

## A STORY OF A BLACK BAG.

BY D. J. DELORAVE.

I was a private detective, a calling which is just now the object of a good deal of abuse. Still I don't think society could get on without us. If Scotland Yard is to do our work they will have to get rid of a good deal of red tape, and I make their men some-thing better than mere promoted policemen. There are black sheep amongst us, but I find evidence, and never undertake to manufacture it.

Many of my cases are of a very private character, which I could not write about without giving pain, however obscurely I try to wrap up the real names and persons. Others are of a more public character, and then, as in the case which I always talk and think of—the "Case of the Black Bag"—I have engaged myself in the investigation of public crime, and beaten the police at their own game.

There are some mysteries which contain all the elements of a great sensational crime, and yet for some reason fail to take hold of the public imagination.

Such a case happened shortly after I set up business for myself as a private detective. The body of a man was found in the Thames under circumstances that clearly pointed to murder. The man had been run through the heart with what the doctor, who gave evidence, suggested was the blade of a sword-stick. Nobody identified the victim. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in a well worn blue serge; there were certain marks on his body, but on his clothes there was nothing that would lead to identification, except that the shirt he wore had the name and address of the dealer—Box, Vine Street, Melbourne.

This mystery never, to use a theatrical expression, "caught on." The public perhaps is so used to the idea of unknown bodies being found in the Thames. I thought a good deal about it. It appealed to my detective instinct, and once or twice the idea came into my mind of what a score it would be for some one in my line of life to wipe the eye of Scotland Yard men in some such case as this. There was not much to find out anything. I had ceased to think anything about the case, in fact one or two of the same sort, in which the police were at fault, had occurred since, when it was recalled to me.

A tobaccoist, whose shop I used as it was near my office, told me one day that a matter which sometimes troubled him was the disappearance of a lodger of his.

"Owing rent?" I asked.

"No, he owed no rent," said the tobaccoist, "for he had paid in advance. It was a curious case. He left a bag behind him, and I should like to open it."

I suggested there was no time like the present.

The tobaccoist left his shop and came back with a black hand bag and a bunch of his own keys. Without much difficulty we opened the bag. There was not much to reward us; four old pairs of socks, some underclothing, some tobacco in cakes, a very old pair of trousers, and three flannel shirts. I can't say what impulse made me do it, but just as I was going to shut up the bag, I took up one of the shirts, though they were not inviting things to handle, and saw that there was a maker's name on it—Box, Vine Street, Melbourne. That was, I remembered the name on the shirt of the man found in the Thames. That set my instincts to work. I asked a lot of questions, and learnt that the man was very silent and close, that he gave his name as John Smith, and that he had disappeared a day before the body was found in the Thames. I had another look at the bag, and found, under the lining, two letters in envelopes.

One was to Mr. John Smith, 104, Blank Street, London. Inside there was just one line—"Meet me to-morrow at 7, Thames Embankment, near Waterloo Bridge; I will bring what you ask for." The post-mark was the day before the man disappeared. The second was addressed to Miss Fanny Waring, 10 Federal Road, St. Kilda, Melbourne. It had an Australian stamp on it. The date on the post-mark was 11th June, 1887, just one year before.

The letter ran: "Dear Fan, I will call to-morrow evening—Bob." Both letters were in the same hand-writing. I think as soon as I read them I guessed the whole story. The letters were both written by the murderer of the so-called John Smith.

That the murder was committed to get back that letter—which obviously had some extraordinary interest or John Smith would not carry it about with him—or to shut the mouth of the man who had it, who knew a great deal more. The letter was probably harmless enough to the writer, but John Smith's mouth was shut. Yet I could not help hoping that he would try to get it back. I believed that he was a man likely to play a bold, reckless game. I could fancy him passing by the house where Smith lived and knowing that the fatal letter was there. He would make one bold attempt to get it. I hoped. That was my chance. I ought to have taken the letter to Scotland Yard, but I should have been only mobbed and put in the background; on the other hand, without means to make an enquiry in Australia, I was a good deal handicapped.

