

BLONCO, THE STRANGLER.

A WOMAN HATER WHO TERRORIZED NEW ORLEANS.

Tragedies of the Famous French Quarter Recalled—An Adventurer Finally Escapes the Fling and Brings About Her Own and His Death.

About a generation ago New Orleans was terrorized by a number of mysterious murders, which occurred with alarming frequency, and in the very heart of the "French Quarter." The victims always were women. They were strangled to death, and their bodies were found upon the sidewalk, and frequently in the open court of some dwelling, which circumstance cast suspicion upon the occupants, who, upon more than one occasion, had considerable difficulty in proving their innocence to the police. The poorly lighted streets, with their iron braces, afforded little protection to pedestrians, and, as there was little visiting after nightfall, gas at \$3 per 1,000 feet was considered a useless expenditure. "Look Out for the Stranger" became the watchword. Even children were threatened with the "Strangler" and babies were lulled to sleep under the promise that the "Strangler" would not come.

Down on Bourbon street, near St. Peter, is a tumble-down, deserted house, perhaps a century old, with rickety staircase, broken shutters and a damp, darkened court of broken tiles covered with rubbish. The superstitions of that neighborhood say that the old house is haunted. The small boy passes on the opposite side of the street and keeps up his courage by whistling. Those of mature growth hurry past that they are afraid, of course. Several dead bodies were found at intervals in this putrid, filthy court, and each victim was a woman. Around the throat were the finger marks of the strangler.

The old house had not been occupied within the past quarter of a century. The shrewdest detectives failed to find a clue to the identity of the murderer, and the relatives of the victim had no reason to suspect any of their acquaintances. Neither of the victims had known each other. Evidently, the work was not that of a vendetta. Then, what was the motive, and who was the murderer?

There had been in the city for a number of years a mysterious character known as Blonco, confidence operator and supposed to have been a member of a band of hired assassins in Cuba before his "expatriation" to the United States. The haunted houses had been shadowed by detectives for a number of months, and on one occasion it was thought he was seen to enter.

On another night, while the detectives were creeping through the crackling shadows, a dim light was seen to flicker through a dusty window pane of one of the rooms. A stifled noise was heard within, like a smith at work—but the detectives investigated no further, as they had been told by the neighbors that an old crazy man had taken up quarters in the house, so as to be away from troublesome neighbors and escape payment of rent. He was described as having a long gray beard, stoop-shouldered from age, and walked with a shuffling gait. A boy, who seemed to be more observant than all the others, stated that "Sometimes the man looked as if he was mad, and sometimes he walked as good as anybody can." This, naturally, would have suggested that the "crazy man" was the murderer.

Blonco represented himself to Dona Madiza as being wealthy, the owner of several sugar plantations on the island of Cuba. The adventures of Dona, whose greed for gold and diamonds was only equalled by her treachery, pretended that she was unmarried, or, rather, that she was a widow, and had deserted him, however, until she had secured the funds of the Monte bank. Soon after her younger sister, Josefa, and the family came, and they rented a case within a few blocks of the haunted house.

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with a malicious smile, that only enraged Blonco the more. "You do not love me!" said Blonco, slowly crossing the room to where the Dona sat, and kneeling in front of her. "How ridiculous the ideal!" replied the Dona, with a look of scorn. In a moment Blonco had arisen and grasped her around the throat. The movement was so sudden, and his hold so firm, that she could only faintly cry out, which was just distinguishable to Mita in an adjoining room. She had been a witness, as pre-arranged, for the scheme was to entrap the supposed wealthy Blonco, the alleged planter.

"You will never deceive another; you are alike, all of you; false-hearted devils with innocent-looking faces!" hissed Blonco as he wrested his hands more firmly, unto the object of his rage.

CEASED TO BREATHE. Then he released his hold, and she fell upon the floor dead. Blonco took her jewels and fled to his room in the haunted house. His entrance was noticed by detectives and officers, who were in close pursuit from the scene of the murder.

