

## A SPOKANE FALLS HORROR.

Forty or Fifty Men Crushed to Death or Blown to Atoms

### BY A BLAST EXPLOSION.

A Spokane Falls, Wash., despatch says: On Saturday evening a premature blast in the Northern Pacific yards killed fifteen persons and possibly more. The full extent of the disaster is not known. It was just before the hour of quitting work. A large force of men was engaged in blasting out a huge rock pile in the Northern Pacific freight yards in the eastern part of the city. From 50 to 75 men were at work in the cut at the time. Some of the workmen were preparing blasts to be touched off after other workmen and teams had departed for the night. One blast had been prepared. In putting in the second it was exploded, the jar also touching off the first blast. Twenty-five thousand cubic feet of rock were thrown over upon the unsuspecting mass of humanity with terrible results.

#### WORSE AND WORSE.

Time only heightens the horrors wrought by the premature explosion of a blast in the Northern Pacific freight yards here last night. At 11 p. m. the men engaged in taking out the mangled victims were forced to desist, because among the rocks which were being cleared away were five other blasts that might be exploded in the task of removing the mass of debris that buried the victims. Up to that hour eighteen bodies had been taken out. There are yet 27 men unaccounted for, all of whom are probably buried beneath the mighty mass of rock. The fatality was terrible. The men were given no chance for life. It was either instant death or slight injury. There were about 200 pounds of giant powder in the blast. The accident was caused by some one's carelessness. The man in charge of the blast and the assistants were blown to atoms. It is the custom to prepare blasts and charge them and at the hours of 12 noon and 6 p. m. after the men have left work and gone to a place of safety, to shoot them. In this case it seems that one blast had been prepared and the foreman, C. McPherson, was preparing a second. The men had all finished their work, and were putting on their coats and picking up their lunch pails ready to go to their homes after the day's work, when they met a horrible and expected death. Either the rock was too hot from the action of the drill or else the tamping exploded the second blast, and that exploded the first. A man who was tamping paid the penalty with his life. A man who stood beside him escaped with slight bruises, although 20,000 cubic feet of rock were hurled for hundreds of feet in every direction. Another man who was near the deadly blast, and who was supposed to be dead, was seen shortly after the explosion in a half crazed condition, walking around with his clothing torn to shreds.

#### THE CLIFF FELL ON THEM.

The men were working in a cut, leveling off the ground for the new freight yards. The cliff of rock on the side of the cut which was being removed was twenty feet high. The blasts are so arranged that the rock is thrown toward the cut. Not anticipating the blast, about 30 men were under the cliff when the blast exploded. A great mass of rock and earth rose in the air and pitched over into the cut, burying the men beneath its awful weight. None of them had time to run, but a few escaped in a miraculous manner. Over 100 men were at work in the adjoining cuts and at once were on the scene of the accident and began with picks and shovels to search for bodies. From all over the huge mass of rock groans and shrieks issued, and the air was filled with the horrible noises and the appeals of the wounded and dying. A short half hour and all was still, except for the working men with picks in hand, who by the light of lanterns worked late into the night removing dead bodies.

#### ENGLISH NIGHT MAIL.

Comes to Grief on Its Way to Paris—A Van Goes Over an Embankment—One Man Killed.

A Paris cable says: Early this morning Paris was startled with a report that a frightful accident had happened on the Northern Railway. Information was soon forthcoming that the English night mail from London to Paris had come to grief. The following is the official report of the disaster which was embodied in the report made by the Chemin de Fer du Nord to the Minister of the Interior: "Between Ailly and La Faloise, the night mail from London ran into a piece of iron work that had been dropped by a goods train. The consequence was that the engine, two carriages and the mail van left the rails and went over an embankment between five and six metres in height. Fortunately there was only one passenger in the carriage that went over the embankment. He was an employee of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and he was killed. The driver and fireman escaped. The guard had compound fracture of the leg and other injuries. The passengers escaped without injury. They were conveyed back to Amiens and brought on to Paris by another route, and reached Paris at half-past nine with the mails. There was no interruption to the London-Paris traffic except a delay of about a quarter of an hour to the half-past eleven express train through having to work temporarily on a single line.