I did not tell the tobaccoist my suspicion, for he was a talkative sort of man, but I asked him not to give up the bag without letting me know.

For some days after that I had business of my own—after all the black bag mystery was not a business—which took up my time and attention.

A few days afterwards the tobaccoist's son came to my office and said his father wanted me.

"Well, the lodger has turned up," said the tobaccoist, who was standing at the door of his shop with the black bag in his hand.

"What, have you seen him?" said I, thinking that I had discovered a mare's nest.

I was not particularly surprised or humiliated, for it is always doing that sort of thing in our business. It is not the detective who never follows the wrong clue, but the one who never leaves one who is no use.

"No; but he has sent for his bag; he is sick in the country, and the clergyman of his parish has come for it. There the reverend gent. is."

He pointed at the clerically dressed individual who was walking towards the door. I had not taken the shopman into my confidence, so I could hardly blame him, but his conduct seemed fatal to me; for the clerically-dressed man, on seeing he was being pointed at, turned and walked away. I should never catch him up for I had no police to call to my assistance as a Scotland Yard man would have. Then an idea occurred to me which was rash and unlikely to succeed, but brilliant like scores in detective work. I took the black bag from the tobaccoist with a word of explanation, and followed the parson. I could just keep him in sight, for Blank Street is not very broad. After taking several turnings, he got into Baker Street. My heart began

to beat for I believed my fluke was going to come off. I thought he was not trying his hardest to get away. He had a stick in his hand.

"There is a blade in that stick, my clerical friend," I said to myself, "and if I am not mistaken, you put it through John Smith."

He got to the park—was he going to start off and run? No, he stopped and doubled, and let me get within a few yards of him. What should I do, for I had no power to arrest him? But I hoped my fluke would come off. "Yes, it had; for, like a flash of lightning, he was on me, hitting at me with his stick, and grabbing at the bag with the other hand."

I had no stick, but I am not at all a bad man with my hands. For a "old un" in fact, though I am rather what a pugilist would call stale, I am better than most young men for no reason. Though I was bothered with the bag, I stopped with the hand in which I held it, and let out with the other hitting him under the jaw.

He staggered back but did not go down, and then he drew that cowardly blade.

I had a friend in my pocket, and as soon as he drew I had out my revolver and fired, hitting him in the sword arm. We closed, and in a minute or two, as I hoped, a policeman came up, who was soon joined by a comrade. Of course there was only one thing for him to do, namely, to take us to the police-station. When we got there I sent for a lawyer whom I knew, and sent off a telegram to Melbourne, to the head of the police, asking if he knew anything of Miss Fanny Waring, Federal Road, St. Kilda.

I had very little money in those days, but I was ready to chance it, for I believed that I was going to make a great stroke. After I had sent my telegram off, I settled myself for the night in my cell. I did not bother about bail, and was contented, for I knew my assailant was next door. The answer to my telegram came the next morning. "Fanny Waring found stabbed in her house one morning, the 12th of June, 1887."

I sent for a Scotland Yard detective, who I must say looked rather pleased when he saw me in the cell. He did not look the swagger out of him when I told him I had got the murderer of the man who was found in the Thames, in the next cell. Then I told my story. He tried to make little of it, but enquiries proved that my theory was the correct one.

The sham parson, alias Bob, of the letter, was the son of a very rich Australian. He had made a disgraceful marriage, and Fanny Waring was his wife. He had murdered her to keep the story of his marriage quiet. "John Smith," who was a friend of the murdered woman, knew the story, and had got possession of the letter which would have brought home Bob's guilt.

The Scotland Yard and Australian people worked up the case very well, and if Mr. "Bob" had not been convicted at the old Bailey and been hung in Newgate on the English charge, he would have been convicted in Australia.

At the trial they tried to keep me in the background, but they all had to admit that I had distinctly scored.

