STORY FROM THE LIPS OF THOSE WHO KILLED HIM.

The Capture of the Assassins and Their Story of the Deed as Extracted From Them by United States Agent Mohun--The Details of the Crime.

The details of the murder of Emin Pasha stirred the whole civilized world. The story is told by R. Dorsey Mohun, United States agent in the Congo Free State. Two of the murderers of Emin Pasha were discovered by Mr. Mohun's Sergeant, who had been a member of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin. They were arrested, and a confession was drawn from them by Mr. Mohun. The murderers were hanged last May. The leading points in their confession are as follows:

Ismailia began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Un yoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the Pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the Pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the Pasha, and that he was very sorry he had

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help kill the Pasha, but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master, Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailia that I would do as I was

Ismailia, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamha had brought, was in front of him, and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few men, who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the Pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I nope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The Pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived Kinena said: 'Tell men to leave their arms on the side of e veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns the women working there will become frightened and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantstions were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the Pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him and said, 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an

order to me I obey it.' "Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just received a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied, 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?'

"'Then read this,' holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the Pasha was nearly blind.

"Emin read the letter and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath he turned and said; 'Well, you may kill me but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people."
I asked Ismailia if Emin showed any

signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, 2 years of age, he trembled slightly. What did he say about his child, Is-

malia?" I asked.

"He said: 'My child is not bad, she is good. Send her to Said Ben Abedi at Kihonge, and ask him to look out for her.' Ismailia continued: "At a sign from Kinena, the Pasha was lifted out of his chair and thrown flat upon his back. One man held each leg, one man each arm, and I held his head, while Mamba cut his

Mamba here put in a vigorous protest, aying he had not cut his throat. But mailia stuck to his statement and swore at it was Mamba who had acted as exeutioner. Mamba said it was another slave, out that he stood by and watched the murer being committed.

Ismailia then said: "Emin made no efort at resistance. His head was drawn ack until the skin across his throat was ight, and with one movement of the knife famba cut the head half off. The blood purted over us, and the Pasha was dead. We held to him for a few moments; then we arose and left the body where it was. Afterward Mamba severed the head from the body and Kinena had it packed in a small box and sent to the Kibonge, to

show that his orders had been obeyed." The reason, it appears to me, for Kibonge's having sent the head to Nyangwe was that he desired to show Munie-Mohara, who had almost as much influence as Tippoo Tib, that he (Kibonge) was as big a chief in his own country and could kill a white man as well as Munie-Mohara, who had ordered the destruction of Hodister's dition.—Century

PERSONALITY OF THE WIFE OF GER-MANY'S NEXT CHANCELLOR.

Waldersee's Star Rises-His Succession to Hohenlohe Practically Assured-Largely Due to the Co-operation With Him in Politics of His Remarkable Wife,

That General Waldersee is to be the next Chancellor of Germany is settled. Hohenzollern is but a stop-gap; the Emperor called him to the post merely in order to mask the return of the old regime. To have Waldersee step into Caprivi's shoes directly would have revived all the long-forgotten animosities between the two men, would have signified Bismarck's triumph in a rather

too outspoken fashion. It is as a reward for the faithful work performed that the Kaiser is now about to confer upon Waldersee the greatest office within his gift. There can be no doubt that Waldersee will accept, and that with the assistance of his wise. honest, and diplomatic wife, he will make a brilliant record for himself. The choice will probably meet with little or no opposition, judging from present comments, for it has the full approval of Prince Bismarck.

The Countess Waldersee is a woman of regal figure and carriage; her complexion is still fresh and her silver hair is profuse. She dresses simply, but with wonderful taste. She is a devout Christian, and the great effort of her life is to propagate respect for the Christian Sabbath in her adopted country. The Count heartily indorses her religious views and, in spite of the comments of society, always looking out for some swindler who devotes his Sundays to rest and prayer. He will neither make nor receive visits on the first lay of the week. As an instance of his devotion to religion it may be noted that when taking the oath of allegiance in the Bundesrath he added the words: "I swear it in the name of Jesus Christ, in view of my eternal safety, Amen."