#### French Poultry Figures.

Poultry-breeders may read with interest the following statistics which have been collected, says our correspondent, for the French Department of Agriculture. The income derived by French people who rear fowls, according to octroi and market returns, is 337,100,000 francs, of which 153,500,000 francs represent the value of the flesh and 183,600,000 francs that of the eggs. The quantity sold in poultry yards is immense, as is also the number used in the homes of those who rear fowls. These figures do not find their way into statistics.

Toilet's last crusade is said to be against tobacco and alcohol. It is stated that he has a work nearly ready for the press, in which he strongly inveighs against ginemy and drunkenness, and shows in a vivid manner the effect of narcotics and intoxicating drinks on the human system.

## NEW YORK'S NEW LAW.

Two Cigarette-Smoking Boys Arrested While Enjoying Themselves Illegally—A Tender-Hearted Policeman.

A New York despatch of last Tuesday night says: Policeman Downing, of the Elizabeth street station, was on duty on the Bowery yesterday when he was approached by a grim-faced individual, who said harshly: "Where have you been?" "I have been here all the while," replied Downing. "Why, what's the trouble?" "A great deal," said the man. "A person is wilfully violating the law on your post, and here I've been looking for you for ten minutes. The criminal has probably escaped by this time."

The policeman followed the man to the corner of Canal street, where the man pointed to a dirty-faced, weak-kneed lad not two feet high, who was standing complacently on the corner with a lighted cigarette in his hand.

"I'm not going to arrest that kid," declared the policeman.

"It's your duty to do it, sir!" shouted the man. "What is your number? I'll report you for neglect of duty."

When the lad felt the policeman's hand on his shoulder he cried, and 500 persons gathered in the space of five minutes. Abuse was heaped on the head of the policeman by the onlookers, who declared it an outrage to arrest a child. The policeman never felt more uncomfortable, but he was unable to explain that he had made the arrest against his own inclination. The man who had caused the trouble disappeared.

The boy was Meyer Levy, aged 7, of No. 16 Ludlow street.

"Don't cry, there's a nice little boy," tenderly said the newly-appointed Justice, Clarence W. Meade, who is being "broken in" by Justice Smith.

Justice Smith said, "Go right home. Don't smoke any more cigarettes. It is against the law."

Richard McManus, aged 15 years, of No. 242 East Thirty-ninth street, was standing at the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Second avenue smoking a cigarette Tuesday night, and Policeman O'Neil, of the East Thirty-fifth station arrested him. In the Yorkville Police Court yesterday the lad pleaded ignorance of the law, and Justice McMahon discharged him after he had promised to give up cigarette smoking until he attained the proper age.

## STREET CAR HORROR.

A Locomotive Crashes into a Car Injuring About a Dozen People, Some Fatally.

A Cleveland despatch says: A frightful accident occurred at the Wilson avenue crossing of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis railway in this city about 7.30 Saturday evening, by which at least a dozen persons were terribly injured, some fatally. The crossing is on a steep grade, down which runs an electric street railway line. At the time the accident occurred a freight train was standing close to the crossing on the south track. An electric motor, drawing one car, was approaching from the south. The safety gates were put up, and the road apparently clear. Just as the motor had crossed the railway track a locomotive, running twenty miles an hour, dashed out from behind the freight train. The pilot of the engine struck the electric train between the motor and trail car, tearing them apart and hurling one to each side of the track. At least a score of persons were on the trail car, and they were tumbled about in all directions, some being buried about a dozen feet away, and others pinned under the car, which was demolished. The street railway cars were close to the scene of the wreck, and a rescuing party was soon on hand. The victims were hurried away in ambulances to the hospitals. Following is a list of injured: Minnie Mock, crushed, died at hospital; J. A. Moore, right arm crushed, leg lacerated; Annie Nieman, collar bone broken, face cut; Louisa Mock, cut on head and arms; Edward Watson, right foot crushed; Chas. Woods, body bruised; Geo. Somers, leg cut; George Neff, several bruises; Lizzie Cable, badly bruised; Lizzie and Eliza Bragg, cut on head and bruised; Mrs. Mooney, leg sprained; Frank Rose, bruised about the hip, arm, and shoulder; Leona Howell, cut about the legs and head.

