GREAT OIL EXPLOSION.

Several Men Cremated and 800,000 Gallons of Oil Burned.

A Philadelphia despatch of yesterday says: About 4 o'clock this afternoon an explosion occurred in the tank steamer Hans and Kurt lying at the Atlantic Oil Refining docks at Point Breeze. The vessel was ruined, and 800,000 gallons of oil together with considerable wharf property, including a brick storage building, were destroyed by the fire which resulted from the explosion. There had been no fire about the vessel, and no cause for the explosion is known unless it be spontaneous combustion. Joseph Quinn, aged 36, a shipping clerk, was covered with the burning oil, and so badly injured that he died soon afterward. Harris Schonholtz, aged 37 years, a hoseman of engine No. 4, was overcome by heat and the inhalation of smoke, and is believed to be dying. John Karlwerrit, aged 42, the steamer's captain, was badly wounded and had his arm dislocated. His condition is serious. Henry Gempen, aged 40 years, was badly burned. He is in a serious condition. John E. Storey, Wm. Quinn and Henry Spond, employed about the works, were more or less seriously burned by the flying oil. Robert Poetet, cook of the steamer, had both feet burned. Samuel Linn, engineer of No. 1 company, was scalded about the body. James Devine, engineer of No. 11 company, was badly scalded. Wm. Black, foreman of engine company No. 1, had both hands burned. A seaman named Blairman was scalded about the legs. An unknown man was burned by the oil. In all thirteen were injured, of which number Joseph Quinn died, one is dying, and the injuries of two more may prove fatal. All of those who were seriously injured inhaled the smoke and the fumes of the burning oil, as did some of the less seriously injured.

A DISASTROUS EXCURSION.

Seven out of a Party of Eight Pleasure-Seekers Drowned.

A Boston despatch says: About 6 o'clock Sunday morning eight young men storted on a fishing excursion in a sailboat. When they were about a mile from the Thompson's Island, in Dorchester Bay, the boat was struck by a squall and capsized. All but one were swimmers, but instead of trying to swim ashore they tried to climb on the boat, which was so heavily ballasted that their weight would force her beneath the surface, leaving them struggling in the water. In this manner the strength of the men was exhausted, and they sank one by one until but one was left. The survivor, Walter Quinlan, had sunk for the last time, when the boat rising, came up under him, lifting him above the surface. He floated unconscious for some time, when the boat was seen from the shore by employees of the gas works at Cow Pasture point, who went out, brought him to shore and resusciated him.

Nebraska's Big Storm.

A special from Weston, a village seven miles below Underwood, Neb., says the best part of the town is under from five to fifteen feet of water. Corn cribs containing 100,000 bushels of corn will probably be a total loss. Heavy losses of cattle and sheep are reported. The track and bridges of the Rock Island and Milwaukee roads are gone. The loss about Weston will reach $100,000.

Advices from higher up the valley, at Neola, and as far as Persia on the line of the Milwaukee, say the storm raged with savage effect. The indications are that Mosquito Valley for a distance of 30 miles is submerged. The track of the Milwaukee & Rock Island is washed out for a distance of 20 miles. The bridges also are gone. The entire damage is variously estimated at from $250,000 to $300,000. No loss of life is reported.

John Bull Cornering Yankee Mills.

A Minneapolis despatch says: The *Tribune* says the English syndicate controlling the Pillbury and W. D. Washburn mills have leased the C. C. Washburn mills, A, B and C, thus adding to their present capacity of 14,500 barrels per diem over 8,500 more, making over 22,000 barrels as a total capacity of the English syndicate per day. All these mills will be under the direct management of Charles A. Pillsbury. The syndicate have the right to purchase the mills during the lifetime of the lease. President Bell, of the Washburn Crosby Company, who are now operating the C. C Washburn mills, says their company will seek new fields, either Duluth or Buffalo, after the expiration of their lease on September 1.

Blaine's Bullying Tone.

