NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is stated that the Carmaux miners will go back to work on Thursday.

Buck, the murderer, sentenced to death at Moncton, N. B., will be hanged on December 1st.

Wm. Maclennan, the well-known Scotch dancer, died at Montreal General Hospital Sunday night.

It is said Attorney-General Martin will oppose Hon. Mr. Daly, the new Minister of the Interior, in Selkirk.

The schooner Grantham, bound for Toronto with coal, has sunk at Timber Island, 20 miles from Kingston.

By proclamation issued yesterday, President Harrison extended the benefits of the American Copyright Act to Italy.

A general meeting of the Bell Telephone Company will be held shortly in Montreal, to consider the issue of new stock by the shareholders.

The drought in Maryland has now been continued so long that wells are failing, streams are running dry, and the water supply of mills is giving out.

The general impression in Montreal political circles is that Mr. Mercier will be acquitted, and his friends talk of arranging a big reception in his honor.

There appears to be very little chance of settling the dispute between the Lancashire cotton masters and their operatives, and a long strike is almost inevitable.

The British Consul at Guatemala, in his annual report to the British Government, calls attention to the excellent field open to the dairy farmer in that republic.

As a result of a dispute in the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, it is likely that another Presbyterian church will shortly be erected in that city.

The United States Government states that the delay in issuing the proclamation for reciprocity in wrecking is due to the failure of the Dominion Parliament to act.

The Central Chamber of Agriculture in London will to-day consider the advisability of holding a conference of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom to discuss the prevailing agricultural distress.

Mr. Waters, solicitor for Thomas Neill, now under sentence of death for poisoning Matilda Clover, has received a despatch from Canada stating that affidavits showing that Neill is insane have been mailed to him.

Mrs. Bertha Titus, of Kalamazoo, Mich., whose husband died about a year ago, committed suicide by shooting herself in the head upon her return from the theatre on Saturday night. It is said that despondency prompted the deed.

The United States Secretary of State has instructed the U S. Legation in London to take steps to obtain from the Gladstonian Government the release of Dr. Gallagher, John Curtain and other Irish-American Fenians now serving life sentences in English prisons.

On Saturday Mr. R. Newell, Kingston, cleaned a revolver in Pugh's hat store, and did not think the weapon was loaded. Yesterday he picked up the same revolver and found the trigger partly open. He snapped it, and a bullet went through the palm of his left hand.

Mr. Alex. Moon, of Huntingdon, met with a serious accident yesterday. He was chopping a tree, and had a couple of dynamite cartridges in his pocket at the time. The axe handle struck his pocket, when one of the cartridges exploded and tore one of his hands off.

Mr. Tarte yesterday published in the *Canadien* an open letter to Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice of Quebec, calling his attention to what he claims to be the scandalous conduct of certain of the judges, and the danger of allowing the bench to become subservient to party politics.

The Nelson *Miner* says: Shookum Pete, a Siwash, was shot on Tuesday last by his brother. A quarrel took place between the two a short distance below Davies' ranch, when Pete's brother seized a Winchester rifle and shot Pete through the heart. The murderer has since given himself up.

Some of the papers interested in the British cattle trade are calling loudly for the scheduling of Canadian cattle on account of the recent suspected cases of pleuro-pneumonia. A despatch from London says it is feared that despite the Government's desire to treat Canada kindly its hand may be forced.

The fighting in the Province of Sphakia, arising out of the outrages perpetrated by the Turkish soldiery upon the inhabitants, was renewed yesterday. A number of the inhabitants of the province attacked the Turkish troops near Hora, but the result is not known. As soon as intelligence of the affair reached Candia two companies of soldiers were despatched on the steamer Ismail to reinforce the troops at Hora.

A fierce fight took place at Cannes, France, yesterday between Frenchmen and Germans. The disturbance was begun by a party of Frenchmen, who attempted to force an entrance into a German cafe. They encountered determined resistance. Everyone in the establishment rallied to the defence. The intruders were attacked with sticks and clubs, and some revolvers were drawn. The police were powerless to restore order. The combatants, however, finally dispersed of their own accord, but not until several persons had been injured.

A WELLAND SENSATION.

How a Practical Teacher Proposed to Give His Pupils a Lesson in Breach of Promise.

A Welland despatch says: In the civil list at the assizes the principal attraction was the case of Williams vs. Hopkins, breach of promise, and the Court House was well filled with an audience desirous of hearing some spicy evidence. Principal Woodworth of the Model School marched the young modelites up in a body for the purpose of securing for them a practical lesson on "false love and its consequences." They were sadly disappointed, as the lawyers settled it out of court. Miss Williams sued Samuel Hopkins, of Port Colborne, for $10,000 as a balm to heal the wounds of blighted affections.

