

MISSING BRIDE CAUSED A SENSATION

Not for many years has such a dramatic sensation been created as by the mysterious disappearance of Lady Constance Foljambe, half sister to the Earl of Liverpool, a few hours before she was to have been married. Bridgroom, clergy, congregation, were all waiting in St. Peter's Church, Eaton square, London, S. W., but, to the utter consternation of everybody, no bride appeared to take up her place before the altar. Messengers were sent off hurriedly to the Earl of Liverpool's residence in order to inquire what had happened to the bride; friends were communicated with, but all to no effect. No trace of Lady Constance Foljambe could be found. She had gone out a few hours before the wedding, apparently on a shopping expedition, and from that moment her movements were unknown.

When this painful information was carried to the church, the vicar, the members of the family and their friends dispersed. Much sympathy was expressed for the bridegroom, the Rev. Hezekiah Astley Kemp Hawkins, vicar of Whitwell-on-the-Hill, Yorkshire, who had undergone the ordeal of waiting over an hour and a half for the bride who did not put in an appearance. For the remainder of the day speculation was rife as to what had befallen Lady Constance Foljambe. Many rumours were afloat as to where she had gone and what had occurred. These were to some extent set at rest late in the evening by a statement published by Lady Constance's family to the effect that she was safe and well. No clue to her whereabouts, however, was disclosed.

Next day Lady Constance was variously reported to be in Yorkshire and on the Continent. But it was not until Thursday that the secret of her disappearance was revealed. She was then discovered to be staying with a girl friend in Paris. At 12.15 p.m. on the day of her wedding she left the Earl of Liverpool's London house on the pretext of posting a letter. She was then wearing a round, white straw hat trimmed with roses, a brown tailor-made dress, and a long grey travelling coat. She went to Charing Cross, where she booked for Paris, leaving by the 2.20 Folkestone boat train, arriving in Paris at 9.15. She drove to the residence of a friend, but, not finding her in, drove to where she thought she might find her and succeeded in meeting her.

Here, for the time being at any rate, the affair rests. Whether or not the reasons that actuated Lady Constance's disappearance will now be disclosed only time can show, as the family are naturally extremely reticent upon

the matter. All the details that are known to the public so far are given below.

Waiting at the Church.

The prospective bridegroom arrived at the church at a quarter to two with his best man. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. the Hon. Reginald Adderley, vicar of Parkstone, Dorset, and brother of Lord Norton, was in attendance and everything was in readiness for the ceremony at two o'clock, the hour fixed. Assembled within the church were four bridesmaids—Lady Rosamond Foljambe (sister of the bride), Miss Foljambe, Miss Evelyn Ponsoby, and Miss Violet Ricketts. They wore charming dresses of sprigged muslin, two being in pale pink, one in blue, and one in mauve. Their girdles were of the same shade as their dresses while their large straw hats were trimmed with bows of ribbon to match. Miss Barbara Woodburn, the bride's little niece, was also present, and Master Geoffrey and Master Gilbert Barnes were to have acted as pages. The choristers waited with them near the west entrance to lead the bridal procession to the altar. Lord Liverpool was to have escorted the bride up the church, and Susan, Countess of Liverpool, to have given her daughter away. A company of 150 friends had gathered within the sacred building, among them being Lord and Lady Middleton, the Dowager Lady Grant, the Hon. Mrs. F. Ponsoby, Lady Alice Foljambe, sister of the bride, Mrs. George Foljambe, Captain and Mrs. Le Strange Malone, and Colonel and Mrs. Acheson, several of whom had travelled from Yorkshire to attend the wedding.

There was no hint of the dramatic denouement that was to come. The bridegroom, who is the vicar of Whitwell-on-the-Hill, Yorkshire, was chatting with his friends, smiling happily. Two o'clock struck, but the proverbial privilege of brides to be late caused no misgivings. Once a stir of interest passed through the congregation, but it was only some belated guests. Minute succeeded minute, but still the bride was absent. A subdued hum of conversation arose in the pews. By a quarter past two a growing impression of uneasiness had reached a climax. Some hazarded the suggestion that the right time for the wedding was half-past two and not two o'clock. The bridegroom, near the altar, was palpably ill at ease now. He spoke in a low tone to his best man Dr. Jolly, and then the pair held a consultation with Canon Adderley. More than once they glanced eagerly at the great door of the church. Lady Constance was still absent.

