

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PARIS, May 4.—Fire broke out at 4 p.m. in a crowded charitable institution, at which the Duchess d'Uzes and other well known patronesses were present. The building in which the fire broke out was a temporary structure of wood, 300 feet long by 180 feet wide.

Further details just obtained show that before the firemen could arrive the roof of the bazar crushed in, burying numbers of those who had been unable to make their egress from the building.

Very soon after the alarm was given assistance hurried to the burning bazar, and effective help was rapidly organized by the firemen and policemen. Although a general alarm was sent out with reasonable promptness, the whole wooden structure was blazing before the firemen could approach.

The roof and almost the whole building collapsed, falling upon the unfortunate people, many of whom are supposed to have previously succumbed to stifling smoke.

In spite of the efforts of the firemen, some time elapsed before the charred bodies could be pulled from the smoke and burning mass of debris covering the spot, which but a short time before had been the scene of so much gaiety.

One hundred corpses have been laid out in the Palais de l'Industrie. It is believed that another hundred are beneath the ruins.

The building was erected in the flimsiest manner, the nudity of the scaffolding inside being concealed by tapestry of the most inflammable description. Moreover, there was only one exit. The bazar was in full swing, when suddenly about 4 o'clock the cry of fire rose in the quarter where the cinematograph was being exhibited. One of the survivors tells the correspondent of the Associated Press his experience:

"The place was crammed full of people and the heat was stifling. Being very uncomfortable, my friend and I determined to leave, but somehow we could not make much headway through the throng toward the door. I stayed a little behind, as I was offered a nosegay by a stallholder, when, of a sudden, the shout of fire was raised. Instantly all was commotion.

"We tried to keep cool, but the rush from behind forced us forward, and we were separated. Then I tried to work my way back, but I was taken off my feet and carried backward and forward in the swaying crowd. I lost my hat; then my coat was torn off, and then my waistcoat. All this happened in a few seconds.

"Immediately the full extent of the calamity dawned upon us all. The flames spread with startling rapidity throughout the whole building, which rumpled like a living furnace, but the uproar of the conflagration could not drown the groans and cries of the agonized crowd.

"Gradually I found myself pushed back against the wall of the building, and finally succeeded in scrambling through an opening made by some of those who were near me. Two seconds

later and I would have been a victim, for hardly had I struggled through the hole before I heard a dreadful crash as the blazing roof fell in.

"I cannot describe the struggle which followed. No words can depict the horror of the scene. It seems, as I look back upon it, a hideous nightmare. The whole thing was over in twelve minutes, and nothing remained but the charred and blackened ruins of the bazar."

The dead were piled in heaps, and especially near the exit, where the charred remains were five feet deep. In some cases only the trunks remained, with no vestige of clothing.

There were many heartrending scenes of grief. One lady rushed about frantically calling her daughter by name. Some one told her the girl was safe, whereupon she jumped, danced, screamed, then rushed to the coachman to tell him to drive home, and fell in a dead swoon.

Another lady went insane. A third imagined in her frenzy that she recognized her daughter's dress, and hysterically called upon her husband to tell the police to prevent the child from going to the bazar.

Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, noblemen and members of the highest social and financial circles were side by side with the lowliest and poorest, anxiously inquiring for their missing relatives. About thirty were saved by Pere Ambroise and Pere Bailly, who helped them over the wall with a ladder to the printing room of the newspaper *La Croix*. The staff of the Hotel du Palais lent valuable assistance and saved 150 persons through a barred window overlooking the bazar, where, while the hotel employees were carrying away the bodies, they saw three persons burned to death.

Policemen, their hands covered with gloves have been deputed by the prefect of police to pick out the portions of remains and wrap them in pieces of cloth, to be transferred in ambulances to the Palais de l'Industrie. The remains present horrible spectacles of limbs burned and twisted. On all sides can be seen stretchers piled with mutilated corpses, skulls split open and brains exuding. Just behind a heap of corpses lies alone the body of a woman. The face is downward, the head burned, the brain exposed, and from the empty socket of the right eye the brains are slowly oozing. The arms and legs are burned off. A little farther off is the body of another woman, nude, the entrails protruding and the head missing. It is a ghastly sight.

The correspondent of the Associated Press has had an interview with Miss Bushhook of Philadelphia, who, with the Misses Hawthorne and Bushhook, was one of the few who escaped, although not unscratched. Miss Bushhook said:

"I was a saleswoman at booth No. 15, near the place where the fire originated. I arrived at ten minutes past 4 with my friends. Happening to turn around, I saw and called my friends' attention to a flicker in the corner of the wall, about fifteen yards away. Hardly had I done so when a gentle

man behind me cried, 'Fire! Ladies, hasten out,' and pushed me toward the door. Turning my head to look back, I saw the whole place in flames. At my left I caught a glimpse of an old lady emerging from an adjacent door, and saw her stumble on her skirts. The next instant quite twenty persons piled on top of her. I crossed the street and turned around to face the fire, but already the heat was so intense that it scorched me and I was obliged to raise my hands to protect my face. When the roof fell in with a terrible crash, certainly not more than five minutes had elapsed from the first warning. Such was the intensity of the heat that I saw a fireman's jacket ignited, and several of the horses were badly singed. Out of the pile of persons who fell near the door, none were saved. All were burned in a moment. Of the four aunts at my booth two were saved and one of the three blind girls who were engaged there. The visitors were for the most part ladies gorgeously dressed."

The bazar altogether had eight doors, three in front and one on the left side. In the rear were four like French windows, which were especially reserved for the employees. The crowd near the main entrances were able to escape, but those at the other end, not knowing of the doors, found themselves hemmed in. As the fire spread the pressure on the right side, where there were no exits, kept steadily increasing. Here a number of victims were crushed to death.

Happily the wall of the Hotel du Palais, against which the bazar backed, furnished a barred window. Immediately on the alarm being given, the servants hurriedly broke the bars and were able to rescue a large number of people. Suddenly above the roar of the flames were heard cries of terror and despairing appeals for help from the outside and, where the unfortunates were being burned alive. The firemen threw hundreds of buckets of water upon them from above, at the greatest risk to themselves, but their courageous efforts were all in vain. The fire made furious headway. Cries of despair arose outside, in the Avenue Montaigne, the Place Alma and the Rue Francoise, adjacent streets. In all these thoroughfares there was a veritable flight of people, mostly women, without skirts, pelicoats or hats, their feet naked and their clothing either burned off or torn off.

The whole of the highest society in Paris is in a horrible pellmel, a prey to the deepest despair, husbands seeking and calling for wives, and fathers seeking and calling for daughters. One young woman, still wearing on her breast the badge of a stall attendant, was seen rushing about in her petticoat, her dress having been torn off to be thrown over a lady who was in flames. Her one anxiety was to find her parents and tell them of her safety.

Words would fail to describe the horror of the scene at the Palais Industriel, where the bodies are exposed on the side next to the Avenue Baston, in a portion of the building now in course of demolition. Here, in a large room, rudely covered with rough planks and on sheets spread over planks, the bodies as they arrived from the ambulances are being placed