When they succeeded in breaking down the door they found him upon the floor dead. He had committed suicide in the same manner that he had killed a score or more of women—by strangulation. On the table was this note:

"To the police: You will find the bodies of three women in the closet; I hate the sex, for the wrong they have done me; I only wish I could kill more of them. The woman whom I have just killed is my sister, whom I have loved since childhood, but she is like the rest, because she is a woman."

In his hand was a locket in which was engraved: "To Lila; from your brother." The locket contained the miniature of the murderer and of his victim.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE. How the Late Czar of Russia Narrowly Escaped Assassination. Alexander III. of Russia, though incessantly haunted by the fear of assassination, died a natural and not a violent death. He had good cause to feel anxious. On several occasions his life was saved by what seemed the direct intervention of a supernatural power. Once his life was preserved by the "second thought," itself an inspiration, of an officer of the czar's body guard. A writer in Kate Field's Washington Star tells the story. Shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as military governor of St. Petersburg, a policeman, posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, caught sight early one morning of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices familiar to everybody.

It was driven by a coachman recognized as the servant of Prefect Gourko, who presided in being wiggled in defiance of his master's orders, to the great meriment of the other St. Petersburg Jehus; and on each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest and wearing his ball of forage slung over his shoulder, more as if he were campaigning on the Don than engaged in police service in the streets of the capital.

General Gourko and his escort—for the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new Prefect of Police—made their way to the mansion in the boulevard and the general alighted and rang. To the doorkeeper—an officer of the body-guard—he briefly stated the object of his visit; he desired an immediate conference with the czar. The door was early, but his business brought no delay, for it concerned the safety of Alexander himself.

The janitor was at first incredulous, expostulating that his imperial master had been in bed only an hour; but at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together, pausing in their ascent only when they had reached a landing giving access to one of the capacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the peace guardian seems to have repented of his decision.

Closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police, and proceeding in the direction of the emperor's sleeping apartments, he did not arouse the czar at all. What he did was to descend to the guard-room and dispatch a messenger. During his absence the czar calmly slept on.

A quarter of an hour later the messenger returned. He had been sent to General Gourko's residence, and he brought back the information that the Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed. The czar's visitor, therefore, was an impostor.

He was something more; for from his pockets, after he had been seized and pinioned, was drawn forth a six-barreled revolver and a two-edged hunting-knife. The czar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few minutes in the balance.

The made-up Gourko—the Prefect of Police imitated down to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig—might have deceived even the czar himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort.

Only the sham perfect was secured, however, his confederates escaped. Simultaneously with the arrest, guards had rushed from the palace to seize them, but their equipage had gone. No sign of them was ever found.

As for the chief actor in the plot, his personality has never been disclosed. He is the one mystery which the nihilists themselves have never been able to penetrate. His secret remains with him, and he keeps it to the present moment, for he is still—or was at last accounts—a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

Armed. The physician was so surprised to find the head of the household at the door with a bloodstain on his forehead. Why—what's the matter? stammered the doctor. That medicine you give my wife, she says is makin' her feel like a new woman. And I want you to understand that no new woman business goes in this house. First thing I know, she'll be out makin' speeches.

Reasoning By Deduction. Eleanor—What makes you so sure that he's an English nobleman? Madge—His clothes are such frightful misfits. Between March 31 and April 2 Prince Bismarck received 8,290 telegrams, 50,000 letters and 120,800 postal cards.



EVENING AND DINNER GOWNS.

Household.

The Sealding Word.

At last, my baby sleeps, and I Soft wipe the tear-gleamed lashes dry, And kiss the rosy grief-plashed cheek, And try to still the sob that seeks To sink themselves in tremulous sighs; I know the sleep-sealed, baby eyes Hold in them now no look of pain, The heavy, heart-buried sob release, That my dear babe might sleep in peace.