A London cable says: The *Times* declares that the order to despatch American cruisers to Behring Sea smacks too much of the methods of the first Napoleon in dealing with weak statesmen, and that if the order is executed British men-of-war must follow. "We can only imagine," the *Times* continues, "that pressure from Irish-Americans has induced Mr. Blaine to withdraw from his apparent desire for a diplomatic settlement. We believe England will agree to a close time for seals in the open sea, but such an arrangement must be international, and cannot be imposed upon the world by American gunboats at the bidding of Mr. Blaine."

Where is Our War Minister?

A special from Arichat, C. B., says: "A large number of American seiners are on the coast, but there is no sign of the Government cruisers yet. They will make their appearance after the seiners have driven the mackerel out of our bay and ruined the prospects of good spring fishing, as they have done the last two years. Meanwhile the Minister of Marine, with a power as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia, has his minions harassing the poor lobster fishermen and fining the packers by the enforcement of an absurd law regulating the fishery."

Every tenement window in New York has its flowers and flower-pots nowadays, and yet the city's only flower market is in a dirty, inaccessible place across the street from a garbage dump.

The Supreme Court of New York Saturday affirmed the conviction and sentence of ex Sheriff Flack.

TRAGEDY IN A CAB.

Shoots His Brother-in-Law in Defence of His Sister's Life.

THE INSIDE OF A CLEVELAND SCANDAL.

