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ALGIERS SWEPT BY FLAMES.

THE ALGIERS FIRE PROVES A CALAMITY,

Spreading Over an Area Exceeding Nine Squares

And Rendering Many Poor People Homeless and Desolate.

A Forest of Chimneys Marks the Fire's Pathway.

The Whole Town Would Have Been Laid Waste But for the Wind's Change.

Destitution, devastation and desolation followed fast in the wake of the terrible fire which swept over the central portion of Algiers yesterday morning. Nine and a half squares of ground are in ashes, and about twenty acres of a forest of chimneys standing, in all their nakedness, gaunt reminders of what had been the center of a thriving and populous community. It is calculated that there were about 200 houses burned, and, with the furniture and personal effects which were consumed, the total loss foots up the enormous sum of $600,000. And this is largely a complete loss, for not all of the buildings were insured and very little of the furniture. Twelve hundred people were rendered homeless. The disaster is unprecedented in the history of Algiers, and will be a severe blow to her upward progress.

There were several rumors of losses of life, but none could be substantiated, and it does not seem probable, as everybody had ample time in which to get beyond reach of the flames. One boy, colored, about 10 years old, was caught in a burning building, and had his foot severely burned, and that is the only casualty that is reported.

The fire started, as stated in the Picayune yesterday morning, at 12:45 o'clock, in the two-story frame tenement known as the Old rookery. It had its origin in the second house from the corner of Bermuda street, on Morgan street, occupied by Paul Bouffia, an Italian, who kept a small fruit stand there. The building was occupied by over a dozen families, and some of these had narrow escapes, though all got out safely. As soon as it was discovered, an alarm was turned in, but a high northeast wind was blowing, and fanned the flames into a seething mass, which soon enveloped the entire building. The old building burned like tinder.

The principal causes of the rapid spread of the flames were not only the scarcity of water and a furious wind, but the poor work of the fire department. When they lost control of the fire they became demoralized.

When the alarm was sent in the three steam engines and truck of Algiers promptly responded. One engine took up a position on the landing of the Canal street ferry, the second at a water well on the corner of Morgan and Seguin streets, while the third was located at the well on the corner of Bermuda and Morgan streets. The truck was in front of the building in which the fire originated. Chief Engineer Daly was on hand and instructed the men. For a short time it looked very much like the fire would be confined to this building, but as the wells were emptied of water in the short space of half an hour, the one stream from the engine on the ferry landing could not hold it in check.

The flames then communicated to adjoining buildings in all directions, and not until the row of houses on both sides of Bermuda street and on one side of Morgan street were in flames did Chief Daly call for assistance from the city proper. It required almost an hour before the city engines could reach the town, by which time the flames had leaped across the street and were consuming the entire square in which the courthouse and the eighth precinct station are located. When the engines arrived under command of Chief O'Connor, they were all stationed along the levee and drew water from the river. Attention alone was given to the buildings on Morgan street, in the vicinity of the courthouse, while the dwellings on Delaronde street and on Lavergne, Bermuda and Seguin streets were altogether neglected. Had there been a steamer placed at the well on the corner of Bermuda and Delaronde streets, just opposite the site of Dr. Riley's residence, it is almost safe to assert the fire would not have spread as it did.

As it was, however, one house and then another caught fire and the fire was given full sway and there was not a drop of water put on them to quench the greedy flames. The engines were all utilized in playing upon property doomed for a certainty, while residences which might have been saved by the use of one steamer were not given the slightest attention by the firemen. It is a fact which cannot be contradicted, that if the wind had not changed, the flames would never have been gotten under control until the whole town had been wiped out.

When the house occupied by Paul Bouffia was burning fiercely in the rear, a report flashed through the crowd that an old woman, who occupied the second floor, was upstairs and probably overcome with the smoke. James Reynolds, clerk of the eighth police station, volunteered to rescue her, and he did so by rushing up to the second floor and soon after came out of the burning building with old Mrs. McGinnis in his arms. She had been overcome by the smoke and would have perished in the flames had she not been rescued promptly. Mr. Reynolds displayed great nerve in going into the house after her, as he faced the awful dangers of cremation alive. The aged woman was taken into a neighboring house and given medical attention.