Did we but stay the sealding word 'Till baby sleeps, 'twould never be heart.

Serving Meals.

That which adds or detracts from the general well-being and good nature of the family more than any other thing is the manner in which the food is cooked and served. Some wise person has said: "The way to a man's heart lies through his stomach." The saying is not far wrong. If the meals be on time, the food well cooked and nicely served, and the table scrupulously neat, in nine cases out of ten the man will be healthy, good-natured, and contented. This may also be said of the rest of the family. There are few men who will come in from hard work expecting to find dinner ready, and have to wait for it, without more or less grumbling. It does not increase their amiability if the meal, besides being tardy, is badly cooked, and placed haphazard on a table covered with a soiled cloth.

The whole family will feel more self-respecting, more "like somebody," if each meal is neatly served. The majority of people will rather have a few dishes properly cooked and served than to sit down to a number of poorly cooked and served.

A great many housewives attach proper importance to this branch of their work. It takes time and care to cook palatably in the manner the meal will get itself. At any rate, little thought is given to preparation for the meal until after the time it should have been planned and half-cooked. Then a wild rush is made for the kitchen. A hasty seizure is made of the contents of the pantry. Almost anything that comes first is seized and tossed together, and when the meal at last is ready, signs of haste are everywhere apparent. The bill of fare is apt to be rather short. The food is partly cooked, or perhaps burned, and lastly, but by no means least, the table is untidy. Small wonder the family, especially the male portion, feel aggrieved. Nor does this feeling pass away at once. A dull feeling of discontent pervades the atmosphere of the home, and renders it anything but the abode of cheerfulness it should be. We have a firm belief that these unfaithful housekeepers send more people to the neighbor regions than any other class of supposed righteous and harmless beings.

Helps in the Household.

A box of washing soda in the kitchen and another in the bath room closet are great aids in cleanly housekeeping. The washing of greasy pots and pans, or of those to which something has burned or fastened itself so firmly that scraping is a disagreeable necessity, are easily cleaned if a small lump of the soda is put in the pan and covered with cold water. Set the utensil over the fire until after dinner and you will find that all the grease or crust is loosened and no time has been wasted. Granite ware and tin last much longer when cleaned in this way, which is preferable to the pot cleaner that is a network of iron or steel rings. The soda is also excellent to cleanse and whiten unvarnished and unpainted floors, tables and other surfaces, and quite indispensable in flushing the waste pipes in the bath room and kitchen sinks once or twice a week. In this case the soda should be dissolved in boiling water and used at once. In washing china a good soap without much soda in it is better than the soda, unless one uses plain white dishes, as both soda and cheap soap in time eat away the coloring and glazing on decorated ware.

Charcoal is another simple and inexpensive purifying agent that is most useful in keeping a house free from smells of various kinds. A few good-sized pieces in a refrigerator occasionally purifies and preserves it. If you have that abomination, an inclosed dark place under the sink for pots etc., put some charcoal there, as well as in the cupboard where you keep cooked food.

Household Hints.

To Remove Vinegar Stains.—Some time ago I spilled vinegar on a light-colored benzeline; I thought sure it was spotted for good, but I carefully sponged the streak with borax and warm water, using the borax until the streak disappeared, leaving no trace, writes "Phyllis." I have removed orange stains from delicate goods with boraxine, applying cautiously and allowing spots to dry in order to see whether they had disappeared. If not, I continued to make the applications until they were gone. I think this will remove any dark stain from goods—at least such is my experience—because it simply bleaches it out. Boraxine is a washing powder that comes in packages. Possibly any washing powder would do as well.

To Brighten Dinky Teakettles.—Rub with a woolen cloth saturated with kerosene; it will brighten them. Kerosene will also soften boot-leather that has been hardened by water-soaking. It is also excellent to remove rust on iron or steel. If your knife should turn up after a spell of being lost, soak it in kerosene to get it rust in hinges and on blades. It will also remove rust from stovepipes.

