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Comic Supplement
Next Sunday.

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

A Gigantic Swindle Exposed.
The New York 400 in it!
See the 1st Page of the
Comic Supplement
Next Sunday.

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200 GUESTS DRIVEN OUT BY FIRE.

The Spring House, Richfield Springs, Consumed.

MAYOR STRONG FLEES.

That Is, He Flees as Fast as Can a Gouty Man on Crutches.

HEROIC NEW YORK MEN.

R. M. Walters, J. Lee Tailer and the Croker Boys Distinguished Themselves.

JOHN KELLY'S WIDOW DRIVEN OUT

Roused from Sleep, Women and Men Rush Out in a Panic—The Town Narrowly Escapes Destruction.

Richfield Springs, N. Y., July 25.—The famous Spring House here was destroyed by a fire that started a half hour after midnight this morning. Two hundred guests were in the hotel, many of them invalids, who, crippled by rheumatism, gout or sciatica, had come here to bathe in the sulphur waters. All the guests were aroused by the alarm and in scanty clothing, bewildered, ran here and there along the hotel corridors, laden with such valuables as they could snatch up. A dozen people, who could not walk, were wrapped in blankets and carried from the burning building by their friends and servants who were not too much scared to render help.

Mayor Strong and his family were at the Spring House. The Mayor was in bed when the fire started, but the twinges of gout had kept him awake. He heard the yells, "Fire! Fire!" the cries of alarm and the shouting people who hurried past the door of his bed chamber.

Escaped on Crutches.

His Honor arose with as much haste as his gouty feet permitted, seized his crutches and hobbled to the door. He was clothed in his native dignity and a nightgown, but the night was warm. The Mayor's rooms were some distance from the place where the fire began. Seeing that he was in no immediate danger His Honor hobbled back to his room, dressed himself and slowly made his way safely across the street.

The Spring House was a four-story structure extending from Lake street in the west end of the park to a point about 350 feet east of the thoroughfare. It was a white wooden building, with green blinds. It was picturesque behind the row of majestic elms and fine maples standing between it and Main street, which it faced. The original building was a gable-ended affair at the street corner, to which had been added a flimsy but commodious wing. The hotel was founded about eighty years ago, and one-half of the addition was built forty years later, and then was extended again about 1870. T. R. Proctor, of Utica, owned the building.

Many other people well known in New York were sent flying before the flames. Mrs. John Kelly, widow of Tammany's most distinguished leader, was one. Singularly enough, Mrs. Richard Croker, aroused from her cottage, watched the fire. The New York men who were at the Spring House and other hotels distinguished themselves by their bravery in rescuing those in danger and in checking the spread of the flames. These men, with the presence of mind that always characterizes brave New Yorkers, promptly organized a life saving corps and a bucket brigade. And the men of Richfield worked as willingly.

In the park stands the fine new bath houses, built in 1890. The Spring was an extremely comfortable hotel. The rooms were not large, but were well furnished, and the hotel had an elevator, electric bells and light and steam heat. The proprietors were particularly proud of the plumbing. But it was the steam pipes and the water pipes that indirectly caused the fire.

The laundry, the pantry and the kitchen were in the northeast corner of the building. All day yesterday there was trouble with the pipes there. Three times they broke. As soon as supper was served last night mechanics and plumbers began to tinker with the pipes and patch them up. Necessarily they used plumbers' furnaces in which to heat their soldering irons.

As usual on Saturday, when the hotel is full of hard-working men and others, from New York and Boston, there was a hop in the big parlors last night. Van Sanivoort's orchestra, from Boston, had played the last waltz, their mothers and chaperones had led the young women to their bedrooms, most of the men, young or old, had retired, but a few were offering the incense of good cigars to the new day. The plumbers had quit work on the pipes at midnight and gone to lunch.

Started in Clothes Cabinets.

