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A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Ten Persons Killed, Twenty Wounded and a Town Wrecked.

WILMINGTON, Oct. 9.—Several startling explosions in quick succession some counted five, others seven, at 3:30 announced to Wilmington a disaster at the depot powder works on the Brandywine. A rush was made for telephones, but nothing could be learned beyond vague reports of the damage.

An Associated press representative hastened to the scene and wired that a section of the works known as the "Upper Yard" is a complete wreck and at least six lives are lost.

One of the magazines went off first and the rolling and drying mills near by were set off by the concussions, which followed in rapid succession. There were at least seven distinct successive explosions. Every dwelling in the neighborhood is reported wrecked or unroofed or more or less damaged. Telephone inquiries from West Chester state that the explosion was distinctly heard in that section.

Later—A messenger has just brought in the following dispatch, which shows that the worst has not yet been learned of the powder mill explosion: "Ten killed and twenty wounded. Rockland is a complete wreck. None of its houses are left standing."

Rockland is a village on the Brandywine above the scene of the explosion. It comprises a large paper mill owned by the Jessup & Moore company, and about fifty dwellings, in which chiefly reside the mill employés. Its population is about two hundred. Evidence of the destruction at that distance leads to the belief here that the number of killed and wounded have not yet been fully ascertained.

The Dupont powder mills extend along the Brandywine and are chiefly on the west bank and close to the water for about two miles. They are divided into the "upper," "Hagley" and "lower" yards. The former is three miles and the latter five miles from Wilmington. Rockland proves to be incorrect as to the locality, the name of Rockland being erroneously used for buildings clustered around what is known locally as the "upper yard." There are some fifty houses inhabited by employes of the powder mills, clustered here, and these were all wrecked.

The damage to property cannot eb thoroughly estimated tonight. The force of the concussion even broke windows in some parts of Wilmington, four or five miles away.

They Can be Civilized.

LAKE MOHONK, N. Y. Oct. 10.—The eighth annual Indian conference at Lake Mohonk began yesterday. President Gates of Amherst college was made chairman. General Whittlesey of Washington, secretary of the board of Indian commissioners, gave a general survey of the field and referred especially to the happy change in public sentiment in the last few years, due largely to influence emanating from Mohonks. Ex-President McCosh read an able paper to demonstrate the capacity of the Indian for civilization. The worst of red men, he said, are not in a less favorable condition for civilization than our own ancestors, the Britons, as described by Cæsar. It was Christianity that wrought their change and it would do the same for the Indians.

The Erie Railroad Trouble.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Everything is quiet on the Erie railroad. Yesterday was set for the strike in case the demand made by the employes of the road for shorter hours was not granted. Second Vice President Thomas has sent a letter to Chairman Youngston, of the delegation of employes, informing him that he would positively give the men an answer tomorrow. It is understood that the board of directors are in favor of meeting the men on a fair basis.

The Champion Oarsman.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—A special cable to a sporting paper from London says: William O'Conner, the champion oarsman of America, has posted £100 as the first deposit in his match with Kemp, which was arranged in Australia. The match is for $500 a side and is to be rowed in America in March.

KADOUR AND KATEL.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa, sergeant major of the Algerian sharpshooters, was believed to be dying. Once he was carried into old Rippert's sawmill on the Sauerbach. For five long weeks he lived as in a dream, parched with fever and racked with the pain of his wound. Sometimes he thought he was in the battle again, shouting and bounding across the flax fields and hop gardens of Wissebourg; at other times he fancied himself once more at home in Algiers with his father, the kaid of Matimates.

At last he opened his eyes and became dimly conscious of being in a cool clean room, with white curtains at the windows and outside green branches waving and light clouds passing before the sun. Near his bedside sat a little sister of charity, watchful and quiet, wearing indeed no silver cross, no rosary, no veil, but instead, two long braids of yellow hair falling over a black velvet bodice. From time to time one would call "Katel, Katel!" and the peasant girl would go on tip-toe out of the room and then the invalid would hear a clear young voice which seemed to him as refreshing as the sound of the brook that ran murmuring under the windows of the mill.