Corporal Sbisa also saved a woman from cremation in the house No. 319 Morgan street, within a few doors of where the fire originated. She had been asleep, and did not know that there was a fire in such close proximity. The corporal, learning that she was still in her room, broke into the house and took her out at 1:20 o'clock, displaying a great deal of heroism, for the building was already in flames. She is Mrs. Vitrano, and Italian.

The flames ate their way up Bermuda street and consumed a number of cottages there, and then leapt across the street, attacking the little cottage occupied by Clerk James Reynolds, of the recorder's court. By this time the community had become aroused to the danger which threatened them, and all living in that neighborhood began taking their furniture and valuables out of their houses, and the bulk of this was placed in the yard and corridors of the courthouse. This was considered safe, as it was not believed that the flames would succeed in reaching the historic pile. By the brilliant light which the conflagration sent up, illuminating the entire town, the terror-stricken people worked with a will, and finding willing helpers, in their more fortunate neighbors, they soon succeeded in storing about $15,000 worth of stuff in the corridors and yard of the courthouse.

But the fury of the flames was far from appeased. Onward and onward they crept, until the entire center of the square, in the rear of the courthouse, was a veritable inferno. One by one the houses caught, and almost in less time than it takes to tell handsome little dwellings were reduced to heaps of smoldering ruins. Nearer and nearer came the fire to the courthouse. Everybody then began to realize the danger they were in if this was allowed to catch. The little two-story tenement in the rear yard of the station, which was formerly the plantation quarters of the darkies who worked for Duverge, caught, but a score of hands were soon at work, trying to quench the little tongues of flame which sprang up here and there on the shingle roof. A stream of hose was directed on it, and a whole cistern of water was poured on it by the bucketful, but all effort was in vain. In ten minutes it was a heap of burning debris, and the workers directed their attention to the courthouse, which had already caught. A little double cottage next to it was sending up great tongues of flame, which had ignited the roof and wood work on the gallery, and the slate roof of the courthouse acted as a slight check. The flames ate their way beneath the slate, on the rafters and joists, and it was soon a seething mass. So confident was everyone that this building could be saved, that they hesitated to remove their furniture and other goods which they had stored therein, until the last moment, and then it was too late. The court records were also left to the last minute and the bulk of these also went up in smoke. All the old records of the city court, the records of births, marriages and deaths before the board of health took charge of that work, and all but two of the books of the recorder's court were burned. The employes of the police station, however, were more fortunate and managed to save every scrap of paper belonging to their department. It had been reported that there were several prisoners in the cells, but Sergeant Roux told a Picayune man that he did not have a single prisoner, fortunately. When the old roof fell in it sent up a shower of sparks and chunks of burning wood, which, while it formed a pretty sight, was disastrous to the houses which were to the windward. But the massive brick walls served one good purpose, and that was to save the buildings on the river side.

In the meantime the city engines had arrived, and, with Chief O'Connor in control, concerted efforts were put into force to check the flames, but they were as naught against the terrible gale which was blowing. Chief of Police Gaster also arrived, with Mayor Fitzpatrick, and, with an additional force of police and firemen, they set to work assisting the unfortunates who were domiciled in the path of the raging element. The department was sadly handicaped by a lack of hose and water, as it had to be pumped all the way from the river in relays.

The flames even ate their way in the face of the wind and burned out almost the entire square in which the fire originated. It leaped over to the next square bounded by Lavergne, Delaronde, Bermuda and Pelican, and, in the course of half an hour, had wiped off all but three buildings, and the rear of these were scorched. When it was seen that the flames were likely to reach out in this direction, down the river, steam was started in the saw mill of Heard & Lawton, and, with a lead of 1300 feet of hose, a stream was kept constantly playing on the houses fronting on Lavergne street by the fire brigade of the mill. There is no doubt in the world that they prevented the fire from crossing that street, and thus saved a vast amount of property from destruction. There was not a single fire engine in this vicinity, which seemed to be abandoned to its fate, and while the fire was prevented from crossing Lavergne street, it forged ahead, driven by furious winds towards Bermuda and Seguin streets, and, unresisted, ate its way in a course almost parallel with the river, until it had practically burned itself out.

