

NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.

Three People Killed and Many Others Dreadfully Injured.

A SCENE THAT MADE PEOPLE TURN PALE.

A Columbus, O., despatch says: Soon after 5 o'clock yesterday an alarm of fire called the fire department out. The news spread that there had been a natural gas explosion and a crowd rushed to the scene. The explosion had occurred in a two-story dwelling at the south corner of Wall and Noble alleys. Patrol No. 1 was on the scene but no rope was stretched and the people crowded by hundreds into the narrow alley and pushed up close to the house. The moans and shrieks of injured people within could be heard. A whisper ran through the throng that a natural gas main ran through Noble-alley but this was soon converted into a rumor that the blaze was due to a gasoline explosion in the house and the people did not believe the warning. The fire was almost under control and the people were laughing and talking. The alley was crowded with lookers-on, many of whom were turning to go home. At that moment a terrific explosion rent the air. A sheet of flames burst from the building at the northwest corner of Noble and Wall alleys, a great mass of bricks, beams and stone that 30 seconds before had constituted a two-story brick building were flying with terrific force through the air.

The scene that followed was terrible. The people fled, shrieking, in all directions, while the alley was instantly covered with a mass of debris, from which the moans of buried men came. Pallid, trembling women tottered and ran across the alley and streets, moaning or shrieking. Men with foreheads and shoulders drabbed with blood staggered from among the debris.

A woman enveloped in a sheet of flame, bareheaded and frenzied, ran shrieking from the house across the alley. A man dashed off his overcoat and ran to throw it around her. A fireman who held the nozzle of a hose turned the stream on her. It knocked her down but saved her life, extinguishing the flames. She was hurried into a neighboring house. Every inch of her clothing had been burned from her down to her waist. Her name was Pet Marrott.

An old man with white hair and beard was dug from the ruins and hurried to a place where medical assistance could be given him. A tearless mother staggered from the ruins holding tight to her heart the seemingly lifeless form of her 3-month-old babe.

The explosion, as near as can be ascertained, resulted from an accumulation of natural gas in the cellar of the house occupied by Michael Bowers and Mr. Marrott. No natural gas pipes were ever put into that house, but a natural gas main in Noble alley leaked. The gas has no scent and its presence could not be detected. The explosion scattered bricks, etc., for a considerable distance. The side of the Marrott house was blown out and the roof fell over and hung from the top of the house to the ground.

The exploded vapor, after doing its terrible work on the south side of Noble alley, leaped over to the north side and completely destroyed the house occupied by Edward Olistot and Mr. James. The house was similar to the one opposite. Here everything was blown to chips. The house shot up and parted like a piece of fireworks.

The work of getting out the dead and caring for the wounded has been attended with great excitement. At the morgue are three bodies. The killed are: Charles Becht, barber; Seymour, a colored boy, and Mrs. P. Marrott.

The woman's body was taken from the cellar. The other members of her family are badly injured.

The wounded are: Dr. T. K. Wissinger, William Brady, William Neil, William James and wife, — Blankinger, Theo. Shouting, Officer Lynskey, Charles Lick-lighter, William Riley, Elmer Gates, Mrs. Carn, Ed. Kewer, Elmer Geahy, Charles Lowry, — Westlander, Petty Marrott, Thomas Doyle, Flora Bowers, and Emma Bowers, aged 14, badly burned, but not fatally, Aaron Bern, Benjamin Morgan, Marshall Kilbourne, Peter Marrott, and two men named Berry and Wolf.

SOUTHERN RIOTS.

Thirty-five Arrests and the Military Sleeping on their Arms.

An Apalachicola, Fla., despatch of Thursday night says: The Escambia Rifles arrived last night, 37 strong. Guards were posted throughout the town, and every white man not on duty slept with arms within reach. Thirty-five ringleaders of the Negro strikers were arrested to-day, but the chief one, Sanchez V. Thomas, cannot be found. One negro was shot to-day while fleeing from arrest. The trial of some prisoners commenced this afternoon. Intense excitement prevails among both whites and blacks. The negro women are violent in denunciation of the action of the whites, and are thronging the streets. The citizens are worn out with fatigue. It is generally believed the arrest of the ringleaders will have a quieting effect, but some think the negroes will attempt to make further trouble to-night. The whites are well prepared, and this fact it is hoped will restrain the negroes.