Nor was there any sign of the Earl of Liverpool, her half-brother, who was waiting at his house to escort Lady Constance to the church. The pretence that all was well no longer held. Men looked from their watches to the door, women carried on subdued conversation in whispers. A messenger was sent in a motor-car to 44, Grosvenor-gardens, the house of the Earl of Liverpool.

No Wedding.

In a few minutes he returned and whispered something to a little family group in the aisle. The pale face of the bridegroom grew paler still, and he staggered a little. Someone put out a supporting hand, and he was gently led to the door and escorted back to his hotel. In a whisper the news passed through the congregation that there would be no wedding that day. It was within a few minutes of three o'clock. No marriage could take place after that hour, and it was useless waiting, though some of the guests lingered until the hour had struck, hoping against hope. At Lord Liverpool's house there was also consternation. No one had seen Lady Constance leave, and the first news of her disappearance was at a quarter past twelve, when a maid who went to her room found that she was absent. A hurried search was made with no result. Then another servant said that she had seen Lady Constance at Victoria Station shortly after mid-day. At the house as at the church all was ready for the celebration of the wedding. The wedding breakfast was laid and all preparations were complete for a joyous gathering on the return from the church. But instead of laughter there was gloom, and a dreary silence reigned over the household.

It was elicited that Lady Constance Foljambe came down to breakfast as usual in the morning. She was quite cheerful and apparently in her usual good spirits. She went out alone about mid-day, and was expected back to dress for the wedding.

Lord Liverpool, who had been waiting in the house to take Lady Constance to the church, and her mother, the Dowager Countess of Liverpool, caused a search to be made in every direction. A constant stream of visitors arrived at Grosvenor gardens to offer their help, but all efforts resulted in nothing. Inquiries were even made at the hospitals, for it was thought that she might have been injured in a street accident. They were fruitless and the only possible solutions left were that Lady Constance had either lost her memory or had exercised the privilege of her sex

and changed her mind at the eleventh hour. Later in the day Lord Liverpool made the statement that he had received a message stating that Lady Constance Foljambe was quite safe and sound, and that she had simply changed her mind. She had left London by train, but her destination or whereabouts were not disclosed.

On the following day what was at first believed to be a clue as to Lady Constance's movements on the day on which she should have been married came from Kirkham Abbey, the Yorkshire village where her mother, the Dowager Countess of Liverpool, resides. The little daughter of a signman named Shaw told her parents on Monday evening that she had seen Lady Constance in a dining-car express to Scarborough as it passed through Kirkham Abbey Station about half-past five. Shaw, who had not heard of the hitch in the wedding arrangements, contradicted his daughter, telling her she must have been mistaken, as Lady Constance would then be on her honeymoon. The child, however, maintained that it was Lady Constance she had seen. The stationmaster stated next day that as the express was composed mainly of dining-cars with large plate windows, it would be possible for anyone to recognize a familiar face in the train, especially as trains decrease their speed at Kirkham Abbey to negotiate a curve in the line.

No contradiction of this report could be obtained at Scarborough, where Lady Constance has relations and many friends, and the subsequent discovery of Lady Constance in Paris tends to point to the fact that the report was unfounded.

The wedding dress was made at Scarborough, and Lady Constance Foljambe visited her dressmaker there on the Friday before the wedding for the final fitting. She gave instructions that the gown was to be despatched to the Earl of Liverpool's residence in London. The wedding dress was of ivory crepe de chine, trimmed with old Limerick lace, which Lady Constance supplied, and which had belonged to her family. It was a short dress just reaching to the ground, with satin underskirt, and the vest was of tuckered net.

The Rev. H. Hawkins has left the Grosvenor Hotel, London, where he was staying, but his plans are unknown. On the day Lady Constance disappeared her description was furnished to the police by the family with a request that it should be circulated, but it was almost immediately withdrawn.

In reply to a letter asking for an official statement on the subject, Lord Liverpool, Lady Constance Foljambe's half-brother, writes—

"I regret that I have no information that I can give beyond saying that I and every member of my family should be very glad if the matter could be allowed to rest. It is only giving intense worry to us all. The subject is solely one of private interest."