### Last to Leave.

The feeling which leads the captain of a wrecked ship to wish to be the last to leave her is one easily understood. In the interesting volume of reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow recently given to the public by Lady Inglis, wife of the general whom the death of the heroic Sir Henry Lawrence left in command, an anecdote is related of the abandonment of the British Residency, in which a similar feeling is manifested. It was the Residency or Billis Guard of Lucknow which was the stronghold of the besieged during their wonderful defence of eighty-seven days against an enemy overwhelmingly superior. It was there that they repelled the burrowing of the mine for mine; there that again and again a resolute few turned back the advancing thousands from the riddled and shaken walls; there that they suffered, hoped, despaired and never faltered; there that so many of them died and found graves. It was from their flag that Tennyson caught the refrain of his stirring poem of Lucknow; and there alone, during the crisis of the mutiny, that "Ever aloft in the palace roof the banner of England blew."

But after Havelock and Outram had broken through the enemy's lines and brought reinforcements, it became evident that the Billis Guard, shattered and ruined as it was, could no longer be occupied. It was decided to evacuate it in the night, and to remove the troops, the wounded and the imprisoned women and children to another position at some distance, which was already held by a portion of Havelock's men.

At midnight precisely, in silence and darkness, the movement began, the garrison nearest to the enemy first quietly withdrawing, and the others then falling in behind them—like the turning of a glove inside out. At the Billis Guard gates, watching them defile past, stood Generals Outram and Inglis with their staff. It was a bitter moment to Inglis, who had defended the place so long and so nobly. He had pleaded that the flag might be kept still flying upon the ruins, volunteering to remain and defend it with but a single regiment; but he had been overruled.

As the last company passed by, General Outram signed to him courteously with his hand to take precedence in following them, but he hung back, desiring to be the last. Outram smiled and held out his hand, saying, "Let us go out together." So shaking hands, the two generals came down the slope side by side.

Their staff followed, and here again the place of honor was disputed. Captain Wilson wished to be the last; Captain Birch, aide-de-camp to General Inglis, was determined to be. The two boyish young officers put it to the test of strength, and Wilson, being weak from hardship, as his opponent modestly admits, "could not stand the trick of shoulder to shoulder leaping in the Harrow football fields." He was thrown and rolled down the hill, and Captain Birch triumphed.

But a doubt arose whether all the troops had left; those who had kept count differed, and Captain Birch was sent back to see. This duty he performed, though with no enjoyment of it, for the danger was great and the silence and loneliness of the familiar squares oppressive and terrible. He thought, however, that now beyond all doubt he was the last Englishman in the place.

He was mistaken. Another officer, Captain Waterman, had fallen asleep from exhaustion while the garrison was marching out, and was left behind. Weak and ill from the shock of waking and finding himself alone was so great that though he succeeded in escaping and rejoining his comrades, it was for some time delirious; but, he, though quiet against his will, was the last man to leave the famous Billis Guard before it fell into the hands of the enemy.

## SHOPPING IN THE ROCKIES.

A Pastoral Store in a Western Wilderness.

I am going to the Rocky Mountains to do my shopping. If anyone in the East heard a lady say that he would certainly take a second look at her. But he would scarcely be more surprised than I was to be in the thick of the Rockies with Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., for a companion, hearing his modest recount of adventures in the most magnificent wilderness in our country; and then on the westward slope, among the foot-hills, to step from the case to a store like Whiteley's Necessary Store in London, or one of our "shopping stores" on the Sixth Avenue, New York. That was one of the surprises of my experiences in the far West. It was in Missoula, Montana, that I found the unexpected great bazaar. It is only fair to say that Missoula has had sly hopes that she might become the capital of the new State of Montana—if the rivalry between Butte and Helena and Great Falls necessitates a diplomatic tendency toward the choice of some place apart from these. But Missoula, though beautiful and kept almost evergreen by the soft winds from the Pacific, is rather the capital of the thorough-going Eastern strip of Montana on the other side of the Rockies than of the imperial eastern half of the State.