## A New Variety.

"Summer brave" is, according to the New York Sun, the very latest thing out in way of polite slang. A summer brave, says Mr. Dana, is not a dude, though his apparel is gorgeous and his general appearance wonderful to behold; he is not a tuxedo, though he is a heart-breaker, and he is not necessarily a brainless fool, though the presumption is strong that he comes close to it. He differs from these varieties of the tailor-made man in that he makes his appearance in the warm season of the year alone, and at fashionable summer resorts exclusively. He is not to be seen at Coney Island, Cheltenham Beach, or other places where common people congregate, but he is numerous at Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Waukegan, and Oconomowoc. Whether he has come to stay, or whether he will gradually fade away like the dude, is yet to be early to tell.—Chicago News.

## Composing Machine.

There has been on view for some little time in the city an ingenious composing and justifying machine. It does not dispense with the services of a compositor, but assists him in his work. He picks up his type and drops it down a funnel, the machine automatically placing it, the right end and side uppermost, and as each line is completed it is fed into a galley. The galley is then taken to the justifying machine, when the lines are spaced so as to exactly fill a column. Several machines are in operation at the printing works of Messrs. Clay and Sons, limited, Broad Street Hill, E.C. Particulars can be obtained from Mr. G. Hagberg, of the Lagermann Typographer and Justifier Company, 35 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.—Industries.

East Tawas, Mich., is mostly run by ladies. One is postmaster, another runs the telegraph office and has female messengers, another runs the best hotel, lady printers get out the weekly newspaper, a lone woman manages a big tea house, and two others have general stores, the school teachers are women, and so are the store clerks.

## PEJUVIAR BUFFALO BOONDA.

In Which a Former Beamsville Belle Figures.

### \$10,000 DAMAGES DEMANDED.

(Buffalo News.)

If a bridegroom was to chuck his brains for a month could he think of anything more embarrassing than to be made defendant, on the eve of his own wedding, in a suit for alienating a wife's affection. Such a case is before the Supreme Court.

Cards were issued for the marriage of Edward C. Burkhardt, of the well-known real estate firm of Burkhardt Brothers, and Miss Laura Schmidt, daughter of Lorenz Schmidt, a well-known German citizen of High street.

The complaint in an action brought by John F. McLaughlin against Edward C. Burkhardt for \$10,000 damages, for alienating his wife's affections and debauching her, was filed with the clerk of the Supreme Court this morning.

John F. McLaughlin is a newspaper man.

For a number of years he was Buffalo manager for the Elmira Telegram. At present he is special correspondent for a number of out of town newspapers. He alleges in his complaint that his wife, Mrs. McLaughlin, was assaulted by Edward C. Burkhardt at 184 Main street, in October, 1897, and that by threats Mrs. McLaughlin was made to continue an intimacy with Burkhardt for two years thereafter. He claims \$10,000 damages.

A place indicated was the Buffalo office of the Elmira paper, and Mrs. McLaughlin was frequently there alone in charge of the office while her husband was away gathering news and collecting money.

Mr. McLaughlin was found at his mother's residence, 432 Michigan street, and was at first adverse to talk about the case.

"It will do no good to talk about it," he said. "The public will get to know all about it when the trial comes on."

"Where is your wife now?"

"Living with some friends at 49 Seventh street."

"Apart from you?"

"Yes. I am living with my mother."

"When did you discover your wife's disloyalty?"

"This summer—not very many weeks ago."

"How did you discover it?"

"I found some letters."

"What sort of letters?"

"Letters from Burkhardt. She called herself Ida Brown and carried on a clandestine correspondence with him under that name. They were ordinary love letters."

"What did you do then?"

"Confronted her with what I found out. She denied everything at first and afterward confessed all."

Mrs. McLaughlin is a brunette, petite of figure, dresses well and is rather good looking. She is 27 years old. Her maiden name was Myra House and she came from Beamsville, Ont., a village lying between Hamilton and St. Catharines. She was married to McLaughlin in this city July 8th, 1894, by Rev. G. Chapman Jones, formerly pastor of Asbury M. E. Church. McLaughlin is one year older and is a dark-haired, bright-eyed, handsome young man.

