

MINERS' ENTOMBED.

28 MEN IN THE HARTFORD MINE AT ASHLEY

THE ACCIDENT CAUSED BY A CAVE IN.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 15.—The long series of awful mine disasters that have visited this valley within the past year reached a climax this morning in the entombing of 28 men in the Hartford mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Ashley, three miles from this city. At 9 o'clock this morning the community was thrown into a state of wild excitement when the news spread that an extensive cave-in had occurred in No. 6 Colliery, covering an area of more than 10 acres.

Thousands rushed to the scene of the disaster and found that the surface almost as far as the eye could reach was seamed and cracked with long circular fissures, some of which were over two feet wide. The sorrow of the people was intensified when it became known that 28 of their friends who had gone down the narrow pit in the morning were directly beneath the portion that had caved in, and in all probability were entombed forever behind an impenetrable mass of coal and rock. That portion of the mine in which the men were known as No. 4 slope, and the cave-in if it did not overwhelm them at once, shut off all means of reaching the surface.

Rescuing parties were at once organized and an opening broken through into a manway along the bed of a mountain stream where the chambers in that part of the mine came within a few feet of the surface. All day long these men toiled like Titans at the hard and stubborn rock, while the weeping wives and little ones of the doomed victims stood around the opening and rent the air with their cries and lamentations. Gang after gang relieved one another until at 5 o'clock the news passed that they had succeeded in breaking through the chambers beneath the cave.

A period of indescribable suspense followed, while the thousands who stood around the opening waited for some intelligence from the men at the front. The men toiled on in silence until half-past six, when there was a commotion at the mouth of the dark opening, and the foreman crawled out on his hands and knees, and announced that he had found one of the victims. He was lying at the bottom of a 50-foot plane, and in order to rescue him it became necessary to lower a miner down with a rope. This was done, and the charred and blackened form of Anthony Froyne, the first of the victims, was hoisted to the surface. He was still alive, but his injuries are considered fatal.

When the news spread that Froyne was burned, a look of the deepest gloom overspread the faces of the old miners who were present. They shook their heads sadly, saying that the fact of Froyne being so badly burned left very little hope for the safety of his companions. It is supposed that Froyne wandered away from the rest of the men, and in his efforts to find a way out fired the gas in the chamber. If this explosion reached the other men their chances of escape are very slight. Wreck and ruin were wrought as well on the surface as in the fatal pit. Nearly a score of houses are shattered and destroyed, and the families were compelled to flee for their lives.

The latest report from the scene of the disaster, at 5 o'clock, is to the effect that the rescuing party has penetrated to within sight of two dead bodies, but the gas is so thick that they were driven back to the surface. The place is full of black damp, and further approach in the direction of the victims is impossible, even with safety lamps. As it looks now, very little hope is entertained that any of the men will be rescued alive. The cave-in is only a short distance from the point where the six miners, John Clark, Bernard Riley, John Green, Daniel Green, Daniel Hawkins and William Price were entombed in like manner during the month of April, 1879, and who subsisted on mule meat for six days, when they were reached by a rescuing party and found in good health and little the worse for their hazardous experience. The men entombed are nearly all married and have large families all dependent upon them for support. The scene around the mouth of the pit, at the opening, was a beggar description. Wives and mothers crowd close up to the dark opening and peer in as if their love would rend the darkness to the fatal depths, while the cries of the little ones calling for their fathers make the hearers sick with pity. The men who form the rescuing parties are strangers to fear, and it is within the bounds of possibility to reach the men inside they will be rescued alive or their dead bodies restored before morning.

—In Rockingham county, North Carolina, David Stokes, colored, struck at a cat, "when the cat drew at him and fastened its teeth in his wrist. The cat held on so tenaciously that its head had to be severed before its grip could be relaxed. Stokes was taken sick at once and soon died."

—A dwelling in Campbell Ford, Ontario, occupied by a family named Wynn, was burned on the morning of the 12th. William Wynn, aged 13 years, and his grandmother, Mrs. Catherine Souther, perished in the flames. The woman was 80 years of age and helpless. The boy lost his life in attempting to save her.

—James O'Hara, aged 7 years, while running across a street in East Saginaw, Michigan, on the 11th, saw a dog fight, "fell in some manner, breaking his neck. His head doubled completely under him."

