

The Story.

They met each other in the glade—
She lifted up her eyes;
Alack the day! alack the maid!
She blushed with swift surprise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from lifting up
the eyes.

The path was full, the path was steep—
He reached to her his hand;
She felt her warm young pulses leap,
But did not understand.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from clasping
hand with hand.

She sat beside him in the wood—
He wooed with words and sighs;
Ah! love in Spring seems sweet and good,
And maidens are not wise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from listening
lover's sighs.

The summer sun shone fairly down,
The wind blew from the south;
As blue eyes gazed in eyes of brown,
His lips fell on her mouth.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from kisses
on the mouth.

And now the Autumn-time is near—
The lover roves away;
With breaking heart and falling tear,
She sits the live-long day.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from lovers
rove away.

—Ella Wheeler, in the Chicago Tribune.

The Corn Harvest.

The loud-trilled songs of birds begin to fall,
Hushed are the carollings at eve and morn;
Through the still air the downs of thistles sail,
White wreaths of bloom on autumn breezes
borne.

The forests slowly gather richer hue,
And the far distance veils itself in blue.

The maple glows a gold and scarlet flame,
The beeches redden in the warm, rich sun;
Some wear as tender green as when spring
came.

Or burn to sober russet and to dun.
The streams flow onward, thick with dead
leaves brown,
And all their eddies make a plaintive tune.

In the deep woods, where dropping nuts are
heard,
And golden pawpaws shine from leafy floor;
Where the hushed space is waked by scarce
a bird,
The squirrel gathers in his winter's store;
While sad leaf mutterings overhead
Sound like a requiem o'er summer dead.

Where curls the quiet smoke above his home,
The farmer idly puffs his caselike pipe,
Or by his cider-mill, where late bees come,
He watches the juice oozing, amber ripe.
Begirt by plenty, he hath little fear
Of bleak December daily drawing near.

His latest harvest o'er, he smiles content—
Behold, across the fields, in order'd line,
Like a great host camped with many a tent,
In bright array the yellow corn-stacks
shine.

Sweet to his eye the sight of labor's spoil,
Sweet, too, the rest that cometh after toil.

When life's late sun is sinking wan and low,
Our autumn come, when we can work no
more,

Smother the dying stream of life would flow
Could we with happy eyes the past explore,
And in its dim fields, half-forgotten, find
Bright, gleaming harvests of the hand or
mind.

Then would the ebbing pulse of life grow
sweet,
Like this late sun that smiles so fair and
faint.

Then we the swift approaching doom could
meet

Without regret, or fear, or weak complaint;
Like the brown leaves that down the cur-
rents stray,

On the dark stream of silence float away.
—Wm. Forsyth, in the Indianapolis Herald.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

The Horrible Disaster at the High Blantyre Colliery, Scotland, by Which 250 Lives were Lost.

[From the London Telegraph, Oct. 23.]

The little colliery village of High Blantyre, near Hamilton, to-day was the scene of a most terrible colliery disaster. By this catastrophe, unparalleled in the history of Scotch mining, it is reckoned that fully 200 lives have been lost, though the number who have perished can only be approximately determined. This morning about 6 o'clock the men employed at Messrs. Dixon's collieries, High Blantyre, departed to their usual work, 126 men descending the shaft of the pit known as No. 2, while 107 entered pit No. 3. Statutory communication exists between these pits, and it seems that before the disaster occurred a number of men were engaged removing stoops in the splint of the lower seam of No. 2 pit. This operation is always regarded as hazardous, and it appears that, with culpable and almost inexplicable recklessness, the hands employed to-day made use of naked lamps. While the men were engaged in blasting in the splint of No. 2 pit, about 9 o'clock, an appalling explosion of fire-damp occurred, which spent itself in the shaft of No. 3 pit. The explosion was attended by a sound resembling the loudest thunder, flames burst forth at the head of the shaft of No. 3, and dense volumes of smoke rolled up from the entrance to pit No. 2. Fragments of coal and timber and clouds of dust were then scattered around the heads of the shafts, large quantities of debris being shot for a great height into the air.