It was about a quarter to 1 o'clock this morning when Engineer Roberts returned to the landing. He saw fire among the cabinets where the clothes are dried. Roberts did not at once send the alarm to the local firemen. He did not wish to arouse the sleeping guests. As quickly as possible he called his engineers, the plumbers and all the male servants to him, and they tried to put out the fire, which, in all probability, was started from one of the plumbers' furnaces. But there was little water in the leaky pipes, the flames quickly spread in the steam-dried woodwork of the laundry, and in ten minutes Roberts realized that the fire was beyond his control.

"Send an alarm to the engine house!" yelled Robinson, and a dozen men rushed to the fire telegraph that ran into the hotel. The wire was out of order, it was impossible to send the alarm.

"Blow the electric light whistle!" cried Robinson.

There is a big whistle over the hotel's electric light plant and its piercing tones rent the night in shriek after shriek that would have roused the dead. Necessarily the car-splitting whistle awakened not only every one in the Spring House, but those in the Earlington Hotel, across Main street, and in the other hotels around about.

"Fire!" "Fire!" echoed through all the floors of the Spring House. Women in the airiest of Summer night robes, men in night gowns and pajamas sprang from their beds and rushed into the corridors along which the smoke was puffing. Those whose bedrooms were nearest the laundry waited not on the order of their going, but seizing the valuables nearest at hand ran into Main street. There they were soon joined by people from the other hotels, men who had jumped into their trousers and shoes; women who had hastily donned shawls and skirts. The hotel employes manned the hose from the hydrants near by; the Richfield firemen promptly answered; bucket lines were formed from the wells and cisterns; all Richfield flocked to the scene—visitors and residents from the cottages and dwellings.

Cripples on the Lawns.

The Spring House guests who thought they had plenty of time to escape were hurling their clothes pell-mell into trunks and shouting to the colored porters offers of large rewards to carry out the trunks. In thirty minutes after the fire broke out Main street and Spring House Park were littered with furniture and baggage, amid which sat half-dressed women and men bewailing their hard luck and gratefully accepting the blankets that were taken to them. Every now and then, through the crowd, would pass lame men, leaning on their friends' arms and painfully limping to a safe place, and at least twelve people, unable to walk, reclining in blankets on improvised litters, were carried to cottages and to hotel rooms whose occupants cheerfully surrendered them.

Mayor Strong, his wife, his sister and his son, Bradley Strong, occupied a suite of four rooms on the ground floor of the Spring House, fully three hundred feet from the laundry. His Honor was in bed in room No. 219. By his bedside were his crutches, without which he could not stir. The Mayor heard the shrieks of the panic-stricken guests as they ran by his door. He arose, and on his crutches made his way to the door and opened it.

There is the very best authority for saying that His Honor was clad then only in his night gown. But he saw he was in no immediate danger. Calling on his wife and sister and son to robe themselves as quickly as possible, the Mayor dressed himself, aided by a colored porter, and his stenographer. Then, pulling his white Fedora hat over his forehead and buttoning his gray coat about him, Mayor Strong, with his family around him, slowly made his way on his crutches to the other side of Main street. There he sat down among a lot of trunks and mattresses, and watched the destruction of the hotel as calm as was Nero when Rome burned.

With admirable presence of mind the Mayor seized and clung to his fine dressing gown of purple, with old gold lining. The reporter asked His Honor if he could be of any service to him.

"Young man," said Mr. Strong, dryly, "what I need most is a laboring man or two to rescue my baggage."

Mayor In New Quarters.

The Mayor did not know that in his rooms colored porters were jamming the contents of wardrobes and bureau drawers into the family trunks. As they filled the trunks they carried them to safety and promptly forgot where they had taken them, so that the Strong family was kept busy until noon gathering their worldly goods into the Earlington Hotel, across the way. One trunk was found in the dining room of a cottage where two porters had dropped it. His Honor was invited into the Earlington Hotel, but as that house was threatened with destruction by the millions of sparks descending from the clouds, he refused the invitation and sought refuge on the stoop of Berkely Cottage, occupied by Robert W. Tailer.