The case was settled out of court by Miss Williams accepting the modest sum of $1,250, each party to pay their own costs. It made a hole in Mr. Hopkins' fat purse, but those who know him well say he is able to stand it, and perhaps if it went to the jury they probably would have set a higher value upon the wasted cooings, hand squeezes and other things which only lovers know anything about. But Mr. Hopkins is married now, and having had one breach of promise experience will not likely have another.

A young lady said that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and after sitting a while, had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she cannot drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you cannot love a girl and a circus aurantium at the same time. One of the best remedies of an orange—a sort of whipping the devil around a stump—is to use a spoon. The directions advise you to cut the orange carefully into halves, taking care to do so across the grain, so that a spoon can slip in readily. A gentleman who has lived for years in the American countries in which the orange grows, is waging a war against the slovenly manner of cutting the orange up and serving it on the table. In such a case he recommends that a very sharp knife, one as keen as a razor, be used, and the fruit cut into slices infinitesimally thin, and built, layer about, with pulverized sugar. Since the spoon has been relegated out of modern dinner civilization almost, a fork is used to eat it with. In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape, and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck but the juice and then throw the orange away.

Little Annie—I don't like my new governess, mamma; she's so untidy Mother—What do you mean, my dear? Little Annie—Why, she goes to bed with her chignon on and never takes it off like you do.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London is fitted up with electric bells to ring in all parts of the house. Strangers are kept standing until five minutes before the service, when all the bells are rung simultaneously and a grand rush is made for seats.

A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking.

MILWAUKEE'S GREAT FIRE.

Thirteen Business Blocks Burned Down This Morning.

THREE HUNDRED BUILDINGS DESTROYED,

Including Wholesale Houses, Factories, Etc., Besides Hundreds of Cars—Oil and Alcohol Feed the Flames and a High Wind Fans Them—Fear and Rich Alike Driven From Their Homes—The Scenes of Chicago's Terrible Disaster Re-Enacted—Loss Estimated at Six Million Dollars—Insurance Companies Lose $3,000,000—Explosion of an Oil Barrel Starts the Fire—Firemen Helpless, But the Conflagration Now Under Control.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., despatch of this forenoon says: At 20 minutes to 6 o'clock last night an oil barrel exploded from some unknown cause, in the store occupied by the Union Oil Company, at No. 275 East Water street, and the fire that ensued swept over thirteen blocks of business buildings and residences, over 300 buildings in all. The ruins in places are burning fiercely, and it will be several days before the last spark of the fire is extinguished. When the fire broke out in the store of the oil company, the majority of the engines of the fire department were at work in other parts of the city, there being at the time no fewer than three fires burning in different parts of the city. These fires were comparatively insignificant in themselves, but the part they played in the fiery tragedy which has desolated so large a portion of the city was highly important. The engines were delayed so long by these that it was fully 20 minutes after the first oil barrel had exploded that the first engine arrived.

When the firemen first gazed upon the store of the Union Oil Company it was a roaring furnace of flames, through which in rapid succession could be heard the noise of the exploding oil barrels within. Long tongues of fire were leaping across the street and licking the fronts of the buildings upon the opposite side. The firemen fought well, however, and within an hour had crowded the fire back and thought the day was their own. At 6.40, however, the roar of another explosion was heard and the fire leaped forth again and found its way once more to the east side of East Water street, and from that time on the curtain was fairly up for the tragedy.

Directly opposite the store of the Union Oil Company was that of Dahmeir & Co., who also carried a large stock of oil and alcohol. This was frolic for the flames and they roared through the large four-story building with a vigor that defied all efforts to check or control them. Close behind this store, and almost adjoining it in the rear, stood the five-story structure occupied by Budd & Kiep, upholsterers. The hungry flames reached out for this handsome building as they extended from the rear of Dahmeir's, and catching first a huge pile of excelsior in the alley, they had it building in their grasp and fanned as they were by the wind from the southwest, which was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, it was but a few minutes before the store was a mass of flames from cellar to roof. In just five minutes' more, Jacob Weller's grocery store on the east side of Bay street, directly opposite Budd & Kiep's, was in flames. It seemed as if a mountain of fire rolled across the sky. One instant not a building on the east side of Broadway was in flames, and the next the rolling waves of fire swept across the street and descended on the building opposite.

Four thousand streams of water could not stay such a conflagration in its march of destruction toward the lake. The walls of the three-story brick buildings on Broadway, formerly occupied by the Cracker Trust, but then vacant, began to totter, and warning voices urged the crowd back in time. The whole front of the building pitched into the street. A few minutes later the sides fell outward with a crash. The people who resided in that portion of the town were of the poorer classes. There were no fine residences there, and most of the buildings were small one story, and here and there two-story, frame houses. They were meat for the flames, and the fire rushed toward them with a velocity which left the occupants time to escape with nothing but their lives and what they could carry upon their backs.

