

## STORY OF FIRE AND PILLAGE TOLD BY RUSSIAN REFUGEE.

Horried Scenes Witnessed in the Little City of Balta.

Nathan Perlmuter's Escape.

Comfortably encoined in a little flat at 1231 Fourteenth street, New York, are Nathan Perlmuter, his wife and six children, all of whom thank God that they had enough money and influence to escape the horrors of a Russian massacre. For four days, while their native town of Balta, a small city about 120 miles from Odessa, was at the mercy of pillagers and flames, they lay hidden away separately in places of refuge which the liberal use of bribe money had purchased for them. When the massacre was over and the streets ran deep with the blood of the killed and wounded, the father left his hiding place and, collecting his family together, by the use of more bribe money got a passport into Germany, whence they sailed for this country on the steamship Rotterdam, arriving here a week ago.

As soon as the flames broke out the chief of police of Balta ordered out the fire engines. The faster the streams played the fiercer the flames raged, and, after it was all over and 320 stores and dwellings lay a heap of ruins, it was found that, instead of water, the firemen had been throwing kerosene on the blaze. Only the fact that the supply of oil gave out prevented the total destruction of the town.

PRINTED REPORTS BUT FAINTLY PORTRAY HORROR OF RUSSIAN REVOLT.

Mr. Perlmuter, who ran a big bakeshop in his home town and was accounted prosperous, says that the newspaper reports do not half tell the horrors which are now enacted almost daily in Russia. He says that the brands of massacre and revolution have been carried into the uttermost provinces of the country, and that it is only a question of time when the Revolutionists will gain the upper hand and engulf the Czar and all his bureaucrats in a sea of popular hatred. It is no longer a case of the masses fighting for more privileges, he declares; it is become a battle for self-preservation.

Mr. Perlmuter says that the people have been driven to the point of desperation, where nothing short of a republican form of government, such as obtains in the States, will suffice them, and he declares that sooner or later they will surely get it. Realizing that a genuine revolution is at hand, he says, all civilized persons who have sufficient money to bribe the officials are fleeing the country. The odorous is not confined to his own race, the Jews, but includes Christians, Russian Germans and Russian Poles.

REFUGEE'S STORY OF BALTA MASSACRE.

Seated in his parlor, Mr. Perlmuter told an Eagle reporter today the story of the massacre of Balta and his flight from his native country for only a week he cannot speak English, so the conversation had to be carried on through the medium of an interpreter.

"Only one word can describe the situation in Russia," he said, "at the present day, and that is hell. And I doubt if there are any tortures in that place which equal those practiced on the innocent men, women and children of my country by the Cossacks and officials. Whenever there are signs of an uprising in a district, the Cossacks are hurried there, ostensibly to quell the outbreak. As a matter of fact they only serve to make the matter ten times worse. They pillage high and low. They join with the government officials and the Christians in the massacre of the Jews, and only those Jews who have enough blood money to bribe them can hope to escape. Money is what the Cossacks, half-starved and with all their worst passions aroused by the carnage in the east, want. If a Jew can give them sufficient to satisfy their demands he will be slain by either them or the officials with whom they ally themselves as soon as they reach any town.

"It will be six weeks ago tomorrow night that the massacre of Balta occurred. Through friends I had learned that there was likely to be trouble and I had sent all my valuable belongings to the express office, which the pillagers never dared to plunder. I had also sold my house to business. It was worth all of \$6,000, but I was thankful to get \$3,000 for it. Five hundred dollars of this I gave up in bribe money, before I finally succeeded in getting my family across the frontier safely.

"On Friday morning all the Jews of Balta met in the synagogue. We knew that a massacre was imminent. For days there had been clashes between the officials and Christians and Jews. The Cossacks had arrived and the air was full of sinister mutterings. We counseled if there was

not some way in which the conflict might be averted, and we decided if we went forth into the street, headed by a priest bearing our book of commandments in his hands, our oppressors would know that we wished to have peace. This plan failed.

Jews attacked by Christians; Cossacks and of

"No sooner had we marched to the square than the Christians and Cossacks and officials set upon us. They tore the book to pieces and began laying about with club and sword. Heads were severed from bodies in the conflict and more than a hundred persons were wounded before they could escape from the square. It was a sight more horrible than I had ever dreamed of—the spectacle of these bloodthirsty men, heavily armed, rushing in on a body of helpless men, women and children and cutting and beating them to death.