About 5 o'clock, however, when the danger was passed, Mr. Strong engaged rooms in the Earlington, and prepared to retire. But he did not do so until he had partaken of some Kentucky tea of a dark brown color, pungent odor and biting taste, which was being circulated among the rescued. Assuming his regular 4 o'clock tea expression, the Mayor smacked his lips and remarked:

"That is pretty good." Then he retired and was not seen again until 8 o'clock, when he reappeared without his crutches, and after dinner went for a drive.

Mrs. John Kelly, her son and daughter, were driven from the Spring House. The aged widow lost all her shoes in the fire and was going barefoot until a Richfield woman gave her a pair of shoes and a pair of stockings. Colonel Lawrence Kip, of New York, who owns so many fine horses; Mrs. Kip and Richard M. Walters, of New York, fled before the flames. Mr. Walters is a bachelor and his bravery this morning gained for him many an admiring glance from bright eyes. Colonel Kip helped his wife into the street, and both being safe, then bethought himself of some valuable papers he had left behind and bewailed their loss. Mr. Walters ran into the burning hotel and soon reappeared with the Colonel's papers. Mr. Walters, too, was one of the most active of all the salvage corps. He helped carry out hotel furniture and baggage from the Spring House until he saw the Earlington was in danger. Then he organized a hose and bucket brigade and, climbing to the apex of the shingled roof, kept the roof saturated with water. Without this precaution, the Earlington would surely have caught fire. And even as it was, most of the guests there became so alarmed that they dragged out their baggage.

Part of the Town Threatened.

For as the flames roared and rose it looked as if the entire eastern part of the town would be consumed. A lazy northwest wind carried with it a shower of sparks, which after ascending from the burning hotel were carried over an area about half a mile square and fell on the shingled roofs of dozens of structures, the Earlington, the Kendallwood, the Tuler House and the expensive Cary cottage. The Fire Department, realizing its own helplessness, at 2 o'clock telegraphed to Utica, thirty-five miles away, for assistance. Two hours later an engine and hose cart and a company of men who did effectual work, arrived from there. When the firemen found the Spring House could not be saved they bent their energies, under Postmaster Borland's direction, to saving the fine bath house. They covered its roof and sides with carpets and rugs, and by keeping these thoroughly saturated saved the building. Everywhere bucket brigades were wetting roofs and soaking the blistering sides of buildings.

J. Lee Tailer, who can drive a four-in-hand as well as he can lead a cotillion; Clerk Lyon, of the Supreme Court, New York; John A. Shields, Jr., the United States Commissioner's son; P. J. Kenedy, the New York publisher; George Elias, the brewer; Colonel Smith, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment; John G. Heckscher, so well known at the New York clubs, and Frank and Richard Croker were particularly active in rescuing invalids, in saving baggage and furniture, manning the hose and passing buckets.

Dr. L. A. Sayre, of New York, escaped in a night shirt and sat shivering on a nearby porch with a red-bordered blanket wrapped about him. Publisher Kenedy went to his rescue and discovered that the doctor had lost his teeth and the gold plate holding them. Mr. Kenedy hired a man to go into the burning hotel and look for the teeth. They were found on the bureau in the bedroom the doctor had fled from, and he gratefully acknowledged their return.

Another Case of Lost Teeth.

A New York millionaire, who resembles Russell Sage physically, also lost his teeth and was lamenting the fact that he could not eat or talk with comfort until he could get to New York and buy a new set. Louis Dulham, a New York merchant, lost everything but the clothes he stood in, which were not too cumbersome. His son had his watch restored to him by a conscientious negro porter, who disappeared before he could be rewarded.

Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, who was Consul-General at London under Grover Cleveland's Administration, arrived at the Spring House from Herkimer yesterday.

General Collins escaped in his nightgown and trousers. He lost his diamond shirt stud and some other personal property.

