

Hor Mad Lover.

The Parisians are being treated to another sensational trial. A young Russian, named Vladimiroff, is arraigned at the Assize Court of Versailles for the murder, under romantic circumstances, of a young and fascinating widow with whom he had for some time maintained a "liaison pique." Vladimiroff was only twenty years of age. He is the son of a Russian Government official, and his mother was a French lady of good family. The victim of the crime was the daughter of a notary. She was left a widow at a comparatively early age, with two children, the elder of whom was twelve years of age. She does not appear to have been possessed of much strength of character, agreeable, rich, and of an affectionate disposition. She was attracted by the aristocratic manners of young Vladimiroff. There was some talk of marriage, but in the meantime Madame Dida, in order to lessen her sufferings from an internal complaint, resorted to an excessive use of morphia. Under the influence of this drug her will became more and more passive, and Vladimiroff's control over her increased in a corresponding degree. Her parents sought to intervene with the object of

AVOIDING A SCANDAL.

and opposed the suggested marriage, especially having regard to the declaration of Vladimiroff's father, that he would only consent to the union on condition that Madame Dida's parents should dower her with an annuity of six thousand francs. Her health becoming still more unsatisfactory, Madame Dida was sent to an asylum. Vladimiroff followed her thither, and did all he could to compromise her, continuing somehow or other, to conduct her to various places of amusement. After a time she was allowed to leave the asylum, and her parents managed at length to set her against the projected marriage. Vladimiroff nevertheless continued to pursue her with his attentions, and threatened on several occasions to shoot himself with a revolver, which he always carried, if she did not promise to become his wife. Yielding at length to his supplications, she consented to accompany him upon a pleasure trip to Ville d'Avray. They went to a restaurant situated in the middle of the woods at that place, and while alone together in a room there, called upon her for the last time to marry him. Upon her persisting in her refusal,

HE DREW HIS REVOLVER.

and fired three shots at her. She fell mortally wounded, and Vladimiroff despatched her by placing the pistol to her temple, and sending the last remaining bullet through her brain. He then ran out of doors, shouting, "I have killed my mistress, and would have killed myself also, but I have no more cartridges." The assassin was promptly arrested. The trial will clear up the question as to whether he was a mere adventurer or a madman. Little more than ten years ago a double murder was perpetrated in Paris. A chemist, carrying on business in the Place Beauveau was, together with his servant maid assassinated in the night. The object of the crime was robbery. Suspicion immediately fell upon the chemist's assistant, a young man named Wolder, who simultaneously disappeared. No trace of him could be discovered, and after a long-continued but fruitless effort to trace him, the police, as well as the family of the murdered man, abandoned all hope of bringing the criminal to justice. The case, which produced a great commotion in Paris at the time, thus came to be classed as one of those to which no sequel would ever be forthcoming. According to the French law of prescription, however, it appears that a murderer who can elude detection for ten years may then declare himself with impunity. This Wolder has just done. He has caused it to be made known to all whom it may concern that he has during the period of absence been comfortably settled in business as a chemist at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, under the name of Welsen. He has had the efrontery

TO RELATE THE WHOLE STORY

of his adventures since the night of the murder. The person to whom he thus unbosomed himself was none other than a member of the Venezuelan police. With the utmost assurance he recalled all the circumstances of the murder, and admitted it was he who had assassinated both his employer and the domestic servant. He refrained, however, from mentioning the forty thousand francs that disappeared from the house in the Place Beauveau on the night of the crime, which, he added, was committed in a moment of madness. His first instinct on realising what he had done was to give himself up to the police, but the instinct of self-preservation prevailed. After hiding in the neighborhood of St. Lazare Railway Station for two months, he succeeded in



FIG.—30. No. 4882.—LADIES' GREEK TEA GOWN. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Brocade (21 inches wide) for 32 inches, 15 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 15 1-2 yards; 36 inches, 15 3-4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 16 yards.

Quantity of Cashmere (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 7 5-8 yards; 34 inches, 7 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 7 7-8 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 8 yards.

For the medium size, 4 yards of Grecian

border or 3-4 of a yard of 18-inch velvet will be required.