Kadour was ill for a long time, but the Rapperts took such good care of him that his wounds healed, and they concealed him so cleverly that the Prussians were not able to send him to die of cold in a casement at Mayence. Soon he began to talk, showing his white teeth; then he took a few steps around the room with one sleeve hanging empty and a great gaping hole in the midst of the embroidery, and his arm still bandaged and helpless. Then he went every day into the garden, and Katel would bring out a rush seated arm chair for the invalid, putting it down in the warmest corner by the wall, where the grapes ripened the earliest, and Kadour, who, being a kaid's son had studied at the Arab's college at Algiers, would thank her in French, which sounded a little barbarous, mingled as it was with bono bezeff and maeach bono.

Without suspecting it, the young Turk was falling under a spell. The easy gayety of the French maiden who lived as free as a bird, her face unveiled even in the open air, and her window unbarred, astonished, while it fascinated him. It was so very different from the walled-up life of his country women, with their white, lemon-scented veils.

Katel, on her part, thought the stranger a little too dark skinned, but he had such a frank face and he hated the Prussians so! One thing displeased her terribly, and that was that over there in Algeria a man might have several wives. She could not understand that, and one day when Kadour to tease her, said in his foreign jargon, "Kadour soon marry—have four wives—four—" the girl exclaimed angrily: "Four wives? Oh, the villain, the the pagan!"

The Turk burst out laughing as gleefully as a child, then suddenly growing serious and silent, he fixed his great dark eyes upon her face. That was the beginning.

Kadour, completely cured went home to his father, and one can imagine the festivites that were held in his honor in the land of the Matimatas. The reed-flutes and the little drums played their sweetest airs to welcome him, and when the old kaid, seated in his doorway, saw coming down the cactus walk the beloved son whom he had thought dead, he trembled as with the ague under his white burnous. For a whole month there was an uninterrupted series of diffas and fantasias, all the kaids and agas of the neighborhood disputed for the honor of entertaining Kadour-ben-Cherifa, and every evening in the Moorish cafes he was entreated to describe the battles in which he had fought.

But alas! all these fetes of honor did not make him happy. In the midst of the souvenirs of his childhood, his horses, his greyhounds, his arms, and all the splendors of his father's mansion there was one thing wanting—the merry laugh of Katel. The little perpetual prattling of the Arab women, which had once made his heart beat with pleasure, now fatigued and annoyed him; he would not admire their orange flower wreaths and wide trousers of rose-colored satin, but thought only of a pair of long braids having no pearl ornaments, yet shining like golden threads under the setting sun in a little Alsatian garden far away. And yet, if Kadour would only look about him, he could see a pair of beautiful black eyes made languid with kohl, watching him from behind the grated windows of an old aga's house not far distant. Kadour cared nothing for them; what he longed for was Katel's quick glance around the sick room to see if anything were wanting for his comfort: he sighed for the blue eyes in which the light played as bright as in drops of clear spring water.

Little by little, however, the tender charm of those blue eyes, mingled with the memory of his convalescence and the soft-tempered air of France faded from his mind. At last Kadour had forgotten Katel, and throughout the valley of Chelif, nothing was talked of but his approaching marriage with Yamina, the daughter of the aga of Djendel.

One morning a long train of mules was seen wending towards town; Kadour-ben-Cherifa and his father were going to buy wedding presents. The whole day was spent by them in the bazaars, choosing burnous shot with silver, Smyrna rugs, amber necklaces and earings and while he fingered the pretty jewels the floss-silks and fine stuffs, Kadour thought only of Yamina. The orient had regained him completely, but more by the means of force of habit and the influence of the atmosphere than by genuine heart bonds.