A lamentable incident was the plight of a young couple, married yesterday, who came here on their bridal tour. When last seen the bride and groom were disconsolately looking at one another from the tops of their trunks, which had been pulled into the street and left there, amid hundreds of other trunks and pieces of furniture. The bride had escaped in an elaborate nightdress, with blue ribbons all over it, while the groom had gallantly waded through the mud after her with nothing on but a silk nightshirt.

The men of Richfield did yeoman service in rescuing guests and saving property. They saved several thousand dollars' worth of property, carried valuable oil paintings out of the hotel parlor and even ripped up carpets and carried out the grand piano. The hotel employes also did such good service in that perhaps only a dozn trunks with their contents were burned up. But much jewelry and other easily portable valuables are missing.

Every hotel or place of refuge has its sufferer from nervous prostration or super-excitement to-night. Dr. W. Baker Crain, uncle of ex-City Chamberlain T. C. T. Crain, who is in town, did much good work among the frightened and suffering victims. The Earlington parlors are full of men and women exchanging experiences. A few are in other people's clothes.

Mayor Strong's Denial.

Mayor Strong was in his carriage with his son Bradley and Colonel Smith, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The horses had been stopped that the gentlemen might view the ruins. The Mayor was calm and comfortable when the Journal correspondent asked: "Is it true, Mr. Mayor, that you escaped in your night shirt?"

"It is not true," was the abrupt reply. "I was in bed, but wide awake. I heard the excitement in the halls, and after finding I was in no immediate danger, dressed myself and came out with my family. I had four rooms on the ground floor, and there with me were my wife and sister and my son. I have suffered no bad effects from the experience. It is my intention to carry out my original programme, and I shall remain at the Earlington until next Thursday, when I return to New York and my duties. I have been very much impressed by the kindness and hospitality of the people of Richfield to me, and all the other sufferers by the fire. I cannot speak too highly of them."

Frightened Gout Out of Him.

A bystander who knew the Mayor very well, said the fire had frightened a great deal of the gout out of him, and it was a fact that for the first time since July 5 his Honor had discarded his crutches and was getting along pretty well with a cane.

General Collins said: "I came up from Herkimer last night with William McMahon, a Democratic friend from Rahway, N. J. We reached Richfield about 7:30 p. m. I was assigned to a room on the second floor, and sat talking to my friend until midnight, when I went to bed, but not to sleep, before I heard the alarm. I did not have time to save anything but the clothes I had just taken off. I gathered them up in my arms and dashed out. The hotel employes subsequently rescued my trunk. I registered at the Earlington, but did not go to bed again, as I was afraid the whole town might go up. I was struck by the marvellously prompt manner in which the hotel was cleared of guests, and the intelligent way in which the people of the town and employes saved the property of most of those who had flown."

The General was prominent in the Boston fire of several years ago, when he virtually had charge of the burned district.

Colonel Kip Tells the Story.

Colonel Kip was chatting with his friend R. W. Tailer in the Earlington office to-night when the Journal correspondent joined them. Colonel Kip said: "My rooms were in the main building over the office and I had retired when I heard the alarm and a servant knocked upon my door as he with others went though the house arousing everybody. There was little excitement, and my wife and I dressed ourselves completely before leaving our rooms. Mr. Walters and some other gentlemen assisted me in getting our effects out and all I lost was two neckties in each of which I had a diamond pin. Three hundred dollars would cover the loss. The hotel help and the people from outside did wonderful work in rescuing property and helping the people out."

Mr. Tailer joined in the conversation, saying: "I was asleep in my cottage, the Berkeley, which is directly across Main street from the Spring House, and slipping on my trousers and coat I got into the street in time to help pull the ladders off the fire truck. My son, J. Lee Tailer, also lent a hand at the ladders and pulling hose off the reels. Had the wind chanced to blow to the south it would have wiped out my cottage, also the Earlington and every building of any importance in the town. As it was it took the united efforts of five of my men to save my place by drenching it with water. It was a blow to Richfield to lose the Spring House, but the town had a lucky escape from almost total destruction."

Building Is a Total Loss.