Calibrating Influenza Bacilli.

A Vienna cable of Friday says: On a strict bouillon diet the influenza bacilli are thriving wonderfully. Dr. Joesels stated to your correspondent this afternoon that his pure culture colonies of exclusive influenza bacteria had been obtained by the usual method of eliminating alien bacteria taught and practiced by Professor Koch. Doctor Joesels to-day inoculated twenty mice by means of spontaneous injections with the attenuated virus, and awaits with anxiety the result.

The clergy of Derby, England, have decided not to accept any marriage fee, in the hope of checking the practice of civil marriages. They expect that their example will be followed by their brethren throughout England.

Miss Anthony, the famous woman suffragist, is said to look not a day older than she did ten years ago. It is significant that the comic journals several years ago abandoned their caricatures of the movement with which Miss Anthony's name is so inseparably connected.

SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY.

A Man Found Demented After Having Apparently Been Robbed.

A Winnipeg despatch of Wednesday says: A strange story is told by Mrs. Attrell, of Bismarck, Dak. About six weeks ago her husband went to Portage la Prairie to finish the sale of some land there. He sold it for some \$1,200, and wrote his wife that he would be home at Christmas. He did not come, and soon after the first of the year she heard he was insane at Portage la Prairie. She went after him and found him in a most pitiable condition, his reason gone, the money lost, and even his clothes had been taken. Mrs. Attrell says that her husband never drinks and does not indulge in dissipation of any kind. She believed he was robbed in a systematic manner, but has not yet obtained all the facts. At times when violently insane he will beg not to be killed and he will cry "Let them have it." This is supposed to refer to his money. At another time, when partially sane, he told his wife that he was locked up in a room for four days without food because he would not do as somebody wanted him. Mr. Attrell's lawyer has ascertained that he signed checks on the bank, and that the amounts were afterwards put in and the checks paid. His bank book for the Portage la Prairie Bank and also the one for the Winnipeg bank at which he is in the habit of doing business, are both missing and have not yet been found. The case will be pushed.

JOHN POPOFF'S CRIME.

He Murders a Young Woman Because She Rejected Him.

A New York despatch of Thursday says: This afternoon, Mary Petrokovsky, aged 19, a Russian girl, was shot in the head by John Popoff. She died soon after. The murderer was arrested. He comes of a wealthy family in high standing in Moscow, Russia. His parents died two years ago, leaving him vast estates. He squandered most of his fortune in less than two years. He belonged to the Russian army, and six months ago, when a war was imminent between Russia and some other power, Popoff deserted and fled to this country. About four months ago he became a boarder in the family of J. M. Petrokovsky, a brother of the girl he murdered. He met Miss Petrokovsky frequently at her brother's house, and fell in love with her. The girl disliked him on account of his shiftless habits and refused to marry him. This afternoon the girl again visited her brother's house. Popoff came into the room where the family were with a nine-chambered Russian revolver in his hand. He drove the rest of the family from the room at the point of the weapon and then shot the girl. The murderer, it is believed, meant to kill himself also, but lacked the courage. He is now in a cell at a police station and a policeman is constantly watching him, as it is feared he will attempt suicide.

NELLIE BLY'S ARRIVAL.

The Girl Who Makes a Round-the-World Trip Record.

A Saturday night's despatch from New York says: The official time, as announced by the *World's* timers for the arrival of Nellie Bly, was 3:51 o'clock, thus making her complete trip around the world in 72 days 6 hours and 11 minutes. There was the strongest enthusiasm on her arrival. She was driven directly to the *World* office, in front of which more than 5,000 persons had congregated. The carriages moved briskly from the depot, but despite this they were accompanied by a shouting, seething mob of people. In ten minutes there were fully 10,000 people in Park Row cheering and waving handkerchiefs and stopping the immense traffic of that thoroughfare. The scenes at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, at the ferry and in the streets, thence to the *World* office, were of like description. Very few persons have received so flattering a popular welcome in New York as Nellie Bly this day. It being a semi-holiday, and the arrival of the little lady tolerably certain, probably added to the enthusiasm, good-nature and size of the crowds.