Lady Constance Foljambe is twenty-six years old and one of five sisters. Her eldest sister, Lady Edith Foljambe, married Major D'Arcy Legard, of the 17th Lancers, in 1908, and another sister, Lady Mabel Foljambe, married Dr. William Woodburn, of Theale, near Reading. One exploit by Lady Constance Foljambe was of a peculiarly daring nature. With two other ladies she made an ascent of the spire of Whitwell Church, of which Mr. Hawkins is vicar, two years ago. The spire was then in the hands of steeplejacks.

The Rev. Hezekiah Astley Kemp Hawkins, who is forty-eight years of age, was educated at Chichester College, and was ordained a priest in 1886 in the diocese of Southwell. He was curate at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottingham, from 1885 to 1888, and Chesterfield, Derbyshire, from 1888 to 1892. Since then he has been vicar of Whitwell-on-the-Hill, a village with a population of 171, the gross income of the living being £183. Whitwell-on-the-Hill is near Kirkham Abbey, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Liverpool, Lady Constance's mother.

Mr. Hawkins had only recently accepted the living of Stanton St. Quinton, in the Bristol diocese, where he and his bride-elect intended to take up their residence. The Earl of Liverpool was created in 1796, but lapsing was revived in 1905 in favour of the present peer's father, formerly Lord Hawkesbury. Lord Liverpool succeeded to the title in 1907 on the death of his father, who was a collateral descendant of Lord Liverpool, the famous premier. The present earl is the fifth holder of the title. He was born in 1870, and educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He entered the Rifle Brigade in 1891, became captain in 1897, and major in 1907. He was A.D.C. to Earl Cadogan when the latter was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was State Steward and Chamberlain to the Earl of Aberdeen during the latter's tenure of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and is Controller of his Majesty's Household. Lord Liverpool married in 1897 Annette Louise, daughter of the fifth Viscount Monck.

DEAD ON HORSEBACK.

It is recorded that during a battle in India a squadron of cavalry had been held in reserve under cover of a field battalion and an infantry regiment. The artillery duel had ended, and the assault of the enemy in overwhelming numbers had been repulsed by the steadiness of the infantry. While a cloud of smoke hung over the field, the cavalry received an order to charge with drawn sabres. The troopers started in close order for the enemy's line. About half way they met a raking fire from the earthworks in front of them, and from the woods on their flank. A young cavalryman, with his sabre drawn, was shot through the heart while leading in the first file. The horse halted, swerved to the right, and turned back, but the rider kept his seat without flinching.

The other troopers went on, carried the earthworks by storm, rode at a full gallop after the retreating force, and converted defeat into rout. The dead trooper, meanwhile, was returning with white face and blood streaming from his wound. Under his nerveless hand the horse received neither check nor leading, and made his own way towards the infantry, who were now advancing rapidly. As the smoke lifted, the soldiers saw the solitary rider coming with one hand in a death-grip on the saddle, while the other still held the sword tightly clasped. It was a sight never to be forgotten—the galloping horse with the dead cavalryman still mounted and looking grim and fierce. It was not until the rider had gone fifty yards from the spot where he had been killed that he rolled off his horse.

A similar tale is told of Captain Nolan, who delivered the fatal blundering order for the historic charge of the Light Brigade. He was seen on the field of Balaklava riding from the hills where the staff officers were drawn up to the quarter where the brigade was stationed. The charge began, and what was left of the brigade returned in broken groups. Finally, Nolan was seen galloping rapidly towards the centre of the field. He was firmly seated and riding well. Suddenly the horse swerved and the rider toppled over. When the officers who were nearest rushed forward and lifted him from the ground, they found him lifeless. He had been shot and instantly killed, but his horse had carried him across the field out of the reach of the pursuing Cossacks.—Newcastle Chronicle.

A LITTLE MOROCCAN LEXICON.

Since Morocco, to use a common expression, is the "order of the day," we come across in telegrams words unfamiliar to English ears and eyes. For instance, "mahalla" signifies an army of regulars. The "harka," on the other hand, is a body of irregulars. The "Caïd" is a military chief. "Maghzen" indicates the Moroccan government. "Djemaa" is a reunion, an

assembly. "Razzia" and "pillage" have the same signification. The "smala" is a camp; the "guich" a contingent of cavalrymen furnished by the principal fighting tribes. "Oued" is a river, "nahr" a watercourse, "ed" a defile, "chaba" a ravine, "tell" a hill, "tassili" a plateau, "choh" the shore, and, by extension, a salt lake, dry in summer. "an" is a source, "bor" a trench, "remel" sand, "areg" dunes, "dar" a palace; "bab" a gate, "bon" a father, "beni" a son, "kasbah" a fort or citadel, "adran" a chain of mountains, "djabel" a mountain or hill. This last word must not be confused with "djovill," which simply means a camel.