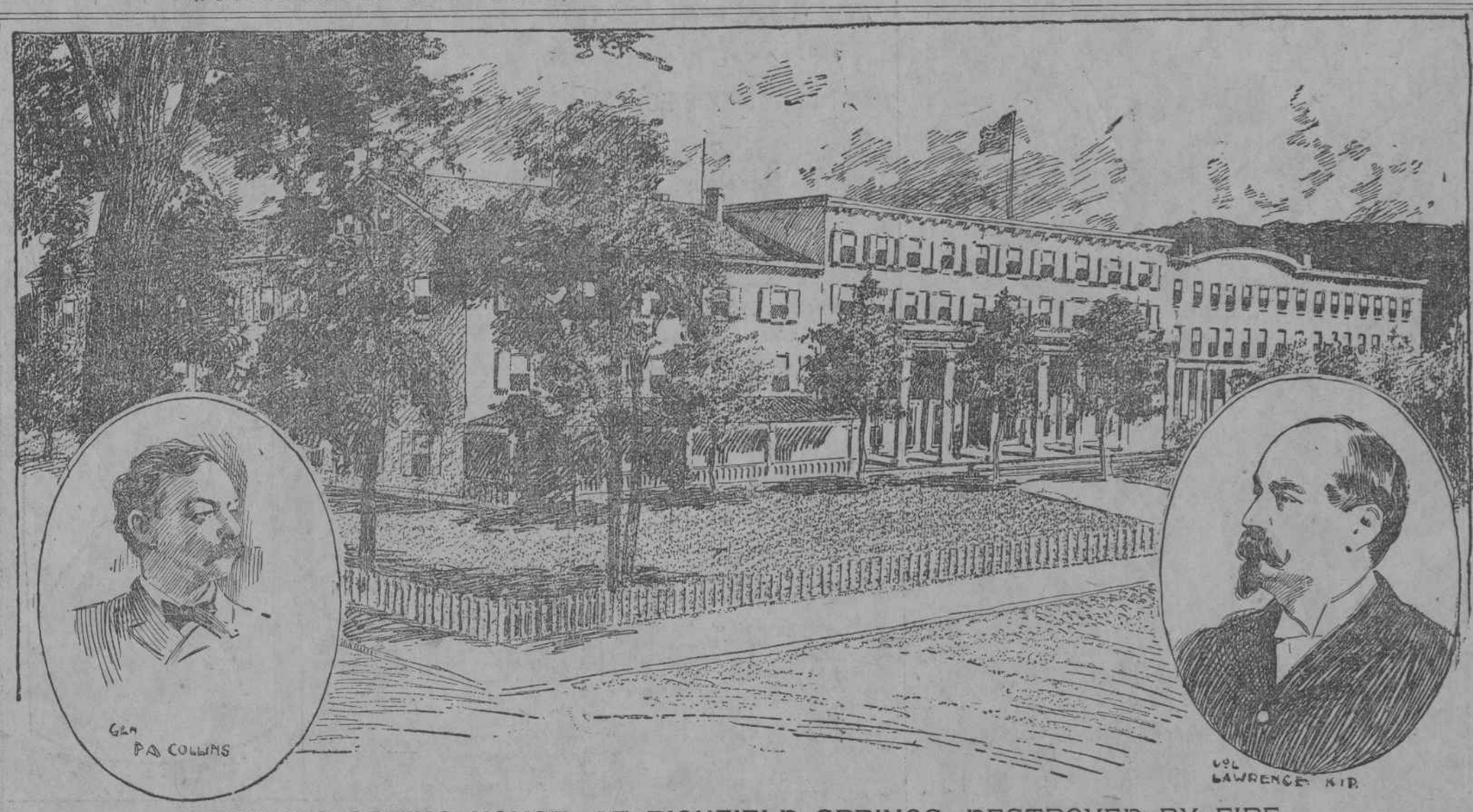
The hotel building is a total and absolute loss. At the easterly end, where the firemen concentrated their efforts, a part of the two lower floors are standing. The rooms in which Mayor Strong was quartered were the only ones left intact. Tomorrow the part still standing will be razed.