A last (Sunday) night's Montreal despatch says: A terrible tragedy arising out of domestic trouble was enacted here this afternoon. The victim, Eugene H. Cowles, of Cleveland, was shot in the neck by his wife's brother, and to-night lies at the point of death at the General Hospital. The story of the trouble that led up to the tragedy is a most romantic one. Cowles is a son of the late Edwin Cowles, the celebrated editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*. He was engaged in business in Cleveland, and about ten years ago was married to Miss Alice M. Hale, daughter of a wealthy Cleveland banker. The marriage was a most happy one, and the union was blessed with a little girl. For some years Cowles led an exemplary married life, and everything went well until he fell in with a woman named Clara Liennschlon, who gained complete control over him. Cowles' business used to take him a great deal to Lockport, N.Y., and his visits became more and more protracted. Then he took several trips to Europe, and it was subsequently discovered that he was accompanied by the woman Clara, and that they lived as man and wife at a number of the leading hotels in Europe. While on one of these trips Cowles was taken dangerously ill, and believing himself about to die, he sent for his wife, admitted his fault and was forgiven. But no sooner had he recovered than he resumed his old course of living and went to the United States with the woman. This continued until last November, when, through the efforts of friends, another reconciliation was effected between husband and wife, who took up their residence in Buffalo. It was not long ago Mrs. Cowles discovered that her husband was still unfaithful. He made frequent visits to New York, and it was discovered by means of detectives that he was again keeping the woman Clara in that city. Mrs. Cowles then decided to write to Cowles' father. The latter was thunderstruck at his son's conduct, and at once wrote to Mrs. Cowles advising her to leave him and inviting her to stay with him. So great was the blow that Mr. Cowles' death soon followed, but few imagined the real cause of the celebrated editor's demise. After his death it was found that he had executed a will by which he provided that one-fifth of his valuable estate should be divided into two parts, one of which he left to his wife and her little girl Florence and the other part to his son Eugene, for use during his lifetime, but it was expressly provided that it should go to the wife and child after the husband's death Young Cowles was enraged at the terms of the will and did everything in his power to break it. Mrs. Cowles in the meantime went to live with her mother with her young daughter. Last Monday Cowles wrote to his wife, stating that he was going to leave the country, and asked for a farewell interview with his daughter, which was granted. The young girl saw her father at old Mrs. Cowles' house, and agreed to return in the afternoon, which she did, in company with her mother's sister. Cowles invited them to go to the depot with him, and the upshot was that he boarded the train with his daughter. He took the train to Connaught, and proceeded by way of Buffalo to St. Catharines. Mrs. Cowles in the meantime engaged detectives, who gave chase and came up with Cowles at St. Catharines. Cowles told the detectives that he intended to keep his child, and that he would never give it up to the mother. Word was sent to Cleveland, and Mrs. Cowles, accompanied by her sister Mrs. Boulton, her brother C. C. Hale, and Judge J. E. Ingersoll, at once started for Canada. At Buffalo they learned that Cowles had left for Toronto, where he put up at the Queen's Hotel with his daughter. The pursuing party at once proceeded to Toronto and put up at the Rossin House. They then engaged the great legal firm of Blake, Lash & Cassels, of which Hon. Edward Blake is the head, and they prepared the papers to submit the case to the courts. Cowles placed his case in the hands of Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., but before the case could be brought before the Toronto courts he left hurriedly for Montreal. He arrived here on Friday night and registered at the Windsor Hotel. He then sent word to his lawyers in Toronto, saying that he wished to see his wife alone, and that unless she agreed to this he would place his daughter in an institution where she would be kept until she was 21, and that her mother would not be allowed to see her. Judge Ingersoll, for the wife, replied that the interview would be granted. Cowles then sent word that unless the mother would agree to forfeit half of the estate he would, as legal guardian, place the child out of her reach. Mrs. Cowles at once took the train for Montreal and arrived here this morning with Judge Ingersoll. They proceeded to the Windsor Hotel and asked for an interview with Cowles, but it was refused. Cowles left the hotel early in the morning with his daughter and returned about noon. After several unsuccessful efforts to see Cowles the parties met in Mrs. Cowles' room. At Cowles' request, all but his wife withdrew and they had a long interview together. Cowles threatened to shoot anybody who would interfere with him. Mrs. Cowles asked to see her child, and Cowles said he would bring her to where she was. A cab was called and Cowles, Mrs. Cowles, her sister and brother, proceeded in the direction of the Sacred Heart Convent on St. Catharines street. On nearing the convent, Cowles turned to his wife and exclaimed, "You are now within sight of Florry; agree to give up half of the estate or I will shoot you." At the same moment he drew a pistol and pointed it at his wife's head Like a flash her brother Hale, who was sitting beside his sister, had drawn a revolver and pointing it at Cowles fired. Cowles fell over with a ghastly bullet wound in his throat, the ball passing right through from left to right. The streets were crowded at the time with people going home from church, and there was a tremendous sensation. Cowles was taken to the general hospital, where it was found that his wound was very serious. By almost a miracle the ball passed completely through the neck without touching any vital point. Hale at once drove to the central police station and gave himself up. He was placed in the cells. Mrs. Cowles also gave herself up, but she was released on bail. She is completely overcome by the tragedy. The young daughter, who is only 9 years of age, is at the Sacred Heart Convent, a stone's throw from where the shooting took place. Some of the leading lawyers in the city have been engaged for Hale's defence. Cowles is reported in a serious condition at the general hospital to-night, but it is stated that he may pull through.

Intoxicated Indians Murder Surveyors.

A Denver, Col., despatch says: J. H. Holl, purchasing agent for the Importing Cattle Company of Wyoming, arrived here to-day and gives an account of the Indian massacre in the Upper Green River country several days ago. He says a party of Indians, intoxicated with whiskey furnished by ranchmen, came to the camp of the Government surveyors and demanded more "fire-water." It being refused, the Indians attacked the party, killing Chief Engineer Crittenden, in charge of the third division of the Government survey, and chain-bearers E. F. Timberlake, George Woods and Henry Overmeyer. Jesse Lee, assistant engineer, was left for dead, but recovered sufficiently to get to a neighboring ranch, where he lies in a precarious condition.

Built a Hotel to Suit Everybody.

