge for the year that is gone at last—
We will speed him home with a song.

—F. Heathorn Watson.

Hot-Water Cure.

Years ago, the grandmothers of the present generation used to cure their children of colic by making them drink warm herb tea and applying hot draughts to their feet. Croup was relieved by dipping strips of flannel in hot water, wringing them out, and then enveloping the child's neck with them. This old-fashioned method of using hot water as a remedy has again become fashionable, and is spoken of as something new.

Hall's Journal of Health points out the diseases in which the old remedy will do good, and those wherein it may do harm.

Take, for example, the case of a parson who has taken cold in the lungs. The circulation of the blood in the small blood-vessels in that portion of the lungs affected becomes sluggish; in some uses it is quite suspended; the general circulation is impeded through failure of an important organ to do the work required of it, and the whole system suffers; the man is ill.

Now, if we know why the disease exists, by what unnatural condition it is kept up, the remedy suggests itself; as, if a water-pipe were frozen up, any child knows that the remedy is heat.

And here is just where water as warm as it can be comfortably borne will effect a cure in ordinary cases.

Let the patient go to bed. Put bottles of hot water to his feet, and cloths wet in hot water on his chest. Let him drink hot water as freely as he can with comfort; it matters little whether it is clear hot water, or herb tea, it is nevertheless hot water.

With this treatment we are employing hot water at its full value.

Its internal use tends to thaw out the blood-vessels, and its outward application quickens the circulation in the blood-vessels near the surface; thus drawing on the deep-seated blood-vessels for supplies to keep up the activity, and thus the congestion is relieved and the patient cured.

In dyspepsia, hot water taken internally, under proper restrictions, is no doubt useful, since dyspepsia depends on a congested and deranged condition of the digestive organs.

But in consumption and other diseases attended by general debility it can only be detrimental.

When a person is feeble from disease not marked with acute inflammation, the hot water treatment necessarily increases the debility.

Here a tonic treatment is applicable—a treatment that will increase and enrich the blood and supply the fuel required to keep the machinery of life in motion.

The hot-water treatment is useful in removing obstructions from the machinery, but only in systems where there is a surplus of vital power.

To recapitulate: The drinking of hot water at proper intervals and in proper quantities is useful in dyspepsia, constipation, torpid liver, congestion of the stomach, chronic diarrhoea, and in various affections of the kidneys and bladder; provided that there are not at the same time serious diseases of the lungs, with debility.

The water should be as hot as tea is usually made, that is, from 110 deg. to 150, deg. and should be sipped, not taken rapidly. The quantity should be from half a pint to a pint.

It should be taken one to two hours after meals, and nothing should be eaten until at least one hour after-ward. The evening draught should be just before going to bed.

The hot-water treatment should continue until a cure is effected; the time required will vary from one to six months.

The Printers' "Thirty"

The printers of a newspaper office have a significant term for nearly everything connected with their trade. They speak to an extent in a language common to themselves; and the novice or the apprentice has first to learn the language of the printers, and next the language of the types. Among the words peculiar to the craft the word "thirty" is perhaps most often used and possessed of the most meaning. "Thirty" is the end. It is what "finis" is to a book or death to an individual. When "thirty" is reached the weary compositor drops his stick. The day's work is done. How the term originated nobody seems to know, but from the printer it has fallen to the editor and become a portion of the education of the telegraph operator who handles press reports. The last page of "copy" from the editor-in-chief bears the "thirty" which indicates that the thoughts concerning the news of the day have been presented as fully as may be; the last proof from the proof reader tells the story in the appended "thirty" from the city editor denotes the completion of the record of the city's daily life, and the "thirty" on the manifold paper re-

ceived from the telegraph operator conveys the information that the story of its waking hours is finished.—[Omaha Republican.]

Personalities.

Charles Delmonico was the owner of a valuable library, which includes books on cooking from ancient times to the present day.

The Rabbi Hirsh Fassel, of Gross Kania, Hungary, a prominent leader of Jewish thought and polity in Europe, is dead at the age of eighty-two years.

F. W. Thubber, who retired from business in New York, is estimated to be worth \$2,000,000. He began with a few dollars, and gradually built up a colossal grocery concern. His age is fifty-four.

Mr. Kalloch, ex-preacher, returning to San Francisco the other day, lectured in his old "temple." His audience consisted of a baker's dozen. His popularity is gone, and he finds himself, with Kearney, on the shelf.

Frank Steele, a life prisoner in the Kentucky state penitentiary for murder, is said to have been permitted to attend the funeral of his father, Judge Steele, last week, and unattended, upon the pledge of his relatives that he would return to the prison.

It is stated that the authority of Mr. Bradley, the eminent English lawyer who defended Arabi Pasha, that Messrs. Bennet and Barnum actually offered \$250,000 for him, the Egyptian rebel to get \$1,000 to himself. Mr. Bennet wished the services of Arabi, first, as a correspondent for twelve months, and then to hand him over to Barnum. The offer was made to Lord Dufferin.

Dean Le Breton, the father of Mrs. Langtry, now living in retirement at St. Brelade's, ten miles from St. Heller's. He is said to be the handsomest man in the island of Jersey, tall and upright in bearing, with a dignified mien and features. He long ago was separated from his wife, who is chaperoning Mrs. Langtry. The latter has paid but one visit to Jersey since her marriage, ten years ago.

Many Washington ladies write themselves down as Mrs. "Secretary," "Mrs. General," "Mrs. Commodore," etc., in their social programme. The temperature has to be excessively low when Washington women are not doing some kind of foolishness.