To Bridge or Tunnel.

The latest bridge or tunnel scheme is one proposed by Senator McMillan, of Michigan, who has introduced a joint resolution at Washington, requesting the Secretary of War to cause an examination to be made into the practicability and expense of bridging or tunnelling the Straits of Mackinac. At present transportation between Mackinaw City and St. Ignace is carried on by means of ferry-boats, but this system has now become inadequate to meet the demand of the rapidly increasing traffic. The distance between the two points named is eight miles, but the bridge or tunnel would be located at a place in the Straits where the terminal points would be about four miles apart. Two railroads run to Mackinaw City, and the idea is to give them direct connection with the roads of the upper peninsula, thus opening up all rail routes to the south from the Lake Superior mines.

Why He Wept.

Jones—What makes you look so blue?
Smith—My only brother is going to marry Miss White.
"I don't wonder you feel bad about your brother marrying that heartless flirt."
"Oh, it isn't that; I want to marry her myself."

A Coincidence.

Wife—What did you ever see in me to make me your wife?
Husband—Do you know I've asked myself the same thing a hundred times since we've been married?

Stepniak, the nihilist author, who is coming to this country next year, is described as a black-haired, bristly-bearded, vigorous-looking six-footer, with gentle manners and kindly ways.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich recently had the grip. He compares the sensation to that of "a mallet skull that is too tight across the forehead and that pinches behind the ears."

Kansas City grocers will attempt to defeat Councilmen who voted against a bill making the huckster license \$50. It was made \$35.

SCOTCHMEN, ATTENTION!

Seven Nubs of News from Auld Scotland.

Glasgow is to have a Highland Institute in addition to her Gaelic Society, Celtic Society and Highland Club.

Mr. George Reid, R. S. A., (an Aberdonian) has presented the Senate of Aberdeen University with portraits of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Chancellor of the University, and of Mr. Francis Edmond of Kingswells, LL.D.

The Western Highlands and Islands Commission of Inquiry has been appointed, and its members are Mr. Spencer H. Walpole, Chairman; Mr. Wolfe Barry, C. E.; Commander Farquhar, R. N.; Sir James King, Sheriff McKechnie and Mr. Malcolm McNeill.

At Glasgow Town Council meeting on December 23rd Lord Provost Muir said he would subscribe £20,000 to a fund for building an art gallery and museum in Glasgow provided three other citizens subscribed similar sums. He thought that with the surplus from Glasgow Exhibition £200,000 might readily be raised.

Linthgow Jubilee Town Hall, which has been erected at a cost of £4,100, was on the 23rd ult. opened by Lord Rosebery. Provost Gilmore intimated that all obligations, with the exception of about £500, had been met. Lord Rosebery subsequently delivered an address, in which he dealt with the importance of local institutions.

At a meeting of the Cowgatehead Free Church, Edinburgh, on Dec. 23rd, under the Chairmanship of the Rev. Dr. Moir Porteous, the Rev. Professor Thomas Smith, who for twenty years had been minister of that church, was presented with an address, a silver Grecian vase and a mantelpiece mirror by the congregation and friends, as memorials of the jubilee of his ministry.

The British War Office has decided to form an additional Clyde Volunteer Brigade. It is to be composed of 5,000 men, drawn from the existing Clyde Brigade, which comprises 15,000 men, made up of the seventeen Volunteer battalions of Lanark, Ayr, Renfrew, Dumfries and Argyll. The existing brigade is intended for service only in the Clyde district, but the new brigade will be of mobile character, and so may be used there or elsewhere.

QUITE ROMANTIC.

An Advertisement for a Wife and Its Curious Consequences.