After the fire had crossed Broadway many of the people fled from their houses to look at the beautiful sight of the rolling mountains of flames. These same people never went into their houses again. The fire was upon them before they could do it. Along Jefferson and Jackson streets the fire fiend flew, filling the streets from side to side and shooting later into all eyes in between the houses. In less time than it takes to tell it, the fire had swept down to Buffalo street, and left nothing behind but ashes. Nobody was given a chance to save anything. It was simply look and run, or stay and die.

While the fire was creating woe and desolation north as far as Detroit street, one block above Buffalo, it had also begun to eat backwards, south along East Water street. It did this for two whole squares and then, apparently having the background it wanted, it reached south to the river and then swept straight eastward for six squares. It only stopped when it reached Lake Michigan and could go no farther.

When the fire began its backward movement from the place of its origin it picked up the store of J. P. Kissinger & Co. and the Milwaukee Art Glass Works, both of which it had apparently missed. The Weller block, six stories in height, was soon in flames with the Milwaukee Chair Company's establishment, a vacant building, owned by the Pfister & Vogel Leather Company, and the wholesale grocery store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. A few minutes later the National Distilling Company's warehouse, the Whiskey Trust Supply of the State, at Nos. 79 to 83 Buffalo street, succumbed. The wind was still carrying the whirlwind of seething flame on toward Lake Michigan in a direct line with the starting point, and Chief of Police Jannson ordered his entire force to the fire and they assisted in getting out the furniture and household goods of the luckless families who were forced to flee from the path cut out by the flames. Dozens of frame buildings along Milwaukee and Jefferson streets, between Detroit and Chicago, as well as on Buffalo and Chicago streets, were licked up as if they had been outlines of paper. All these buildings were consumed within half an hour of the time when the flames leaped over Broadway.

Suddenly the wind turned around. Whereas it was northeast when the first alarm rang it was now almost due south, cutting cuts broad avenue of destruction toward the Milwaukee river and Lake Michigan. In its path lay the big freight sheds and the yards of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, with the round-house and its valuable contents of rolling stock. The east end of the freight sheds at the corner of Chicago and Jefferson streets, was the first to ignite, and the flames soon spread all over the yard, burning freight cars and everything before them. Fifteen long trains of freight cars stood on the Northwestern tracks. When a billow of fire leaped across Van Buren street and touched the south end of the freight house a million dollars' worth of railroad property was doomed. The south end of the freight house was filled with oil. Soon the smell of burning petroleum filled the air, and a volley of explosions shook the earth. The low brick freight house stayed the onward sweep of the flames, but only for a moment. Through the square windows the red glow could be seen, and an instant later a shower of burning cinders flowed away toward the lake, covering a thousand freight cars filled with merchandise. On and on the terrible resistless wave was spreading, consuming everything in its path, over to Jackson street and to Broadway. The fire was now following the south wind along Broadway, down Jefferson street and along Milwaukee street. Along Broadway it swept to the Weisel & Viller Manufacturing Company's plant at Chicago street, and to No. 10 engine-house on Broadway. When it reached the Weisel & Viller plant, the department had prepared an attempt to cut it off with dynamite. Three kegs were exploded in the building, having been stored there to await the coming of the flames. As each went off in close succession, the cry went up from the thousands who blocked the streets for a radius of a mile, that the gas works had exploded. But the plant was almost entirely saved.

Seeing that the fire must surely reach them, the men rapidly forced the oil into the tanks, diluting the gas so that it was weakened beyond the point of possible explosion. Then they let it out sufficiently to sink the tanks below the level and fled for their lives. As a result of this good management Milwaukee will have its usual gas supply within a day or two.

The Bethel Home, near the gas works, caught fire soon afterward. Worth & Hammel's livery stable, on Broddway, containing hundreds of horses, was in the path of the flaming cyclone. Some horses were safely taken away, while a number were stampeded. The Laura Cattin Kindergarten also succumbed, despite the dynamite.

Around on Erie street the Toepfer iron foundries and the Rideburg Vinegar Works were also destroyed, together with innumerable small buildings, saloons and residences. Hansen's malt house, within a few rods of the border of Lake Michigan, and an adjoining elevator made a brilliant display when they caught. The elevator, after smoking from the upper windows, suddenly burst into flames, and from the lower windows to the top of the high ventilating house it was all ablaze. As a howling blast of wind struck it the flames swept clear across the street, and in an instant the malt house proper, with its tall tower, broke out in spots of flickering fire. The elevator was so strongly built that it maintained its form long after the hottest period was passed, and from the lower floors the burning grain poured into the street like the downpour of Niagara. Then from the windows of the large malt house and from the eaves came jets of bright green flame gas from the heated malt. It was not long before the entire building was ablaze, and the roar was tremendous. A large ventilating wheel in the face of the upper story was burning, and whirling away like a huge Catharine-wheel. The heat was intense within a block of the malt house. It was a close call for the retort house of the gas works. Only the most vigorous work of the men with hydrant, hose and buckets of water saved the wooden building which adjoins the retort house.