A Swedish gentleman of wealth, who had spent years in hotels because he was a wide traveller, several years ago determined to test the question whether a hotel could not be built to accommodate everybody. He selected a fine location at a resort near Stockholm, where he created a magnificent garden in the midst of which he erected his hotel. It was three stories high only. It was so built that there were no "inside" rooms and every suite had exactly the same accommodations as every other suite, being practically the same in size and appointments. He hired a Paris *chef*, engaged a manager and gave orders that guests were to be given whatever they asked for regardless of cost, as his principal object was to see if it was possible to satisfy them. He shut it up after the first year's experiment.

Jumped the Track and Killed Five Men.

A Rockford, Ill., despatch says: The Northwestern passenger train from Freeport, which reaches Chicago at 2 o'clock, jumped the track two miles west of here this afternoon, on account of a broken wheel. A gang of section men were working about two hundred feet from the point where the engine left the rails, and before they could get away the train had run them down and toppled over on them. The entire train was wrecked and the engineer and four section men were killed. The fireman, two section men, and some passengers were injured. Engineer Blaisdell, who was killed, had been engineer on the Galena division for over 35 years.

Railway Offices Take a Tumble.

A Wheeling, W. Va., despatch says: It is just learned that an Ohio River Railway special train of two cars, filled with Baltimore & Ohio Railway officials, en route to Wheeling, went through a trestle between here and Parkersburg. The disaster is said to be appalling, but the officials of the road can give no information. A special train with surgeons and an Associated Press reporter on board has just left the depot.

Scratching His Wooden Leg.

A good story is told on Justice McDonnell by some of his friends. Johnny has a wooden leg, and one evening recently while standing near the corner of Fife and Hampshire streets, the friends standing there with him were surprised to see him raise his wooden leg and scratch it. When his friends related the fact McDonnell denied the story, but three of his friends insisted that he did scratch his wooden leg, and the preponderance of evidence being against the justice, the reporter decided against him, and held that Justice McDonnell, during a temporary aberration of mind, did scratch his wooden leg.—*Quincy Whig.*

Kissing Going Out of Fashion.

In the rural regions of our country, as well as of England, the favorite amusement at a social gathering of young persons is, or until recently has been, a succession of "kissing games" wherein the most modest girl of the company was saluted by every swain who chose, with as little embarrassment as if he had been her mother. But even in the rural districts this sort of thing is passing away, and the permitted realm of the kiss is narrowing day by day.—*Mrs. Frank Leslie.*

He Kept Cool Despite His Eagerness.

Brown's wife has eloped, and Smith meets him tearing along the street.

Smith—What's the matter, old man?

Brown—My wife has eloped and the pair have lost their money and have stopped at Trenton.

Smith—For heaven's sake, Brown, don't do anything rash. Where are you going?

Brown—To telegraph them money?

The Head of the House.

Man with blank book (to large cross-eyed woman at door)—I'm the census-taker. I wish to see the head of the family.

Voice from inside the room—H'm! H'm! Ahem!

Large, cross-eyed woman, peremptorily, (to owner of voice)—Keep that cradle going, James! (To census-taker)—Go ahead with your questions, sir.

Willie a Sad Sea Dog.

"I see somebody has introduced a bill in Congress to prevent this ocean racing. Good idea."

"Yes—hardly a week passes that the record is not cut down.'

"What is the record now?"

"Well, Willie Fourhundred took a schooner this morning and already he's half seas over."

Two Victims.

Brown—Hello, Jones, where are you going in such a hurry?

Jones—I'm going to the dentist's to get my tooth pulled.

Brown—That's bad; but I'm worse off yet. I'm going to my lawyer's to get my leg pulled.

A SHARP MESSENGER.