An advertisement appeared in the *Advertiser's* weekly edition not very long ago from a man in Temby Bay, Manicoulin Island, named Ibbotson, in which he spoke of his desire to secure a Christian woman or spinster as housekeeper or wife. Of course the advertisement was read by many people, among whom was a widow in Perth, mother of two children, who answered it, inquiring for particulars. The gentleman wrote a reply, according to a correspondent, in which he described his house and worldly goods, and explained that he desired some one to take charge of his household. The widow took kindly to the idea of joining hands with the publisher of the advertisement, and expended about \$20 on a ticket to go to the distant island. She did not find things quite as she expected, however. The household consisted of the father and nine children, the youngest of whom was 7 years of age. The children's mother had died insane some time previous, and the blushing and charming widow was loth to complete the transaction which she had begun so bravely. She was stopping at Hilton, and the widower went thither to interview her, but the lady of his choice declined to be seen at all. This would be a sad ending were it not that another chapter yet remains to be unfolded. A young man resident on the island heard of the lady being there without a home and that she had two little children, 5 and 3 years old. He went and had a nice little talk on Sunday, proposed marriage on Monday, was accepted, and the wedding took place on Tuesday. The correspondent who furnishes these particulars claims that the widow has not made a mistake, even if it was a hasty action, for the young man in question is sober, respected and industrious. At last accounts Mr. Ibbotson, the party of the first part, was on his way to Bruce Mines to meet another lady who had taken preliminary steps towards matrimony in response to the same advertisement. For romance of the Simon-pure description this Canada of ours can outstrip any country on earth if a proper start is made. In this case, at least, one man's anxiety and advertisement for home comforts has brought a widow and her helpless children to a good home, has given a young single man a family to start with, and as far as can be learned a happy one at that; and last, but not least, the man who started the interesting conglomeration is in a fair way to attaining the object of his endeavors.—*London Advertiser*.

A Man of Principle.

Jones (at the Broadway Theatre)—Hello, Stratilao, I didn't expect to find you here. I thought you didn't approve of this sort of show.
Stratilao—No, I don't; but Tom Madison wanted to see the Gaiety girls, and just to oblige him I said I would go with him.
Jones—But where is Tom Madison?
Stratilao—Oh, he was called away to Philadelphia this afternoon, so couldn't come.

Put Down Your Hand.

Teacher—Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I will hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what is it that you want to say?
Benjamin—There was a man in the hall and I saw him take your umbrella.

An O'er True Statement.

Countryman (to city clock winder)—I suppose you think that 'ar clock in the City Hall lays over everything else in this town, don't you?
Clock Winder—Great weight always has been attached to its works.

Wasn't in the Swim.

Physician—Why, man, you sent word you had the grip.
Patient—I know, doctor, but I didn't think you'd take time to visit a fellow who only had a common every day broken leg.

HINTS ON DIET.

Some Directions on Dieting That Should Claim Attention.

Many diseases are due solely to a disregard of established rules relating to eating and eating rules which every one ought to know and be willing to heed. Gout is caused by rich foods and stimulating drinks; dyspepsia usually by eating unwholesome food at unseasonable hours, and diseases of the liver and bowels result from the same cause. Apoplexy is produced by drinking too much wine. In Bordeaux, France, more wine is drunk, and a greater portion of the people die of apoplexy than in any other city in the world. Eat slowly and masticate your food thoroughly. Mr. Gladstone, it is said, gives thirty-two bites to each piece of meat that he puts in his mouth. This is a good rule to follow. By swallowing your food without chewing it, you cheat your palate as well as your body. You fail to prepare the meat for the action of the gastric juice, and you do not permit the salivary juices to mix with the starchy foods, to prepare them for further elaboration and assimilation. Never eat when very tired, or when worried or excited, and never work immediately after a meal. Exhaustion and worry preclude a normal appetite and prevent digestion, as does labor too soon after eating. Rest for twenty or thirty minutes after meals. Do not overload the stomach; it is best always to leave the table with the feeling that you could eat a little more. The proper quantity of food eaten at each meal will strengthen the stomach; by eating too much, you distend and weaken it. Do not wash down each morsel of food with a swallow of water; drink what you wish at the conclusion of the meal, and not while it is in progress.