Mrs. McLaughlin claims, her husband says, that she was loyal to her marriage vows until she met Burkhardt.

Louis Braunlein is McLaughlin's attorney. He appeared before Judge Lewis yesterday and secured denial of a demand from the other side for a bill of particulars. The complaint was served several days ago, but not filed till today. The defendant, through Roberts, Alexander & Messer, his attorneys, makes a general denial.

Divorce proceedings were begun, it is said, some time ago, but abandoned for a general reason. Mrs. McLaughlin fell ill and her husband was sent for and spent the night at the sick woman's bedside caring for her. Constructively this was a condoning of the alleged offense.

Some surprises are expected when the case comes to trial.

At noon to-day it was learned that Mr. Burkhardt and Miss Schmidt were married this morning at St. Louis Church.

## Things to Remember.

Never fail to keep an appointment. Never delay in answering letters or returning books. Never tell long stories of which you yourself are the hero. Never inconvenience people by coming in late at church, theatre lecture or concert. Never stop people who are hurrying along the street and detain them for ten or twenty minutes. Never call on people just at bedtime, or during dinner or before they are downstairs in the morning. Never, when you see two people engaged in earnest talk, step in and enter upon a miscellaneous conversation. Never speak disrespectfully of your parents or of your sisters. People may laugh at your wit, but they will despise you for it.

Never begin to talk about "this, that and everything" to one who is trying to read the morning paper or a book or anything else.

Never talk when others are singing or doing anything else for your amusement; and never the instant they are finished begin to talk upon a different topic.—New York World.

## Dentists in Scotland.

"In Scotland," said a dentist, who is a native of the land of the heather, "there are many people who do not know who or what a dentist is. But canned fruits are being introduced there, and so destructive are they upon the teeth that many more people will require the services of a dentist."—Detroit Free Press.

## An Advantageous Position.

Mr. Knight—From where would you like to view the parade?

Mrs. Knight—From a Given Point.

Mr. Knight—Where's that?

Mrs. Knight—I don't know; but I notice that all parades are so long in passing that place.

## C. S. Wheaton has resigned the Presidency of the Independent Order of Railway Conductors, and E. D. Nash, of St. Albans, Vt., succeeds him.

## UP IN A BALLOON.

ROSE AND FELL 1,000 FEET.

Yesterday the people attending the fair, says the Kingston Whig, saw a successful balloon ascension by Prof. McEwen, Jackson, Mich., a famous aeronaut. He is a tall, wiry young man and a hustler in every sense of the word. The balloon, a brand new one made of cotton, was used for the first time. It was inflated in the centre of the field, and the operation was seen distinctly from all parts of the grounds. Before the canvas was ready to be filled there was a great deal of confusion. Small boys and men insisted upon crowding the professor in his work, and only by assuming a savage and determined attitude could he get along. He did the work of three policemen in keeping the small boys out of the way. He secured twenty men to hold the balloon while it was being filled. Henry McEwenbridge acted as engineer inside. The first was made out of barrel staves and, with a splendid draft, made hot staves and, gradually the canvas began to swell, and the professor remarked to the engine, "Harry, she's filling rapidly!" He replied: "You bet she is, and it is getting pretty hot inside." "We'll not be long on the ground," shouted Mr. McEwen, as he leaped over the sod. In an instant he divested himself of his frock coat and silk hat, and appeared in a glittering blue costume, fringed with silvery lace. He got his parachute in order and in a short time was ready for the ascension. Slowly the balloon began to rise upwards, while the people watched it with intense interest. When it left the earth the professor sprang on the bar hanging from the canvas and in his flight sang out, "Good bye, Good bye, remember Josie Mills to-night." He rose over 1,000 feet, drifting to the south. He then jumped with his parachute which had been attached to the side of the balloon. The supreme moment in the affair was when he left the balloon, and before the parachute opened. The drop was very successful and the professor landed on Olson's property near the Montreal road, in view of hundreds of people, who had followed him. One young lady was so overcome by the sight of the man coming down that she fainted away. The balloon was recovered a short distance from where the professor landed.

