

THE RIPPER IN BERLIN.

An Abandoned Woman Murdered and Her Body Mutilated.

THE MURDERER SURPRISED.

A Berlin cable says: The city has been treated to a "Jack-the-Ripper" sensation. The body of a wretched, abandoned woman was found horribly stabbed in her lodgings, in a squalid quarter of the town. The body was horribly slashed and mutilated. The assassin, who is unknown, escaped. The woman was seen to enter the house with a stranger at 1 o'clock this morning, and ten minutes afterwards the man was seen to run away. The woman was found a little later lying on the floor fully dressed, even to the matter of her gloves. Her throat was cut and abdomen ripped open. A large reward for her murderer was promptly offered. The police suspect a well-dressed young man who was some time before on the street. The name of the victim was Hedwig Nitsche, and she lived in Holmsmarkt Gasse. Portions of the woman's body after being cut off were carried away by the murderer. The room where the body was found and the surroundings were entirely untouched. The person in charge of the building where the body was found drove a good trade for a while by exhibiting the remains to the public for a small sum of money until the police interfered.

Blood was spattered all over the ceiling and walls of the room, and it seems impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the deed was the work of a madman. The police have already arrested several persons, but they have all been discharged for lack of evidence, and the authorities are still hopelessly without a clue to the sickening tragedy. The body of the woman was nearly severed, and was ripped from the neck downwards. It seems that another woman tried to enter the room before the crime was committed. Her attempt disturbed the assassin, who suddenly rushed out, pushing aside several who were in his way. The weapons used by the murderer were two knives belonging to the landlady of the house, but the police are of opinion that the first wound, and which would have proved fatal, was inflicted by the assailant's dagger. The excitement in town has greatly increased to-night, and has steadily grown since the discovery of the crime. There have been many other crimes, including suicides, within the past few days in the lower quarters of the city. The rewards for the arrest of the fiend reach 300 marks.

SPICULATING ON CHINESE.

That's What Uncle Sam Thinks Mr. Powell is Doing.

A Chicago despatch says: Treasury Agent Scanlan said yesterday that he had received advice from his inspectors, who are now watching the Canadian border, that there were 10,000 Celestials in Vancouver and along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who are suffering for the want of food. Chinamen in unprecedented numbers are being landed at Vancouver, said Mr. Scanlan, and they are unable to obtain employment or food. The vast number of arrivals, he believed, was the result of a notice spread among the Chinese by an influential Chinaman who returned home, that it is very easy to get into the United States. He believed also the Canadian Government was assisting the Celestials into the country in order to get \$50 per head which they are compelled to pay when they enter Canada. The Government is also expecting some exclusive legislation next winter, and now desires to get in all the Chinamen it possibly can. The big rush, if not stopped, will result in untold suffering among the new arrivals.

THE BRIDGE GAVE WAY.

An Engineer Rushes Part of a Train Over a Burning Bridge.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says: A train of thirteen cars loaded with coal was wrecked on the Columbus and Western railroad near Goodwater yesterday. As the train rounded a curve within a few yards of Goodwin creek the engineer saw the trestle approach to the bridge on fire. It was too late to stop, and he pulled the throttle open and attempted to cross by sheer force of speed. The engine went down nearly fifty feet and the others followed. The rear-car was the caboose with Conductor Rice and Flagman Crawford on board. Both men were killed and their bodies burned with the cars. Rice leaves a wife and two children in Columbus. Crawford was single and also lived in Columbus. In his efforts to save the men who went down, Engineer Hendricks was severely burned. The coal is still burning.

The Attempted Coup in Paraguay.

A Buenos Ayres despatch says: Additional accounts have been received here of the recent attempt at revolution in Paraguay. The rebels were led by Major Vera and Deputy Machin, of the Liberal party. They made a desperate attack on the barracks occupied by the regiment commanded by Col. Mino. For a few minutes the fighting was very fierce, and then Vera and Machin both fell. The loss of their leader demoralized the rebels, and they broke and fled. The Government forces also met with heavy loss, Colonels Mino and O'Sura, besides six men, being among the killed. The result of the fight completely settles the attempted revolution.

Bad Catering.

Judge: First Cannibal—I'm going to write a letter of compliment to the missionary society.

Second Cannibal—What's the matter?

First Cannibal—That last missionary they sent was a reformed actor, and I hate him.

A Courtship.