Colonel T. R. Proctor, who owned the Spring House, valued it at $200,000. But it is said he recently offered the hotel, park and bath house for half that amount. The hotel was insured for $59,000, and the contents for $14,000. Colonel Proctor says the insurance will not cover the loss.

He is now inclined to go out of the hotel and water cure business. The probabilities are that he will not rebuild. This afternoon he paid off most of his servants and discharged them. About one hundred are thrown out of employment.

Baby Suffocated by Its Mother.

Catharine Louise Dunn, four weeks old, daughter of James and Kate Dunn, was suffocated in bed yesterday morning at No. 512 West Forty-ninth street. The father had a troubled dream about the child, which awakened him, and on looking at his little daughter he found that it had its mouth and nose pressed tightly under the mother's arm. He awoke his wife quickly, but the child was dead.



FAMOUS SPRING HOUSE, AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Some two hundred guests were in the hotel at 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The fire started in the laundry, where plumbers had been at work, and spread rapidly. Among the guests were Mayor Strong, Colonel Lawrence Kip and General Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, all accompanied by their families. The hotel was four stories high and extended 350 feet along the main street.

Mayor Strong on the Veranda of the Spring House:

(From a Photograph.)

His Honor was one of the two hundred guests who were hastily routed from their beds when the famous hotel at Richfield Springs burned yesterday morning. The Mayor, awakened by cries of "Fire!" hobbled from his room on crutches. His feet were burning—burning with gout—but otherwise he found he was not in immediate danger, so he returned to his room and finished dressing before leaving the building.

DE ARMITT FEARS ATTACK.

Eighty Deputy Sheriffs Sent to His Mine to Prepare for Visiting Strikers.

Pittsburg, July 25.—Eighty deputy sheriffs, commanded by Sheriff Townly, left on a special train at 11 o'clock to-night for the mines of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company.

It was reported that bands of strikers are congregating at McKeesport to attack the De Armitt mines in the early morning hours.

Mr. De Armitt went with the deputies. Thirty Coal and Iron police are already at the mines.

MAN AND WIFE KILLED.

The Pair Were Fighting on a Railroad When a Train Ran Over Them.

Utica, N. Y., July 25.—John Phelps, aged twenty-eight, a clerk, and his wife, aged seventeen, were instantly killed by a train on the West Shore Railroad about 6 o'clock to-night.

They were seen struggling before the train struck them, and it is thought the man intended to cause the death of his wife and himself. He had been heard to threaten her.

Car Inspector Killed by a Train.

Norwich, N. Y., July 25.—A milk train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad ran over and killed Car Inspector Michael Pendergast in this village last night. Pendergast was going south on his hand car, having been ordered to Brisbin to repair an engine.

TOWED IN AIR BY EAGLES.

For Thirty Miles Two Screaming Birds Whizzed a Man—He Says.

Caribu, Me., July 25.—One of the most remarkable stories of escapes from death, and as exciting a tale of adventure as has been heard for many years, is related by Peter Pinpiere, a young farmer and hunter of the region just over the St. John River, in Canada, who has just arrived here. He tells of covering a distance of thirty miles in an hour, and this is how he did it.

Friday forenoon Pinpiere left home at the head of a party of young farmers for a day's hunt, an eagle's nest on the top of Wally mountain, eight miles away, being the objective point of the expedition. The two parent birds were captured after a hard struggle and securely tied, claw to claw. The rope holding the birds was passed to Peter who carried them out to the level edge of the towering rock and sat down on the cord to hold the birds still.

Suddenly the eagles screamed and spread their wings and started off with Pinpiere clinging to the rope. For thirty miles they carried him, when the young farmer's hands gave out and he dropped to the ground. Pinpere was unhurt, but badly shaken up. It may be added that Pinpere's imagination is fairly active.

MOSQUITOES KILL A BOY.

Mother Left It for an Hour; Returning, She Found It Had Been Stung to Death.

