

### The Stranglers of Paris:

The first famous strangler was a fellow named Francois Denizett, nicknamed Father Francois. He flourished about 1700. Having failed in business as a cabinetmaker, he was already an old man when he began his career of crime. He was a master-robber—a cagon, as they used to say in those days. He was also "a solitary," who did his work without accomplices. He always wore about his person, like a belt, a fine and narrow leather strap, made of strong but supple leather. At one end of this strap there was a buckle attached—a buckle without any tongue, and three sides of this buckle were covered with little metal cylinders, serving as pulleys. To the other end of the strap a leaden ball was fastened, which served the double purpose of a "slung shot." Father Francois would on some imaginary pretext, introduce himself into a house which he knew to be momentarily occupied by a single woman only. Sometimes he would enter as though to make a neighborly call—like any *bon jour*. He would then engage in conversation, and at a propitious moment would suddenly fling the running nose of his strap over the victim's head, press against the base of her neck with his left hand and pull with his right. In one moment the poor creature would be strangled. This master-strangler—a product of the first republic—ended his villainous career in a very singular fashion.

It happened in the early part of 1793. Francois Denizett had done two good jobs, in the neighborhood of the Marche des Innocents. They were highly profitable ventures; and he was imprudent enough to risk a third. It was the end of him! The women who kept stores had become terrified at the two previous crimes committed in the middle of the day, and were all upon their guard. At 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon our "Strangler" entered No. 3 Rue de la Hayne, under the pretext of selling handkerchiefs to a certain Mme. Lalouette, who kept a stand in the market. This woman—a solidly-built and active person, quick of hand and eye—was preparing dinner for her family. Just as Francois entered she was about to cook a roast of beef, and she held an immense iron spit in her right hand. The moment she looked at the pretended peddler, the recollections of the "stranglers" came to her; she prepared herself against attack, and never took her eyes off the man for a moment. When Father Francois thought he had a good opportunity he threw his strap; but at the same moment Mme. Lalouette threw up her left hand, and the nose went itself around it. Then she gave Francois such a terrible thrust in the abdomen with her spit that it actually disappeared in his body. The blow was all the more violent because Francois had at the same instant pulled violently toward him, in the hope of flinging her down and murdering her. Mme. Lalouette called for help, the neighbors rushed in and Father Francois was arrested. But he was foolish enough to recover from being "spitted," and was one of the first ferlampions of note who entertained the guillotine after its inaction of several months.

"Suspension," or hanging, is a much more modern method of strangulation, practiced chiefly in the lowest quarters of the city. Two persons are required for this work, the "susponder" and the "rummager." If the accomplices are men, they generally select drunken parties for victims. If it be a man and woman who practice the crime, it is usually accomplished thus: The woman, always a female of ill repute, called *vannesse* (liar) approaches an individual and engages in conversation with him, endeavoring to entice him to follow her. While this is going on her "man" approaches, like any other pedestrian, holding in his hand the ends of a long and large handkerchief twisted into a rope. The moment he comes near enough he suddenly passes the handkerchief under the victim's chin, turns himself half way round with a jerk, and raises the poor wretch upon his back like a sack. The more the victim struggles, the sooner he is strangled. He loses all consciousness. While he is in this condition the woman the *vannesse*, plays the part of *foulesse*, ransacking his pockets and taking from him every object of value. When this has been done, the "susponder" lets the victim fall heavily to the ground. This was how a poor workman was murdered a few months ago in a dark ally in Grenelle. The murderers obtained only an old silver watch and twenty francs. In defence the criminals swore that they had not intended to kill him, but only to gag him, and that the handkerchief slipped from his mouth over his neck.

—Dr. Werner Siemens has demonstrated by experiment that intensely hot gases do not emit light, and that, consequently, all light given by heated gas must come from solid impurities, and not from the gas itself.