Towards evening the train of mules laden with couffins all puffed out with treasures, turned down the street of the faubourg, when before the door of the Arabian bureau they found their way obstructed by a greater crowd. It was a party of immigrants who had just arrived from France, no preparation had been made for their reception, and the unfortunate strangers were vainly entreating aid and seeking information. Some of them were hopelessly sitting on their baggage, exhausted by their journey, and annoyed by the curiosity of the crowd, while to add to their misery, night was coming on increasing with its darkness the desolateness of the unknown land. Kadour looked at the exiles mechanically, but he was on a sudden seized with emotion as he recognized the dress of the old peasants, the velvet bodices of their wives, and the women's long hair, of the color of the ripe harvest. In another minute his forgotten dreams had become a reality, for he saw before him the soft features and golden hair of Katrel. Yes, there she stood with old Rippert, her mother, and all the little children, far away from the saw mill on the rippling Sauerbach which still flowed past the abandoned home.

"Kadour!"

"Kate!"

He turned pale and she blushed slightly.

In a few minutes the exiles difficulty was settled. The Kaid's house was large and the immigrants were welcome to install themselves therein until their little portion of land was accorded them. Quickly the mother gathered up the bundles and called together her children, who had begun already to play with the little natives; pell mell they were all put up in the couffins among the silks and precious stuffs, and Katel laughed merrily at finding herself mounted in such grand style on an Arab mule. Kadour laughed too, but less heartily, and with a sort of suppressed delight.

As night was falling round and the air growing cool, he wrapped his former nurse in a beautiful striped burnous, one of the wedding presents, embroidered with pearls, and with its soft folds falling around her and the fringe glistening brightly, she sat motionless and smiling, like a blonde houri escaped from the harem.

As Kadour gazed at her a thousand mad projects crossed his mind. He would break his troth with the aga's daughter and marry Katel—none but Katel for him. And some day they would be returning together from the city all alone in a lane of oleanders, she smiling at him from the mule's back, he holding her bridle as at present. Eagerly, still dreaming, he gave the signal for the departure of the train, but Katel stopped him, saying in her soft voice:

"Wait a minute. Here comes my husband."

Katel was married. Poor Kadour!—From the French of Daudet.

Ideas of Hell.

We give a summary of the "hell" opinions of many religions and that of a famous astronomer: The hell of the ancient heathens was divided into two mansions Elysium on the right hand, which was the abode of good men's souls; Tartarus on the left, a region of misery and torment, the awful abode of the damned. The ancient philosophers were of the opinion that the infernal regions were at an equal distance from all parts of the earth, which may be the foundation of the modern idea of hell being in the center of the earth.

The people of Hermione, contrary to the usual belief that one's own country is the best in the world, thought that it was a very short distance from their shores to the "lake that burneth for ever and ever;" for this reason the people of that country never put money in the mouth's of their dead to pay passage to the land of oblivion. The ancient Jews placed hell in the center of the earth.

According to them, there were three passages leading to it; the first the wilderness, by which route Dathan, Korah and Abiram descended; the second is the sea, because it is written that "Jonah cried to God out of the belly of hell;" the third passage is in Jerusalem because it is said "the fire of the Lord is in Zion, and his furnace is in Jerusalem." Mohammed said that hell has seven gates; the first for the Mussulman, the second for the Christians, the third for the Jews, the fourth for the Sabeans, the fifth for the Magians, the sixth for the Pagans and the seventh for the hypocrites of all religions.

Among modern philosophical opinions that of Mr. Whiston, the English scholar, was perhaps the most unique. The comets, according to Whiston, are so many hells appointed in the orbits to alternately carry the damned into the confines of the sun, and then to return them beyond the orb of Saturn, there to starve them in the regions of dismal cold.

Among the Christians there are two controverted questions in regard to hell—one concerning its locality, the other the duration of its torments.—St. Louis Republic.

Stones Inside of Him.

Sir Charles Hall, a celebrated physician of the Seventeenth century, relates an extraordinary case of a man who accustomed himself to swallow stones.

This man, Thomas Gobsill by name, and about 26 years of age, had for some time suffered from colic, till a sympathetic friend advised him to swallow small, round pebbles. He followed the prescription and obtained relief. On being seized some months afterwards by a violent return of his complaint he swallowed nine stones, and as these had no effect, repeated the dose until about 300 pebbles had accumulated in his interior. He endured their presence for two and a half years before submitting himself to Sir Charles Hall. Sir Charles found the stones were situated in the lower part of the body, and on shaking his patient he could hear them rattle.