Waldersee has common sense, some



COUNTESS WALDERSEE.

to the limits of his own capabilities. Since he married the Fuerstin Noer, nee Mary Lee, of New York, in 1866, shortly after the Prussian-Austrian war, he has made only one mistake, and this at a time when his wife was absent from

The Lees are of Connecticut stock, the first of the family having settled at Litchfield 100 years before the revolution. David Lee, the Countess' father, went to New York in 1810 and engaged in the grocery business. He had a store and afterward an office in Front street, and settled with his wife first in College place, then in a more pretentions house in Union square,

Mary Esther, present Countess Waldersee, born in 1838 or '40—it has never been settled which of the two dates is correctwas the second daughter and a bright and pretty child. To complete her (girls') education, and likewise to take advantage of "cheap living," Mrs. Lee moved, in 1855, to Stuttgart, where her eldest daughter soon attracted attention by her beauty. Mrs. Lee married, in the course of a year or so, Baron von Waechter, a diplomat, who afterward became Wurtemberg Ambassador at the Court of Paris, which at the time was swarming so unpleasant for Brenzel that the latter with political refugees. Among them was Prince Frederick, of Schleswig Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, a very rich man and father of a daughter. Louise, who at Baron von Waechter's Hotel, made the acquaintance of Miss

Mary Lee. The two girls soon became friends, the old Prince took a fatherly interest in his daughter's companion, and one fine morning acquainted Louise with the fact that he had just become engaged to the young American, and that he would marry her, after renouncing his royal rights, as soon as the Emperor of Austria had conferred upon him a new title, which should be shared by his bride. The couple were married in September, 1864, and started on their wedding trip to the Holy Land. Before they had reached Cairo the new Princess had gained such influence over her husband that, upon their arrival at the Egyptian capital, the latter made a will leaving to the former, Miss Lee, his entire fortune. Six months afterward he died somewhere in Syria, and his widow removed to Wiesbaden, where she set up

a fine establishment. Count Waldersee soon outstripped all other candidates for the rich widow's hand and married the Princess of Noer. The pair moved to Berlin, and Waldersee quickly advanced in rank, but his name did not become popularly known until after the year 1881, when Prince William of Prussia married his wife's grandniece, the daughter of Duke Fred-

erick of Schleswig.

Here are some of the events accredited to the indirect influence of the Count

and Countess: The building and endowment of several churches; the passage of the appropriation bill for the grand new Berlin Cathedral; the abolishing of Sunday work in stores and shops, and, finally, the reconciliation between Kaiser and Bismarck.

MURDER OF EMIN PASHA | COUNTESS WALDERSEE. | RUN DOWN IN TORONTO. | THE MAYOR OF DETROIT.

TIEDEMANN WHO IS A GENIUS AMONG GERMAN SWINDLERS.

A Sample of His Methods-How He Got Seven Thousand Dollars from Herman Brenzel on a Forged Bond-How He Was Captured.

There is a class of Germans in New York whose savings, it seems, are destined for the pockets of adventurers. Some of these are German noblemen, according to their own showing, and others are ex-lawyers and ex-merchants from the other side—all glib and fluent talkers who dilate on big financial schemes. They get a good living diverting the accumulations of honest, hard working Germans into their own leaky pockets.

A man who is an excellent representative of the east side German adventurera man who is accused of putting into practice about all the tricks I have enumerated, and a good many more—has just been run to his hiding place in Toronto, Canada, by one of his victims. He is accused of swindling almost every one with whom he came in contact, of robbing the poorest of what little they had, and of acting the role of a heartless thief. His name is Frederick Tiedemann and his hailing place is Hamburg, which he left because

It is said that in Bremen he was engaged to marry a young woman belonging to a family of high standing, but his arrest, conviction and sentence to five years imprisonment for some offence—perhaps perjury-interfered with the match.

The man who knows most about him in this city is Herman Brenzel, who last week went up to Toronto disguised as a detective and triumphantly captured him. Brenzel is one of those Germans who is wants his money, and the swindler finds him most accommodating. In those days Brenzel had about \$10,000; in these he has well, about enough to pay his fare back from Toronto and a little over.