### A Horrible Story.

The author of "Siberian Pictures" says that, having on one occasion lost his way, he drove up to a large hut whence he saw a light shining. Cautiously looking in at the window before entering or knocking, he saw a hideous sight. Two or three men were ranging dead bodies, which they brought up through a trap door from some underground store-house, around a room, while another lighted a large fire. As the fire burned up, the bodies, which seemed at first stark frozen, began to thaw and to exhibit signs of life, or at least of movement. Then the principal performer advanced and deliberately disembowelled them one after another. The onlooker naturally thought he was either dreaming or was assisting at some frightful or unholy rite. But the real explanation was very simple. Russian law does not permit the burial of any person who dies accidentally without a post-mortem examination. In the depth of winter the visits of doctors are rare, and it is the custom to freeze the bodies until one comes round, when all those who are waiting for burial are produced together, and, being thawed sufficiently to let the knife operate, are performed upon and receive their certificate of interment. The rationalist explanation is complete but the earlier part of the tale, even in the hands of a rather lame translator of an author who does not himself seem to have any great literary power, is not a little striking. Poe or Hoffman could have made a masterpiece of it.

### The Smallest Locomotive.

The smallest locomotive engine ever built in the United States for regular work was turned out by M. M. Buck & Co., of St. Louis, recently, and shipped to the Edmee plantation, St. Charles Parish, La. This little engine was designed by and built under the supervision of Mr. Jay Noble, and is as perfect a piece of mechanism as one would wish to see. Its diminutiveness may be understood from the following facts respecting it: Twenty-one and one-half inches gauge; diameter of cylinder, six and one-quarter inches; stroke, ten inches; four wheels, diameter of driving wheels, twenty-four inches; height of engine to top of boiler, four feet seven inches; weight, without water, 3250 pounds. The engine has link motion, and is made of the best materials throughout. The boiler is made of one-quarter inch iron, and is thirty inches in diameter in the barrel. It is provided with an Orm patent pop-valve, has a steel fire-box, and is fed by two inspirators. The tank is made of No. 10 iron, has four wheels of a diameter of sixteen inches, a capacity of 380 gallons, and weight, without water, 1400 pounds. In experimenting with the engine before it was shipped, it was found to act very obediently under the hand of the engineer.

### The Dispensary.

#### Removing Corns.

The Farmer's Call says:—"An easy method of removing corns is to soak crumbs of bread in good, strong vinegar and apply as a poultice at night. When the poultice is removed the next morning, the pain and soreness will be gone, and the corn can be taken out. Try it."

#### Summer Food.

The question of proper food, particularly during the summer months, is a subject that cannot be ignored with impunity. Nature has plainly indicated the value of a diet of fruit and vegetables in hot weather. People eat too much meat, thereby increasing the caloric in their systems, and rendering them peculiarly liable to disease. In cold weather the body requires more heavy food than in warm, and gorging one's self with rich soups and pastries, meats and gravies may not be followed by any very disastrous results. Such a diet in midsummer, however, is pretty sure to demand the payment of severe penalties, besides inducing additional suffering from the heat. We are daily becoming wiser in sanitary matters, and whenever we are ready to recognize the laws of health a large part of our ailments will disappear.

#### SHE HIT SOMETHING EMPTY.

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair," queried George Washington LaDude, after a brief period of intense study, "why the—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage is like a coming event?" "No, Mr. LaDude." "Well—aw—it is something to occur, don't you know—ha ha!" "Very good Mr. LaDude—very good. But can you tell me why your hat is like a bad habit?" "Why—er, aw—well, no; why is it?" "Because it's something to a void." "Oh, weally now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"

—Dickens' hero, Oliver Twist, was a great lover of Irish poetry. He was continually asking for More.