—Two freight trains on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad collided near Chattanooga on the morning of the 12th. Three colored brakemen were killed, and two engineers, a brakeman and a conductor were injured. Three engines and eight cars were wrecked.

SEVERE STORM AT READING.

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, HAIL AND RAIN.

A BOY DROWNED BY THE BREAKING OF A SEWER.

READING, Pa., May 14.—One of the severest storms of recent years visited Reading this evening. The day was a beautiful one. Towards evening black clouds gathered over the city, until the entire sky was covered. Then an electric storm set in. The heavy thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the houses. The lightning was terrific, while hail fell in great quantities. Then a furious deluge of rain fell upon the city. In five minutes the streets were one mass of rushing waters, which filled hundreds of cellars.

—On Third street, between Washington and Walnut, there is an old, rotten sewer large enough for a wagon to pass through its entire length. While seven or eight boys were running home the sewer suddenly caved in and drew into the torrent Robert Kappelman, aged 10 years. His body has not yet been found, and was undoubtedly carried into the river squares away. His companions all made narrow escapes from a similar fate. Young Kappelman is the son of Select Councilman John H. Kappelman, Superintendent of the Consumers' Gas Company.

The Reading Iron Company's forge was flooded and the furnace fires put out by three feet of water, and various other industrial establishments suffered severely. The Schuykill rose very rapidly. A great deal of damage is reported from the country districts.

Late last night lightning struck the house of Henry Borchers, on the outskirts of Pottsville. Mrs. Borchers, who was standing in the doorway, was thrown down and partially paralyzed. William, the 15-year-old son, was thrown across the room and rendered unconscious. Henry Borchers' father was also partly paralyzed. The other children, Frederick, aged 14, Laura, aged 13, Henry, aged 12, and Martha, aged 10 years, were so badly shocked that they were unable to move for some time. All will recover. The bait passed all through the house and set fire to the flooring of the loft in the kitchen. The ceiling in two rooms was torn off. The house was badly damaged. Neighbors extinguished the flames.

51st CONGRESS.—First Session

SENATE.

In the United States Senate on the 12th Mr. Hoar, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the House amendment to the Senate Anti-Trust bill, with an amendment. The Silver bill came up in order, and Mr. Jones, of Nevada, spoke at length in support of it. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 13th Mr. Quay presented a remonstrance from business men of Philadelphia against an increase of the duty on dress goods made wholly or partly from wool. The Silver bill was resumed, and Mr. Jones, of Nevada, concluded his argument in favor of the bill. Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, criticized the measure and it then went over. On motion of Mr. Hoar, the Anti Trust bill, with the House amendment, was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate, on the 14th, the bill subjecting imported liquors to the laws of the several States was reported and placed on the calendar. Mr. Edmunds introduced a bill to establish a national currency, and it was referred to a special committee of nine. Mr. Teller made a speech on the silver question. Several bills were taken from the calendar and passed, after which the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate, on the 15th, bills were reported to amend the Shipping Commissioners' laws, providing for a \$100,000 public building at Allentown and (House bill) granting a pension to Mrs. Della Parnell. The Silver bill was resumed and Mr. Teller concluded his speech, begun the day before. Mr. Coke followed in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 12th, on motion of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, the general debate on the Tariff bill was limited to one minute. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill, and, nobody caring to occupy the minute allowed in general discussion, the bill was read by paragraphs for amendment. Several amendments offered by Democrats, and one offered by a Republican were rejected, and the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 13th the consideration of the Tariff bill was continued in Committee of the Whole, and the proceedings were enlivened by the unexpected sensation of a speech from Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, severely criticizing some of the principal features of the bill. After having considered 13 of the 156 pages of the bill Committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 14th, a conference was ordered on the Dependent Pension bill. The consideration of the Tariff bill was continued in Committee of the Whole. After reaching the 17th page of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 15th, a conference committee was appointed on the Dependent Pension bill. The evening session was for the consideration of private pension bills.

—The value of the domestic breadstuffs exported from the United States during the month of April, 1890, was \$15,534,146; for the month of April, 1889, \$9,537,886.

