

AT THE POST OF DUTY.

Two Brave Firemen Meet a Terrible Death.

They Fall Through a Brittle Roof Into a Boiling Caldron of Flames.

Three Alarms for a Beach Street Fire—Scenes on the Street.

The rain was coming down in torrents and the streets in the vicinity of the South Cove were all silent and deserted. A lonely nocturnal guardian of the peace, all muffled up in rubber, was approaching the United States Hotel just as the clock on the Boylston market was striking the hour of 1. Glancing up toward the sky he noticed a glimmer of light in the top story of the building Nos. 108 to 112 Beach street.

"Surely that's a fire," mused the patrolman to himself. "There never was a light up there before. It may be a fire and it may not, but I'm going to take the risk of ringing an alarm." He looked again, to make sure that his eyes served him right, as he ascended the steps of the hotel. Yes, it was fire and no mistake.

"Pull in an alarm; there is a fire in the next building," he shouted to the night clerk as he rushed into the office. The night watchman ran to the private box in the hotel and unlocking it pulled down the lever, and in a moment almost the bells throughout the city tolled 54. Before the sound of the bells had died away, the apparatus in the vicinity came tearing along the pavements from different quarters, and all converging on Beach street. If the patrolman had had any doubts as to the fact of there being a fire before there was no doubt about it now. The building, formerly the old Beach Street Theatre, and afterwards the old Beach street barracks.

All Aflame in the Upper Story.

The old building, however, has long been abandoned by the theatrical profession, and is now occupied by various manufacturing firms. Messrs. Caton, Heckle & Co., straw hat manufacturers, occupy the upper story, and it was in their establishment that the fire originated. The floor occupied by them was literally packed with this inflammable material, and the fire spread through it with great rapidity. Albeit the firemen had lines laid in a very few moments after their arrival the flames, before a stream had been put upon them, were bursting through the roof, and, judging from the looks of the interior of the fourth story, they were rapidly devouring the contents of the interior. For a few moments the men who responded made what effort they could to fight the fire, but with very little success. The flames began now to roar and crackle, notwithstanding scarcely ten minutes had elapsed. Then a second alarm was pulled in. The rain continued and the glare of the flames lit up the dark background of the sky. The second instalment of apparatus was ranged about the fire, which fortunately was formed into something like a block by Lincoln, Beach, South and Essex streets.

The fire was rapidly spreading to the rear of the building, and already the east wall was being transformed into a mass of flames.

Engine 4, which responded to the second alarm, soon had a line on the east side on South street, and as soon as the ladder was put against the wooden building, Hosemen Joseph Pierce and James Quigley ran quickly up the ladder, across the low-roofed building on South street, and by means of a short ladder

Hambered Up the Second Wall,

and with hose in hand stood upon the edge of the roof. Underneath their feet the fire was raging, and through great holes in the roof was rapidly leaping up the timbers. For a moment the intrepid hosemen stood on the wall between the great sheets of flame, and the hundreds of people who with eager and anxious eyes were watching them. They saw that there must be a stream on the Lincoln street side, and from their position were nearer to it than the men on that side, who were on the ground.

Unlucky thought, unfortunate emergency! Little did they know as they looked across at the seething flame that they were fighting their last fire; that the first step forward in the discharge of their duty would be their last.

For an instant they stood upon the narrow wall, their forms standing out in bold relief against the glare of the fire. Then the anxious watchers below saw them grasp the nozzle resolutely and start forward. It was their last step.

A wild cry broke from the lips of the spectators. A huge volume of flame shot up through the roof under their very feet—the roof had given way, and the two heroic firemen were

Buried in the Seething Mass.

It was beyond human power to save them. A steady stream was put upon that portion of the building, but the fire stubbornly refused to be overpowered. The streets were literally deluged with water, and by this time the fire had spread to the rear of the building and was, despite the exertions of the department, steadily gaining headway, so much so that some thirty minutes after the first alarm had been sounded a third alarm was rung in. An immense amount of apparatus was now on the spot, and indeed from the looks of the scene it was all needed.

Coming down from Church Green, toward Beach street, a mighty volume of flame and smoke met the eye. Rising high in the air, the leaping flames, roaring, seething like a volcano, gave the impression that a whole block, at least, must be in a mass of flames. Anxious faces peered out of the hundreds of windows in the tenement houses that lined the way, and many a household seemed to be getting ready to throw at a moment's notice their goods and belongings into the street. Coming nearer the burning building the scene was not so impressive and fearful, for the high buildings shut out the glare of the flames, and the smoke filled the air and made seeing so difficult that the dangers of the conflagration could hardly be realized. An engine in a narrow alley behind the scene of the fire made a terrific racket and aided in increasing the alarm of the denizens of the many dwelling houses in the vicinity.

Bounding the corner into Beach street, after satisfying the rightfully inquisitive policeman and crawling under the taut ropes, the spectator entered

A Perfect Pandemonium.