When I left the car at this place I found it a typical Western town, with one street of shops, with a fine hotel, some business-like banking-houses, a club, and a great scattering of dwellings, sufficient for a population of about 4000 or 5000 souls, if my memory serves me right. I found one block of stores. They were distinctly "city-fied" in appearance. They had great plate-glass fronts, and the windows were shrewdly and attractively used for displaying the goods within. One was a dry-goods store, the next was a boot and shoe store, the next was a grocery, and the next was a hardware and agricultural implement emporium. The most interesting was a store of electric lamps. Recovering from the first surprise at finding such modern shops in such a place, I next noticed that all of them were alike and of a piece, and then I saw that they lacked the usual sign-boards of different merchants over the windows.

They were, in fact, but a few of the many departments of the Missoula Mercantile Company's stores, and before I tell more about that, I will intrude a note with regard to such places in general. The first of these great trading companies' stores that I saw in the West were in Butte, the great mining town of Montana, and the liveliest, "wide-open" town it has yet been my lot to run across—one in which the barbers shops never closed, and sixteen licensed gambling saloons flared open on the main street. Two of these great trading establishments have their headquarters in that city, and a tour of either one reveals an enormous stock and great variety of goods, "cash railways," lines of young men and girls behind the counter, crowds of elbowing and goggling handlings, and the more of the atmosphere of Sixth Avenue than one feels in any store in the generality of Eastern cities that deem themselves quasi-metropolitan.

Those who have done me the honor to follow the reports of my wandering will recall that I found great general stores of the kind in Winnipeg and Victoria, British Columbia, where they marked the development of the original trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, whether great towns have grown up round them, or the forts of the corporation. These Montana emporiums are not of the out-growth or feature of any fur trading operations, but they are the result of the same necessity that has developed the fur-trading posts. Here in Montana have come big lumbering companies, mining camps, army posts, Indian reservations, railway divisional headquarters, and one form or another of settlements or collections of men to be supplied with food, clothing, implements, and whatever. The more enterprising traders have extended their business, until such a bulk of trade has come to them that they can buy in quantity, and sell at large discount, and have no competitors except one another.

This Missoula Mercantile Company is capitalized at a million and two hundred thousand dollars. It transacted a business of more than two millions of dollars last year. It has four branch stores in addition to the great central one at Missoula; one being at Corvallis, on the Steppenville, one at Victor, and one at Demererville, at the head of navigation on Flathead Lake, in northwestern Montana, near Kalispel, a divisional point on the route of the Great Northern Railway, the last transcontinental trunk-line that is being pushed to the Pacific Ocean. The Missoula company does a large jobbing business with groceries, and lumbering and mining camps. It is a country A. T. Stewart concern, wholesaling and retailing all necessities and luxuries to the people of what may be called Montana-west-of-the-Rockies. This whole territory is in one county of imperial size—about 300 miles wide and 600 miles long, with a population of 20,000 souls. No such big reigning supreme in that field, the Missoula company does business in the Cœur d'Alene mining region in Idaho.

Mr. A. B. Hammond, the president of the company, was born on the St. John's River in New Brunswick. He went West as a young man, and worked as a wood-chopper for a time. He reached Montana in 1858, as poor as he was ambitious; but to-day, at forty-four years of age, he is a wealthy man, with spare time enough to have become a student and a lover of literature. Indeed, it is said of him that when he had his fortune to make "he used to work all day and read all night." He is more than just to his employees; he has made presents of stock to those who have displayed the most enthusiastic enterprise, and now numbers among the stockholders twenty-two who are employees. Each of the many departments of the big concern is managed by its own headman, who has sole charge of it, buys all the goods sold in it, and reports upon its condition once a year.