## The Senator's Daughter.

The Chicago News says: If you should ask a rustic for what Grosse Pointe—Detroit's amateurish Newport—is noted, you would probably receive the information: "For froys and for being the summer home of Senator McMillan."

Here the croaking of the very terrestrial frog seems celestial music in the ears of the knowing ones, and the anticipations of petite soup for which this little French suburb is famous arouses a keen appetite.

Surrounded by rolling green lawns, tennis courts, palms, and blossoming hedges, here stands the summer home of Michigan's senator, James McMillan. Its russet tints are thrown out effectively by the contrasting blue of July skies.

Close to the pier, in sight from its piazzas, lie a number of gay steam launches, dipping about merrily in the waters of Lake St. Clair, and with them the yachts Lela and Truant.

Upon the shining deck of the latter may be often seen a slender, refined-looking girl with a demure, fresh face and modest manners.

Here yachting suit clings affectionally to the person of Senator McMillan's only daughter, Miss Amy McMillan. The white yachting cap covers a small, elegant shaped head. The brown eyes express a quiet enjoyment of life, which have been in their owner's possession just twenty-one years. Sedate, reticent, simple in manner, Miss McMillan is utterly unspiced by her host of admirers.

## Dyeing Roses.

It is said that the process of dyeing roses is becoming a remunerative branch of industry with English horticulturists. Instead of growing new varieties of roses, which is a process of years, they simply grow ordinary white roses and dip them into a chemical solution, which in an hour converts them into the most magnificent yellow tea roses, the rare scarlet red or the peculiar shade of bluish violet which has been one of the favorites of the season. In a similar way pink roses are turned into blossoms of the deepest red. Some years ago, before this branch of "floral chemistry" was developed, the first experiments were successfully made in France with the popular pink hortensia, which, by being watered with a solution of iron, assumed a blue shade.

## How Cities Grow.

New York city put up 6,723 new buildings last year, at a cost of \$75,912,816. Boston followed with 4,431 buildings, costing \$32,400,000. Philadelphia came third with 11,965 buildings, costing \$26,000,000; Brooklyn, fourth, with 4,500 buildings costing \$25,679,400, and Chicago fifth, with 4,331 buildings costing \$26,065,500. The next city to Chicago was Denver, where 2,741 new buildings cost \$10,807,377. The amount of new buildings in no other city reached \$10,000,000, although St. Louis came pretty near that figure, and Minneapolis, St. Paul and Pittsburgh stood each at about \$8,000,000.

## A Mixed W. C. T. U.

In Northern Wisconsin there is a W. C. T. U. composed of Americans, Germans and Norwegians. One week the devotional exercises will be conducted in one language and the next week in another. Sometimes the Bible will be read in English, the prayer made in Norwegian and the songs sung in German, but the entire audience is always attentive, and a remarkably friendly feeling prevails among the different nationalities.

## Too Bad.

"Did you propose to Henrietta?"

"Yes."

"Engaged?"

"No. I was for the League, but she preferred the Brotherhood."

Owing to the almost total destruction of the crops in portions of Northern Dakota, it is expected that the destination of last year will be eclipsed by that of the coming winter.

## "SORT YOURSELVES."

What Happened at a Whimsical Wedding in Pennsylvania.

There lived some years ago in Western Pennsylvania, according to "Harpers," an old circuit preacher, Foster West by name, whose genial humor and kindness of heart had greatly endeared him to all the people of his district. He was a particular favorite with the young folks matrimonially inclined, and his opportunities to "tie the knot" were numerous. On one occasion he found upon his arrival at a certain town several couples awaiting his blessing. The old man was tired and wished to make short work of the job. "Stand up," he began, "and jine hands." Which being done, he rattled through a marriage service, like himself, was original. "There," he said, when it was finished, "ye can go; ye're man and wife, ev'ry o' ye." Two of the couples hesitated, and finally made it apparent that in the sudden "jining" they had become confused, and had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled as he took in the situation, but he instantly straightened up, and with a wave of his hand dispersed them. "I married ye all," he said; "sort yourselves."