"At the first clash I ran to a neighbor's house, where I had left my wife and six children. Three of the children are boys and three girls. The oldest is just past 12 and the youngest only four. Telling them to follow me, I went to one place of refuge after another, leaving one child in each place. I had to bribe the officials on several occasions to prevent them tearing my children from my side, but fortunately I had enough money to satisfy them. Last of all I hid my wife away and then sought shelter for myself.

CITY MADE A FIERY FURNACE.

"The suspense which followed was maddening. Throughout the city I could hear the roar of raging flames the clash of sabres and the awful cries of the wounded. I knew not if my wife and children were alive or dead. I had paid liberally for their protection, but one cannot trust even his friends in a Russian massacre.

"As soon as the Jews fled from the square, the pillagers, instigated by the chief of police, began the work of sacking the houses. From stores and homes they took everything of value which met their eyes and carted it away for safe keeping. All these articles were afterward discovered in the homes and offices of the government officials, which shows how big a hand played in the looting.

FIREMEN FED INSTEAD OF SUBDUING THE FLAMES.

"Before leaving the places which they had looted the pillagers set them on fire. When the flames were first discovered the chief of police ordered out the fire engines. Streams big enough to draw a conflagration, were turned on the burning buildings, but the buildings only blazed the fiercer. No one could understand why the streams had no effect. When it was all over the reason was discovered. Kerosene instead of water filled the tanks from which the engines pumped the streams. The firemen were adding to the horror of the situation by deliberately pouring oil on the blazing buildings. Had not the oil supply finally been exhausted, the whole town would have been wiped out. As it was 320 buildings, comprising the finest stores and dwellings in the city, were reduced to ashes.

"All through the afternoon and night the fighting and pillaging continued. Comparatively few were killed, but this was because the Jews fled as far as possible from those who were seeking to strike them down. Then, too, for some strange reason, the rioters did not seek to slay the women and children. Their passions had not been helpless infants limb from limb, as they have elsewhere in Russia. In this respect Balta was fortunate.

"The worst of the conflict was over on Saturday morning, but outbreaks occurred at frequent intervals for the next three days. Also the looting of houses went on. Finally, when the disturbance had quieted down on Monday night, I went forth on search of my family. I found every member alive and well and thanked God from the bottom of my heart. No one can tell what a terrible thing it is to be separated from those dearest to you on such an occasion, and for four long days not know whether they are alive or dead. The youngest one had cried so loud after he was taken from his mother that the people with whom I hid him were forced to gag him, lest his cries should attract the notice of the Christians.

"The next morning I took my family to my own house, which had escaped the fire brand, and in the afternoon we were safe on the train for Odessa. Thence, through bribe money, I got a passport over the frontier. We escaped to Germany, whence we sailed to this country."

KILLING A BIG SNAKE A PANACEA FOR PAIN.

Anguish Resulting from a Dislocated Shoulder Overcome in Odd Way.

Riverhead, L. I., Dec. 24.—Perhaps few people have ever heard that killing a big, six-foot blacksnake is a potent balm for easing at once and permanently curing intense physical pain in man, but such seems to be the case, according to a story told to an Eagle reporter a few days ago by Lawyer George F. Stackpole of this place, one of the best known members of the Suffolk county bar.

In the recital of the facts it is a little uncertain as to who or which was party of the second part, but the said snake and the said Stackpole as per legal phraseology, were either or both.

Judge Stackpole and a number of friends were discussing the amount of pain that can be caused by an ordinary dislocation of a prominent bone in a man's body. The judge spoke from personal experience when he said:

"The pain caused by a shoulder dislocation is excruciating. I know it, because it happened to me once." Judge Stackpole is a large man, of fine physique, and when one of his

hardhood says that a dislocation is painful, fully as much so as a broken bone, it surely must be a fact beyond controversy.

Judge Stackpole was born in Lebanon, Me., on November 29, 1843, and born a farmer's son at that. He was subsequently graduated from Dartmouth college with high honors and degrees. At this college he was recognized as one of the best athletes.