In his easy going way, while smoking his pipe one Sunday, Brenzel was looking over the advertisements in the paper of doubtful financial operations. He found one calling for the instant appearance of a man who could speak English, French, German and Italian, and next morning he went to the address indicated, paid in \$1,000 as security for the proper discharge of his duties, and began work as cashier of a rather suspicious looking bank. The president of the bank was a sharp financier named Gottschalk.

Brenzel sat at a window over which was painted in large letters the word "Cashier." He felt very proud for two days, but on the third it dawned on him that the whole bank had been organized to get his \$1,000. In his rage he tore down the sign "Cashier," kicked over his stool, and after telling President Gottschalk what he thought of him, demanded the money back, and, of course, met with a blank refusal.

While sitting at his window "Cashier" Brenzel made the acquaintance of Tiedenann, who had been hanging about the premises, Brenzel now thinks, looking for some one to fleece. To him Brenzel confided his troubles. As it now appears, Tiedemann resolved that he wanted all the



FREDERICK TIEDEMANN.

amateur cashier's money for himself, and so he began negotiations with Gottschalk to get it back, and by threats and sharp practice he got it back. Tiedemann didn't care anything about Gottschalk. He was looking out for himself, for Brenzel had

\$9,000 more in the bank. Having secured complete possession of Brenzel, our hero car led him off and made him go into partnership with him in a money lending establishment, Brenzil supplying the capital. They loaned money at fine rates of interest, and Tiedemann said they were getting rich, but he made it

at, leaving his partner in sole charge. efore doing so, however, Brenzel demanded a bond, so that he might be sure the other man would not leave town with his money. That didn't worry Tiedemann. He came to Brenzel one day with a handsomely engrossed documen, in which one Carolina Nussbaum certifi & she was worth \$40,000, and that she uld be responsible for Tiedemann's peculations. "My," exclaimed Brenzel, "what a peau-

tiful pond! Dat's all right, mein freund," at the same time slapping him on the back.

Now Brenzel says the bond is the ugliest one he ever saw, that it is a rank for gery, and that Carolina Nussbaum isn't worth ten cents any way, and it would be worthless even if it were genuine. But not knowing that in those days,

Brenzel gave Tiedemann a power of attorney that enabled him to collect about \$7,000. Then he skipped. Brenzel, as has been said, became an amateur detective. Ae found out by exercising some ingenuity that some of the fugitive's furniture had

been shipped to Toronto. Tiedemann all this time was living in a small house on the outskirts of Toronto. under the name of Alfred Schutte. He followed the lowly occupation of pedler for a picture frame house, and as he went from door to door soliciting business he looked very unlike the prosperous, keen German ex-lawyer for whom the Toronto sleuth hounds of the law were hunting. In his house, where his wife and three children seem, to be living almost in poverty, there was only one room that could be said to be comfortably furnished. The meeting of the men was quite amusing. Brenzel jumped up and down the room chuckling and occasionally emitting

cries of genuine pleasure. "I am delighted to see you, my dearest friend. Have you your money with you? Oh, how charmed I am to see you once more.', Then he changed his tone, and

becoming black with rage yelled out: "Oh you dog! Oh, you thief!" Tiedemann loudly protested his innocence, but Brenzel was resolved that he must come to New York and stand trial. and there is great joy among east side Germans whom he has victimised.

THE PERSONALITY KNOWN TO FAME AS HAZEN S. PINGREE.

A Hard Fighter for Clean Municipal Government and the Downfall of Monopolies -Incidents in His Career That Show the

At a recent Saturday night mass meeting held in Detroit, Hazen S. Pingree, the Mayor, was derided, shouted at and insulted by men whose names are in the forefront of Detroit's social, political, financial and business life.

The very men who made this unusual demonstration used all their persuasive powers five years ago to induce the man

they derided to accept the office.

Then Hazen S. Pingree, a soldier who had served through the war, was a prosperous, jovial and esteemed citizen. He had started in a small way in Detroit making shoes. He made good ones, and his business grew and flourished, and he was, before he made his first race for the office of Mayor, accounted in every way a leading citizen of Detroit. He owned a fine residence on the principal avenue. His walls were hung with rare works of art and costly ornaments. His well stocked library possessed many valuable literary works, and he had an interesting family. There was not at this time half a dozen persons in the city who were not ready and willing to say a kindly word for Hazen S. Pingree, the shoemaker.