### Life in Sitka.

#### A Beautiful Harbor and Quaint Town.

Nothing could be finer than the picture that opened before us on the shining Sunday morning when the steamship Idaho wound her way between the little islands in the harbor and fired a resounding shot point-blank against the echoing mountains behind Sitka. The queer and out-of-the-way capital of our latest Territory seemed quite a metropolis after the unbroken wilderness we had been journeying through, and the rambling collection of weather-beaten and moss-covered buildings that have survived from Russian days, and the Government buildings, in their coats of yellow-brown paint, smote us with a sense of urban vastness and importance. The castle frowned from its rocky height, as castles are supposed to do, and the 1200 inhabitants of the town, more than half of whom are Indians, gave immediate signs of life before the echoes of the cannon had ceased ringing on the air. At a first look it wears the air and dignity of a town with a history, and can reflect upon the brilliant, good old days of Russian rule, to which fifteen years of American occupancy have only given more lustre by contrast. When Baraouff founded the town of Sitka, in 1799, the United States knew nothing of this end of the world, and few of its people learned of the Indians murdering the inhabitants and burning the houses in 1802. A new site was chosen for a town, and the first buildings were erected in 1804. In 1832 Baron Wrangell moved the capital from the island of Kodiak to Sitka, or New Archangel, and then followed the brilliant Russian regime that closed on the 18th of October, 1868, when the Territory was formally transferred to the United States in consideration of the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold. In all the vast territory of 577,390 square miles there were but 30,000 inhabitants, and not one-tenth of them were white. The withdrawal of the Russian Governor and his miniature court, the civil officers, the military garrison and the naval fleet left Sitka a deserted village, with the grass growing higher and higher in its streets with every year that has gone over its head, until it has now become picturesque in its decay and melancholy in its ruin and abandonment.

With the most beautiful harbor in the world, the glories of its sea and shore have been unsung, and a bay full of little wooded islands and a circle of mountain peaks that rise straight from the water await the new generation of poets and printers. A deserted castle crowns the rocky headland and looks down upon the scattered town, and one street meanders from the landing wharf to the square around the Church of St. Michael, and then spreads out into a network of branches and by-ways. From the church a main bay for two miles down shore, and as a relic of Russian rule this airy and graveled walk is the most appreciated by residents, tourist and exiled officers of our navy. As the one promenade in Alaska, it has a unique fame, and after two weeks on shipboard we were properly thankful for the chance of a long walk that did not go over stony beaches or miry paths sunk deep in the heart of the rank forest growth. A "blarney stone" of mysterious origin and many legends lies besides this pathway at the edge of the town, and many Russian maidens and skeptical strangers have kissed its smooth top.

The castle, the church, the old Government barracks and the Custom House constitute the public buildings and sight-seeing places of Sitka, and a row of howitzers at the foot of the castle steps and before the barracks give a certain air of importance to what presumably stands for the heart of the city. The castle, where the Romanoffs, Mangells, Kupriassoffs, Makstouffs and other stately Russians held sway, is now untenanted, save by the signal officer, who keeps his whirrigigs and instruments in the tower and lives in one of the lower rooms. The castle is built of heavy cedar logs and plants in a way to fit it for a fortress, and with care and occupancy would last for centuries. No banner hangs from its outer walls or from the roof, and the empty rooms, with their deep windows, tall porcelain stoves, and quaint brass chandeliers and latches, are just the habitations for historical and aristocratic guests. Occasionally the officers of the men-of-war get up entertainments in the extemporized theatre on the upper floor, and the old drawing-room of the Governors' wives, is the scene of all the balls and revels that the high society of Sitka indulges into. Otherwise the ghosts and the rats and the signal officers have it to themselves; and there is the ghost of a beautiful Russian Princess who still haunts the deserted castle. Like a well-behaved ghost, the Princess comes out at the midnight hour. She wears long, trailing robes of black, and her forehead, her neck and wrists are flashing with diamonds. She wrings her

beautiful white hands, and wanders, with sorrowful mien, from room to room, and leaves a faint perfume as of wild roses where she passes. Innumerable young officers from the men-of-war have nerved up their spirits and gone to spend a solitary night in the castle, but none have yet held authentic converse with the beautiful spirit and learned the true story of her unresting sorrow. By tradition the lady in black was the daughter of one of the old Governors. On her wedding night she disappeared from the ballroom in the midst of the festivities, and, after long search, was found dead in one of the small drawing rooms. Being forced to marry against her will, one belief was that she voluntarily took poison, while another version ascribes the deed to an unhappy lover; while altogether the tale of this Lucia of the Northwest isles gives just the touch of sentimental interest to the castle of the old Russian Government.

### Plous and Philosophical Gems.

—One of the greatest blessings you can enjoy is a tender, honest, enlightened conscience.

—Knowledge is that which next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

—God is glad when anyone honors father and mother, grandfather and grandmother who are worn down by age.