Milk should not be drunk in copious draughts, but in sips, so that it will coagulate in small lumps or flakes, and thus be more easily digested. It is best eaten with a spoon in the form of bread and milk. Remember that meat broths contain little or no nutritive properties; they are simply mild stimulants. With the addition of vegetables, bread or boiled rice, however, they become valuable foods. During the spring months, after living all winter on meats and stale vegetables, the system needs a radical change of diet. At this season one should eat fresh fruits and succulent vegetables for their effect on the liver, the bowels and the blood. Oranges, cherries, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, greens of various kinds, including dandelion, are all valuable. Good health is worth cultivating, even at the expense of a little time and a measure of self-restraint. If men would set a watch upon their lips, they would less often have to send for the doctor. *Youth's Companion*.

AT THE WRONG FUNERAL.

A Chicago Man Lays His Floral Tribute on the Wrong Deceased.

The Secretary of a certain organization had a novel experience last week. It is a joke on him, and he feels too "sore" to make it advisable to publish his name. A member of his Order had died, and at a meeting it had been resolved to send flowers to the funeral and have some member attend as a representative. The Secretary was the member selected. He was directed to procure a suitable floral offering, engage a carriage, and be on hand. The Secretary had never been to the brother's house, but, of course, he had the street and number, and he told the driver of his carriage to go to such a corner. The driver followed directions, and reaching the corner and seeing a funeral the driver took his place among the carriages along the line of the curb. The Secretary was abstracted; he got out and went into the house; he took his society's floral offering and entering the house of mourning he went forward and placed the flowers upon the casket. He did not recognize any one in the room, but that was not at all strange, as he had never seen any of his dead friend's people.

The services at the house were gone through with, and the pall-bearers took up their burden and bore it to the hearse. The Secretary went out with the others and took a seat in his own carriage, giving no directions. The driver naturally followed the others, and when the cemetery was reached it struck him that the place looked like Oakwoods, and he knew his friend's remains were to be buried at Waldheim. Being worried at this thought, he asked who was being buried, and receiving in reply a name entirely unknown to him, he knew that something was wrong. He got into his carriage and was driven back to the house he started from. There he discovered it was not the right number, though the right street. Finding the right number, he learned the funeral from that house had started a short time before he had appeared on the scene. He had made a mistake all around; he had got the wrong house and the wrong funeral, and the flowers his society had presented had been left with strangers. He could say nothing; it was a sad mistake, and the fact that there had been two funerals on the same street within a block of each other, and that the one sought had gone but a few minutes before the one he found, was his only excuse for the error.—*Chicago Herald*.

A Doubting Thomas.

She—Did you let your father know you owned a great deal of real estate?
He—I hinted at it.
She—What did he say?
He—He said "deeds speak louder than words."

A Cautious Weather Prophet.

"Was it you that predicted a big snow storm this week?" inquired a legal gentleman as he entered the Sargate Clerk's office this morning.
"Oh, no," blandly replied Mr. S. H. Ghent, "I predicted some cool days in February."

Not Rightfully His Own.

"Is there any question more disagreeable to you than 'Where did you get that hat?'"
"Well, I should hate like thunder to be asked where I got this umbrella."

Wm. Bayley, of Queen's avenue, East London, was enjoying his customary health on Friday afternoon, when about 3:30 o'clock he was seized with an epileptic fit and succumbed in a very short time. Mr. Bayley has been a resident of London for twenty years, and came from Surrey, England where he was born.

KEEPING HOUSE IS AN ART.

There is a Right Way of Sweeping, Dusting and Cleaning Up.

It is a great mistake to suppose that furniture will continue fresh if allowed to stand in a room during the process of sweeping; it spoils both carving and upholstery. And it is a great error to think that dirty carpets should be lightly swept. Nothing cuts cut carpets so fast as leaving them full of gritty dust, and the dust spoils their colors. To go over a dusty, half-swept carpet with a damp broom or with a broom dipped in ammonia water ruins its coloring and texture in a short time. People who follow this practice have to buy new carpets very frequently, besides living on dingy ones most of the time.