The city was under the domination of a ring who sold nominations to the highest bidder, and after a discouraging meeting in which every man nominated declined to become the savior of the city, the name to become the savior of the city, the name of Hazen S. Pingree was mentioned. When he was told what they wanted of him he told them flatly that he didn't want any office and wouldn't have it. They argued and argued with him, telling him it was his duty as a citizen to accept the nomination, and they all pledged themselves to work for him.

"You're a good fighter," they told him, and he has proved that they spoke the literal truth, for he is a much harder fighter than those same men desire.

At any rate, to return to the time of his nomination the convention was held, and Hazen S. Pingree headed the ticket for Mayor. Pingree went in to win, and, although unaccustomed either to public speaking or political methods, he made a tremendous fight and was backed by the very cream of respectability and the ring haters of the city. His victory was a tre-



MAYOR HAZEN S. PINGREE. mendous one, and the city congratulated itself on being freed from misrule and cor-

While that election did not turn the head of the newly-elected Mayor, it did to a large extent arouse his long dormant combativeness, and he launched out bravely for reform.

His idea of reform early antagonized some of the very men who had induced him to accept the nomination which had made him Mayor. When he entered office he found jobs of every nature in progress. The sewers were in a wretched condition, the streets badly paved and the paving in control of a ring. A street car company, autocratic in its long continued use and abuse of power, refused to listen to the demands of the citizens. For a long time this street railway company had been the monarch of all, because the Common Council of the city was in its control and aldermen were, to say the least, influenced by passes and, it was charged, by money

favors, too. Early in the new Mayor's official life he threw down the gauge of battle to the street railway company. The council was against him, for the reform wave which swept him into office had not carried on its crest the reform aldermanic candidates.

Pingree was "a good fighter," and when he shied his castor into the ring he defied them all. The street railway company feared his power and by skillful maneuvering introduced an apparantly harmless ordinance into the Common Council. While apparantly harmless, this ordinance, if passed, would have given the street rai ay company a thirty years' lease of power. The members of the Common Council were servants of the street railway company, and they passed that ordinance at the bidding of their masters.

Mayor Pingree found that the company had just the requisite two-thirds vote to pass that blanket ordinance over his veto. He saw the "snake" in the bill, vetoed it, called attention to what the ordinance would do, and then issued his call to the citizens to assemble and demand that their representatives, the aldermen, should defeat the ordinance.

The meeting that resulted from this call was one that will go down in Detroit's history. It was the greatest meeting Detroit had ever seen. The immense Auditorium, which can seat 4,500 persons and accommodate 1,000 more in standing space, was filled to the doors. It was a meeting of everybody. Gen. Alger, the staunch republican, was on the platform at the elbow of Don M. Dickinson, the equally staunch democrat. Partizanship and politics were lost sight of in the desire of the public weal, and when the ample form of Mayor Pingree entered the building a roar went up that was heard on Woodward avenue. two blocks away. That roar continued in one mighty shout of popular acclaim as he took his place on the platform. It was the great night of Mayor Pingree's life.

The aldermen, recognizing the voice of the meeting, sustained the Mayor's veto, and since then he has successfully attacked the paving ring, and has got gas down to \$1 per 1,000 feet. These fights made many enemies for him, and in spite of the good done by his "potato patch" for the poor, the mass meeting referred to was the very antithesis of that above described as the greatest in Detroit's history.

There are very many persons in Canada who watch with interest the career of the Mayor of Detroit, and it has many point-Mayor of Detroit, and it has many pointers for those who take an interest in municipal matters.



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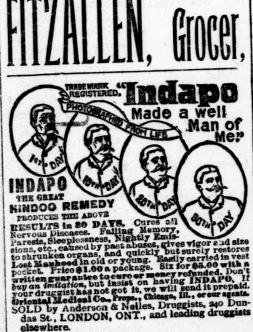
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