The entire area covered by the fire looked like a veritable inferno, continually spreading out, leaping from one street to another almost before the people in that square knew that it was there. Sparks lighting on the roofs of houses, driven thither by the wind, would ignite, and soon half a dozen houses would begin to burn in a square at one time. Some efforts were made to guard against these sparks by people, who stationed themselves on roofs, with buckets of water on shingle-roofed dwellings, waiting for the little tongues of flame to shoot up, when they would be quenched, but while the volunteer was engaged in putting this flame out another would gain such headway on him that he would have to scamper down with all haste to save himself from the fire, which spread with great rapidity. The firemen would no sooner get a line of hose fixed on a street and start to fight fire from the windward, when the flames would drive them away, and in several instances large sections of hose were burned and melted so as to be rendered useless. People moving their furniture from houses in danger would with great difficulty and the aid of volunteers succeed in getting it a block away, and in apparent safety, when they would find that all their labor was in vain, as the flames would swoop down on that square, and the whole thing would become a seething furnace in no time. Many persons lost their furniture, which they had saved from burning houses, in this manner.

When the flames had eaten their way to the river front above the Grand Isle depot the sight presented was one long to be remembered, both by the poor unfortunates who had been driven out of their homes by the relentless element and by the spectators who gazed in awe on the terrible havoc being wrought. Two leads of hose were being operated by the Southern Pacific tug El Chico and the Corsair, and they did effective work in checking the flames. Mayor Fitzpatrick, who is an old volunteer fireman, made good use of his experience as foreman of No. 13, and with an overcoat drawn up over his ears to protect him from the showers of sparks which were falling all around like a hail of fire, he directed operations in that vicinity with good results. By the most persistent work and with great difficulty the fire was checked at Alix street, though it was necessary to continue playing the hose on the houses on the opposite side of the street to prevent the buildings from catching fire from the heat.

About 5 o'clock, while the firemen were directing their energies in this locality, which was the first real effort made with any degree of success at checking the fire's headway, sparks fell on the roof of a coal office belonging to W. G. Coyle & Co., about a thousand yards up the river, and soon that building was a mass of flames. Around here were a number of coal barges and other property, and it looked as if a serious conflagration would break out here, but the tug Wilmot was put into service and prevented the fire from spreading.

Just before this a lot of fireworks in a grocery store which was ablaze were touched off and the spectators were treated to a pyrotechnic display which was indeed beautiful. The spectacle was really one of the grandest that one could wish to gaze upon. The sky, in its inky blackness, furnished a fine background to the acres of flame which shot high up into the air and twisted themselves into all sorts of shapes. Above all hung a dense cloud of smoke, tinged with a lurid glare reflected from the bright red fire, and through it all here and there could be seen with marked distinctness silvery stars twinkling, furnishing a contrast of color that was simply exquisite. As daylight dawned the brilliancy of the spectacle became more subdued, and with the advance of the successful efforts of the fire fighters the flames died out gradually until by noon only here and there in the vast forest of gaunt and grim chimneys little tongues of fire would shoot up from the heaps of smoking debris, seemingly defiant to the last. All day a huge gray cloud floated many miles in the air above the town, slowly moving away and being absorbed into the atmosphere, until when night fell again over the scene of desolation it had vanished from view.

Mr. C. Uncas Lewis made a diagram of the burned section yesterday, which is reproduced in the Picayune, and it shows the work of the fire much more graphically and concisely than could be put in words. Mr. Lewis made an estimate of the number of houses which had been burned, and it foots up a total of 193. He estimates the loss on buildings at $300,000, and on personal property and furniture at $100,000, making a total of $400,000.

To the assistance rendered by citizens may be attributed to a great extent the saving of much personal property, and they richly merit much praise and thanks. Both Mr. J. Creighton Matthews and Mr. Mothe made use of the wagons utilized in their business by moving the effects of the unfortunate people to a place of safety. Mr. Matthews said to the reporter that he had carted away the effects of not less than fifty-one families, and in addition to this had moved thirteen pianos, all of which property was saved. Mr. Mothe also moved the effects of many others, and the energies of these two gentlemen saved many thousand dollars' worth of furniture and other household goods. Of course, it is needless to

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A PICTURE OF RUIN.
As Seen from Bouny and Pelican Avenue.

PAUL BOUFFIA CHARGED WITH ARSON.

Suspected of Having Applied the Torch to His Place.

Peculiar Actions of the Suspect and Family Saturday Night.

Left the House to Visit a Doctor on This Side.