Before beginning to sweep a room its furniture should be dusted and brushed. Gritty dust fades and wears out upholstery. The best brush for furniture is an old blacking brush washed clean; it is both soft and firm. All the lighter objects are to be carried from the room; the heavy furniture is to be covered with dusting sheets. Hangings have to be shaken occasionally, otherwise they get into a condition of dustiness that nothing can remedy. Then the cobwebs are to be swept down and the carpet is to be swept with main strength and thoroughness. The dust having settled, a soft clean cloth, wrapped around a broom, is passed over the entire wall paper, to remove the dust, and the curtain poles, gas fixtures, window and door tops are neatly dusted with a long-handled ostrich-feather duster. A good ostrich-feather duster will last fifteen years if always put away in its manilla-paper cylinder. The articles within reach of the hands are wiped with a clean cloth, the dust being gathered into the cloth and not suffered to fall upon the carpet, and the pictures are to be swung out from the walls and dusted on their backs. Women who dislike to shake dusters from windows wring them out of clear water and use them damp. This is a London fashion and requires the best of yarnish in furniture.

Carpets at the best are sham cleanliness; bare floors are real cleanliness and simplify housekeeping, but they have to be just right or they are a torment. A soft wood floor will not do to go uncarpeted; it splinters and wears rough. A varnished or painted floor will not do at all; it is too slippery, it shows every grain of dust and it "scratches right up." A bare floor must be of hard wood. It must never be washed from the day it is nailed down to the end of time. Among the many pleasant notions that we have held from our Suffolk ancestry is the notion that nothing can be cleaned without water.

Our ancestors probably derived this "poor folks' neatness" from the water-splashing Hollanders and Belgians, from whom they borrowed their religion across the Channel. Really the best way to clean anything from a pantry-shelf to a stone door-step, is to wring a cloth or brush nearly dry and apply it with as little water as possible. Scrubbing with a broom and a pail of water is an abomination of spattering and streaking.

The French "dry scouring" is just as cleansing as soap and water scrubbing, even for rooms where sickness has taken place. "Dry scouring" consists of energetic rubbing and polishing with wax. If a floor is dirty, to begin with, it ought to be scraped and "filed" by a good painter, and done as carefully as an oak table is done. The "filling" should have no stain and no dirt in it or the floor will be ruined. The wood should have its natural tint and grain. A waxed floor is not overslippery; in a few days a family will learn to walk silently and securely over it, and if left in its natural tint it will not show dust. Of course, the laborious French "dry scouring" has been superseded by an easy American process. Reception-rooms need not be waxed oftener than once in six months, every-day rooms need the process oftener.—*Indianapolis News*.

Last Words to Young Men.

The following is taken from the last article written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death: "I rejoice to say I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to use one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men."

The Rights of Labor Must be Respected.

Clerk—I want an increase of salary.
Employer (wearily)—All right. Anything else?
Clerk—And I want to get off an hour earlier every day so I can spend it.—*Puck*.

Earl Spencer's library, at Althorp, Northamptonshire, is to be disposed of. It comprises one of the finest collections of rare and curious books in England, numbering over 50,000 volumes of a quality and value sufficient, as Dibdin, the king of bibliophiles, said to cause a "heart-warming glow" in every man who beheld them.

Ibsen's forehead is of abnormal height and development. Short-sighted eyes of a moist chill gray look out steadily, and to all appearance unobtrusively, through gold-rimmed spectacles.

Excavating for the foundation of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle for Dr. Talmage has been begun, and the walls will soon be started. It is expected to have them far enough advanced for the laying of the corner-stone on February 10.

How thankful.

If railway trains were never late, How thankful we should be!
If horsecars ever missed us, How thankful we should be!
If bus would scratch awa' from home, If dogs would burk when burglars roam, If beer was never two-thirds foam, How thankful we should be!

Gen. Lew. Wallace's favorite novel is said to be "Ivanhoe." It is the favorite novel of a great many other people in this world.