Across the way from Budd & Kiepe' was the store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. It caught fire before the firemen were able to prevent it. Next to Roundy, Peckham & Co's., on Buffalo street, was a store belonging to the Pfister estate and occupied by H. Sheffels & Co., and west of this was the warehouse of the National Distilling Co. All three caught fire almost simultaneously, and the alcohol stored in the National Distilling Co's. warehouse caused the destruction of almost the entire block on East Water street, south of Buffalo street. The burning alcohol ran over into the basement under the large block occupied by Leidestorf, setting it all on fire. This building was four stories high. It looked solid and indestructible. The flames gradually worked their way up. After a while they came leaping out of the roof. Then the corner walls fell. They tottered for a while, as if trying to balance themselves; then they bent over and down, covering the whole street from corner to corner with splintered stone and brick. Fortunately the firemen withdrew in time and no one was hurt.

From the Liederstorf building, the fire spread to the buildings south of it. Inbusch Bros., the Mann Brewing Company and Delorme & Quentin's Soap Factory caught fire, one after another. There was a large vacant lot at the corner of Buffalo street and Broadway, north of the fire engine house, but that did not save it. South of the engine house, covering almost the entire south half of the block, was Reideburg & Bodden's Vinegar Factory, cooperage shops and warehouses. The plant could safely be valued at $500,000. From this factory the flames leaped across Milwaukee street to the Hansen Bros'. malt elevator. The abandoned Johnston Bros.' store on Broadway caught fire directly from the Budd & Kiep building. The Milwaukee Chair Company's works came next. Behind it the furniture factory of Seamans Bros. came down and from this point on the flames had full sway.

All they encountered on their way toward the lake were wooden dwellings, frame warehouses, freight cars and coaches. For a long time it was believed Fernekes' store could be saved. The fire department fairly deluged the building with water. Streams were poured in from every direction, but all in vain. The devouring flames roared madly, and once having gained a foothold in the building, it was a matter of hardly an hour before it was reduced to ashes. But with the Fernekes building the finding of the fire was broken, and the loss will standing grimly at East Water and Erie streets marks the point where the flames were stayed.

Following is an estimate of the losses, the insurance is said to be about half the amount: Kiep's furniture establishment, $300,000; J. Patton & Co., oils and paints, $250,000; J. P. Kissenger, liquors, $76,000: Milwaukee Mirror Co., $50,000; B. T. Ridersdorf, tobacco, $50,000; Roundy, Peckham & Co., grocers, $300,000; H. Sheffels & Co., grocers, $200,000; J. Welleur & Co., grocers, $200,000; Milwaukee Chair Co., $250,000; H. Reideburg & Co., vinegar works, $200,000; Hansen Malting Co., $600,000; Milwaukee Gas Works, $500,000; Johnston Cracker Works (old), $50,000; Union Oil Co., $50,000; Blockers & Co., wines, $50,000; National Distilling Co., $50,000; R. Doahm & Co., drugs, $1,250,000; Weissel & Viller, machinery, $100,000; Toepfer & Son, machinery, $40,000; Bayley & Sons, machinery, $50,000; Inbusch Bros., grocers, $250,000; Fernek & Bro., confectioners, $75,000; Delorme & Quentine, soaps, $35,000; Milwaukee Rag Co., $50,000; A. J. Hilbert & Co., flavoring extracts, $40,000; North Western freight house, car and contents, $50,000; Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western freight house, $50,000; McLandon hotel, $50,000; Pfengot & Co., confectionery, $25,000; Sauer & Co., glove manufacturers, $10,000; fifty small business places, $50,000; five hundred dwelling houses, cottages and barns, $500,000. Total, $5,825,000.

Several insurance men state that the insurance companies will suffer a loss of at least three million dollars by the fire.

2.40 a.m.—The fire is now under control.

It is known that five lives were lost and many people were seriously injured. The dead are:

Henry Peddenbroch and Charles Stahl, firemen unknown woman, 60 years old; Mrs. Kalabin, died from effects of shock; unknown man, head smashed by falling walls.

Typhus Fever.