Chapter I.—Anticipation—He would if he could. Chapter II.—Realization—He wooed and he could. Chapter III.—Consummation—He wooed and he could.—Life.

A hussar who tried to swim across the river Oder in his uniform, on a bet, was drowned in the middle of the river.

It is because ignorance is bliss that courting is so much pleasure to young people.

A good many plays by women will be used this season. Martha Morton has two; Etta Henderson and Matilda Estran, one; Blanche Maraden, two; Adelaide Ober, one, and Agnes Monroe, one.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S TROUBLES.

Refused a Resting Place for the Soles of His Feet in Two Countries.

A Washington dispatch says: Another serious complication has arisen in regard to the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act. The first arose when United States commissioners, appointed by United States judges, ordered the return to Canada of Chinamen who, according to the opinion of the Attorney-General and the rules of the Treasury Department, should have been sent back to China. This has resulted in some confusion, and Chinamen entering this country by way of Canada were liable to be returned to Canada or China, according to which country the commissioner by whom they were tried regarded as the country "whence they came." The new trouble is explained by a telegram received by Attorney-General Miller to-day from United States Marshall Price, at Pembina, N. D. It was in regard to the case of two Chinamen who had entered the country by way of Manitoba, and whose deportation to that country had been ordered by Commissioner Carruthers. Marshall Price took the men to the border line, and the customs officials at Emerson, Minn., refused to allow them in except on payment of a head tax of \$50 each. The marshal says he refused to pay the money, and that the Chinamen could not. He therefore brought them back, and wired the Attorney-General that he would hold them in custody until he received further instructions. This new state of affairs, which practically prevents the Government from sending out of the country any Chinese who enter from Canada without paying the head tax required by the law of that country, embarrasses the authorities very much. The Attorney-General said this afternoon that he had not answered the marshal's telegram for the simple reason that he did not know how to instruct him to proceed. It is believed by many that the only solution of the trouble is by legislative enactment.

GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

Good Prospects Ahead—The St. Clair Tunnel—New Directors.

A London cable says: The Grand Trunk half-yearly report was issued last night, in view of the meeting on the 30th instant. The directors admit the disappointing results of the half-year's operations, the net traffic receipts being \$471,775, as compared with \$549,469 for the preceding half-year; and the net revenue receipts being \$502,288, as compared with \$591,891 for the previous half-year. The decline is caused by the low freight rates and low fares, and the deficient harvest of last year. This year's harvest, however, is so excellent in quality and quantity as to assure improved traffic until this time next year. The prospects of the company are more hopeful than for some time past. The condition of the road is such as to enable the company to earn increased traffic. The directors feel justified in expecting a general improvement in the position of the company. The St. Clair tunnel greatly redounds to the credit of the company, and will be of immense advantage to the system. Two agreements in reference to the Waterloo Junction Railway will be submitted to the meeting. Mr. George Allan has been elected a director, in place of Mr. Campbell, resigned, and Mr. Alexander Hubbard, deputy chairman of the Great Western Railway of England, will be proposed in place of Mr. Dickson, deceased.

BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

Suicide of the Ex-United States Consul at St. John, N. H.

A St. John, N. H., despatch says: James Murray, ex-United States Consul at St. John, returned from a trip to New York this morning. About 12 o'clock his wife was startled to hear a loud report from her husband's bedroom. She rushed to the room, where a horrible sight met her. Lying on his back on the floor in a pool of blood, his nerveless hand still clutching a smoking Winchester rifle, was her husband. Doctors were on the scene in a few minutes, but could do nothing. He had laid his plans for self-destruction with considerable deliberation. He had arisen from his bed and, without stopping to dress, had procured the rifle from his son's room. Going back to his own room and standing in front of the mirror, he had held the muzzle of the rifle with his left hand and pulled the trigger with his right hand. The bullet entered under the right ear and came out over the top of the left ear.

Murray was well known in New York city, was a member of the Tammany organization and was appointed consul by Cleveland. Since his retirement he has continued to live here as the business representative for James D. Leary in despatching the famous rafts of logs to New York. Murray was 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three children. No particular cause is given for the act.

CARPENTER SUICIDED.

A Victim of Insomnia, He Took Chloroform While Insane.