Had an Insurance Policy for $600—Arrested and Saved from a Threatening Mob.

Paul Bouffia

The prevailing opinion in Algiers is that the fire was the work of an arsonist, and the man who is suspected of being the cause of all the destitution which now prevails in that once thriving little burg had a narrow escape from being lynched. He was spirited away from the temporary police station and brought to the city by Captain Day, who locked him up in the harbor precinct station, and then he was taken to the central station, where he is now safely housed with the charge of arson pending against him.

The fire started in the building known all over Algiers as the Old Rookery, a rattletrap of a building which has always been regarded as a menace to the other structures around. It was occupied by about a score of families, mostly Italian, who huddled together in the true tenement style. Paul Bouffia was one of these, and he occupied the lower part of the building, next to the corner, at what was formerly No. 57 Villere street, but would now, under the new system of numbering the streets, and with the new name, be No. 315 Morgan street. He kept a fruit stand, and had a wife and about six children to support. He was a man who was heartily disliked by the other Italians in the neighborhood, and all over the city in fact, and enjoyed a very bad reputation. He was said to be of a quarrelsome disposition, and had had a number of fights, in one of which he nearly killed another Italian by the name of Jos. Calderoni, who keeps a shoe store next door to him and on the corner of Morgan and Bermuda streets. It is said that he had had two fires in the place before which narrowly escaped being disastrous.

These facts naturally made everybody suspicious of him; and, naturally, the suspicious actions of the man and his family on the night of the fire and just before, as told by residents of the neighborhood, led to the belief that he had set fire to his place, and the charge of arson was preferred against him.

Calderoni was seen by a Picayune reporter yesterday morning about 5 o'clock mourning the loss of all his household effects and congratulating himself on the narrow escape he had had from suffocation and was willing to tell what he knew about Bouffia. In substance he said:

"That man is no good at all. I don't like to say that he set fire to the place, but it looks like it. He went out on Wednesday night with all his family and closed up his store. He did not return until Thursday morning. Then he opened up his place and did a little business, but seemed to be in a sulky mood. I suspected that he was up to something. Saturday afternoon about 2 o'clock he again shut up his shop and took all his family over the river, and, as far as I know, has not returned yet. I don't think that he meant to take any revenge out of anybody by burning the house down, although he tried to kill me once. This case was dropped because I took pity on his large family which he had to support. Nobody likes him, and he has a bad name here. I know that he took out an insurance policy for $600 about eight months ago. If there are any persons in the town who are sheltering him now, they don't know what kind of a man he is I am sure."

Another Italian, named Mangini, said that his wife had seen Bouffia close up his shop on Saturday afternoon and go away with all of his family. She remarked to Pepe Ramors, a fisherman, who lives next door to her, that she would be willing to bet that he was up to some job. Mangini expressed himself in no favorable sentiments towards Bouffia.

P. L. Laccir, another Italian, also saw Bouffia go out, and his suspicious actions attracted his attention. He said that Bouffia did not tell anybody where he was going; in fact he was not on the best of terms with any of the other Italians.

These facts became noised about during the early morning, and as the Italians were not the only ones who shared the suspicions against the Italian the police were soon made aware of the situation and searching parties went all over the town looking for Bouffia.

At last, about 9:45 o'clock, he was seen on the corner of Morgan and Seguin streets, with his little boy, and Corporal Sbisa, with Sergeant Roux, placed him under arrest, and conveyed him to the temporary station, where Corporal Sbisa made a charge of arson against him. He was searched, and one of the first things that came to light from one of his capacious pockets was a little baby's black sock, in which was a little change and an insurance policy for $600. This policy was taken out on the stock, furniture, wearing apparel and, what might seem unusual, $100 of the full amount was for jewelry. The policy was in the Interstate Fire Insurance Association, and was written by L. J. Peterson, an agent in Algiers.

Corporal Sbisa tried to interrogate him as to his whereabouts on the previous night and the reasons why he had left his home and locked it up. He told two or three conflicting stories, and finally concluded that he had talked enough, and would not say any more. He first told the corporal that he had been sick, and rented a room in a lodging-house near the St. Mary market in New Orleans, so that he could see his doctor, who was expected to go there that night to see him. This doctor is Dr. Alfaro, who has an office on Columbus and Villere streets. He said that he went over to New Orleans because the doctor said that it would be cheaper for him if he went over there. His second statement was that he had gone over on some other business, but he also was going to see the doctor, but not that night. He was asked why he told two such conflicting stories, and replied that the second one was "straight."

