

MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

THE LUXEMBURGERS.

Hold a Picnic in Ogden's Grove and Have a Good Time.

The Luxemburger Independent club gave an annual picnic at Ogden's grove yesterday. It was well attended. Early in the morning a crowd of about fifteen hundred assembled, which increased steadily until late afternoon. An address was made on the part of the Luxemburgers in Chicago by the Rev. Mr. Dubuque and Rabbi Hirsch, who claims nativity in the grand duchy of Luxemburg.

The Luxemburgers' society numbers about five hundred in Chicago and vicinity. It was organized about three years ago and includes all the prominent men as well as the rank and file of the people of Luxembourg in this city. Its objects are benevolent, although there are no religious and death benefits. For instance, a few months ago a crippled girl was sent from the old country and after some months by the authorities to get her education the society raised the money and sent her to her country. But the main object of the society is to secure recognition to Luxembourg, politically and otherwise. It is progressing pretty well in that direction and have some office-holders among them. They are independent in politics, and propose to act together whichever way leads to go.

The best known among those who attended the picnic yesterday were: John N. Scherer, J. P. Lanth, Gustav Ruppert, Charles, Nicolas Strotz, Bernard Prost, J. Thilgus, B. Geereus, Charles Capt. Michael Schaeck, Matt Klehs, Bernard, Theo Abens, and Dr. Hirsch. Luxemburg is a little country situated between Germany, France, and Belgium, of about the counties of Cook and DuSable and with a population of about 750,000. It is a republic, but stands under the protection of the king of Holland. Within the last twenty years, its territory has taken a great boom, owing to the discovery and development of large quantities of iron. There are two nationalities, French and a dialect of German called Dutch. There are thought to be thirty-five thousand of the nation in the United States.

Put Your Ad in THE CHICAGO TIMES. It Will Pay You.

SAVED BY TWO FEET.

Read Thirteenth Spell Broken by Adrian Constantine Anson.

A man with yellow hair and a Roman nose stepped out of his berth just as the early morning Central train was approaching the ninth street yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Hurriedly throwing his toga over his shoulder and grasping the handle of a sack, he tore out to the platform and from the train a second before the morning-car touched the city limits. "What's the matter with his ribs?" the porter asked.

"A holy smoke, old man," replied a fellow with a golden mustache, "he mighty near going into town with his ribs." "Say, it was a narrow escape."

Old Hoss Flint quitted Detroit Friday morning everybody forgot that he left his players behind him. Saturday's game was lost to the cripples, and nobody could explain where the hoodoo came in. It was the first to avarken to the dread. He got up and without waiting for himself in with the crowd of Hyde Park.

"The yellow rocks, and shrieked: 'It's a cake, old man, get up quick.' 'The zee mat-ter' growled the noble. The noble Roman was sleepy. He had laid a piece of cold ice on his forehead during the night and broken his ribs."

"There thirteen of us, and if we go into town without a break we'll be dead to-morrow."

FLAMES ON ALL SIDES

A Great Forest Fire Raging in the Upper Michigan Peninsula and Rapidly Spreading.

The Little Town of Nadeau Has a Narrow Escape, but All the Buildings in Mumford Were Burned.

Many People Made Homeless and Believed to Be Wandering Around in the Blazing Woods.

NADEAU, Mich., Aug. 26.—This place has been threatened with destruction by a fierce forest fire that raged on all sides of it.

The town was only saved by the wind going down.

Families moved out and tried to reach Powers, but could not and found safety in an open space that had previously been burned over.

At Carney the Menasha Woodware company lost five hundred cords of staves, a barn, and forty tons of hay. Brown & Co., in bark and cedar posts, lost \$2,000.

In Mumford four coal-kilns and all the buildings were destroyed and cattle and horses were burned in the fields.

A number of families are left with only what clothes they wore when they escaped. A special train took the women and children to Powers for safety.

The number of buildings burned in Mumford was twenty-five, and the estimated loss is \$15,000, with no insurance.

The fire is still raging, and unless rain comes greater damage will be done.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Aug. 26.—Late reports say the fires now burning along the line of the Northwestern are causing much alarm.

The flames have eaten their way back from the railroad track so that trains have no difficulty in going through the burning district, but the fires are larger than at any time before and are doing great damage.

Among the farmers in the vicinity of Carney, Daggett, Mumford, and that section great loss is being entailed.

A pall of smoke hides everything from sight.

It is thought there will be heavy loss of life, as the people in the country lose their way and the fire surrounds them.

Many families who have been made homeless are endeavoring to escape to spots that have previously been burned over, but danger is found on all sides.

Put Your Ad in THE CHICAGO TIMES.

FIGHTING THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Serious Opposition in Montana to the Government's Railroad Contract.

Political circles there is intense excitement over the government's proposal to enter into a contract with the Northern Pacific for the purchase of the Red River Valley railroad. Premier Greenway has called the legislature together next Tuesday and will make an effort to have the contract ratified. Government supporters are divided on the question. Several members of the cabinet, and even the government's organ, bitterly oppose the ratification. Greenway is determined to stand or fall by the contract, however, and his defeat is not unlikely when the legislature meets.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

What Work Is Expected to Be Brought Up and Considered.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The unfinished business of the senate, the bill to admit Washington territory, will probably be laid aside again tomorrow, temporarily, and thereafter from day to day until the debate on the president's message is over and it is referred to the committee on foreign relations. Senator George has the floor for a speech upon the message when it comes up. Another matter which will interfere with the consideration of the unfinished business is the Jackson (Miss.) political riot resolutions. These were called up on Thursday merely for the purpose of giving Senator Wilson of Iowa an opportunity to deliver a speech, which speech is not yet finished. If, upon its conclusion, Senator Pugh or any one on the democratic side wishes to reply, custom and courtesy will require that the opportunity be given.