Good, Reliable Home Cookery.

Cruellers.—Three eggs, 6 tablespoonfuls white sugar, butter size of a small egg; 2 tablespoonfuls saleratus dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, flour to thicken. Dressing for Cabbage and Lettuce.—Four tablespoonfuls vinegar, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful mustard, 1 tablespoonful sugar. Put into dish of boiling water and add piece of butter size of an egg. Beat 1 egg and stir into this, which makes it thick; add cream to thin it a little and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Sponge Cake.—One cup of sugar (not heaping), 1 cup flour, the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 3 fresh eggs, beaten well; beat whites and yolks separately 15 or 20 minutes. After stirring in the flour put into oven as soon as possible. One small loaf, bake in deep pan, and break the cake instead of cutting. Minnehaha Cake.—One cup sugar, 3 cup butter, yolks of 2 eggs and whole of one, 2 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 3 teaspoon soda. This makes three layers. Filling: Boil 1 cup sugar with little cold water until it will crack when dropped into cold water, then remove from the stove and stir into the white of 1 egg beaten to a stiff froth, then stir in one cup of raisins chopped and stoned. Vanilla Wafers.—One cup of sugar, 3 cup butter, 4 tablespoonfuls milk, 1 tablespoonful vanilla, 1 egg, 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, 3 teaspoonfuls of soda, flour enough to roll out well; roll very thin. Jellyed Oranges.—Four large oranges, juice of 2 lemons. Cut the oranges into halves and be careful not to break the peel when you remove the juice. Soak 1 box of gelatine in cold water for an hour, add the juice of the lemons and oranges. One cup sugar, 1 pint boiling water, strain and pour in the peels, which should be put in so that they may be upright. A platter is good for this purpose. Serve with whipped cream on top when it is ready for the table.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

China eats 10,000,000 dogs annually. Cape Colony exports ostrich feathers. England has women sanitary inspectors. Bradford, Eng., will make artificial silk. The Rothschild family is worth \$2,000,000,000.

Alexandria possesses the largest artificial harbor in the world. Of the 51,000 breweries said to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany. Russia's standing army, which comprises 800,000 men, is the largest in Europe. Germany's proportion of suicides is larger than that of any other European country.

James Tyson, the richest man in Australia, began as a farm laborer at \$12.50 a month. According to recent statistics, 2,200 trains leave the stations of London every 24 hours. Chancellor Bricco, whose death was recently reported, has left about £10,000 for the poor of Holyhead.

Some one has calculated that 10,000,000 colored photographs of the Queen and the Prince of Wales are sold every year. Jamaica threatens to increase the customs taxes on American imports in retaliation for the differential sugar duty. Germany's proposal for the establishment of international postage stamps is being examined by the British post office authorities.

Many of the pleasure gardens and castles of the Japanese nobles are now turned into parks and schools, and used for other public purposes. The present Sultan of Morocco is descended from an Irish girl, who became a member of the then Royal harem more than 100 years ago. Prince Bismarck, on his birthday, received eight thousand telegrams, fifty thousand letters, and one hundred and fifteen thousand postal cards.

Czar Nicholas has established a fund of \$20,000 to relieve journalists and authors in distress and to provide for their widows and orphans when they die. Lord Rosebery has conferred a civil list pension of £100 on William Watson, the poet, whose name has been repeatedly proposed for the vacant laureateship.

It is said that there are at present in the south of France four queens, two empresses, one emperor, three kings, 23 grand dukes, and countless princes, dukes, counts, etc. Ireland sent out 35,500 emigrants in 1894, 12,287 less than the year before. It is the smallest number recorded since 1851. The statistics of emigration were first collected.

The Matabele Times relates that an Englishman in the Transvaal, in his joy over a successful speculation, took a champagne bath, which cost him two thousand dollars. A coroner's jury in London on the 21st ult., found that James McDougall, tobacco dealer, known as the "halting miser," died a natural death. It is stated that he was a son of Sir James McDougall, physician extraordinary to Queen Caroline, and was originally a chemist.