EASILY SATISFIED.—Miss Charlotte (who has \$10,000 a year); Really, Mr. Hunter, some one else has my love. Mr. Hunter—Well, that ought to satisfy him—I will be contented with the rest.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Word has been received in Oklahoma City, Indian Territory, of a battle between cowboys at a point twenty-five miles south of there. The difficulty is reported to have arisen over different constructions of the "herd" law. Five men are reported killed, three fatally injured and four slightly wounded. Three United States Deputy Marshals have gone to the scene. No particulars are obtainable. The scene of the fight is far removed from any telegraph station. Frank Ely shot and killed Henry Laborn, near Oklahoma City, Indian Territory, on the 12th. They quarrelled about the ownership of a stone quarry. An unsuccessful attempt was made to shoot the Rev. Father Andrews in Jeffersonville, Indiana, on the evening of the 12th. The priest was walking on his back porch when a bullet whizzed by his head.

—A violent wind storm struck Springfield, Illinois, on the 12th. Fences were destroyed and the steeple of St. Agnes's Church was blown down. At Quincy, on the 12th, great damage was done to skylights, windows and shrubbery by a hail storm. The fruit crop was damaged. Several buildings in Burlington, Iowa, were struck by lightning during a storm on the 12th, and a number of people received slight shocks.

—By the explosion of the boiler of a locomotive on the Reading Railroad at Shamokin, Pa., on the morning of the 13th, Engineer Herman Hoglegonz and Fireman Charles Kauffman were killed, and Conductor Yeager was probably fatally injured. The engine was nearing Shamokin drawing a heavy train, when Kaufman noticed water from the boiler leaking into the fire-box. He apprised the engineer of the danger, but the boiler exploded before means could be taken to prevent it. Yeager was riding in the engine cab.

—A locomotive and five cars of a construction train, on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado Railroad, left the track near Clayton Missouri, on the 12th. Richard Jones, engineer, and Richard Steller, conductor, were killed, and Arnold Garfield, fireman, fatally injured.

—Myriads of worms, resembling the army worm, are making their appearance in the southern and eastern parts of Lancaster county, Pa., and are ravaging the grass fields.

—In Lancaster, Pa., on the 14th, John Behringer, aged 12 years, while shooting sparrows, was accidentally shot in the right eye by George Albright, a companion, the ball from an air gun entering his brain and inflicting a supposed fatal wound. James Daily, aged 20 years, was killed in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 14th, while unloading stone. A wire guy rope supporting the mast of a derrick broke, allowing it to fall upon his head, crushing in his skull. A calsson at the new bridge at Louisville capized on the afternoon of the 14th, killing C. P. Mitchell, assistant superintendent of the work. Three other men, Charles Saunders, Edward Braebach and Joe Wayne, are missing. Five others were seriously injured.

—A severe rain storm prevailed at Ulca, New York, and vicinity, on the 14th, and caused many of the streams to overflow their banks. In the Mohawk Valley the level meadow land is generally under water. At North Brookfield a portion of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western tracks were washed away. A severe wind and rain storm visited Macon, Georgia, on the afternoon of the 14th. Houses were unroofed and fences and trees were blown down. A dispatch from Neche, North Dakota, says that eight inches of snow fell on the evening of the 13th, and on the 14th the snow was still falling. The farmers are jubilant.

—Jackson, the printer who killed Minnie Murphy in a saloon in New York a few weeks ago, was on the 14th arrested in Muskegon, Mich. Near Star Lake, in the Adirondacks, on the 14th, Henry Farney shot and killed William Montreiff. They were neighbors and quarrelled.

—John Crouch, a wealthy farmer, aged 75 years, his wife aged 70 years, and his son Andrew, aged 35 were found murdered in their home at Hentleyville, Pa., on the morning of the 14th. Robbery is supposed to have been the object of the murderers. They left no clue.

—A train on the New York Central Railroad on the 14th struck and killed Edward Valois, an artist in New York.

—C. M. Whitaker and G. M. Stubbs were crushed to death in a granite quarry near Montrovia, California, on the 14th. They were unloading a two-ton rock, when the derrick broke. On the morning of the 15th, a fatal rock occurred in a tunnel which is being driven at Park No. 1 Colliery, near Park Place, Pa., killing John Cobuski and Michael Voelntz and severely injuring Peter Basco. The wife and daughter of President Hall, of Clark University, were found dead in bed at their home in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the morning of the 15th, accidentally suffocated by illuminating gas. The cause was a leaking gas-burner with electric lighting attachment. Edward Wambold, a deaf mute, while walking on the railroad near Sellersville, Pa., on the 15th, was run down by a train and decapitated.