The deafening sound of the explosion immediately attracted a large crowd to the scene of the calamity, and with all possible celerity relief gangs were organized, and every effort was made to restore ventilation to the mines. An hour, however, elapsed before air could again be admitted to the pits, and all

efforts to descend the shaft of No. 3 were found to be impracticable. Four men then strove to enter No. 2 pit, but were unable to proceed along the splint seam from the damp, and after persevering at the imminent risk of their lives, were brought up in a fainting condition to the surface, one of them, named Thomas Laidlaw, being, it is feared, very seriously injured. Notwithstanding this, however,

ANOTHER RELIEF GANG

was immediately formed, and the new party of volunteers, after advancing a short way from the foot of the shaft, found the bodies of six men, dreadfully charred and disfigured, which were at once drawn up to the bank. Although a constant stream of water was poured down the shaft that the reserve party might be in a measure relieved from the noxious effects of the damp, the new relief gang were finally forced to desist from their perilous mission, and so seriously were several of them affected by the deadly atmosphere which they had been inhaling that they had, on returning to the surface, to be covered with earth to free them from the influence of the choke-damp. Fresh bands of volunteers at once took up the task of exploring the workings, and several other bodies, mostly mutilated beyond recognition, were recovered. The cloud of smoke which at first floated over the scene of the catastrophe cleared away, and as the news of the disaster spread like wildfire through the surrounding districts a vast concourse gathered round the pit-heads, the wives and children of the men who were in the pits exhibiting heartrending emotion. Very faint hopes are entertained that any of the men in the pits have escaped, and the choke-damp was at first so strong that it is feared that all the 233 men who descended the shafts in the morning must have perished.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Further details respecting the explosion at Blantyre make it only too sadly evident that the disaster is by far the most terrible that has ever occurred in the annals of Scotch mining, and has been scarcely less fatal to human life than the worst catastrophes of that kind that have happened in England. The colliery which was the scene of the explosion is situated not far from the left bank of the Clyde, about three miles from Hamilton, and perhaps ten from Glasgow. The mine has been regarded in the district as one of the best ventilated and safest, and it is only due to its owners to state that the unsolicited testimony of colliers who have worked in the pit from the time it was sunk is that no scientific appliance for securing thorough ventilation and general good working condition has been omitted.

ACCIDENTS FROM FIRE-DAMP

have been extremely rare and trivial in the Hamilton coal-field, and so great has been the confidence engendered by this state of matters that naked lights as well as Davy lamps have been in regular use in this as in other collieries in the neighborhood. At present, since they can only be conjecture concerning the cause of the fearful disaster of this morning, it is impossible to say whether it has been brought about by the presence of naked lights in the workings. In accordance with the usual practice at coal mines it has been customary to send a man down the High Blantyre Colliery before work is commenced every morning in order to see that all is safe, and there is no doubt that the inspection was made as usual this morning by the foreman, and he returned with the report that every thing was in good order. The miners accordingly descended to their work about 6 a. m., 108 men and boys going down by No. 2 shaft and 123 by No. 3. Work was being chiefly carried on in the southwest portion of the mine in the vicinity of No. 2 shaft. At that point the miners were "working backward," as it is termed, in the splint coal seam, and taking out the "stoops" as they advanced. All went on as usual till about 9 o'clock, when those who were about the mouths of the shaft were startled by hearing rumbling sounds, as of thunder, below, and almost immediately afterwards

A VOLUME OF FLAME

shot up the up-cast, instantly destroying the pit-head frame and knocking the side of the shaft itself to pieces. Several persons who were at the pit-head at the moment, among them Mr. Watson, the manager, were badly hurt. At the same time dense smoke was seen to be rising from No. 2 shaft, and it became painfully evident that a serious explosion of some kind had occurred in the workings, although, of course, the full extent of the disaster was not yet realized. In a very short time a dense crowd had gathered on the pit hill, including hundreds of women from the neighboring village, in a state of wild excitement and anxiety as to the fate of their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, who were

down in the workings. Colliers and viewers from the neighboring mines soon gathered round also, and, with the least possible delay, exploring parties were formed. It was found to be utterly impossible to descend No. 3 shaft, which was choked with shattered timbers and debris of all kinds, so the first gang descended the down-cast, up which smoke was still rising. Before they went down, however, the cage had been drawn up, and fifteen miners who had been working in what is known as the "north face"—the side of the facings opposite to that where the stoops were being taken out—were brought up, mostly uninjured. The effect of the explosion had not been felt in that quarter and they had only been alarmed by the sound of it, and had at once hastened to the foot of the shaft. The exploring party made their way for some distance into the splint coal working on the southwest face, where they at once perceived that the explosion had occurred; but their progress was soon

ARRESTED BY CHOKE-DAMP,

and they had to withdraw, some of them being drawn up insensible. There was no lack of volunteers, however, to continue the gallant effort to save life. Ere long another party descended, and in the course of a few minutes they had brought six bodies to the surface. All these bore terrible traces of burning, and the condition in which they were found boded ill for the prospect of any more men being discovered alive in that part of the workings. For more than an hour attempts were prosecuted to penetrate the workings at this point, but at every descent the rescue parties found the fatal choke-damp gaining ground, until at last it met them at the foot of the shaft, and then began to ascend. Finally, however, it was found necessary to close the shaft and to give up all hope of saving the people in that direction. A few more may be saved, but at least 200, it is dreaded, are lost.