The British railways are very costly, the average approaching \$40,000 per mile. The average in the United States is less than one-third as much, the difference being due, not altogether to cheaper construction, but largely to the great cost of way in the more thickly populated country. Members of the House of Commons have heretofore reserved their seats in the House by leaving their hats in them during prayer time. The Speaker has introduced an innovation by allowing a seat to be reserved by leaving on it a visiting card, "provided that the member has attended prayers."

A million florins was the penalty recently paid by the Austrian Baron Königswarter for changing his religion. He was a Jew who married a Catholic wife; his father in his will imposed the condition that if he became a Christian he should pay 1,000,000 florins to Jewish public charities. He has now become a Catholic and has paid the forfeit.

Custom but had not law in France recognize the right of a traveller to reserve a seat in a railway carriage by depositing some article thereon. The Minister of Public Works has approved a plan which authorizes a guard or some other employe to furnish the traveller with a large card, showing the same destination as his ticket, which will hold the seat whenever he wishes to leave it.

The Sultan of Turkey is more interested in Americans who visit his palace at Constantinople than in guests of other nations alike, and frequently extends to them special courtesies. A party of them recently received, with the Sultan's compliments, bouquets of fresh flowers that he had cut for their benefit. He is said to consider American women the best dressed of those who invade his palace.

Lord Rosebery believes in luck. Not long ago he picked up from the muddy pavement, just outside the House of Commons, a battered sixpence. He was just about to hand it to a shivering little match girl, who happened to be near, when he noticed that it was a "lucky one" having a hole in it. He quickly substituted another and a perfect coin from his pocket, and stowed the other away as a talisman.

A magnificent wreath, nine feet in circumference, composed of lily of the valley, eucharis lilies, lilies of the Nile, white roses, camellias, lilacs, deutzias, and palm leaves, was sent by the Scottish Conservative Club to Lord Randolph Churchill's funeral. On a broad white ribbon was written in silver letters: "The trumpet's silver sound is still, The warbler silent on the hill."

Five million francs in a warming pan was the lucky find of the prefect of the Seine the other day. An old lady of 83 named Tanias had died in her country house, leaving the key to her door in the warming pan, which, she said, amounted to 5,000,000 francs. After her death the country house and her flat in the rue de la Boetie were searched, without anything being found; she was not known to have any banker, and the authorities were coming to the conclusion that they were the victims of a mystification when someone opened an old warming pan without a handle, stowed away under a sink, and found the sum there in gold, bank notes and bonds.

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE.

The Empire is Ample able to Develop her Own Industries.

Whatever may be the diplomatic settlement of the Chinese dilemma one result can scarcely fail to come about. The walls in which the Chinese mind has been built as in a tomb will be so far shattered that light and air and growth will come to the resuscitated mummy, shrouded for so many thousand years in ceremonies of tradition and bigotry. Celestial conceit has been so terribly flailed that even the literati will accept the inevitable fact that their civilization is a decrepit anachronism. The new "pouso" is clearly indicated by the clear-sighted leadership of such forward thinkers as Viceroy Li, Marquis Teeng, Chung Chi Tang and others who have been struggling for twenty-five years to lift China by the boot straps out of immobility. It needed just such a plough of slaughter and humiliation to break through that rigid crust into the subsoil. Li ceased to be a bigot in those days when, with the assistance of Englishman Gordon he extinguished the flames of the Tai-Ping rebellion. He has since been the main factor

But Li and his school established a certain object lesson in the monuments he has built. Two railways on the mainland, and one on the island of Formosa; telegraph lines radiating through 20,000 square miles; great government iron and steel works at Hang-Chai; arsenals, dockyards, corporate companies, organized on the joint stock plan and eminently successful in the manufacture of glass, cotton cloth, linen, bricks and cutlery—all these things were effectively called into being. They remained solitary facts, because four hundred millions of men, including the so-called "literati" class, stood at arm and eye looking on at their ancient idols. It is understood now that there has been a great revolution in the opinions of the literati who are really leaders of public opinion. Of course progress for a time will move slowly. But the opening of the Chinese mind to new impressions will have been accomplished.