—Clinton G. Raymond, of the law firm of Raymond & Harrison, in New York, was shot and dangerously wounded on the morning of the 15th by Alphonse J. Stephan, who had just arrived from Liverpool. It appears that the young man was angry because of advice given by the lawyer to his mother, which prevented him from drawing certain money he had on deposit, and which had been derived from his deceased father's business. Miss Hannah Lewis, aged about 60 years, was struck and killed by a train, near Lansdowne Station, Delaware county, Penna., on the evening of the 15th.

—H. H. Haslett, a merchant of Harrisburg, Pa., fell dead on the evening of the 15th, while riding his bicycle. Heart trouble was the cause.

In My Window.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

Out from the beautiful leaflets,
So glossy, and tender, and green;
Filling the room with its fragrance,
This morn a fresh blossom was seen.

Soft was the blush on its bosom,
A gleam as of snow on its tips;
Glad in its newly-born beauty,
I fancied a smile on its lips.

THE MISSING TOPAZ.

"Isn't it strange, ma?" said Josie Bellfield. "This key I found on the garret floor exactly fits the lock of Mr. Wainwright's funny little Japanese box."

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Bellfield. "How do you know?"

Miss Josephine reddened a little.

"Oh, I thought I would just try it!" said she. "And it works to a charm."

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself," said Mary, the youngest scion of the house of Bellfield, who with her head aureoled around with a "sweeping cap," was "doing" the boarders' rooms.

Mrs. Bellfield kept boarders, and a hard time she had of it, poor soul between exacting old ladies, capricious young ones, bad bills and an inexorable landlord.

"Hold your tongue, Mary!" she said, sharply. "Don't you hear Miss Parker's bell? Run and answer it, directly! Now that's she gone, Josie, what's that about the key? I dare say he's dropped it himself."

"No, ma; he always carries it on his ring," said Josephine, in a sepulchral whisper. "Look! I've always wondered what he has kept in that box."

"It wouldn't be any harm," said Mrs. Bellfield, drawing a quick breath, "to look into it just for the fun of the thing."

"Now that Mary isn't here," whispered Josephine, as she turned the key in the wards of the lock belonging to a quaint Japanese box or cupboard, erected on a rude writing table in the corner of Mr. Wainwright's shabbily furnished bedroom. "La, ma! it's as full of queer little drawers and compartments as it can be! And do look at these little files and crews and buzzsaws and blades—the tiniest things in the world!"

"I do hope he ain't a counterfeiter," said Mrs. Bellfield. "Open that left-hand drawer, Josie, it's full of funny little tools—and oh, do see that big diamond doesn't it sparkle?"

For out from a velvet-lined subdivision in the tool drawer flashed a many-faceted, glittering stone, seeming to create a sudden brilliancy in the dusky corner.

"Well I declare," said Mrs. Josephine, with a vicious toss of the head. "If he can afford to own a diamond like that, I don't see any sense in his owing you a quarter's board, ma."

"He must be a regular miser, for all he's so young," said Mrs. Bellfield, excitedly; "I wonder if it's an heirloom?"

"It must be very valuable, anyhow," said Josephine. "I say, ma, do you suppose it's a real diamond?"

"Why, of course it is! No imitation would sparkle so."

"I'd like to have Peter see it."

"Well, show it to him then," said Mrs. Bellfield. "You'll have plenty of time to run down to the store with it before Wainwright comes back to dinner."

"Would you, ma, if you were me?"

"To be sure I would," said the matron. "Peter ought to be a judge of precious stones, seeing he has stood before the counter of a jeweler's store for three years."

"But, ma, twitted Miss Josephine, "suppose he should find it out?"

"He won't find it out. Do make haste!" urged Mrs. Bellfield.

Mr. Puffit had just made an excellent sale of a triple-plated silver teaset to an old lady from the country, who did not know last year's styles from this, when Miss Bellfield fluttered in, all smiles and excitement.

"I just want to show you something," said Miss Bellfield, feeling in the depths of her pocket. "Oh, here's the box; but the cover has come off. How awkward! Where is it?"