—We must remember that there are three things from which we cannot escape—the eye of God, the voice of our conscience, and, finally, the stroke of death.

### The Land Beyond.

The land beyond the sea!  
When will life's task be o'er?  
When shall we reach that soft blue shore;  
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam  
and roar?  
When shall we come to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!  
How close it often seems,  
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;  
And the wistful heart looks o'er the  
strait and dreams  
It longs to fly to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea. —Faber.

—But few men are systematic in character. They are not properly rounded out. They are angularities, too much developed in some directions and not enough in others. Hence, almost every man has his hobby, some idea, whether important or not, which dominates his life. It is a nice thing to possess a well-balanced mind, that can view every subject in its proper light, and give it that consideration which its importance demands. Such men, guarding against extremes, generally pursue a judicious course, and may be regarded as safe guides. If men generally would only learn to do so, we would have fewer cranks.

—If we would built high, let us begin low and deep. A true sense of sin will bring us nearer to Jesus. Once brought near to him and living a life of faith in him, we shall bear more fruit to his glory.

—Some persons seem to delight in inflicting cruelty upon others; but no one enjoys receiving it. If all would realize that cruelty is as bitter to others as it is to themselves, there would be less of it practiced.

—Take the sunny side of toll. It is made the inheritance of all, by a law that is universal and inexorable and that fearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and like all his mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others appear more favored than yourself, for such appearances are often found to be deceptive.

### A Fairy Cavern in the Rockies.

About a month ago Walk Williams and Joe Russell, while sinking a shaft upon their Cave Mine, on the eastern slope of Copper Queen Hill, in Bisbee, at a depth of about thirty feet broke in upon an opening the extent of which was not fully known until day before yesterday, when a whole large enough to admit a man was made. Rocks had been thrown down, and from the rebound it was evident that the opening was of considerable extent; but it was not until a man with candles had been lowered with a rope to a distance of fifty feet that the full extent of the place was discovered. With lighted candles he explored the cave, rivaling in grandeur that of Aladdin, with the difference that instead of precious stones our Bisbee cave was literally hung with stalactites of copper stain, while from the bottom arose stalagmites of the same material, caused by thousands of years of trickling water through the overlying limestone. On all sides were found great deposits of copper carbonates in places appearing like green velvet, the greenish reflection from all sides appearing ghostlike, but grand.—*American Star*.

### Wooing a Female Medical Student.

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him. "Do you know," said she, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with the olfactory peduncle?" "Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd. "And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she could not wink without a sphincter muscle!" "How unreasonable!" "Why a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!" "Indeed?" "I know it is so." "May I try if I can?" "O, Mr. Budd, it is really too bad of you to make light of such a subject." Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp. "I did not notice," he said, "whether a—a—what do you call it?—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try again. Then he tried again, and while he held her she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body. "It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?" "Why, the occipital bone of course." "And what are the names of the muscles of the arms?" "The spirals and the infra-spirals, among other." "Well I put my infra-spirals around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade, in this way." "My back hair, primitively, but the occipital bone, of course, afterward. But, Mr. Budd, suppose you should come in and see us?" "Let him come who cares?" said Mr. Budd boldly. "I think I'd exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss." "Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat. "Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling." "Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly. "What, darling!" "I can hear your heart beat." "It beats only for you, my angel." "And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform." "Small wonder for that when it's bursting with joy." "You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine." "It's your own property, darling, do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one, that strikes me the most favorable. Let me see how it works again." But why proceed? The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr. Budd's mouth was enacted again. And about eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissecting table.

### It Was All Right.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him finally examined one, and asked: "Are you sure there are no bugs in this?" "Bugs! Why dot pedstead was out of my own family! We got it when my brudder Moses vhas here, and now he has gone away I sell it for half-price." "Say, I believe it has had bugs in." "O'mpossible, my friend. My wife vhas so neat dot if she knew of such things in der house she go crazy." "And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to unimpeachable evidence. "Vhell! vhell!" The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said: "Dot's all right after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses was head-clerk in Rochester, and you knew I vhas here twenty-seven years in peeness."