At either end of the block stood a row of roaring engines puffing, snorting, blowing like winds in the Inferno, and working withal as if some giant power were behind their whizzing wheels. The pavement was crossed and netted with slimy lines of hose, curving over the slippery stones like mighty serpents. As they climbed up the tall ladders and from their metallic mouths hissed forth their mighty streams into the windows and over the cornices of the burning building, again they reminded one of giant serpents. In their midst, tall and slim, steady as a mast, stood the fountain, king of them all. From its mouth poured into a fourth story window an incessant stream of water that looked powerful enough to bore a hole through a stone wall and seemed limitless in its volume. Yet the flames roared and surged and the immense mass poured into, over, and through them with at first no apparent effect. At the foot of the fountain stood a single man guiding it with a single hand. As he stood there peering up at the black mansard roof, now turning the stream into one window, now into another, he seemed the personification of the will that controls and the intellect that rules. Flitting about from door to door, up ladder and down again were the rubber-clad forms of dozens of firemen, trying now here, now there to make some impression on the flames that continually burst forth here and there and everywhere from roofs and windows.

"Did you hear? Two of 'em gone."
"What?" was the startled query.
"Yes, two brave fellows—fine fellows, too—gone."

The Startling, Sudden News

went from lip to lip, from fireman to policeman, from policeman to spectator, all through the crowd, till every man there knew that two noble souls had gone to their God—two brave hearts had perished at the post of duty. Saddened by the fearful fate of the heroes, every brother fireman set to work with redoubled energy to fight the hideous monster that had swallowed in its fiery jaws the comrades they knew and loved so well. As they toiled with renewed efforts to drown the rising flames, and so be able to reach all that was left of the heroes, they did it with set teeth and strained muscles, with a settled determination on their faces and in their hearts that they, too, would do their duty, and if it should be their turn next would be found in their places with their faces to the foe.

The electric globes on the street corners threw rays of light over the scene, through the ladders and through the smoke, showing that the building which was pouring out the flames was four stories

in height, nearly square and having a mansard roof. Through the avalanche of water that flowed off the cornices and through the windows, the gas lights on the two lower floors of the building could be seen dimly, but the third floor was

Dark and Black.

Overhead could be seen the sides of the roof, with here and there an ember clinging to a projecting corner, or a small blaze working its way out between the broken slates. Just above the edge stood a single fireman, directing the stream of water from the hose line he held in his hand, straight into the centre of the crater of fire. Above him rose now and then a sheet of flame, and over all hung the lowering cloud of smoke like a pall. Crimson sparks shone like mighty stars, twinkled a moment, and then floated off into the murky night.

Alleys and streets were filled by this time with smoke that blinded the eyes, and the ears were almost deafened by the roar and rumble of the engines. Occasionally a whistle cut the smoke in twain or a hose-carriage rumbled over horse-lines and pavement, adding to the uproar. Through it all the patient horses stood quietly by the sidewalks, conscious they had done their work and resting till

The Battle with the Flames

should be over. Within a hundred feet of the burning building stood some of them as cool and quiet as if they were in their stalls. It seemed the height of ridiculousness to see in the midst of such excitement, such tumult—it seemed like comedy in the middle of a tragedy—to see a worthy citizen holding an umbrella over a horse's head, protecting it from the rain that all this time was drizzling down through the smoke. As the animal stood there, with nose hanging down, blinking and winking at the sparks that floated down by his eyes, he looked the personification of peace and comfort in the midst of tumult and turbulence.

The pavements were fairly flooded with muddy water, and the gutters could not begin to carry it off. All was wet and dismal. It was, indeed, a doleful scene, and the tragedy made it doubly sad and mournful. The flames slowly died down, and the gloom of the night and rain seemed blacker and drearier than ever after the glare of the fire was gone.

The Bodies Found.

"Have you found the boys yet," asked a reporter of Captain Abbott, the superintendent of the insurance department, at 2 o'clock.

"No, we have not. I have just come from above, and it is impossible to get near them, and," getting excited as he spoke, "there are two stairways there, and I've tried both of them without avail. The shattered roof completely prevents one getting to anything like proximity to where poor Joe and Quigley disappeared."

His business of superintending the spreading of covers to prevent damage from the torrents of water that were pouring from the floors above called Captain Abbott away, and the reporter with a member of the firm of Potter & Watson through a sea of water endeavored to ascertain the full extent of the damage to that firm. While engaged in the investigation, word was received that the bodies of Quigley and Pierce had been found, but so charred that even their best friends would fail to recognize them.

"Who found them?" asked THE GLOBE reporter, as he wended his way into an adjoining building on South street, upon the roof of which was all that remained of the two gallant men.