When he told some of his Riverhead friends a few days ago that he had suffered excruciating pain through a dislocation a story was asked for, because all knew of the judge's capabilities of story telling.

"It was during some athletic games at college that my shoulder was dislocated," continued Mr. Stackpole. "Three or four of the students hung on to my arm and slipped the bone back into place, but the pain before and after was terrible. It was so bad that I could not contain myself. It almost drove me mad."

"Connected with our grounds was a big twenty-acre pasture lot, and in order not to disturb everybody about the college I hustled off to this lot, where I went tearing and bellowing around and shouting like a mad bull my pain was so bad that it had taken complete possession of me and I could not keep still. I hardly knew what I was doing."

While tearing around this lot I finally saw the head of one of the largest black snakes I have ever seen poked two feet up into the air from behind a bush. He was following my actions and blinking with his eyes, evidently attracted by the unusual noise and wondering what it was all about.

As soon as I spied this fellow I let out another yell and started for him, never stopping to get a single implement of warfare. The snake saw that I meant business, yanked down his protruding head, and started on a pretty lively gait across the lot. He was at least six feet long, and large around accordingly. He made good speed, but he was no match for my long legs that day and in a few moments I overtook him.

"I gave a decidedly vindictive jump on his back with my heels. He thrashed around and snake and legs were soon mixed up in a queer tangle. I even tore his squirming coils away from my legs with my hands so as to get a better chance to jump on him again. And even after I had killed the serpent I continued to vindictively grind my heavy heels into his back."

Shortly I desisted. Then I suddenly dawned upon me that I could not feel the slightest twinge from my dislocated shoulder, and I walked back to the college as calm and composed as the most sedate minister could ever hope to be—and I have never felt the slightest twinge from that shoulder since my encounter with the snake."

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UNDERHAND METHODS.

"Geeboes" sharply demanded Mrs. Ferguson, "what was it you cut out of this paper?"

"It was this, Laura," responded Mr. Ferguson, promptly producing the clipping from his vest pocket and handing it over.

It was an article on the wastefulness and extravagance of housewives, and he knew, the designing wretch, that in no other way he could have succeeded in bringing it to Mrs. Ferguson's attention.

WHERE DID HE GET IT?

Beacon—He made all his money in Washington.

Egbert—And is he rich?

"Very."

"Was he a congressman or a waiter?"

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A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL

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How many lives of beautiful young girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!



Miss Emma Cole.

Girls' modesty and oversensitiveness often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, because they withhold their confidence at this critical period.

A mother should come to her child's aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn., writes:

"I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years, and I owe it to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"When fourteen years of age I suffered almost constant pain, and for two or three years I had soreness and pain in my side, headaches and was dizzy and nervous, and doctors all failed to help me."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking it my health began to improve rapidly, and I think it saved my life. I sincerely hope my experience will be a help to other girls who are passing from girlhood to womanhood, for I know your Compound will do as much for them."

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice ask her to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will receive free advice which will put her on the right road to strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

A certain Irishwoman on her deathbed, called her husband to her side.

"Patrick," she said, "I've a last rayquist to make of ye."

"I couldn't rayquise ye annything, Mary, darlint," responded the sorrowing husband.

"Patrick," said Mary, solemnly, "I want ye sh'ud have mother ride in the carriage beside ye at my funeral."

"Tis too much ye're askin' of me, Mary!" cried Pat, springing to his feet in desperation.

Mary, however, was determined on this point, and Pat finally yielded to her last "rayquist."

"I have her ride be me side," he promised, weeping bitterly, "but mark you, Mary, darlint, 'twill spoil the day fur me entirely, that it will!"

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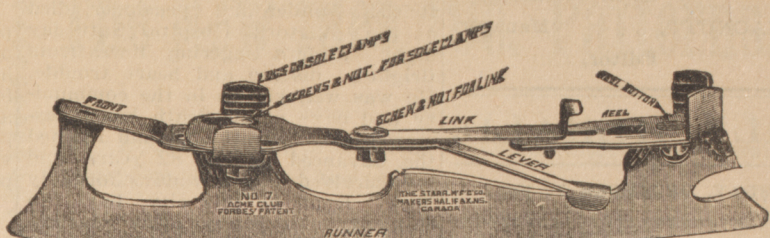
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