FIG. 30.—Brocaded or plain silk, nun's veiling, fine cashmere, or cloth can be used for this truly artistic and harmonious model, which is made from Pattern 4882, price 35 cents. The top is adorned with fur or feather, as also are the front and border, while classic folds droop from the top of the waist. This Grecian effect is continued in the draping across the front. The sleeves are very wide, and gathered into a deep cuff. The back is trained.

reaching Nantes, and proceeded thence to the port of Paimboeuf, where he embarked for South America. On arriving there he set up in business as a chemist at Caracas. His life in Venezuela has been a somewhat chequered one. In the course of one of the revolutions which not long ago disorganised the country, he served as chief surgeon with the Nicaraguan forces. Now, he thinks he has sufficiently expiated his crime by ten years of exemplary conduct, and so long as he remains in Caracas he is safe, because France has no extradition treaty with Venezuela. It is said, moreover that he, with perfect accuracy, construes the French Law of prescription, according to which the lapse of ten years has placed him beyond the reach of justice. It would, therefore, be quite possible for the confessed murderer Wolder to return to Paris to-morrow, and M. Gorau himself, the head of the Detective Department, could not lay a finger upon him. Considering the nature of his confessions, however, it is perhaps doubtful

whether public opinion in Caracas will permit him to further pursue his present occupation there as dispenser of drugs.

Lucky and Unlucky.

It is not long since the Common Prayer Book reminded us specially of the 5th of November, a day the celebration of which is in most parts now dying out. The 5th of November following the union with Ireland, in 1800, was the day on which the title of King of France was abandoned by English Sovereigns after being borne for four hundred and thirty-two years. It was in consequence of this that our foreign official correspondence ceased to be carried on, as up to that time had been the case, in French. Days of the week have frequently had various influences assigned to them, some productive of good, some of bad fortune. But by common consent Friday has been pitched upon as an unlucky day, and in England still esteemed so, inasmuch as sailors, it is well known, dislike

to sail on a Friday, and we have even heard of a popular actress refusing to take her benefit on that day.

But the Americans, who pride themselves on their superiority to the superstitions of our forefathers, have discovered that, for them at least, Friday is a day of good omen. It was on a Friday that Christopher Columbus set sail, on a Friday that he first discovered land, on a Friday that he arrived for the second time at the coast of America. The first American State paper in England is a commission from Henry VII. to John Cabot, dated Friday, March 5th, 1496, and which led to the discovery of North America. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, was founded on Friday, September 7th, 1565, by Melendez. Friday was the day of the arrival of the Mayflower with the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620; of the birth of George Washington; of the surrender of Yorktown; and of the motion in Congress in favour of independence. We are not likely, therefore, to find in America any tradition of an old Lancashire custom mentioned some time ago in *Notes and Queries*. It appears that when a woman comes courting on a Friday in Lancashire the malevolent spirits are averted by beating frying-pans.

The Secret of Living.

"And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Him, saying, Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, what is written in the law? How readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord the God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live.—Luke x., 25-28.

One very remarkable thing about the words of Jesus is this, they were not for the most part the result of long, patient study and deliberation. Very frequently they seem to have been entirely spontaneous. In the course of some ordinary day's experience some man in the crowd would ask a question, and without a moment's hesitation Jesus would give an answer. An answer that always was an answer and never an evasion or compromise. Sometimes an answer would stand for much more than the question at first contemplated. When the young man whose brother was wronging him on the matter of some property, came to Christ to have things set right, he received a much larger answer than he expected. Beware of covetousness! Get that out of all your hearts and there will be little need of lawyers to divide the inheritance. It is to be noted in the case now before us that the questioner in this case was in a somewhat flippant mood. This we conclude from this significant phrase, "A certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'" There was no air of deep sincerity in this important question. And where this spirit is absent, questioning is mainly folly. The answer Jesus gives to this young man is very suggestive. How do you read? What do you know about life? Then the young man goes on with an exposition of the first lines of the moral law. And Jesus says: "That's all right; do this and thou shalt live." This whole episode helps to confirm this conclusion that the difficulty in the way of noble lives is not knowing what to do but not doing what we know. No wonder if we should grow weary of the empty talk so often indulged in about the mystery of life, and about the vast unknowable, and about children "crying in the night," and "with no language but a cry." This at least should be clear, that we have to do with the knowable and the known. The vast unknowable does not, can not concern us. The true secret of living is not troubling about the mystery, and the hidden things. The answer of Jesus to this frivolous, affected lawyer is an answer for us and for all time: "This do and you shall live." We have only to act with reason and with common sense. The bread and meat upon the table this evening were full of mystery, but we ate it, because we know that we must eat to live. We know just as well as we know anything that love and charity, that truth and honesty, that industry and patience are the elements of right, wise, true living; that these constitute righteousness, godliness. If we do these we shall live. Here is the grand secret of living.

A cabinetmaker in Berlin, who was deputed by his fellow-workmen to warn their employer that all work would be stopped if he did not grant them an increase of wages, was recently sentenced by the Provincial Court to six months' imprisonment for attempted extortion.