"I can't tell you. We were all there, but it was a living hell to get to them," spoke up one laddie whose slung eyebrows bespoke the dangers he undertook, and as he got through with his remarks the charred and disfigured remains of the two veterans that had been taken from the roof through the building were removed through a stout door to police ambulance No. 2, which stood in readiness to receive them. Joe Pierce's remains came first, and as his remains were carried to the ambulance there was not a dry eye among his fellows—white hats and all spoke up—"Poor Joe, isn't it tough!" was the general comment; and for Quigley—well, he was not the vet. that was Pierce. He had not been in the old volunteer department, and he was a single man, consequently there was not so much grief evinced for him when his charred remains were taken to the ambulance. Notwithstanding the police, in charge of Lieutenant Lambert and Sergeant Houghton, did their utmost to prevent it, yet when the bodies were being brought out the crowd surged in and it was with difficulty that Quigley's remains were placed safely in the ambulance. Hard as it was under the circumstances, occasioned as they were by grief, Sergeant Houghton asserted his authority, and the remains of both the valiant men, escorted by the police of the fourth division were taken through the lines to the morgue on North Grove street, where they will await the action of the medical examiner.

Hoseman Pierce is a veteran fireman, having been in the department for a number of years. During the time of the old volunteer department he was a foreman of Engine 4. He was married and lived on Anderson street. Quigley, the other victim, was a permanent substitute on 4, an unmarried man, and lived in South Boston.

The Losses.

The ground floor of the building is occupied by Potter, Watson & Co., boot and shoe shank manufacturers. Their loss is entirely by water and will amount to about \$5000. The second story is occupied by F. H. Wheelock, lace goods and ruffles. Into their department the water poured in torrents, and before the firemen could cover the stock the greater portion of it was completely spoiled. Their loss, which is on a very fine quality of lace goods, will approximate \$25,000. Caton, Heckle & Co.'s loss will not amount to more than \$5000.

The building is owned by Henry Faxon of Quincy, and is damaged \$10,000, which will make the aggregate loss approximate \$45,000.

Second Day of the Baptist Camp-Meeting.

COTTAGE CITY, August 12.—Yesterday morning a prayer meeting was held in the temple from 9 to 10, led by Rev. C. C. Luther of Worcester, and at 3 p. m. a preliminary devotional and testimonial meeting was held, led by Deacon S. K. Mitchell. At 3.30 p. m. the regular services were opened by singing of the missionary hymn, "Go Preach the Blessed Salvation," followed by prayer. Mr. Lamb then sang the solo, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters." The topic discussed was "Soul Saving," opened by C. C. Luther of Worcester, who spoke at some length, viewing the subject in many different lights. Deacon Sage of Worcester also spoke on the subject, and many others also joined in the discussion.

Rev. G. D. Thomas of Brockton, not being able to preach in the evening, his place was supplied by Rev. W. Pope Yeaman, D. D., of Columbia, Mo.

She Married Him to Get Him Out of Jail.

CAMDEN, N. J., August 12.—An incident of somewhat romantic nature occurred in this city today in the form of a marriage of a prisoner to the woman who was the cause of his incarceration. The groom, who figured in the affair was a young negro, who early last July was given a hearing for alleged improper relations with one Mary Horn, who is also a youthful negro. Charles Jackson, the young negro, was found guilty and sentenced to pay a weekly penance of \$1 75. Charles could not see why he should pay it and refused, and several weeks ago he was committed to the county jail. Ever since this time Mary has paid frequent visits to the jail and tried to persuade him to marry her and thus settle the difficulty. Charles would not consent until today, when he called a minister and the ceremony was performed.

New Hampshire Veterans.

LACONA, August 12.—Arrangements have been perfected for the eighth annual encampment of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association at Wells, August 26 to 30. The camp will be named in honor of Captain William P. Amworth of the First New Hampshire Cavalry, killed May 20, 1862, at Port Royal, Va. Among those who will be present are the following: General Phil Sheridan, General C. W. Hink of Massachusetts, General William Wells of Vermont, Hon. W. E. Chandler, secretary of the navy, and Congressman Matt Haynes of Lake Village.

The Lake View Camp Meeting.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, August 12.—At the Methodist camp meeting today at Lake View there was only a fair attendance. Rev. Dr. W. R. Clark of Lynn preached in the morning and Rev. R. E. Hanford of Saxonville in the afternoon, and in the evening Rev. William Full of South Framingham. A member of the Salvation Army from Newton, Hardy, was present today. A very interesting prayer meeting was held in the Worthen street tent this evening. The annual meeting of the Camp Meeting Association will be held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Massachusetts Veterans in Maine.

BANGOR, Me., August 12.—The Massachusetts Association of Maine Veterans arrived on the Boston boat this afternoon, and they were escorted to the camp in Maplewood Park. At Camp Massachusetts the veterans were received by Maine comrades, and then dinner was served. It is expected that Hon. James G. Blaine will be present tomorrow, and he may make brief remarks. General McClellan was invited to be present at the exercises tomorrow, but he had to leave Bar Harbor for New York on business.