The stores or departments are nearly all together in one long two-story block, and as all are thrown together by communicating passageways, the reader will understand that the effect upon a visitor is that of one general shopping store. The various stores or departments are these: a gentleman's furnishing and clothing store; a wine and spirit, tobacco and cigar department; a dress-making and tailoring department; a dry-goods and carpet store; a boot and shoe store; a grocery store; and an extensive department for the sale of hardware, cutlery, agricultural, mining, and lumbermen's implements, harness, saddlery, wagons, carriages, and blacksmiths' supplies. I noticed that there were displayed large assortments of crockery, apothecary, furniture, and made up gowns, wraps, and cloaks for the women, so that, speaking widely, and at this distance in space and memory, I do not recollect that any of these trades left unoccupied any field of barter in Missoula except jewelry, drugs, and fresh meat. And I fancy the

business must include a trade in drugs, since they would be demanded in the mining and lumber camps and by the retailers at a distance. The purchases of the company are upon such a scale, and it buys so shrewdly, that the profit must be very considerable. It is an indication of how the new Western cities are cutting into New York's trade to know that all that the Missoula Company buys here are carpets, dry-goods, gentlemen's furnishings, clothing, hats and caps, and some cigars. Its imported wines and liquors and its groceries are bought in Chicago, its sugar and canned fruits in California, and its teas in Japan. One hundred and twenty-five clerks, salesmen, workmen, and department heads, comprise the force of attendants and managers of this astonishing country store, and the "capital" swings, "to use the Eastern phrase," finds outside chances for multiplication by investments in the Blackfoot Mining Company, a land company or two, and in a national bank. I have mentioned this concern by name and described it, but it must be remembered that it is but one of many such trading ventures where one would least expect to find them.—(Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.)

### Dishes For Fall.

One advantage of our four seasons is the necessity they create for a change of food. The dishes given below will be found agreeable in early fall.

**CALF'S TONGUES FRICASSEED.**—Boil the tongues until done—about an hour—take off the skin and trim neatly, then cut into slices half an inch thick; roll in flour and fry for a moment or two in hot dripping, place them in a saucepan, add parsley, celery and sliced onions and cover with gravy, brook or water; simmer, closely covered, for thirty minutes, slightly thicken the gravy and pour it around them.

**NEW TURNIPS.**—Peel and slice a quantity of turnips and cook in salted boiling water until soft; when done drain in a colander and press as free as possible from water, in a few drops of lemon juice and a spoonful of butter cut in tiny bits and rolled in flour, a spoonful or two of cream and salt and pepper to taste.

**CHICKEN FRITTERS.**—Trim every bit of meat from the carcasses of a pair of roasted chickens—that is, after you have made one dinner from them; put the bones on with a quart of cold water, an onion and parsley leaf, a few stalks of celery, and a half when it should be reduced to one pint. Chop the meat fine, wet with the gravy, if any, and one-third as much bread crumbs or cold boiled rice, season to taste and mix with a beaten egg. If there was no giblet gravy left from the day before use any kind of stock or gravy, failing any of these, cream or milk to moisten the crumbs and meat. Make a thin batter with two eggs, a gill of milk and prepared flour and herbs, made up the mince into tiny balls, dip them in the batter and fry in boiling dripping. Pile them on a dish and pour around them the gravy made from the bones which has been strained, thickened and seasoned.

**BROILED POTATOES.**—Serve these with the first seasonings of the season. Cut large cold boiled potatoes in thick slices and broil on both sides over a clear fire, laying them between the bars of a double oyster boiler. Season with salt, pepper and a little melted butter. Broil the sausages, splitting them if too thick and sprinkle each with a few drops of the juice of an orange.

**BEF SOUP.**—A very good and cheap soup can be made from a pound of lean soup meat cut into small pieces; fry it with a little dripping made very hot, add a teaspoonful of sugar; fry at the same time two onions cut in rings. The meat and onions must only get nicely browned and must not be allowed to scorch. Then add three quarts of hot water, a couple of small turnips cut in a few slices, and a little salt, and bring to the boil. Chop slowly for an hour and a half add six tomatoes peeled and sliced and two large tablespoons of rice; simmer an hour longer, season to taste and turn all into the soup tureen after skimming it free from fat, which spoils the appearance and taste.