THE TERROR AND AGONY

exhibited amongst the wives and children of the imprisoned miners were of the most heartrending character. Efforts were made to restore communication with those below, and at length these were so far successful that one man was brought up alive to the surface. This survivor, who escaped from No. 2 pit, stated that he was working at the face when he heard an explosion. Not, however, suspecting any thing unusual, he made his way leisurely to the bottom, when the sight of dead bodies all around opened his eyes to the appalling extent of the catastrophe. Every effort was made to restore the ventilation which the explosion had stagnated, but more than an hour elapsed before a current of air would flow as it should do from No. 3 pit along to No. 2.

Six several times the reserves returned at great risk to themselves, and on each occasion they managed to bring up a dead body, each of which was dreadfully burned and mutilated.

THE CHOKE-DAMP

eventually became so bad that they were forced to desist. Some of the party indeed very narrowly escaped, and so overcome were they all that they had to be covered with earth to free them from the choke-damp before they recovered full consciousness. To promote a current of air, streams of water were poured down the shafts, but a long time elapsed before there was much improvement in the atmosphere below. The bodies that were recovered were terribly scorched and blackened, and the men who went down stated that there was every appearance of the explosion having been so terrible as to justify the worst fears. Dead bodies were strewn about and every thing was a mass of confusion. Joseph Gilmour, the hoursman of pit No. 2, was found dead near the engine at the bottom of the shaft. The work of exploration was vigorously prosecuted, and up till 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon three more bodies were recovered. They were brought up by the No. 2 shaft, near to the bottom of which they had been seen lying. The bodies were those of young lads aged from 12 to 14, and they presented a shocking sight when brought to the surface. They were literally incased in mud; the faces were all blackened and charred. Two of them, named Bolton and Henry, were pony drivers, and they were found lying beside their dead charges. The third lad was identified as a son of a man named Gilmour, whose corpse was removed from the same pit at an earlier hour.

LATER—NO HOPE.

In spite of the great exertions made by large bodies of willing workers the men imprisoned in No. 3 pit have not yet been reached, and there is not the slightest hope of their being got at for a considerable time. Although their fore-knockings and shoutings were in the afternoon heard from below, it is not expected that a single man in that pit of the 107 miners who entered it in the

morning can be got out alive. From No. 2 pit 20 of the 126 miners employed in it have been saved, but all the rest have perished, so that altogether upwards of 200 men and boys have met their death. As already mentioned, 13 dead bodies have been taken to the surface, and further explorations reveal a fearful spectacle at the bottom of the shaft. No fewer than 40 corpses still lie there, strewn in all directions within a short space, burned and mutilated beyond recognition. It was deemed advisable not to take these bodies to the pit-head, although that might have been done, but rather to continue the exertions being made to reach No. 3 pit.

The feeling produced over the country by the terrible catastrophe can hardly be imagined. Soon after the accident occurred the news had spread over the whole of Scotland, but from the very destructiveness of its character in the loss of life it was not credited. Thousands of people crowded to the scene of the explosion during the day, and those who were observers of the frantic grief displayed by the widows and families of the miners will not soon forget it. There is scarcely a household in Blantyre in which there is not the deepest mourning for lost relatives, and the keenest sympathy is felt all over the country for the bereaved.

"Oh, Ye Tears."

Here is a story illustrative of the fact that tears are a powerful weapon in the hands of a matrimonially inclined modern Niobe:

There was a Southern merchant, a handsome, dashing fellow, who astonished all his relatives a few years ago by marrying a very plain girl, the sister of his business partner. The marriage has turned over reasonably happy, but it has always remained a mystery to the society belles, who were ready to fall into his arms at a word. It was tears (and not "idle tears") that trapped him. One evening he called at his partner's house and found only the young lady at home. Very artfully she led the conversation to her own affairs, and told him that she was a perfect slave to her sister, tyrannized over and ill-treated, and that life had become such a burden to her that she should rid herself of it unless she could change her home. The visitor tried to comfort her, but in vain. Marriage was very far from his thoughts then, and he had no love to give anywhere. Niobe's tears fell faster and faster, and at last they came in an hysterical torrent. His ejaculations of sympathy were in vain, when she cried: "Oh, where shall I go? who will offer me a home?" "I would, if I dared offer it, poor girl," said the male victim, and quick as lightning came the response: "What would my sister say if you married me?" What could the man do under such circumstances? A tolerably fair face was lying on his bosom, a pair of grateful, loving eyes—she did love him dearly—and a delicate little hand had sought and found his. He did what any disengaged gentleman would have been likely to do, pressed his suit, secured her reluctant consent, informed her sister of it, married her, and did his best to make her happy. She, in her turn, made him a good wife. Little by little he discovered her stratagem—but he never told his wife of it.