A London cable says: The world of science was painfully startled to-day when it became known that Philip Herbert Carpenter, M. A., F. R. S., the distinguished scientist and high authority upon deep sea dredging, whose death was announced yesterday, had committed suicide. At an inquest to-day, Rev. Dr. Hale, father-in-law of the deceased, testified that he found Mr. Carpenter dead in bed with a bottle of chloroform on a table by his side. The dead man hid in his hand an empty tumbler, which had apparently contained chloroform, and on the table was a sheet of paper, upon which the deceased had written: "I cannot any longer endure the load of insanity which I have borne for the last three weeks. I have ruined myself and left my wife and children beggars through my madness." Dr. Hale said his son-in-law had lately suffered from insomnia, and that he made investments which preyed upon his mind. It was also shown that madness existed in the dead man's family, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered.

Cobwiger—The material for this quilt must have cost a pretty figure. Mrs. Cobwiger—How can you say such a thing? Any one but a man would know that it is made of pieces left over. Why, ever since we were married, whenever I bought a new dress I got an extra yard or so for this very purpose.

A MURDER CONFESSED.

Took Hush-Money and Subsequently Killed His Wife's Paramour.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: William Coy to-day confessed the murder of John Whalen, whose body was found buried on the mountain side at Washington, Mass., last Tuesday. He says he learned on Saturday, August 29th, that Whalen had planned an elopement with Mrs. Coy. When he reached home late on Saturday night Whalen was absent. He went into the house to get a lantern, and started to hunt Whalen up. He could find no trace of him, and returned to the house and found Whalen's trunk standing in the room. He broke it open and found his wife's clothing packed in it. While examining the trunk Whalen came in. This was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Whalen asked Coy what he was doing at his house, and a quarrel followed. According to Coy's story Whalen stepped outside and returned with an axe and club, and then struck Coy with his fist, knocking him into a corner. Whalen then seized the axe and struck twice at Coy, who grappled with him, and after a hard struggle succeeded in getting possession of the axe. Whalen then seized the club, and as he tried to strike Coy, the latter struck him with the axe, smashing in his skull. Whalen fell dead. Coy finally took the axe and cut Whalen's throat, to make sure of his death, then dragged the body into the yard, and left it while he cut the bed-stained pieces out of the carpet and bedding and burned them. He then went into the yard and cut the legs from Whalen's body with the axe, and carried the remains up to the mountain and buried them. Coy says he killed Whalen in self-defense, and exonerates Joe Kelly and Mrs. Coy, saying they knew nothing about the crime. When asked about how he came to have so much money immediately after Whalen's disappearance he became reticent, but finally said Whalen gave it to him in consideration of his saying nothing about his (Whalen's) intimacy with Mrs. Coy.

BIG IRONCLADS.

Their Launching a Feature of a Great Russian Celebration.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: The capital of Russia is en fete to-day, for the Czar has declared that this, the 54th anniversary of the battle of Navarino, where, in 1827, the combined British, French and Russian fleets, under Sir Edward Codrington, the distinguished British admiral, annihilated the Turkish and Egyptian navies, should be celebrated with special pomp and significance. The occasion for this special celebration was the launching of three new Russian ironclads—one of them, the Navarin, being a battleship of immense size and power. These launchings took place in the presence of all the foreign naval attaches and crowds of people. Among the spectators was Admiral Count Heyden, who fought at the famous battle which is being so grandly celebrated. The launch of the new naval monster was successful, and there is now floating in these waters a barbettes battleship said to be at least equal in size, strength and speed to anything of the same class possessed by any navy in the world. The other two vessels launched to-day are belted gun vessels, heavily armed, of considerable speed, and are designed for coast defence purposes.

THE BEST JOKE.

Max O'Rell Brought Joy to a Pittsburg Swallow's Heart.

Max O'Rell tells this joke in his new book, "A Frenchman in America": "As I was leaving Pittsburg I was approached by a young man who, after giving me his card thanked me most earnestly for my lecture of last night. In fact, he nearly embraced me. 'I never enjoyed myself so much in my life,' he said. 'I grasped his hand. 'I am glad,' I replied, 'that my humble effort pleased you so much. Nothing is more gratifying to a lecturer than to know he has afforded pleasure to his audience.' 'Yes,' he said, 'it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to be married to a girl in town. All her family went to your show, and I had the girl at home all to myself. Oh, I had such a good time! Thank you so much! Do lecture here again soon.' And, after wishing me a pleasant journey, he left me. I was glad to know I left at least one friend and admirer behind me in Pittsburg."

Something Off.