There was the box, there was the little piece of pink jeweler's cotton, there was the treacherous cover, but, alas and alackaday! the glittering stone was gone.

"What was it, anyway?" said the puzzled Peter. "If it's anything that I can do—"

"Oh, it's lost! It's lost!" screamed Josephine, and she straightway went into hysterics.

Peter walked with her all the way home, and their two pairs of eyes scrutinized every section of the pavement between the jewelry store and the boarding-house, but in vain.

Mr. Wainwright came home to the frugal dinner of the establishment, and went away again without discovering that the Japanese box had been tampered with, and it was not until he had opened it in the evening, after lighting his shaded lamp and making every preparation for a long interval of uninterrupted work, that he discovered that the great glittering gem had vanished. Inquiries were useless. Policemen searched the house and questioned the maids; private detectives investigated the antecedents of the other boarders so effectually that nearly all of them

promptly gave Mrs. Bellfield notice; the great firm of Silms & Sparkle, goldsmiths and dealers in precious stones, sent their own confidential agent to look into things.

It seemed that the gem had been entrusted to Mr. Wainwright to cut and polish at his own residence, on account of his superior workmanship and the excellent reputation he sustained; that it was worth a great deal of money and could not possibly be duplicated.

"Diamonds, indeed!" said Mr. O'ram, the confidential agent. "It's worth more than half the diamonds in circulation. A genuine white topaz. To be cut for the centre of Mrs. Midas Moneybag's great tiara; the celebrated tiara that every one has heard of. I'm afraid young Wainwright will be ruined if it doesn't turn up. Our firm has every right to prosecute; but, owing to the good character the man bears, we give him the privilege of making financial restitution. Twenty-five hundred dollars is cheap for that white topaz. It is absolutely unmatchable. Quite an asset, if I may use the expression. It's a good deal of money—yes—but then it is the price of Mr. Wainwright's future reputation."

Edwin Wainwright had been a poor man—poor in everything but honor and ambition. Now he seemed to be bankrupt in both. The white topaz was gone, and it was a literal impossibility for him to raise the sum required for its ransom.

"I may as well shoot myself and done with it," thought he, sitting in the dusk of the stuffy little room, unpleasantly conscious that a detective was watching the house from the opposite side of the street, and one of the other boarders had objected sitting next to him at supper. He felt on the lower shelf of his cupboard; there was a six-barrelled revolver there already loaded. Just as he took it into his hand there was a creak of the door, a soft rustling across the floor, the sound of a key grating cautiously in a lock—the lock of a Japanese cabinet.

One spring from behind the heavy brown moreen curtains, and he was close to the intruder.

"Mrs. Bellfield, is it you?" He started back with sheer amazement, almost horror.

Mary Bellfield uttered a shrill cry.

"I thought you were gone out," she sobbed. "—oh, Mr. Wainwright!" as her eyes fell on the gleaming barrel of the deadly little weapon—"do not do that, please. Here it is! I've brought it back!"

"Brought what back?"

"The white topaz."

She opened her hand and showed him the white, glittering, cone-shaped thing that had nearly cost him so dear.

"Mary, it was you, then."

Then she told him the story of Josephine and her chance-found key—of how the jewel had been taken away, and how she had found it on the hall floor, where it had evidently been lost out of her sister's pocket.

"I picked it up and brought it to my own room," she said. "I didn't want mother and Josephine to know that I suspected or had overheard anything. I was going to put the stone back when I got a chance, but Josephine had secreted the hateful key, and I've just been able to get possession of it. Oh, Mr. Wainwright, forgive me for my silence, but remember I can't betray my own mother and sister!"

"It had nearly cost me my life, Mary."

The poor girl burst into tears and sobs.

"And what has it not cost me?" she cried. "The sleepless nights, the days of anguish and terror. Oh, Mr. Wainwright, if my folly had caused your death I should have died, too!"

"Mary, you surely cannot mean—"

But she had run away, covering her face with her hands, leaving the topaz in his possession.

So the matter came to an end, Mrs. Bellfield and her elder daughter never clearly understood how. Edwin Wainwright was restored to the favor of his employers, and on a considerable increase of salary became engaged to Mary Bellfield; and the white topaz eventually shone and sparkled in the very centre of Mrs. Midas Moneybag's grand tiara, where it belonged.