The corporal then questioned the boy, who said that his father and mother and other members of the family had gone over to New Orleans to spend the night with some friends, but he did not know anything about going to see the doctor. The corporal asked the boy if his father had not brought over a number of bottles of coal oil and placed them in his house before the fire, but he said that he did not know. There was some gasoline in the house, to which both the father and son acknowledged. Corporal Sbisa asked the boy if his father had set fire to the house, and he replied in the negative. The boy said first that his father had come over to spend the night at the doctor's house, and then that he had come over to buy bananas, and brought them over himself. At this juncture the father stepped up and spoke to the boy in Italian, and after that he would not talk any more.

Bouffia was placed under guard of several officers in the rear part of the furniture store which was being used as a station. In the meantime a great crowd had collected in front of the building, and continued growing larger and larger. Officers were stationed at the door to prevent any one from entering, but it soon became evident that the crowd was bent on committing something serious. Deep mutterings were heard against Bouffia, and some were bold enough to openly cry out to lynch him. The crowd soon reached such proportions that it became evident that if they attempted to take the man they would meet with but ineffectual resistance from the few officers who were stationed there. All attempts to disperse them from the front of the station-house were futile, and finally Sergeant Roux, who is in command of that precinct, concluded that the only salvation for the man was to spirit him over to New Orleans. The crowd was not aware of the back entrance of the furniture store, and so Sergeant Roux, with half a dozen officers, met with no obstacles in taking him to the ferry landing, where he found the boat, and soon had Bouffia out of harm's way. The man was very much frightened and seemed to realize that he was in danger.

When Chief Gaster learned that the fire was evidently of incendiary origin he immediately started an investigation, and Night Detectives Valley Woodworth and Thomas Roche were instructed to follow up the case. Those officers interviewed several persons on the subject, but the most important one was Joseph Calderonia, residing next door to the house where the fire started, and which was occupied by the Italian Paul Bouffia. The information furnished by him regarding his countryman, who is an enemy of his, warranted the officers in scouring both Algiers and other places in the city, but he could not be found anywhere. He was known to have formerly resided on St. Philip and Dumaine streets before moving to Algiers, but when those places were visited he had not been there. The officers secured an excellent description of him and the kind of clothing he wore when he was last seen in Algiers, and a general search was instituted for the suspected firebug. Detectives Dick Kerwin and Ferdinand Rance were also detailed to assist the other officers in locating Bouffia, and he was finally captured as stated above.

When searched there were found, besides his insurance policy, his naturalization papers and registration papers as a voter of the Fifteenth ward.

The chief ordered the prisoner brought to his office, after his arrival on this side, and he was then placed in the patrol wagon and taken to headquarters, where he was questioned by the chief regarding the fire.

Bouffia is a swarthy-looking individual, with dark hair, dark eyes and a full black beard and mustache. He speaks but little English and that is hardly intelligible, and it was with great difficulty that he could be understood. He, however, denied all knowledge of the fire and said he had been in the city all night with his wife and two children and had come over to see a doctor, as he was suffering from rheumatism. He had stopped at a place near the St. Mary market, but he did not know the lady's name that kept the place, but could point it out if any one went with him.

Detectives Rance and Kerwin were thereupon instructed to accompany the prisoner to the market, which they did, and on reaching the old Dimond Hotel, on Tchoupitoulas street, directly opposite the market, he pointed out this as the place where he had stopped with his wife and children. The place, it was found, was conducted as a boarding-house by a French lady named Mrs. A. Benjamin, who, upon being questioned, stated that the man had stopped at her house Saturday night and left Sunday morning shortly after 6 o'clock. She did not know him, but at the request of Frank Clesi, a fruit merchant, residing on Commerce, near Calliope street, whose family she was intimately acquainted with, she allowed him and his family to remain in the house for the night. She then said that Mr. Clesi and the man's wife first came to the house about 7 o'clock and asked if Dr. Elfert was there. As there are two sick persons stopping at Mrs. Benjamin's and Dr. Elfert is their attending physician, Mr. Clesi thought he might be there or come later, and when they found that he was not they returned to Mr. Clesi's house. About an hour later Mr. Clesi returned with Bouffia, his wife and children, and asked for a room for the night, as Mr. Clesi had none in his house to accommodate them. The landlady then told him that she did not have a room, as they were all occupied, but if the parties were satisfied they could sleep on a mattress on the floor in the dining-room, and they agreed to this. Clesi told her that the man was sick and suffering from rheumatism and he would send for the doctor, which he did. On the arrival of the physician, he examined Bouffia and told him he would return in the morning and give him some medicine. Bouffia and his family left before the doctor came in the morning and went to Clesi's house, where he found him.