A Maine man, notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a meat shop and inquired the price of a certain soup bone. The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said: "Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing and had missed the reply. "Can't you take something off of that?" he asked.

The dealer took pity on him. "Yes," he said, "call it ten cents." And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Tooth Talk.

To keep the teeth in good condition: Cold and hot foods should not be taken in immediate succession. They should be brushed in every corner and crevice of the mouth.

They should be cleaned twice a day, on rising and retiring; this last is all-important. These rules will aid in whitening the teeth and purifying the breath; most desirable objects, since one of our authors remarked that an offensive breath was sufficient cause for divorce and an enemy to romantic love.—*Music and Drama*.

Lord Rosebery is residing with his children at Mentmore, and Lady Leonfield has been staying there with him. He will probably pass some time in Egypt during the winter with his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, who is about to proceed there for six months, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mary Hope. Lord Rosebery has finished a monogram on Pitt, which will probably be a very interesting work, as his cousin, Lord Stanhope, placed at his disposal the invaluable collection of Pitt papers at Chevening.

CURED AGAINST HIS WILL.

After Ten Years of Suffering a Hamilton Man is Restored to Health.

A Case Rivaling the Marvellous Cure of John Marshall.

A good name is more to be desired than great riches." The truth of this scripture quotation is proven every day. Once a person or a firm or an institution achieves a good name its road to success is short and sure, but to achieve a good name is quite a different thing. Not many months ago the TIMES brought to light one of the most marvellous cures that has ever been effected. Mr. John Marshall, after being for years afflicted with locomotor ataxy, supposed to be incurable, and after having been paid \$1,000 from the Royal Templars as being totally disabled for life, was permanently cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Marshall may be seen on the streets any day, a strong, healthy man, with no trace of his old trouble. The case gave Pink Pills a name throughout the length and breadth of the land, and vastly increased sales of the remedy followed. The results are being seen on all sides now in wonderful cures wrought.

The TIMES came across two yesterday. At No. 196 York street Mr. W. J. Clark, who is employed in Messrs. John Calder & Co.'s clothing manufactory, was seen at his residence and was pleased with the opportunity of saying a good word for the remedy that had put him in a position to enjoy life after ten years of affliction. Mr. Clark is a young man of intelligence, and told the story of his case in an interesting manner. "Ten years ago," he said, "I got a very heavy cold, which settled in the small of my back and has ever since, up to a short time ago, defied all the remedies I could hear of and the skill of many doctors. At times I was so bad that I could not work and was seldom free from pain, whether standing, sitting, walking, or lying. The only thing that gave me relief was an herb I got from an herbalist. For two weeks it relieved me and then the pains returned. I got more herbs, but whether they were the same or not, or whether they simply ceased to operate I can't say, but I got no more relief from herbs. Turpentine applied on hot cloths and taken internally gave me relief for a little while, but I gave that up too. Several doctors examined me and said, 'Oh, it's nothing!' They gave me medicines which they said would make it all right, but which didn't. After almost ten years of doctoring I came to the conclusion that I would never be cured, and tried to resign myself to my lot. Some months ago I went into the country to see my father. He said to me, 'Will, I have something here I want you to take—a box of Pink Pills!' I replied to him: 'You might as well throw them out the door.' 'Take them for my sake,' Will, he said, and I said I would do anything for him, though I had no faith in them. They are not worth that! I said, snapping my fingers. I took the box and really felt better. They gave me an appetite, at any rate, and lessened the pain. So I resolved to continue them. After using three boxes I stopped. That is over three weeks ago, and I am now well and strong. The pain is all gone and I do my work like a new man. I am now working over-time until 10 o'clock, and stand it well. I have gained in weight, and feel better every day. It was no case of faith cure with me, for I had no faith in the pills at all. My mate at work, at my advice, took Pink Pills to build up his system, and says he is much better; he certainly looks it."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Clark as the TIMES reporter was withdrawing, "you may use my name, and if you see any one who has any doubts as to the curing properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just send him to me."

Another Case.

Mr. James Wright, No. 129 1/2 Bay street north, is another of the great army of witnesses. For a year he suffered from diabetes, but was restored to health under the attention of Dr. Anderson. The disease, however, left behind it a fearful state of nervousness, inability, lack of appetite, sleeplessness and ringing noises in the ears and head, which at times almost drove Mr. Wright frantic. From weighing 180 pounds he came down to 118. He was well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall and knew of his trouble. Hearing of his cure he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so in June last. After taking one box, all these troubles began to vanish and eleven boxes completely cured him, appetite returned and sweet sleep was no longer a stranger to him. In two months he recovered eighteen pounds of his lost flesh and is still gaining. Mr. Wright is confident that the remedy will have the same effect upon any one who is afflicted as he was, if given a fair trial.