During the last week Monmouth County, N. J., has been visited by a plague of mosquitos. It has been a common sight to see men and women walking along the road swinging bunches of leaves about the head in an endeavor to temporarily keep the insects away.

A Swedish woman living on the bay shore, near Union, left her babe in a hammock for an hour near a field where she was picking raspberries. When she returned she found the little one dead. Its death was due to the bites of the mosquitos which were swarming about the child at the time.

Child Fell Three Stories.

Harry Robinson, the five-year-old son of James and Maggie Robinson, of No. 123 West One Hundred and First street, fell from the fire escape of the third story, where he was playing, to the yard last night, receiving a fracture of the left thigh and internal injuries. He was taken to the Manhattan Hospital.

YANKEE SWIMS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

McNally Was Within Three Miles of the French Coast.

TAKEN INTO A BOAT.

Forced to Give Up After a Remarkable Exhibition of Endurance.

HE COVERED 35 MILES.

The Boston Swimmer Writes for the Journal of His Experience While in the Water.

GREAT LIFE SAVING RECORD.

He Began by Rescuing a Boy When He Was Only Seven, and Since That Time Has Added Threescore to His List.

London, July 25.—*Peter S. McNally, the Boston swimmer, who was scheduled to make an attempt to swim the English Channel on July 4, has almost succeeded in accomplishing that feat.*

He started from Dover at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, and was in the water fifteen hours, in which time he covered thirty-five miles.

He was taken into a boat at 2:30 o'clock this morning at a point three miles from Cape Griz Nez.

By Peter S. McNally.

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Calais, July 25.—For several years I have had the Channel swim in view, and on two or three occasions I began preparations to carry out the project. For various reasons I was unable to arrange matters suitably, and so for several years my attempt to swim the Straits of Dover was postponed.

Last Summer I made two long swims in America, which, at the time, were considered as phenomenal. One was from Haverhill to Newburyport, Mass., on the Merrimac River, a distance of eighteen miles, which I accomplished on the 2d of July, making the distance in 6 hours 35 minutes.

Experts Had Failed.

The conditions under which I swam were anything but agreeable. This swim created widespread interest, for many unsuccessful attempts to cover this course had been made by expert swimmers.

About this time two millionaires, leaders in society, who were both good athletes and who were especially clever as swimmers, were matched to swim a race over the somewhat famous course between Newport and Narragansett Pier. The two gentlemen referred to were Hermann Oelrichs, of New York, and Robert Ralston, of Philadelphia.

Match Never Came Off.

The date was set for the swim between these gentlemen and it was agreed by both of them that whoever lost would donate $1,000 to some charitable institution. The announcement that these two leaders in society were to contest in an endurance swimming race and in waters which are known to be infested wi[illegible] savage dogfish, and where sharks are [illegible] infrequently seen, created great inter[illegible]

The match never took place, however. [illegible] was induced by friends to attempt to swim over the same course and, on August 19 [illegible] starting at 6 o'clock in the morning fro[illegible] Long Wharf, Newport. I swam to the pl[illegible] covering about fourteen nautical miles [illegible] the space of five hours. The success [illegible] this swim gave me national reputation [illegible] a long distance swimmer and earned [illegible] many friends and admirers.

Urged to Try the Channel.

It was after this swim that my friends took a real, strong interest in me and began to prevail upon me to attempt to cross the Channel between Dover, England, and Calais, France. The encouragement I received on all sides was sufficient to induce me to give it a trial, and so I made preparations for the trip.

I entered the Boston Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, where, under the watchful care of Professor R. J. Roberts, I began to develop myself for what I knew would be a very severe trial of strength and endurance. To make a long story short, I sailed from Boston, together with my trainer, Charles W. Brown, on the 22d day of May, arriving in Liverpool on the 2d of June.

Training for the Test.

After becoming somewhat acclimated to the weather of Great Britain, I indulged in severe training, and fitted myself f[illegible] the test. I went to Dover on the [illegible]