The prisoner was then taken back to

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A CATASTROPHE AFTER THE FIRE DISASTER.

The Great Crowd of Visitors Breaks Down the Bridge

Leading from the Algiers Ferry-House to the Boat

And Precipitates a Hundred Persons Into the River.

A Woman Reported Drowned, Two Children Are Missing and Over Twenty People Injured.

Dead.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, drowned.

Missing.

ANNIE MISSINA, aged 8 years.
MARY LAUER, aged 11 years.

Injured.

D. MEEHAN, leg broken.
F. C. CHAMPAGNE, head cut and bruises.
JOSEPH ALFINO, leg broken.
COURT OFFICER J. J. CARROLL, leg injured.
MRS. AUGUST CAMPER, bruised.
MRS. MOSSA, bruised.
MRS. W. S. GARVEY, leg and arm injured.
MRS. SARAH CONDON, hip injured.
MRS. P. McMAHON, bruised.
MISS LAURA WAGNER, head cut.
MISS JENNIE WAGNER, cut in the head.
JOHN COURTNEY, left arm injured.
JOE GREGORY, leg broken.
MISS LULU LAWMAN, internal injury.
HENRY ACKER, right arm broken.
RALPH PATTON, aged 6 years, injured about head.
WILLIAM BROOKS, injured about the body.
LOUIS MARGIOSKEY, bruised.
THOMAS LUNDAY, left hand cut.
UNKNOWN LADY, hip injured.

There came near being a horrible calamity about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and as it is, there are about thirty persons suffering from injuries, more or less serious, while there are fears of three people being drowned. This terrible state of affairs was caused by the breaking down of the little iron bridge which leads from the Algiers ferry-house to the floating wharf, where the ferry-boat is accustomed to land.

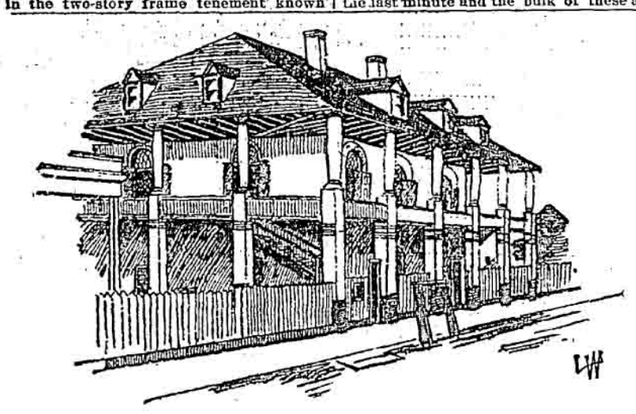
The fire, which narrowly escaped wiping out the entire Fifth district of the city, commonly known as Algiers, had attracted thousands of people to the scene of ruin. The ferry-boats, throughout the entire day, were taxed to their utmost, and there was not much order in the way of leaving and boarding the steamers.

Some three weeks ago the owners of the ferry line began the construction of a new ferry-house at the Algiers landing of the Canal street ferry, and a few days ago it was sufficiently completed to be used. Yesterday morning, for the first time, the building was placed in use. The iron bridge, which is fastened to the piling on the shore, and has as a support on the other end the floating wharf, was a week ago moved to its position in front of the ferry-house. There was considerable care taken in the fitting of the bridge, for it is upon this one companionway that all passengers are supposed to cross the hundred feet of shore and water. At the shore end of the bridge there was a large clamp which held it in place and, in addition, long bolts were added to increase the safety of the passage-way.