THE MODERN BASEBALL.

(From Popular Mechanics.)

Outwardly the ten-cent ball bears a close resemblance to the dollar ball, but as every boy knows, there is a vast difference in the "life" and durability of the two spheres. The centre of the cheap ball is made of group-up carpet rags closely pressed into a core by machinery. Over this core string is wound—a very little string compared to the quantity used in winding one of the professional league balls—and then the unfinished article is sent to the room where the women sewers put the cover on, the seam being drawn together by hand.

But the league ball is a very different product. In the first place, the construction of this ball has been undergoing an evolution for years. At the present time there is much complaint from those who would have few runs and a quick game, on account of the way in which the batters are hitting this new cork-centre ball. The complaint is heard that the ball is too fast and runs too frequent. The explanation of the experts is that a ball hit on the ground with the new ball is no faster than with the old one, but that a ball hit in the air goes farther, thus accounting for the great number of extra-base hits made in recent years.

Some years ago the balls were made with rubber centres. Then, in response to a demand for more runs to make the game interesting to the spectators, the experiment was tried of making a ball with a small piece of cork in the centre, in the heart of the rubber core. This produced a little of the desired effect, and every year from that time the relative sizes of the rubber and the cork in the centre of the spheres have been changed until the present fast ball was evolved.

"Funny thing happened in my town last week," said the chatty man in the railway carriage.

"Black, a white man, and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green, and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown deceived them both—in fact, he got all the money they had."

And now?

And now Black and White are blue."

SEALS AND MY LADY'S COAT.

"Very large numbers of people who do not usually feel much concern about high politics will rejoice at the arrangement virtually concluded by the Pelagic Sealing Conference which has been sitting at Washington, says the Times. "The representatives of Great Britain, Japan, Russia, and the United States have agreed that pelagic sealing is to be suspended for fifteen years. That means that one of the most beautiful and most intelligent of living creatures is to be saved from imminent danger of extermination."

"The Powers represented at Washington took the common-sense view of the situation. They recognized that the preservation of the seal is in the interest of them all, and that he cannot be preserved if pelagic sealing continues. It is both wasteful and cruel. It means the slaughter of large numbers of cows, which involves the starvation of their calves, and the loss of the animals that sink or get away wounded."

"Perhaps there is no more striking instance of man's ruthlessness in the pursuit of gain than this system of sealing. It accounts for the reduction of the herd from about 2,000,000 in 1882, when pelagic sealing on a large scale was just beginning, to 185,000. As the seals have become scarcer the prices have risen and the slaughter been stimulated. To break this vicious circle is now the aim of the International Conference."

"Pelagic sealing came into vogue in the eighties; in 1881 10,000 skins were taken by this means; in 1894, 62,000; and if the catch has decreased since then it is a fact that since 1890 the pelagic sealer has secured twice as many skins as have been secured on land. The sealers fire at the seals from small boats, making no distinction between males and females; some are killed and sink immediately, others are fatally wounded but escape before they die. It is stated that for each skin taken probably four seals are killed and lost. Moreover, since the female seal on her way to and from the feeding ground is the favourite prey, it follows that 80 per cent of the whole pelagic catch are females. These not only have nursing pups ashore, which are left to die of starvation, but are themselves pregnant, the period of pregnancy beginning soon after the birth of the pup and lasting until the following spring. Thus three lives are destroyed for every female killed. After this it may well be believed that the pelagic catch of 27,216 skins in 1907 represented a loss to the herd of upwards of 75,000 animals."

"The sole remaining strongholds of the northern fur-seal are the pribiloff and Commander Islands, the former American, the latter Russian, in the Behring Sea. Robbin Island—once Russian but now Japanese—used to possess large rookeries, while others in the Kuril Archipelago belonged to Japan; ruthless slaughter has almost wiped out these herds,

though the remnants which remain may yet be nursed back to health under Government protection. Of the Commander and Pribiloff herds, the latter is still the largest in the world."