Couldn't Leave the Dog.

Yesterday, a poverty-stricken family, consisting of a man, wife, and three children, applied at the office of Mayor Moore for passage to Jackson County, Indiana. They had footed it from North Carolina. All were in tatters, from head to foot. When the chief of the family walked into the office the mud "squashed" between his bare toes. A good deal of sympathy was manifested over the hard lot of the unfortunates, and Clerk DeBeck proceeded with alacrity to fix them out with railroad passes. "Thank you," said the stranger. "God bless you for your kindness; but how about the dog?" "Oh, a dog!" exclaimed Mr. DeBeck. "Have you a dog in the party?" And then he proceeded to explain that it would be impossible to grant a pass for the dog, as they wouldn't admit him aboard the train, and advised that the dog be left behind. The stranger called up from the midst of the waiting family a gaunt, sore-footed hound. He hesitated a while, and then went over and held a consultation with his wife. He came back to the counter and remarked, "I guess I will walk," and the sorry party, including the dog, took its way out of the building. The incident was quite amusing, while there was something of homely tenderness in it—that the faithful fellow, who had followed his friends so far, was not deserted in the hour of temptation.—Cincinnati Commercial.

PRairie fires in Iowa are doing a good deal of damage.

What it Should Cost a Woman to Dress.

The following extract from Jennie June's New York fashion letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal will be found especially interesting to those impetuous young men who are contemplating matrimony the coming season:

An indignant individual of the male persuasion addressed to me recently what he evidently considered a highly sarcastic letter on the score of a remark in one of my letters, to the effect that the majority of women had not more than from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per annum to spend on their entire wardrobe, and therefore could not be expected to spend that sum on one dress alone. "Not more than two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per annum," he repeats, "he should rather think not," and he adds that perhaps I am not aware there are plenty of people with families who actually live on these sums and less. Quite true. But, then, they do not dress, at least only in such clothing as the people who do, give them, and they do not read fashions, and naturally fashions are not written or created with reference to them: It is undoubtedly true that some women spend too much on dress, but it is only true of a comparatively small number. The majority spend too little.

There are men who make and lose hundreds and even thousands of dollars, who complain of the cost of a necessary dress or a pair of shoes purchased by their wives.

Complaint is the normal condition of those who hold possession of money against those who have to spend it. Women in the country, the wives of well-to-do farmers and proprietors, spend altogether too little on themselves and their dress. They grow old before their time with hard work, and they look older still from the poverty of their personal belongings. The subtle influence of becoming dress, the refinement of habitual association with the fine instead of the coarse, is unknown to them.

The clothing of persons ought to be representative of their position, and a man should be ashamed, who has money to spend upon lands or horses, or his own pursuits, to grudge that which his wife needs, and which she would probably have were she not tied to him. Two hundred and fifty dollars seems a large sum to some men, who can very well afford it, for a woman to expend on herself. But how much will it buy of ordinary clothing?

One silk dress.....	\$65
One woolen costume.....	35
One indoor dress.....	15
Summer dresses, making, trimmings and belongings.....	40
Two wrappers.....	30
Shoes, including slippers.....	20
Hats for summer and winter.....	25
Underwear, corsets and hosiery.....	15
Coat, shawl, or some other outside garment.....	25
Total.....	\$250

This is a very bold estimate. There is surely nothing superfluous, and the prices are such that good materials could only be secured by having the garments at least partly made at home. Yet there is no margin for ribbons, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, nor any of those small items of personal expense, such as stationery, which social life involves; nor does it mention furs nor gifts of any description for birthdays or holidays.

No doubt thrifty women could save on some of the items mentioned, but it would be by adding to the burden of their lives the burden of cutting and making their best as well as their commoner dresses, by buying low-priced stuffs and the sacrifice of their taste to their economy. This may be all right, but they should at least have the credit of it; nor is it always economy to spend five dollars instead of ten in the purchase of materials or articles of use. Many women are forced into wasteful habits by never having money enough to buy a really good thing. It is always a smaller sum than they need that is doled out to them, and so they are always in arrears with their necessities, which have no element of durability, afford no satisfaction in the possession and are the dearest in the end. The conditions of our daily life are very different now from what they were fifty years ago, and it must be remembered that women neither make them nor can they change them. Men make much more money now than they did then, but they seem to consider it their exclusive right to save it or spend it as it pleases them, and exact from their wives a rigid system, which has not the compensation of former times, when the products of the spinning-wheel furnished them at least with comfortable covering, and the march of civilization had not proceeded far enough to awaken social competition.

SPEAKING of the Black Hills editors as poker players, the Deadwood Miner says if a fence-rail was to be put up as a blind, the editors are so poor that not one of them could straddle it.