Escapes With the Swag After Road Agents Stop the Train.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: The Northern Pacific east-bound passenger train, which arrived here to-night, was robbed by masked men near New Salem, N. D., last night. Two miles east of New Salem and twenty-five miles west of Mandan the engineer and firemen were surprised by two masked men climbing over the tender, presenting big revolvers, and ordering the train to be stopped. The summons was obeyed. Express Messenger Angevin, hearing shots fired forward, and suspecting something, hid $600 in money from the safe, locked the small safe, put out the lights, and ran back to New Salem. The mail car was first tackled by the robbers. Only one mail agent was in it, and he obeyed orders by turning over the mail matter. A number of registered letters were rifled, and then the robbers turned their attention to the express car. This they found deserted, much to their chagrin, and mistaking the fireman for the express messenger, they ordered him at the point of pistols to open the safes. He protested and finally satisfied the robbers that he knew nothing about it. Then the train was allowed to back to New Salem, and finally came on east. The express messenger got on the train as it left New Salem. The passengers were not touched. One put his head out of the window, but was told to get his head back and a bullet whizzed past his head. The sheriff and a posse, mounted and armed, left Mandan early this morning on a special train for the scene of the robbery. The robbers compelled Engineer Kilmartin to break in the door of the postal car. Only four masked men were seen, and suspicions are rife that only two were engaged in the work. In the mail car the mask fell from the face of one man. The district around New Salem is peopled by quiet, law-abiding citizens. The robbery is presumed to be the work of people unknown in that part of the country.

How to Keep Your Skin Nice.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when your are traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap; then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron and treat it as you would the finest procelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then a minute after with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles.—*New York Sun.*

Running a Coal Stove.

A coal stove should never be filled up with coal higher than the fire brick, and a little lower is better. Never put wood on top of coal if you wish a good, clean fire. Wood ashes rattling down through the hard coal fire are not an improvement. No dead ashes or clinkers should be allowed on the grate or under it either. An ash pit under the boiler, if allowed to fill with ashes, will reflect so much heat against the grate that it will soon wear out and fall to pieces. The same will take place in the hot stove as well as in the steam boiler. If the object to run a fire is to burn out as much coal as possible then fill it full, even so that the covers will not go down. This arrangement will burn the greatest possible quantity of coal in the least amount of time; to obtain directly opposite results, keep a clean fire in the fire-box about two-thirds full of coal.

Etiquette on the Street.

When two gentlemen are walking with one lady the one takes the out and the other the inside, thus keeping her between them. When one gentleman is walking with two ladies, he places himself between them. When a gentleman desires to speak to a lady who is passing, he may if he be a friend and alone, accost her, but he must not detain her. Instead, let him walk with her in the direction whither she is going, and when he has done, leave her with a bow and smile, raising his hat as he retreats. It is no longer thought needful for a gentleman to keep himself perpetually on the outer side by changing sides at every corner. Such a habit savors of stiffness and is too marked a concession to form. Gentlemen may take the inside when it would seem awkward to do otherwise, but the outside is preferred for them. —*Philadelphia Saturday Herald.*

Lack of Symmetry in the Eyes.

When the average man or woman comes to be fitted with the first pair of glasses some curious discoveries are made. Seven out of ten have stronger sight in one eye than the other. In two cases out of five one eye is out of line. Nearly one-half the people are color blind to some extent, and only one pair of eyes out of every fifteen are sound in every respect.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Generous to a Fault.

"Is your husband a very generous man?"

"Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present. Well, he smoked only one and gave all the others away to his friends."

Here are some interesting opinions from Mr. Gladstone: "The three handsomest men of their time were the late Duke of Hamilton, Sidney Herbert and Cardinal Manning; the three most naturally eloquent speakers of their day, the Duke of Argyll, the late Lord Elgin and Bishop Wilberforce. Lord Beaconsfield was the most interesting political character of this century, not excepting Mr. Pitt."

STRUCK A ROCK.

The City of Rome Has a Narrow Escape from Total Destruction.