Typhus fever, when not fatal, lasts about three weeks. For the first week the symptoms are not severe, and the patient may even keep about his work. Towards the end of that time the characteristic rash appears, the other symptoms are more pronounced, and the patient takes to his bed. During the second week all the symptoms—great prostration, frequency of the pulse and mental confusion—are rapidly intensified. By the beginning of the third week convalescence begins, and by the end of the week the fever has terminated.

When the disease proves fatal death occurs, as a rule, by about the tenth day. Relapses are rare. A person is seldom attacked more than once.

Typhus is not nearly so contagious as some other diseases. It originates in crowded conditions, and its spread is mainly confined to such conditions. It is almost unknown in the rural districts. It does not spread from house to house. A free circulation of the air arrests the infectious principle, so that a patient can be safely isolated in his own house.

While in typhoid fever the infection is mainly in the discharge, in typhus it is mainly in the breath and the emanations of the skin. It is believed that clothing does not convey the infection unless strongly impregnated with it; hence the fever is not likely to be communicated by an attendant.

Some English newspaper women who wanted to find out whether the people who sing in the London streets make a good living or not put on a disguise, and, taking a guitar, went out to try it for themselves. After singing and playing for an hour and a half they had collected 7s 4½d. And they were only amateurs at that, and with no previous experience in pleasing the people. —*New York Tribune.*

The Princess of Wale and her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, are excellent anglers, and recently landed some fine salmon in Scotland.

Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he has to carry his own bed along when he is travelling.

She—And you say you would die for me? Mr. Boresome—A thousand times. She—Would you mind doing it just once—right away? You know papa has just been elected coroner and he hasn't had any practice yet.

Some idea of the size of the multitude which will cross the Atlantic to visit the World's Fair next year may be gained from the fact mentioned in a *Sun* cablegram that nearly 3,500 members of the Regent street Polytechnic have already engaged passage.

DEATH AND TAXATION.

Tomocnions Massacred by the Troops of President Diaz,

BUT AT A FEARFUL SACRIFICE.

The Villagers Take Refuge in a Church and Fight to the Death—Hundreds of Soldiers Slain in the Struggle.

Annihilation of the Tomocnions, a people who inhabit the village of Tomocnie, and who are nearly pure Aztecs, was received here last night. Tomocnie is situated on the direct road to Guerrero, and Jesus Maria, in the mountains of South Western Chihuahua, Mexico, and has been in open rebellion against the State and Federal Governments for more than a year on account of excessive taxation, extortion by Government officials and Government interference in their religious belief.

Two months ago the Government sent the Eleventh Battalion, in command of Gen. Renjel, to make the people pay the tax required of them and accept Government officials appointed to take charge, or to kill every one of them. This alternative was openly boasted of by officers in Chihuahua before the troops started for this town, and when the Tomocniens heard of it they decided to fight it out, as they knew that even should they receive the soldiers peacably they would be shot on the slightest provocation.

When the soldiers made their descent on the village they were met and driven off with twenty-two officers and fourteen men killed, and two officers and forty-five men taken prisoners.

The prisoners were confined on the top of the Adobe Church. Gen. Ranjel was the only officer who escaped.

When the news of this affair reached the ears of President Diaz, he decided to annihilate the village, and when the people were notified they answered: "God is with us and we will not be taken."

Soldiers left Chihuahua two weeks ago and formed a junction with others from Pinos Altos and Guerrorro, to the number of 1,200, and last Monday the attack was made on all sides. The Tomocniens, who only numbered 38, with their families took refuge in the church and awaited the attack, which took place at about 1 o'clock. The attack was made on all sides, and the slaughter was terrible. At dusk the soldiers gained an entrance to the church, and a terrible hand-to-hand fight took place, and the soldiers completed the massacre, with 368 of their number killed and many wounded.

The village the next day presented a terrible aspect. The streets of the little village leading to the church were filled with the bodies of the soldiers and blood seemed to have flowed in torrents. Not a man of the Tomocniens was left, except those who happened to be out in the mountains, but the Government has paid dearly for its victory.

The Tomocniens were some time ago a very wealthy people in cattle and farms, but the lack of rain and failure of their crops had brought them to poverty and they were unable to exist under the extortion of the Government and its petty officials, and were nearly brought to starvation.

A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

A Man Insures his Mistress' Life and then Suffocates Her.