How far China will be willing to grant the capital of the west a share in her re-generation is dubious. Whether she borrows to pay her way, indemnity, or dies into the stocking legs and chimney corners of her peasantry, as France did, the empire is amply able to develop her own industries. She will need and can purchase the directing genius of western teachers and engineers. But to that dangerous complication, which involves foreign ownership of her new enterprises, it is not very likely that China will assent. The speculative man of the west may look to a golden future in concessions and subdivisions thereof, but the gates now being barred. But if intellectual stupidity, against which the gods themselves even strive in vain, is overthrown, it will not make any less vehement the feeling, "China for the Chinese." Even Viceroy Li, the most progressive man of his people, expresses it with passionate earnestness. The moral attitude of the empire to the foreigner will probably be even more obstinate than the old mental stagnation, and for a long time to come.

Mrs. Stowe's Mind is Gone. A despatch from Hartford, Conn., says—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who is approaching her eighty-second birthday, has been growing weaker mentally every day since now there is rarely a flicker of reason in her once bright mind. She is childish and happy and sings over and over again hymns warbled in her school days, seventy years ago. Mrs. Stowe's mind began failing about four months ago, the almost increasing gradually until now her partly lucid intervals are very few.

To Decorate Your Table. If you have a beautiful blossoming plant that you wish to place on your dinner-table in an conspicuous place, and have no pretty jardiniere in which to place it, do you want to know what you may do? Wrap the crock in which the plant is growing in craped tissue-paper, and tie it with a satin ribbon. Bring the edge of the paper above that of the crock, and pass it over the fingers to stretch it, so that it will form a grill. Moss-green and white papers are the prettiest to use, and the choice of the ribbon must depend upon the color of the flowers and the surroundings. Tie the ribbon about the centre of the crock, making a jaunty bow. You have no idea how pretty your plant will look in the improvised case.

Useful Recipes. Ginger Cake.—One pint good molasses, 1/2 pint of butter milk, 2 eggs, butter size of walnut, nutmeg, ground ginger, heaping teaspoon soda, flour enough to make too thick to run, bake in a long pan. Doughnuts.—One pint of sour milk, 2 well-beaten eggs, teaspoon of soda, 2 teaspoon salt, a little grated nutmeg, flour to make stiff enough to handle. Cut in strips and ringed and twist together; fry in hot lard. Rusks.—Boil 1 pint of milk and pour it over a teaspoon of flour. Add 10 or white sugar, 4 or yeast, and two 2 of lard. Add 1 teacup of butter, when the milk is not scalding; make a soft dough at night. In the morning knead it over and when light roll the dough upon a pie board and cut in small cakes, let rise very light before baking. Bake 20 minutes. Any of these articles with a little meat, a pickle, apple or orange is substantial and nutritious. Bread Cake.—Bowl of light bread sponge, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 teacup soda, 1 cup raisins, spices to suit; beat well, add flour to make a stiff batter, put in the pan with a steam and let rise till light. Bake in steady oven one hour.

In an Inland Town. Country Landlord—I say, Mr. Haystack, what's a lighthouse tender? Guest—Dinged if I know. Guess it must be something like a beefsteak tender—mighty scarce in these parts. Marital Amenities. You are a peach, said Mr. Darby to his wife. You are a peach crop, replied she. What do you mean by that? A perennial failure. More Accurate. Mrs. Gazem—What a spectacle Mr. and Mrs. Glazmk of themselves. Mr. Glazmk—You mean a pair of spectacles, don't you?

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