### Scientific.

—Hay fever is increasing year by year in this country, according to the *Medical News*.

—The signal station on Pike's Peak, 14,156 feet high, is the highest building in the world inhabited the year round.

—Prof. Swift, of Rochester, who announced the discovery of a new comet, telegraphs to the Harvard Observatory that it is not a comet, but a nebula.

—Within sixty days no less than twenty-five artesian wells have been sunk in Denver, each of which is flowing pure water. Their average depth is 325 feet.

—Dr. Clauston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach

the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel.

—A marine bicycle tested at Springfield resembles the roadster in only two particulars, the rider being astride a saddle and working with his feet and hands. The water machine consists of two parallel beams about four feet apart, each six inches deep and eight inches thick in the center, tapering to the ends. In the middle is the saddle, and behind that a mock wheel. The pedals turn two cogs, one of which is at the end of an iron rod connecting with an eight inch screw at the stern. Working the pedals causes a lively flutter of the little screw and sends the craft along faster than a man will ordinarily row a pleasure boat. The craft ploughing along in mid-stream, makes the rider look very much as if he were walking on the water.

### Medical Practice in Persia.

Dr. C. J. Mills, an English physician who has resided for fifteen years in Persia, has recently written an interesting work entitled "The Land of the Lion and the Sun." Some of his medical experiences are given. The author had the privilege of attending Persians in their illness. At first he was astonished at receiving no emoluments, but found out that his servants pocketed his legitimate fees. One day a poor patient sends him some money inclosed in a handsome purse. The Doctor returns the money, but keeps the purse. Then a rich man hears of this pays the Doctor in money, and puts it, too, in a handsome bag. The Doctor keeps the money, and, very much to the disgust of his patient, sends back the purse. A well-to-do baker has a catarrh, and our medico cures him of the trouble and receives about £4 for his fee. When the Persian regains his sight he insists that he is still blind, worse than ever, demands back the money, and is clamorous for an additional sum for an indemnity. The medico knows him to be a rascal, and suddenly flourishes an amputation knife before the blind man, who at once runs away as fast his legs can carry him. Demands were constant for quinine, and the Doctor had been particularly instructed to distribute it freely when cases required the febrifuge. But the cry for quinine became so constant that the author was certain that it was obtained under false pretenses. Then as a rule, he administered it in solution, or if his servants wanted it he put it in a dry state in their mouths. Then the cry for quinine diminished. In the case of his servants, it was the legitimate mokadel, or perquisites of office they were after. They collected the quinine and sold it.—*Medical Record*.

### A Diamond Story.

Colored diamonds are supposed to be manufactured nowadays for the unwary, but I heard of a new dodge last week. A photographer who has had considerable experience in expert detective cases said to me: "We have a new use for photography—the testing of precious stones. The business began in this way: One day last year a diamond expert with quite a reputation in the business was asked by a stranger to buy a remarkably fine diamond. Eight thousand dollars was asked for it. The expert tested it in every manner known to the business and examined it carefully with a glass. It was a magnificent stone, of superb color and shape. He offered \$7000, and the man took the money and went away. A day or two after that the stone was shown as a great bargain to some other experts, one of whom, after examining it closely for a long time, declared that there was something very peculiar about the way in which the light went through the stone. The owner was advised to take it to me and have it tested by a ray of sunlight sent through a camera. It was brought to my studio with several other diamonds, and whereas one diamond would allow a beam of light to pass clear and straight the \$7000 stone seemed to have something in it which stopped the beam. A powerful microscope was then brought into play, and the fine diamond was found to be two stones joined together with marvelous dexterity by the aid of what is known as Canada balsam, the material used by all opticians in joining two lenses. Each stone was worth about \$1250, and the loss on the transaction was \$4500. The stones came apart on the application of certain chemicals.—*Boston Herald*.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Butter a pudding dish and line the bottom and sides with slices of stale cake (sponge cake is best); pare and slice thin a large pineapple; place in the dish first a layer of pineapple, then strew with sugar, then more pineapple, and so on until all is used. Pour over a small teacupful of water, and cover with slices of cake which have been dipped in cold water; cover the whole with a buttered plate, and bake slowly for two hours.