Colonel J. N. Browning, of the Texas legislature, represents a district, popularly known as the Jumbo district, which is made up of sixty-seven counties and comprises about 64,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the state. His friends claim for him that he is as big as his district, if brain and heart may be measured by the acre.

One of the most curious suits ever recorded was recently instituted by Mr. Kreglo, of Indianapolis, against Charles Graham. Years ago Graham had a leg amputated, and it seems that Kreglo, who is an undertaker, has kept it in his vault since. The other day he began suit for vaultage, the account reading thus: "To vaultage on a limb of Charles Graham for one hundred and sixty-eight months, at \$3 a month, \$504."

The laws of Maryland still make a minister of the gospel illegible as a legislator. A Rev. Mr. Hudson was recently elected to a seat in the legislature but was met with the constitutional objection. He pleaded that he was no longer a minister, having quit preaching. But it was of no use; once a preacher, always a preacher—in Maryland.

Mr. S. S. Cox will soon begin work upon a book to be published by a publishing house at Norwich, Conn., which he has contracted to finish by July, and for which he is to be paid about \$75,000. It is to be a political history of the country from the time of Buchanan's administration, and the publication, it is expected, will in a measure serve as a contrast of political views with the forthcoming work by Mr. Blaine covering the same period.

Earthquake Weather.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usually sickly tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling indeciously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute you notice the piazza gently raised from its under-dropping wood-work by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess' lap, and are conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt. It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest acquaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter helplessness which you feel before the

contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming—nine earthquakes out of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring a bit of plaster ceiling, or wade you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night, I believe the conscious fact that the one seemingly stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Summer's First Meeting With Greeley.

The following amusing account of Charles Sumner's first meeting with Greeley, never before published, is given in the current number of Every Other Saturday:

Charles Sumner, many years before he was known in politics, sought the acquaintance of Horace Greeley in New York. He found the journalist much engaged, and was invited by him to come to his house the next morning and take breakfast. Mr. Sumner was not an early riser, and he liked a good breakfast when he did get up. He rather anticipated one in this case. At the early hour named by Mr. Greeley, he left the Astor House, took a stage and rode several miles up Broadway, and after much difficulty found the residence of his new friend at an old-fashioned farmhouse, situated in the middle of an orchard between Broadway and the river, where he was hospitably received by the occupant. After considerable conversation with Mr. Greeley, the latter remarked to his wife, who had come into the room, that Mr. Sumner would probably like something to eat. She expressed a doubt whether there was anything in the house, at which Sumner, who was really hungry after his long ride, was somewhat—well, surprised, to say the least. "Why, mother," said Greeley to his wife, "you must have some milk, some bread and milk in the house." She thought that it might be so, and soon appeared with a mug, two bowls and some crackers, which she placed on a bare pine table, and the two incipient philanthropists at their breakfast in peace. Anybody who knew Sumner and his dainty ways in those things can appreciate the situation. No doubt it was the first and last time he ever did justice to bread and milk. The friend to whom Sumner related this incident had a feeling, which time rather strengthened, that the older philosopher was practising a grim joke on the gay and somewhat festive young man from Boston. Sumner, however, never could appreciate a joke, and considered the transaction a real one so far as good faith was concerned, although he regretted it with considerable gloom. Perhaps he had in his heart something of the Thackeray, who once said to a friend in Boston, "I often wish I knew whether Becky Sharp was really guilty when found by her husband with the Marquis of Steyne under such remarkable circumstances."

Mechanics Becoming the Masters. Boston Commercial Bulletin. Each ensuing day make more prominent the fact that we have come upon the time when the mechanic is master. We have crowded professions and ill-filled trades. A chance to fill the position of sub-assistant clerk in a wholesale house is eagerly grasped at by a hundred applicants, though the wages received be scarcely more than a chance to learn the business. Let a master workman try to obtain an apprentice at three times the salary offered the clerk and his applicants will be poor alike in quantity and quality. A skilled workman in any trade need never want for hire; he is eagerly sought after by hundreds of employers; he is independent of the condition of the market; the skill and cunning of his hand and eye are too valuable to lose, and must be paid whether the products are slowly or rapidly consumed. If business ceases, the master-hand is eagerly seized by some rival house, which knows and values the product of his skill. He who would crush down the obstacles to success in our days must have, as well as the wit to see the crevice, the strength to deal the blow. This is an age of the steam engine, and it is the engineer, not the conductor, who is master.

Seeing After Ten Years.

New York Times. The Rev. Backus, of Union College, has had his sight restored after ten years' blindness by cataract. The Shenectady Union says: "Dr. Backus' joy on returning to his family, able to see their faces for the first time in ten years, can not be described. Many whose voices were perfectly familiar to him were in their faces entire strangers. He had never seen his grandchildren. Some friends had changed and grown old in ten years, and but for their familiar voices would scarcely have been recognized. In the city the changes have been as great. The Young Men's Christian Association, of which Dr. Backus had been an influential member for many years, had built a large and handsome structure on State street, and he had passed it every day for years, but never saw it until last week. So throughout the city the doctor is almost a stranger, and each day finds some improvement over ten years ago. In answer to the question as to how his spirits were affected at the thought of being blind, Dr. Backus said that when in perfect health the appalling sense of his loss rarely occurred to him."

The accumulation of unclaimed property in the dead letter office has become so rapid that yearly sales are necessary, and one will begin January 15. The printed catalogue contains 4,000 lots.