"There has always been a strong temptation to poaching and illegal fishing in the seal industry. To prevent practices of this kind the conference recommends what is probably the only remedy likely to prove effectual—namely, the exclusion from the markets of the contracting parties of all skins whose origin is unknown."

BURIED IN A GLACIER.

A broken alpenstock bearing the carved name, "Dr. J. Bean, Baltimore," has, the Chronicle says, just been found by a Chamonix guide in the ice of the Glacier des Bossons, which "flows" down direct from the summit of Mont Blanc to the Valley of Chamonix. The find recalls the most terrible accident in Alpine history, when eleven climbers perished on the summit of the Great White mountain in violent snowstorms which lasted a week.

In September, 1870, Rev. G. McCorkindale, of Glasgow, and two Americans, Dr. J. Bean, of Baltimore, and Mr. Randall (both elderly men with little experience of the Alps), set out from Chamonix with eight guides and safely reached the summit in doubtful weather. Hardly had the descent commenced when the snowstorm started, and not one of the eleven climbers was seen again alive. A strong force of guides some days later found the bodies of five victims, including the clergyman and Dr. Bean, but the other six were never found, having most probably fallen into crevasses. It is now thought, owing to the discovery of the broken alpenstock, that the bodies of the six climbers, who have been buried in their tomb of ice for the last forty-one years, have reached the end of the glacier, which travels at the rate of about 500 feet a year, and are not far from the surface of the ice at the lip of Chamonix valley.

A LONG LASTING FLOWER.

A common South African flower possesses the valuable property of keeping fresh for two months or more after cutting. It is a white Star of Bethlehem. Ornithogalum lactum, producing a compact spike of flowers on a stiff, erect stalk 18 inches to two feet long, explains The Field. The flower is of a thin and papery tissue, all white, except the yellow anthers. It can be sent over as a cut flower from South Africa to this country, and then lasts for weeks in water. And recently we have seen a South African flower, apparently a species of allium, which crossed the ocean and remained fresh for several weeks in this country. Many of the unopened buds expanded.

A WONDERFUL CITY.

The remarkable growth of Brazil's wonder city, Sao Paulo, is described in a report on the trade of the State of Sao Paulo in 1910 by his Majesty's Consul, Mr. O'Sullivan-Bear. In 1887, he says, Sao Paulo was a quiet, rather sleepy town of the usual up-country Brazilian type, with a population of some 47,000 inhabitants, notable only from the fact that a large number of religious orders had established themselves therein. When the great tide of immigration into the State of Sao Paulo commenced in the year 1887, a considerable portion of the newcomers established themselves in the capital, with the result that the population increased by leaps and bounds during the ensuing years, rising last year to 350,000.

Growth of Twenty Years.

At the present time Sao Paulo ranks as the second city in Brazil. The appearance of the new city of Sao Paulo, which has sprung into existence within the past twenty years, is a matter of surprise to visitors. Sao Paulo now resembles one of the great cities of Europe. The principal business streets are lined with shops which, in outward appearance and in the variety and richness of their contents, vie with those of Paris or of London. The city has been planned with much taste; the various streets and avenues are wide and straight, and well paved and planted with shady trees. Throughout the city exist a number of public gardens, admirably laid out, and beautiful with their wealth of tropical verdure. The private residences are remarkable, on the whole, for the originality and beauty of their architecture, while many are of great size and magnificence. The bustle and activity, and the ever-increasing traffic which prevail throughout the city during business hours make it difficult for new-comers to realize that they are in a Brazilian town. The municipality spends money liberally with a view to improving and beautifying the city.

Costly Opera House.

There is just being completed a municipal theatre which vies in magnificence with that of Paris, upon which it is modelled. It is estimated that the total cost of this opera house will exceed £1,500,000. Within the past few months the municipality have voted a sum of £400,000 for the purpose of constructing a new avenue of communication. A project is under discussion for the carrying out of an immense project, estimated to cost some £3,000,000, namely, the construction of a series of main boulevards to traverse the city in different directions. The progress of the city at the present time may be gauged from the great activity which prevails in the building trades. On all sides are to be seen houses in course of construction, which houses are immediately occupied as soon as finished. New houses are being built at the rate of three thousand per annum.