Mr. Puffit is still constant to Josephine, but he discourages any further amateur tampering with locks and keys.

"It has an awkward look," he says. And Wainwright loves Mary none the less because she ran such a terrible risk to protect the name and fame of her mother and sister.

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge—one fact in a day. How small is one fact—only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand, six hundred and fifty facts are small things. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he pays for. Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness.

THE BLACKSMITH'S APRON.

Why It is Always Silt and Generally Fringed All Round the Bottom

Every one knows that a blacksmith wears a leather apron, and must have noticed that this apron is often silt and often fringed at the bottom. As an English legend, it is related that, once upon a time, Alfred the Great called all the trades together to appoint a trades king. He declared that he would make that man king who could best get on without the help of others for the longest period. He made a feast, and asked a workman from each trade to come and bring a specimen of his work and the tools used in making it. The blacksmith brought a hammer and a horseshoe, the tailor brought his shears and a new coat, the baker his peel and a loaf, the shoemaker his awl and a new pair of shoes, the carpenter his saw and a nice box, the butcher his chisels and a carved stone.

The tailor's coat was of such surpassing beauty that all the guests declared themselves beaten; and the horseshoe, the bread, the shoes, the box, the meat and the carved stone were all thrown aside. The tailor was pronounced trades king by Alfred, and was duly installed. The blacksmith was angry, and declared that he would do no more work while the tailor was king, and he actually shut up his shop and disappeared.

One day as king Alfred was riding along, his horse cast a shoe, and he was the first to need the services of the blacksmith, but he could not get into the shop. Then all the other tradesmen, including the tailor, tried to shoe the king's horse; but each one not only failed, but broke his tools, and could not carry out his proper business until they were mended.

King Alfred and the tradesmen then broke open the shop and tried to use the blacksmith's tools. The king tried to shoe his horse, the tailor to mend the shears, and each one endeavored to repair his tools.

About this time the blacksmith walked in, looking very angry. The king, however, made a humble bow and said: "I was wrong to be led away by the gaudy color of a coat, and I now revoke my decision and declare the blacksmith king." All the trades, except the deposed tailor, begged the smith to mend their tools. So he mended the king's horse and mended the tools of all who had asked him; but, in order to show his magnanimity, he made the tailor a brand new pair of shears.

The tailor, however, did not reciprocate the blacksmith's kindness, but, while the others were singing, crawled under the table and slit the blacksmith's leather apron, and cut the lower edge into a regular fringe. From that day no true blacksmith has ever thought of wearing an apron that was not slit and fringed at the bottom.

The Ex-Queen of Spain.

Several weeks ago we had the pleasure of seeing ex-Queen Isabella of Spain in one of the shops here. She was accompanied by her daughter, who married one of the sons of the Prince Regent. No one was allowed in the aisle with them, but we happened to be standing in the next aisle and had a very good opportunity of seeing her. She is a fat old lady, rather short and not at all queenly in manner or appearance. She was dressed very dowdily and wore a false "wave." They say she is very poor and has sold all her jewels. She stopped only a short time in Munich, visiting her daughter, and from here went on to Paris. The daughter and family live at Nymphenberg (so called from the many marble nymphs placed about the private garden), a castle delightfully situated in a natural park, through which a stream of water flows.—Munich Letter to St. Paul Globe.

Woman's Glory, Her Hair.

Of nothing is a woman prouder than of her fine growth of luxuriant hair. It may be the silken chestnut brown or the bright golden strands or the shining black tresses; it matters not. Some tell us not to wash the hair, as it makes it dry and harsh. But by all means cleanse the scalp. Give it a good shampoo—not every day, but about once a week. Every night before retiring, the hair should be taken down and carefully brushed from ten to fifteen minutes with a stiff brush and should then be braided. To soften and beautify the hair beat up the whites of four eggs into a froth and rub thoroughly in close to the roots of the hair; leave it dry on; then wash the head and hair clean with a mixture of equal parts of rum and water.

An Unsuccessful Scheme.

In order to get the best account of a recent execution there, a Minnesota editor had one of his reporters arrested and lodged in jail, it is related. The reporter, however, was made to scrub floor and perform other menial services during his incarceration, and when the hour of execution came he was removed to a distant part of the jail.