A London cable says: The Anchor Line steamer City of Rome, Captain Young, from New York, May 31st, arrived at Queenstown at 10 o'clock this morning. The vessel had a narrow escape from destruction at Fastnet. She made land in a dense fog at 4 o'clock this morning. She was going slowly and was taking soundings when, notwithstanding the care exercised, she struck Fastnet rock about three miles seaward, off Crookhaven, bow on. Her forefoot got on the rock, and but for the promptitude displayed in reversing the engines a great fatality would have been recorded. Passengers who were interviewed say the steamer trembled all over when she struck the rock. For a time there was intense alarm on board, the density of the fog adding to the ominous character of the situation. The passengers were finally quieted by the repeated assurances of the commander and other officers of the steamer that not the slightest danger existed. The full extent of the damage will not be ascertained until the steamer is docked at Liverpool. Her stem is broken at the peak and she shipped a large volume of water forward. The steamer started for Liverpool at 11 o'clock, proceeding at half speed.

It is rumored that the fog gun on Fastnet rock was not fired until after the City of Rome had struck.

The Pride of Matrimony.

In his recently published "Trials of a Country Parson," Dr. Jessop tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arcady. As thus: "It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, miss, as I'd had five wives, now did you? Ah, but I have, though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and tree on 'em bewties!' On another occasion I playfully suggested, 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really do! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heerd tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd a made nothing of them!'"—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Devonshire Cable Road.

One of the simplest and yet most satisfactory cable roads in existence is that running between the two Devonshire towns of Lynton and Lynmouth, one being situated at the top and the other at the bottom of a cliff. The cliff is 500 feet high, and there are two passenger cars connected to each other by two independent steel wire cables, each cable passing over the same pulley fixed at the top of the track. Underneath, but attached to each car, is a tank, and water is allowed to flow into the tank of whichever car happens to be at the top, and by its weight causes the car to descend, and at the same time of course causes the other car at the bottom to ascend, only a sufficient amount of water being allowed to enter the car each time to just overbalance the load of passengers requiring to be brought up in the other car. The passenger cars can be readily detached and run off the platform at either end, thus leaving a plain table for the conveyance of goods.

Trial by Combat.

Trial by combat was not abolished by Parliament in England until 1819. Though no part of Great Britain or Ireland was the scene of an actual judicial combat later than 1597 yet in Ireland in 1815 a murderer named Clancy avoided the gallows by a sudden offer of battle which was not accepted, and in 1817 in England, Abraham Thornton challenged the brother of Mary Ashford, whom he was accused of murdering, and thus escaped the death penalty. It was this last crime that caused Parliament to act. Mr. George Neilson has collected a great many interesting facts about such legal appeals to the duel by combat in "Trial by Combat," a new book. When trial by combat came into existence is uncertain, but Mr. Neilson traces it back among the tribes of Northern Europe before their written history began. The practice held its ground firmly both in England and Scotland for centuries, being fostered in the early feudal ages and by the later chivalry.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, Germany's great General, recently expressed the opinion that the next great European war will not be short, as generally imagined from the increased destructiveness of arms, but that it may be a seven years' or even a thirty years' struggle. The General points out that when a war is short it is generally because a superiority of numbers, or of equipment, or of training, or of preparedness, or of all these combined enables the one side to quickly vanquish the other. But he maintains that, under the universally high state of preparation which at present exists, it is hardly conceivable that a situation could arise in which the disaster to an army would be so complete as to prevent repair and reinforcement from prolonging indefinitely the struggle. This appears to be a logical correction of a world-wide misconception.

THERE are thirty thousand children of school age in Chicago who cannot find room in the school houses, and the half-time system is therefore very prevalent. A teacher writes that there are between three and four thousand children too poor to go to school, having neither shoes nor clothing. Of the thousands of little people who enter the first grade at six years of age very few are found in the third grade. They are taken out and put to work in factories and workshops, or as cash boys or girls; and while there are from six to ten first grade rooms in each school in Chicago overcrowded, the upper grade rooms are almost without occupants; and so few out of the great numbers that enter school reach the "high school" that the question has been raised as to the advisability of continuing so expensive an institution when so few receive the benefit of it. Chicago is situated in a country that has had the benefit of a high protective tariff for nearly thirty years.