**CORNBREAD FRUIT.**—Peel and cut in slices lengthwise, and about an eighth of an inch thick; fry tender, brown in butter, and dish each slice on a piece of buttered toast. They are also nice fried as above, seasoned with salt, and laid on a hot dish, under a broiled steak or a nice mince of beef or mutton as a substitute for egg plant.

### The Chief Thing.

For every person there is some one thing in life which is paramount, and this absorbing, dominating thing, whatever it may be, comes at length to write itself all over the man, in face, habit, action, in his mental and moral constitution, in everything that he thinks, or says, or does.

After one gets to be forty years old, it is not hard to tell what is the chief thing in life for him. If it be money, you see the grasping money-greed in every expression of the face, every glance of the eye, every action of the body. If it be pleasure, or self-gratification, the fact is written in uncertain lines upon the countenance and shows itself in the unconscious selfishness of the slightest acts. But if, on the other hand, the chief thing in life is something high and worthy, it will be reflected in a face full of lofty character, and a demeanor which bespeaks the sincere and noble mind. It has been well said that a man's face is the only necessary ticket of admission to heaven. Character is written there in lines which cannot be mistaken.

What is it that is molding each one of us—this paramount thing in life, by the contemplation of which character and destiny are being determined? If the object of life be base and unworthy, nay, if it be even temporal and worldly, it will surely debase and deceive us. It will consume soul and body in the pursuit of an ideal whose very realization is a mockery and disappointment. But if it is the spiritual life which affords our ideal, the chief aim of all our efforts, a new and ever widening world of happy possibilities will open before us. That life is the only real progressive movement in spiritual evolution. The thing attained never exhausts the possibilities of development, but leads on to higher and better things forever. Earthly crowns crumble, earthly prizes fade, earthly pleasures pall. Attained, they are neither in themselves, nor do they lead on to higher things. What a failure is the life which has made such things its chief desire! But how joyous, how rich, how noble, how eternally progressive is the life which has been fixed upon eternal things! Make the love and service of God the chief thing in your life, and your face will be glorified with the beauty of saintly character; your deeds will breathe the underlying fragrance of sincerity and truth, and your soul will rejoice in the consciousness of eternal rectitude and eternal progress.

You can not do wrong without suffering wrong.—(Emerson.)

## NECK AND NECK.

The Bitchious Encounter of Two Giraffes for the Control of a Herd.

There is a deal of human nature in a giraffe—in his native state. The old fellows insist on ruling the herd as long as possible, and never give it up till the young ones whip them out, and as the weak ones are whipped out in the start, the result is that each boss giraffe is a polygamist on a large scale. This leads to savage fights, and as the hunters penetrate into South Africa they occasionally witness these duels. A hunter gives this account of such a combat between an old and a young giraffe, witnessed from an adjacent thicket: "Presently the belligerents came within a few yards of each other. Then commenced a scene that baffles all description. Some people might call it ludicrous; it was far more, it was side-splitting, and but for my desire to see the end I must have given way to convulsions of laughter. Although the giraffe possesses a certain beauty when at rest it loses its grace when in motion, and the greater its speed the more ungainly does it appear. But when two mature bulls begin to waltz and dance violently around each other, each endeavoring to outdo the other in agility, at the same time mumbering their jaws and emitting fearfully discordant roars, it is certainly one of the most absurd sights human eye ever looked upon. I have often seen a crane dance—a function common enough north of the Vaal River. It is more than funny—it is ridiculous—but can not for an instant be compared to the antics of these two mammoth brutes.