His first experiment was to suspend the sufferer by his feet, in the hope that the stones might be shaken out of him. This met with no effect. The man was unable to work without pain, and suffered much uneasiness at all times.—Nottingham (England) Sun.

Within the Law

"I want to be posted on de Law," said a colored woman who called at the Gratiot avenue station the other day.

"Well?" replied the sergeant.

"I've got a gal."

"Yes."

"And she's got a beau."

"Very likely."

"I can't abear him, an' I doan' want him 'round de house. What co'se shall I take?"

"Have you ever given him a hint?"

"Lands, sah! but I jess tole him to cl'ar out or I'd bust him to smash! I reckon that's a hint."

"But he didn't go?"

"No, sah. Now, den, I want to know how fur I kin go an' keep widin the law. I've talked to him, frowed water on him, hit him wid a club, called him names, made the dog bite him, an p'inted a pistil at him, but he won't stay away. How much furder kin I go an' not break de law? Could I dun stan' in de yard an' mow him across de legs wid an old scythe when he cum up in de da'k? Could de pistol go off accidentally?"

When advised to try peaceful measures she indignantly responded:

"Dat's what I did on the very go off. I took him by the coat collar an' frowed him ober de gate!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Discouraged Yet.

It is wonderful how much pertinacity and courage are displayed by the average settler in a new country. Up in Dickey and McIntosh counties, in North Dakota, the crops have failed for several seasons from various causes, and the hardy Russians and sturdy Germans who have been holding down claims in these localities have had pretty tough times. This year the hot winds have again cooked the crops, so that there is nothing left to harvest, and the poor foreigners have been forced to leave their farms and look for work in northern Wisconsin in order to save their families from starving during the coming winter. "But they are not discouraged," naively remarks a North Dakota paper, "and will cling to their claims, feeling confident that there is a good time yet in store for them."—Chicago Herald.

"Ouida" at Home.

"Ouida" (Miss Louise de la Ramee) lives in a gorgeous Florentine palace, whose stately rooms are rich with choice statuary, paintings and bric-a-brac. Her visitors are received in an elegant bourdoir at the end of the house. This room is filled with tropical plants, and is lighted with just two wax candles with butterfly shades, the dim, scented light revealing the hostess sitting at her tea table in gorgeous brocade, with golden embroidereries, or perhaps a bronze velvet tea gown bordered with fur. She does not like to be asked about her work, but says she prefers to call it an "inspiration."—New York Ledger.

A Model Intelligence Office.

The women of the Woman's exchange and the New Century club in Philadelphia have started a free registry office, where housekeepers and domestics may be brought together, and written contracts made as to wages and other matters. The exchange consults the interests of both sides. Women are allowed to register who come from a good training school, and have eight months' good reference, and finally, who have never "lived out," but are to be taken as learners at low wages, with special encouragement to American girls and women.—Exchange.

A Trick of the Wires.

A prominent Denver man was married recently with great eclat, but he is already unhappy. He is unhappy because an Associated Press dispatch announced that he had married a handsome Colorado woman was mixed in transmission, and he now has the reputation of having married a handsome colored woman.—Detroit Free Press.

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Rode on Air.

CHEYENNE, WYO., Oct. 10.—While a Union Pacific freight train was running between Rock Creek and Wilcox stations against a strong gale, the wind tore off the roof of a freight car. Brakeman Sam Harris, of Laramie was on the car and with the roof went sailing through the air. He was carried near the wires and tried to save himself by catching them. He did not succeed and fell to the ground fifty feet from the track. One of his legs was broken by the fall, but otherwise he was uninjured.

Extra Session Called.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 7.—Governor Campbell has issued a proclamation convening the legislature in extra session October 14, to consider legislation relative to the city government of Cincinnati.

Edmunds' Joke.

When Senator Edmunds gave a telegram to a page, the little fellow asked the St. Jerome of the Senate over which line it should be sent, and Mr. Edmunds replied: "I am not particular but as the Western Union may need the money you may as well send it by that line." That is the nearest approach to a joke that ever escaped Edmunds on the floor of the Senate.

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