A Brussels cable says: A sensational trial began in this city, and is likely to last for several days. A Frenchman named Schmidt is accused of murder under peculiar circumstances. Schmidt, according to the evidence for the prosecution, paid devoted attention to a Belgian girl named Lucie Sossum, who lived in this city. He succeeded in winning the girl's affections, and they lived together on terms of the closest intimacy. While they were thus living together Schmidt devised a plan both to get rid of the girl, of whom he had grown tired, and to obtain a fortune of 40,000f. Under some pretext he induced Lucie, who appears to have had entire confidence in him, to allow him to insure her life for 40,000f., he being the beneficiary named in the policies. The next development in the case was the finding of the girl dead in a room, where she had been suffocated by charcoal fumes from the stove. The circumstances of her death were evidently intended on the part of Schmidt to convey the impression, not of suicide, but of accident. He so represented the case, and hastened to apply for the insurance money. Suspicion was, however, aroused by the fact of Schmidt being the beneficiary, whereas it was evident that he had nothing to lose by the death of the girl. The authorities made an investigation, and came to the conclusion that Schmidt had himself deliberately plotted to murder Lucie, and had laid his plans with fiendish cunning, but not with sufficient cunning to prevent the plot from being unravelled by the police. He had induced the unsuspecting girl to retire, and then deliberately started the fatal fumes, closing the apartment so as to make sure of the deadly effect. Schmidt was arrested. His crime was committed in December last, and the authorities have spared no effort meantime to strengthen the case against him, which has aroused intense interest.

REMORSEFUL MURDERERS.

Bribed to Crime Remorse Drives Them to Take Their Own Lives.

A Berlin cable says: Another chapter has been added to the tragedy which began with the murder of Herr Gersonhers, a wealthy manufacturer of Baden, by his servant girl named Schemp, and the latter's brother, near Bilgheim. The Schemp girl had been bribed by Frau Gersonherz to put her master out of the way in order that the lady might be free to marry her lover, a bookkeeper in the manufacturer's employ. The girl induced her brother to help her to commit the crime. His guilt so preyed upon Schemp's mind that he afterwards committed suicide. Frau Gersonherz was also stricken with remorse and became insane. She has now committed suicide by hanging herself in her cell at the asylum. Her aged father, on learning of her death, became insane in turn and has been confined in an asylum.

TWO HANGING BODIES.

An Investigation of a Supposed Double Suicide Reveals a Great Crime.

A Berlin cable says: A girl of about 17 and a youth of about 19 years were found hanging to a tree in the park wood near Dessau. It was at first supposed that they had both committed suicide, but the police have on further examination come to the conclusion that it is a case of double murder. The theory is that the couple were strolling in the wood when they were attacked and robbed, and the girl outraged. The youth, it is supposed, perished in endeavoring to defend his companion. His skull was crushed as if by a blow with a club. The murderers then, according to the theory, hanged the bodies in order to create an impression of suicide, and thus avert or delay an investigation, which would result in the pursuit of the guilty parties.

Mistaken for the Flag.

Arthur—Chappie got into trouble on the race track yesterday.

Algie—How was that?

Arthur—Fell off the fence with his blas on and all the horses started.

When the riding contest between Vienna and Berlin was finished and some of our contemporaries were bellowing about the beneficial results of such a trial of endurance, we took occasion to say that those who rode the horses to death and disaster should have been sent to jail. The following verses will show that no less an authority than the London *Referee* held the same opinion as we did:

THE RIDE OF DEATH.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the soldiers brave,
Hurrah for the famous ride!
Alas for the horse with a broken heart
And the gashed and bleeding side!
No wonder the wide world stared aghast,
And the nations held their breath,
As the story was flashed from pole to pole
Of that merciless ride to death.

Hurrah for the heroes crowned with bay
Who gallantly rode the race!
Alas for the tortured steeds that fell,
Killed by the cruel pace!
Let the doughty deeds of those riders be
The theme of the foreign bard;
They'd probably get, if they tried it here,
A couple of months—with hard.

Chappie—How did Bertie, dash boy, happen to get intoxicated at the banquet last night? Algie—He weakly overwatched his strength and wead the wine list right through without stopping.

Plaintiff's Attorney—I've an expert who will swear he is insane. Defendant's Attorney—I have an expert who will swear he is of sound mind. Plaintiff's Attorney—Then let's pair off on experts and save that much money.

A POKER PLAYER'S SUICIDE.

George Roberts' Life Ruined by a Friendly Game of Cards.

He Could Not Withstand the Allurements of Poker and Lost All—Despondent and Penniless, He Swallows Several Ounces of Laudanum and Dies in Agony at Orillia—A Pathetic Letter—He was a Commercial Traveller and Belonged to Woodburn.