They began rearing as if to bear each other down, their mouths all the time open to grip if opportunity occurred. At length the violent exercise began to tell upon the old beast. He made some mistake in a pary, and the younger seized with his teeth the foot of the veteran who in return laid hold of his opponent's ear. For some moments there was a pause. It was very brief, and then the struggle was renewed. With a gigantic effort the younger giraffe threw the old hero upon his haunches. He looked very much as if he had played his last card, but there was pluck in his aged heart yet, though the battle was not for long. He followed by all, took the lead. Not one of the remnants of the fallen chief turned the head for an instant to see what had become of him."

After such a defeat the old fellow usually becomes a "solitary," and lives and dies alone.—(London Graphic.)

### Mechanical and Scientific.

A contrivance for removing the hair by machinery has been invented by a Frenchman.

In speaking for the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

The cost of raw material in a watch is infinitesimal; 99.99 per cent. of the cost of production is paid to labor. Five cents worth of steel wrought into hair springs would be worth \$150,000.

A rapidly revolving brush, which gets its motive power through a flexible tube attached to a small electric motor, has been found to operate practically in the grooming of horses.

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards and alizarine sufficient for 155 yards of Turkey red cloth.

From "Science" we learn that a conical form tablet has been found at Tel Hesay, the ancient Lachish, by Mr. J. F. Bliss, who is excavating for the Palestine Exploration Fund. According to Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, it contains the name of the same officer who is mentioned on tablets from Lachish some years since at El Amarna in Egypt.

It is said that we are indebted to the Pompeians for our knowledge of fruit canning. When excavations were first made of the site of the old city jars of figs were discovered by a party of tourists. When these were opened the contents were found to be as perfect as when poured into the jar nineteen centuries before. Investigation showed that the fruit had been put into the jar when heated, and sealed over after the steam had been allowed to escape. The following year saw the establishment of canning factories.

The original patent for the electrical telephone was granted to Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Mass., on March 7, 1876, for the term of seventeen years.

### Social Selfishness.

A witty and miserly gentleman who accepted many invitations without returning them, but who contributed greatly to the general entertainment by his bright conversation, once defended himself by saying: "My friends give the dinners, but I furnish the salt."

If he was parsimonious in the matter of dinners, he was generous with his best thoughts, his most cheerful and entertaining stories, fulfilling one social duty although he neglected another.

This social duty of giving in conversation one's brightest and best, of making an effort to be interesting, and being cheerful when it is not possible to be brilliant, is often selfishly neglected. Life is an affair of mutual obligations; we have to thank most of our friends for their kindness and patience and encouragement, and we owe it to them to remember that often, unknown to us, they are in need of being made to forget some trouble or grief, or are in need of some fresh, cheering thought, and when we give them our conversational best, we are doing what we can to supply that need.

Many persons who would not think of going anywhere with a bandaged head or a disagreeable cold or a disturbing cough, carry a gloomy face, a fit of the blues, or an ill-tempered mood, on a visit or to a party, without thinking that there is no excuse at all for their being a skeleton at the feast. They disturb their hosts and hostesses by making it evident that they are not having a good time, and they have a depressing effect on every one else.

Those who have a bright conversational gift should use it generously, bearing in mind how effectively it counteracts depression, differences, lapses of tact, and other drawbacks to enjoyment.

## A JACK THE RIPPER CRIME.

Remarkable Mutilation of a Murdered Woman's Body.

Buried in Places in the Garden of a Glasgow Suburb—She Was Killed by a Gardener in His Room.

The most horrible murder in criminal history was committed recently at West Lodge, a villa on the Albert road in Pollok, a suburb on the outskirts of Glasgow, Scotland. A woman was mutilated after the method of "Jack the Ripper," was dismembered, and the pieces of her body were buried in the villa garden. McEwan, the gardener, is guilty of the crime.

West Lodge is in one of the finest suburbs of Glasgow, and is surrounded by a garden some 125 feet deep on every side. McEwan, with the assistance of a gardener, MacDougall, lived in a separate house, and when not busy at the villa he did odd jobs in the neighborhood. He is a native of the county Down, Ireland, is about 35 years old, and, although occasionally a heavy drinker, he had borne a good reputation. He is a man of great physical strength.