## Fascinating Heroines.

The "Speaker's" second article addressed to lady novelists is "on heroines who bustle and roll across the floor." This heroine (we read) is as "unfiring in her efforts to please" as an actress, and she bustles or rolls. She never merely laughs or cries; she bursts, whether it be into laughter or tears, as recklessly as the circus ladies burst through sides of paper. She does nothing, indeed, in the common way (plump) on their invitation, and after the Guardsman goes she falls heavily on his departure. In her agony she rolls across her bedroom floor with her hair down. In real life, perhaps, she could not be quite so regardless of her person (not to speak of her clothes), but she is a delicious sensation to read about. I notice that she is nine times in ten a married woman. The most extraordinary thing about her and her husband, the earl, is that they are madly, wildly passionately in love, but each thinks the other hates him or her. She discovers immediately after the wedding that he is supposed to have married her for her money; or he discovers that the other man once kissed her on the lips, and after that they pass with a cold bow. They meet, however, at dances at their own house; and in the conservatory he asks her hoarsely to dance with him. All this time her eyes are blazing like two turnstones, one on each side of her nose—though they used to be lashed with a forest of pines planted round about the knowing ones, and the anticipations of petite soup for which this little French suburb is famous arouses a keen appetite. Surrounded by rolling green lawns, tennis courts, palms, and blossoming hedges, here stands the summer home of Michigan's senator, James McMillan. Its russet tints are thrown out effectively by the contrasting blue of July skies. Close to the pier, in sight from its piazzas, lie a number of gay steam launches, dipping about merrily in the waters of Lake St. Clair, and with them the yachts Lela and Truant. Upon the shining deck of the latter may be often seen a slender, refined-looking girl with a demure, fresh face and modest manners. Here yachting suit clings affectionally to the person of Senator McMillan's only daughter, Miss Amy McMillan. The white yachting cap covers a small, elegant shaped head. The brown eyes express a quiet enjoyment of life, which have been in their owner's possession just twenty-one years. Sedate, reticent, simple in manner, Miss McMillan is utterly unspiced by her host of admirers.

## A Scotch Merman.

An interesting spectacle has recently been seen in the Orkneys. It is probably the first of its kind ever authenticated in living memory. A correspondent writes to a contemporary: "What is said to be a mermaid has been seen for some weeks at stated times at Southside, Deerness. It is about six to seven feet in length, with a little black head, white neck and a snow-white body and two arms. In swimming it appears just like a human being. At times it will come very close inshore and appear to be sitting on a sunken rock, and will wave and work its hands. It has never been seen entirely out of water. Many persons who doubted its genuineness now suppose it to be a deformed seal."—The Table.

## A Temperance Man's Offer.

Here is a business offer from a grocer in Kirkville, Missouri. Could not any Canadian grocer make a similar proposal? The sum would be \$73. Here is the proposal: "Any man who drinks two drams of whiskey per day for a year, and pays 10 cents a drink for it, can have at our store thirty sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money and get \$2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures. That is a temperance lecture in a very few lines.

## She Lived to Learn.

Mr. Canstique—And so old Mrs. Gadd is dead?

Mr. Carry News—Yes, dead and buried.

Mr. Canstique—Dead and buried!

Humph! I'll wager that by this time she knows all the family antecedents of the woman in the adjacent lot.—Life

## THE DIMPLE IN HER CHEEK.

She really isn't handsome, for her hair's an ugly shade; Her eyes are like a pale blue glass of circus lemonade; Her nose is short, her chin is long, her voice has got a squeak; But, ah! you'd be delighted with the dimple in her cheek.

I'm often sorely constrained her looks to criticize; I'm sorry that I can't admire her hair, her nose, her eyes; But of these unattractive things I'm powerless to speak. Whenever I may gaze upon the dimple in her cheek.

Of all the many pretty girls my heart has ever known, 'Tis she of all the lot I would gladly call my own. For while in many ways her claim to beauty's very weak I'd simply like to own for life the dimple in her cheek.

## France Indeed.

Father—I tell you, young man, it is pretty hard for a father to see his daughter leave home and take up life's burdens with a young man.

Young man—Well, Emily is an especially good girl.

Father—Good! Why, sir, she's worth her weight in tea.