An Orillia despatch says: George Roberts, a commercial traveller, committed suicide here on Friday night. The story of his death is more than ordinarily pathetic, and shows to what lengths the fascinations of gambling will lead a man. For years Roberts travelled all through Ontario for Millburn & Co., and no harder working or more popular man was on the road. He was only 28 years of age, fine looking and of splendid physique, standing over six feet high and weighing 220 pounds. He was doing well with Millburn & Co., but a fascination for poker playing ruined him. He tried time and again to quit the game, only to find himself once more drawn to the table, till finally he had to give up his position, owing the firm, it is said, several hundred dollars. This was several months ago, and he foresworn poker playing for all time, but when in London a month ago he once more became its slave, and lost $50 at one sitting. He was jobbing in cigars for Breuer Bros., London, and came here on Friday, Oct. 21st. He had $100 in his pocket, and had no difficulty in getting into a little game of draw. It started in the afternoon, and wore along with varying successes till tea time, and it finally narrowed down till three others and deceased were the only players left. A few hours' play and Roberts arose from the table a ruined man.

He was around on Sunday and Monday, but afterwards kept to his room a good deal, and yesterday was not seen at all. About 7.30 James Young, one of his associates, went up to his room, tapped on the door and entered. He lit a match and the sight which met his gaze was a ghastly one. Stretched on the bed with his head to the foot was Roberts, covered only with a light guernsey. One foot was on the floor, his eyes were only partially closed, and his wide open mouth was covered with froth. On the dresser were a number of medicine bottles, and the chamber by the bedside gave evidence that deceased had been vomiting. Young at once gave the alarm and Dr. Ardagh was summoned. He examined the body and said that death had occurred about two hours previous. As three of the bottles on the dresser were labelled laudanum he locked the room and notified Dr. Beatton, coroner, of the circumstances in connection with deceased's death. This morning an inquest was held at the Orillia house. After the jury had been sworn in and had viewed the body the coroner informed them that deceased had left a letter to the proprietor of the hotel, which he thought would probably aid them in arriving at a decision, and accordingly the seal was broken. The letter was addressed to James Haw, and was dated October 27th, two days previous to his death. It read:

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to cause you any trouble on account of my actions. The facts are I have been a confirmed gambler for years, to my ruin, and I have completed my destruction this trip. I started on the lowest rung of the ladder, and few young men stood the chance for success that I did, but the friendly game of poker ruined me at last. I see no way out of my difficulties, and if I did I know well that the fascination would lead me on again. Kindly post letters for me at once. The one to my brother may reach him in due time, but I have not been in communication with him for six months. Do not waste time and money in looking up my relations, as I have done nothing for them and they are ill able to bear expenses on my account. You have been my late with whom I associated here, and as they have won one way and another about $100 from me, probably they will be generous enough to bear the expense of providing for a corner six by two somewhere in the town. I do not mean any sarcasm at heart; they are a good lot of fellows. Let my so ion be as little notoriety as possible if it rests with you. Again asking your forgiveness for my trouble to you, I remain, yours truly. (Signed) GEO. ROBERTS.

When the letter was read a murmur of surprise and sympathy went through the room. Further evidence was taken showing that on Wednesday deceased had purchased two ounces of laudanum at one drug store. It is probable he took it that night, as the letter to Mr. Haw bore that date, and the dose was not sufficient to cause death. On Thursday he purchased at another drug store four ounces, which he must have taken some time Friday morning. In all he must have taken at least six ounces, while a fatal dose in ordinary cases is less than one ounce. He had left six letters altogether to be posted, one addressed to his brother in Montreal, the others probably relating to business. The jury simply returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from the effects of poison administered by his own hand.

The coroner reprimanded them for not alluding in some way to the evils of gambling, which is carried on extensively here as in other towns. Poker playing has been carried on in Orillia for years, and it is indulged in by men high up in the social scale. It is not likely the matter will rest here, however, as the feeling against it is strong just now.

Deceased's father is a blacksmith, residing at Woodburn, near Hamilton. His brother arrived to-night from Hamilton and will take the body away on Monday morning.

The body of the unfortunate young man arrived in the city by the 11 o'clock train this forenoon and was taken to Woodburn for interment. Mr. John Roberts, the father of deceased, is in the city, as is a brother who came on from Montreal on hearing of the shocking occurrence.

Deceased was a young man who had many friends in the county of Wentworth. He was not addicted to drink.

THE CARE OF CLOTHES.

A Few Practical Hints as to the Preservation of Garments.

Every man knows that the proper care of clothes makes them last longer. The finest suit of clothes ever made looks dingy and old very soon if it does not receive the proper care and attention. Clothes are no exception to this common sense rule.

When the clothes are removed, the coat should be slipped over a bow hanger—the vest may be put on it first.

A coat that is worn quite steadily from day to day ought always to be hung on the back of a chair, the armholes being slipped over the back posts; the vest to be hung first, in like manner.

It is best to place the chair near an open window, as the exposure to the air will help to soften the wrinkles.

The trousers should be well shaken, to free them from dust, and then "pulled." This means that they are to be folded down where the front and back creases are, and then, holding them by the top band, the foot is placed on the bottoms on the floor and steady, pealty pressure exerted.