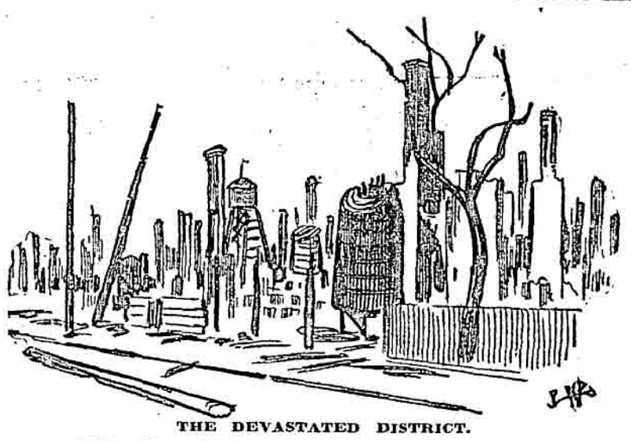
The bridge itself proved the weakest part of the entire structure and just as the ferry was landing it parted very near the middle, throwing about 150 people into the shallow water, near the bank of the river. The distance between that portion of the bridge which gave way and the surface of the water and the bank of the river measures about 15 feet.

It was nearly dusk and people of all descriptions were hurrying back to the ferry and to their homes. There was a rush for the wharf as soon as the ferry was in sight, and before the steamer had landed there were crowded on the pontoon wharf as many people as that structure would hold. Then the mass of humanity crowded down through the door of the ferry-house onto the iron wharf until it, too, was packed with men, women and children, and there was another great crowd in the ferry-house waiting to rush headlong for the steamboat. The ferry, the Thomas Pickles, was also crowded. The engines were slowed down on approaching the wharf, and she, as usual, almost drifted to her landing. However, the stern of the vessel bumped against the end of the pontoon, and with a crash the iron span parted and a hundred or more frantic people were literally dumped into the water among the piling and drifting timbers. Fully thirty men, women and children were injured, while there are missing two little children, and the statement of two of those in the wreck adds the drowning of a young woman to the list of casualties.

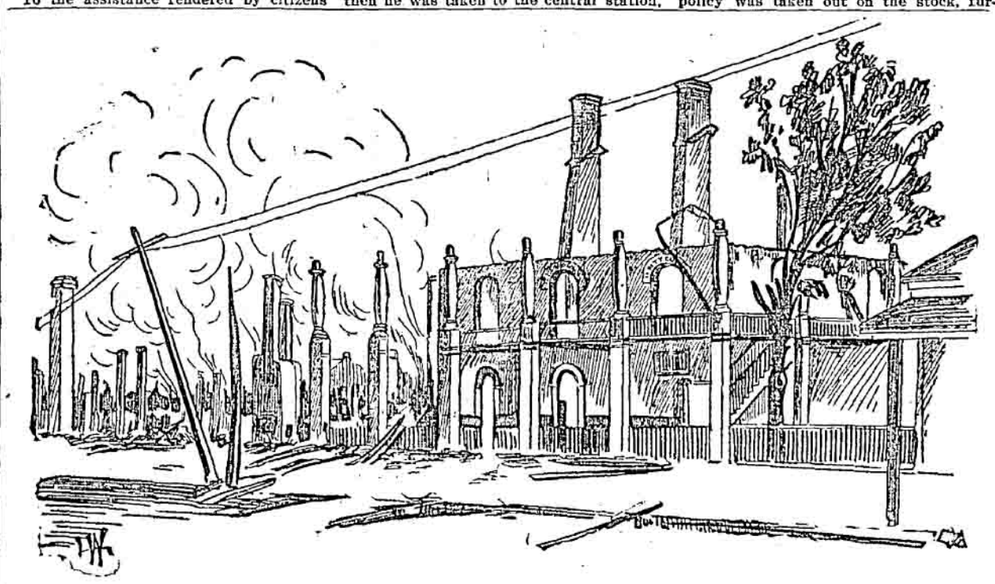
Women screamed, men shouted, and, above the groans of the injured and frightened and the cries of little ones, could be heard the oaths of many. The men on the pontoon and those in the



THE COURTHOUSE
As It Appeared Before the Fire.



THE DEVASTATED DISTRICT.
A View from the Corner of Seguin and Alix Streets.



COURTHOUSE RUINS.

"Algiers Swept By Flames." The Daily Picayune, New Orleans, Louisiana, 21 October 1895, page 1, columns 1-7.
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