At 6 o'clock in the morning MacDougall knocked at McEwan's door to wake him, as he has done for the last six years. McEwan responded with unusual promptitude. "All right, Tom, I won't get up yet; I'm tired."

McDougall went away and worked in the garden until 9 o'clock, when he returned to arouse McEwan. His knocks were not answered and he forced open the door. He found the walls, ceiling, furniture, and floor spattered profusely with blood. The clothes from the two beds were scattered over the floor and were sprinkled with blood. Red finger marks streaked the sides of one of the beds and the door. There was not a piece of furniture or an article of clothing which was not stained.

McDougall ran countless, hatless, and crying in his terror, to the police station and told his story. After fortifying him with brandy the police took him to West Lodge with them. From the room they followed a bloody trail to four fresh-made mounds in the garden. In a flower bed, from which the plants had been removed, they found about two feet under the ground the mutilated head and unjointed arm of a woman. In another similar bed they uncovered the trunk. It was absolutely devoid of all internal organs. Beside the trunk was the woman's left arm, also unjointed. In another flower bed they found the missing organs and the legs, unjointed, as were the arms. The trail led from this last bed to a tool house. There under a pile of rubbish and tools, was a biscuit box containing a fragment of large saw, the teeth still dotted with flesh and blood, and several smaller pieces of the woman's body. The police say that the box was used by McEwan in transporting the limbs and the organs from his room to the garden.

A search of McEwan's room revealed several razors, apparently unused for some time, and an axe, recently used, but still showing slight blood stains.

McDougall was unable to give any information as to McEwan's deed or the disposition of the body, for he was working, at the time, on the opposite side of the house, as was shown by the fresh-turned earth. He believes that when he knocked at 6 o'clock McEwan was carrying up the body, as McEwan's voice indicated that he was wide awake.

McEwan was engaged to marry a respectable girl, who is maid in a Glasgow family. The mother when she heard of the murder, supposed that the daughter was the victim, and ran to West Lodge. She could not identify the clothing as her daughter's, however, and this evening the girl was found.

After several measures had been adopted without result to establish the identity of the woman, the police of the city were ordered to look at the remains and see if they had ever seen the victim before. Several of them recognized her as a person of loose character. The detectives learned that McEwan had been seen going in the direction of Paisley and they followed close on his heels, and found him lying beside the road half way between Glasgow and Paisley. He had evidently found the chase becoming too hot for him and, fearing arrest, had attempted to kill himself.

Particulars of McEwan's capture are these: Some gamekeepers on Sir John Maxwell's estate saw a stranger re-appearing on one of the fields. They stopped him and questioned him, but he refused them an answer. He made an attempt to escape, but the gamekeepers' suspicions were now aroused and they made a move to detain him, when he jerked out a small knife and began hacking away at his throat, but was detected by the gamekeepers before completing his suicidal intent. He soon became exhausted by his struggling and by loss of blood. The men overpowered him and stopped the flow of blood so far as they were able and took him to a police station, where it was found he agreed with the description of McEwan, and, in fact, he proved to be the man wanted.

The murdered woman has been fully identified. Her name was Elizabeth O'Connor, and she was of the class who seek their livelihood on the pavement.

### Seed Thoughts.

Earnestness of purpose can spring only from strong convictions.

A quiet conscience rests in thunder, but rest and guilt live far asunder.

A true Christian, like an electric street car, is governed by the power from above.

It is not so much what we see as the thing we see suggests.—(John Burroughs.)

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day and at last we can not break it.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people the remains would defy identification.

If contentment is to come from some end to be gained, it will vanish in desire for a greater end.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—(Shakespeare.)

Best of the man who dares to say, "Lord of myself I've lived to-day."—(Horace 111, 22.)

Sorrow comes soon enough without dependency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

No matter how many of our laden ships may come into port, that one which was lost at sea will always seem to us to have carried the richest cargo.