The bills to admit North Dakota and Montana are likely to be taken up after the Washington territory bill.

Whether or not the week will be a blank in the house from a legislative point of view will depend on the measure of success attending the effort to secure not only the presence but the continuous attendance of a quorum. It is the present intention to suspend the hostilities engendered by the French spoliation claims long enough to allow the house to act upon the conference report upon the sundry civil appropriation bill, which is expected to be ready tomorrow. After that has been disposed of the struggle will be renewed upon the general deficiency bill. Later on the conference on the army appropriation bill are expected to report. If the foreign affairs committee is able to get a quorum it may report back to the house during the week the Wilson retaliatory bill, with the result of transferring in part to the house the interest which followed the debate in the senate last week upon the president's message.

MUST REIMBURSE KESTERSON.

Secretary Vilas Renders an Important Decision Against the Cherokee Nation.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The secretary of the interior has rendered a decision in the case of John Kesterson against the Cherokee nation in Indian territory for the recovery of certain improvements forcibly taken from him and sold at auction by the sheriff of the nation. Kesterson is a Tennessee Cherokee and he went to Indian territory upon the general invitation of the Cherokee nation extended to the members of the eastern bands to join them and become members of the tribe. Pending a decision of the Cherokee council upon his application for membership, he made valuable improvements upon lands selected according to Cherokee custom. His application for citizenship in the nation was finally rejected and his improvements and effects sold at auction by the sheriff of the nation and steps taken to have himself and family ejected from the reservation. Secretary Vilas in his decision holds that when Kesterson's application was rejected his status was thereby determined to be that of a non-resident or intruder, and as such the nation had no jurisdiction over his personal property, and consequently the action of the Indians in selling his property was unwarranted. The secretary directs that the property sold or its equivalent be restored to Kesterson.

At a reasonable time and opportunity to remove or dispose of his growing crops and other property, and to remove himself and family from the reservation.

It is stated that a very large number of similar cases are now pending in the department which will be decided according to the general principles laid down in this decision.

Put Your Ad in THE CHICAGO TIMES.

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

A Poor Sewing Woman's Story of Pain, Poverty and Privation, Sickness and Sorrow.

She Has Had to Support Herself and Crippled Brother by Making Cloaks for Almost Nothing.

Insulted, Abused, Swindled, and Tormmented Almost to Madness by Unscrupulous Bosses.

She Says that All the Truth Concerning the Factory Life of the Unfortunates Has Not Been Told.

Barely Sustaining Life on the Miserable Pittance Received from the Slave-Drivers.

In the mass of letters recently received by THE TIMES was the following:

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—TO THE EDITOR: A poor white slave wishes to thank you for your efforts in behalf of her poor sisters, the shop-girls of Chicago. I have worked with them for four years and love them dearly. Your reporter was brave indeed when she battled with those terrible bosses. I fled from them and left my week's work with them unpaid for. I was a sad coward. I, the pet sister of two brave soldiers who gave their lives to free the slaves of the south. They told me to "take care of mother and be good and brave" and I never saw them more. I took care of mother till she went to her boys, and I have tried to be good, but I can not fight for my rights, and this is the case with many of us. We will not stand up for ourselves. Oh, you have not told half; you do not know half we have to bear. We are indeed slaves, worse slaves than those my brothers died to free. I wish you could see my book for the last month; you would wonder how I have lived. You have my best wishes for your goodness. May God bless you is the prayer of a white slave.

MAUD McGRAY.
— State street.

P. S.—My hand is cramped with twenty-five years' sewing. I can not write very well.

Curious to know something about the home life of the author the undersigned undertook to answer the letter in person. The address belonged to one of those State street flats, where apartments of from two to six rooms are rented to the miserably poor tenants. Up the dark stairs, along the narrow halls where family washings were drying, past coal-boxes and bucketsful of garbage I groped my way from door to door in search of Mary McGray, but no one knew any such party. Up stairs on the second floor were crowds of children, screaming infants, and scolding women, and in the open doors of the top floor were mothers rocking to sleep a pretty child or mending some torn garment by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp. The janitress thought there was a factory woman in the rear of the adjoining building, and taking a few matches from a box she lit the way with sputtering lucifers down the stairs and across the court that separates the cheerless buildings. A rap at the first door on the lowest flat was answered by the poor "white slave," who admitted me to a wretched little room that served for parlor, kitchen, and chamber. Over the mantel

an basin. On a little two-cover table was an oil stove from which the blackened coffee-pot had not been removed. Work covered the machine and the proximity of a small lamp to the needle gave evidence of the toil continued from the day. There was a rag mat on the floor, and two chairs, besides the machine and stove, comprised the entire furniture, her bed having been rolled up and placed inside a smaller room where a crippled brother was lying. On introducing myself the poor woman's face brightened with a