Lay the trousers out smoothly on the bed—still folded on the creases—and fold lengthwise at the knee line, smoothing out all possible wrinkles with the hand.

Put the trousers on the chair seat. In the morning the entire suit will look "rested," and the end will justify the means.

Mrs. Hithard—I am told that you were so drunk last night you were standing on your head. Mr. Hithard (penitently)—I don't doubt it. It feels as if half a dozen fellows had been standing on it.

Young Jayoox—Travel improves one so Miss Flyup. Miss Flyup—Indeed! Wh don't you travel, Mr. Jayoox?

The Critical Girl—That young Van Gilding has no sense whatever. The Modest Girl—Oh, he must have some, for the other day he said I was the best looking girl he knew.

A carriage bag is a pretty gift for carriage people. It is made of cloth lined and wadded, into which the feet are slipped and the mouth drawn up nearly to the knees, insuring comfort on a cold day

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, resting from cleaning out the slums, is going for the swell churches. He says they are simply "religious clubs" and the church is "dragging her anchor." The doctor ought to know. He has one of the swell churches.

Mrs. Partington advises Ike, who is now of age, to vote with the party of superior mortality.

Jack—I would do anything for you, darling. Jess—Would you? Jack—Indeed I would. Jess—All right. Go and make love to that Allbright girl and then let me cut her out.

When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know tha olded cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth several times to keep up the heat, which shortly stretches the shoe and shapes it to the foot.

GOSSIP OF PARIS.

What the Chinese of the Gay Capital Find to Talk About.

Death Claims Xavier Marmier, Another Parisian Celebrity—Lick's Telescope Licked at Last—A Maniac's Mania for Strangling Women—Touching Wish of the Dying Renan Realized—"Eat the Spout" for Forty-three Years.

PARIS, Oct. 31.—Yet another vacancy in the Academie Francaise. Last week it was Ernest Renan who shuffled off his mortal coil; to-day it is the turn of Xavier Marmier. Although not a universal celebrity, he was a figure well worth noticing. He had at least one distinction—he was the member of the Academy who had travelled the most. He went through South America before railways were known there, and saw perhaps more of it than any other traveller of that epoch excepting Humboldt. He likewise explored Norway and Sweden in the days when steam was in its infancy, and pushed as far as Spitzbergen, where he managed to find the materials of a romance. He made several other voyages in distant parts, all of which he turned into interesting and instructive reading. He was a great book collector, and leaves behind him a colossal library. When he became too feeble to walk his bath-chair might have been seen daily on the Quai Voltaire and other bookworm resorts, whither he repaired to amuse himself by looking at the second-hand bookstalls. His strange figure, with his long white locks and ascetic cast of countenance was familiar to every body in the neighborhood. A more amiable man could not be found. Of rare simplicity, he was the sworn enemy of noise and puffing, and lived a secluded life, surrounded by his books, which he loved as a miser loves his hoard. For the last twenty years he was a vegetarian, feeding only on eggs and salad, washed down with a little wine and water. It was perhaps this sobriety which helped him to attain the ripe age of 84, for physically he was not a Hercules. Losing his wife and daughter at an early date, he lived alone.

One of his keenest sorrows was the demolition of the house in the Rue Saint Thomas d'Aquin, where he had resided 40 years, and when he was forced to remove to the Rue de Babylone it seemed to him as if he were removing into the world from which no traveller returns. And he was not far wrong, for death soon followed. That such a man should eschew all pomp and vanity was natural. Hence nobody is surprised that in his will he ordains that there shall be no official invitations, no military honors, no decorations, and no speeches at his funeral, which is to be that of the humblest pauper. After the church service his body will be conveyed to Pontalier, his native town, and buried with the same austere simplicity. He leaves many bequests to the poor. One of the most curious clauses in his testament is the following:

"In memory of the happy moments which I have passed in the midst of the second-hand booksellers on the quays of the Seine, to my ruin, and I have completed my destruction this trip. I started on the lowest rung of the ladder, and few young men stood the chance for success that I did, but the friendly game of poker ruined me at last. I see no way out of my difficulties, and if I did I know well that the fascination would lead me on again. Kindly post letters for me at once. The one to my brother may reach him in due time, but I have not been in communication with him for six months. Do not waste time and money in looking up my relations, as I have done nothing for them and they are ill able to bear expenses on my account. You have been my late with whom I associated here, and as they have won one way and another about $100 from me, probably they will be generous enough to bear the expense of providing for a corner six by two somewhere in the town. I do not mean any sarcasm at heart; they are a good lot of fellows. Let my so ion be as little notoriety as possible if it rests with you. Again asking your forgiveness for my trouble to you, I remain, yours truly. (Signed) GEO. ROBERTS.

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