In connection with the wonderful cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it must be gratifying to Canadians to know that they are the discovery of a Canadian doctor, a graduate of McGill College and post graduate of Edinburgh University. Hitherto the great discoveries in medicine have come to us from abroad, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conquered diseases hitherto declared by the works of specialists incurable, and have shed a new lustre on Canadian medical science. What is claimed for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that they are an unfailing blood builder and nerve tonic, supplying the wants incident to over-work, mental worry, excesses of whatever nature. They stimulate the system, build anew the blood, and restore shattered nerves, removing the fruitful causes of premature decay and insanity. They are also a specific for the ill-petulant to women, such as suppression, head down pains, displacements, ulceration, etc. They are a certain remedy for headaches, inness of vision, palpitation, shortness of breath and by restoring the blood to a healthy condition, bring back strength and the glow of health, where had been pale and sallow cheeks and broken down constitution. That these claims are not exaggerated is borne out by the remarkable cures investigated by the TIMES, as well as by hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada in the possession of the proprietor.

One thing in connection with the use of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the comparatively light cost of treatment. They are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail, postpaid, by addressing the Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y.

JACK, THE SQUEEZER.

A Californian With a Mania for Hugging Pretty Women.

This pretty little city is greatly excited over the work of some unknown rascal who catches women on the streets and hugs and kisses them. Nearly every night women walking alone or in couples in the less frequented parts of the city are assailed by the man. Every one is talking about the man, who is now known as "Jack, the Squeezer." He never operates twice in the same locality, and none of the plans to entrap him have been successful. He wears no mask, and never speaks when he catches a woman. He is a large man, with whiskers, and that is all known of him.—*Pomona (Cal.) Special in St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

New York Herald: At last we have some data which will prove interesting to the ladies. We can't vouch for them with unqualified confidence because we haven't been able to verify them, but we have no doubt that they are about as near to the exact truth as it is possible to get. Taking 100 as representing all the chances which a woman will ever have to get married, we are glad to see that they are distributed in a very encouraging and inspiring way throughout her life, but of course they naturally diminish as the years come creeping on. Between fifteen and twenty—so says our statistician—she has fourteen and one-half of the 100 chances to dispose of herself. It will be seen, therefore, that she toys with the matrimonial lottery business very early in life, or before she has fairly cut her wisdom teeth. Between twenty and twenty-five, however, she breaks more hearts and turns her back on more proposals than at any other time. She has during these years fifty-two chances out of her hundred to trample on a man's affections and make him feel like swallowing Paris green. Between twenty-five and thirty she is gilded with the twilight glow, and has only about 18 per cent. of all her chances, and between thirty and thirty-five the chances take a tumble to 15 1/2 per cent. From that time on there is very little left except regretful memories of past opportunities which have been lost. The percentage falls to 3 1/2 at forty, to 2 1/2 at forty-five, and then, with the speed of a toboggan slide, it descends to one-quarter of one chance at fifty-five. These figures may be sad, but they are instructive.

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath."

Oswego Times: She had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return.

"So you're home at last," she said, as she let him in; "it's a wonder you've got home at all."

"No differerly gettin' home," he said, "moon's full."

"There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes, we're all full."

"What?" she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.

"Just as I say. 'We're all full. Moon's full. I'm full and you're beautif-ful.'"

"Well," she said with a faint smile, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual."

The Deceptive Lady Moon.

The astronomer royal for Scotland states that when the moon is half full its brilliancy is not nearly one-half as great as when it is quite full. He attributes the brightness of the full moon to the bright streaks which are then seen over the lunar surface, starting from the craters. He supposes these to be convex or concave, and largely invisible under cross lights, and brilliantly illuminated when the sun shines full upon them.

Never Omit That.

Dr. Potter—Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient?

Dr. Paresis—No; except send in my bill, of course.

Hungry Joe—So Puddin' Pete is dead?

He was a mighty successful feller, Bill Sloper Bill—You bet! He never done an hour's work in his life.

Wire has been drawn to the fineness of one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter, or finer than a hair from a human head.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. ©