

CONSTANCE KENT.
The Story of a Confessed Murderess Said to be Related to the Queen.

The other day the cable brought an item of news which revives the memory of one of the most remarkable crimes recorded in the history of England. The item ran to the effect that Constance Kent, convicted twenty-five years ago of the murder of her half-brother, Arthur Kent, had recently received a pardon from the Queen.

William Kent, the father of Constance and the murdered child, was a gentleman of private fortune, living at a place called Roadside. He was said to be, and the statement was never contradicted, an illegitimate son of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. and father of Queen Victoria, and his private fortune was supposed to have come from his royal source. Mr. Kent was a gentleman of quiet and cultivated tastes, enjoying a life of lettered ease. His first wife, mother of Constance, having died when she, the eldest of his children, was about 10 or 11 years of age, he employed a lady of education as governess and superintendent of his family. This lady he married, and by her had a son, young Arthur. All seemed happy in the Kent family, though the eldest daughter, Constance, was occasionally subject to fits of moodiness, for which she assigned no reason.

Early one Sunday morning in summer the nurse girl, whose name is not recalled, alarmed the sleeping household with her cries. She had awakened to find her young charge, little Arthur, who slept in a cot by her bedside, lying dead, his throat cut from ear to ear. The horror-stricken parents at once sent for assistance. The police and the coroner were promptly on the spot, and investigations commenced. It was then noticed that though there were traces of blood on the blanket on which the child lay, there was no saturation such as would have been the case had the murder been committed while he lay sleeping. Further examination revealed the fact that the child had been taken to a water closet in the house, and that there the butchery had been performed. A carving-knife, sharpened almost to a razor edge, was also found with traces of blood upon it.

Of course, all these circumstances tended to fasten suspicion on the unfortunate nurse girl, for who else could have carried the child to the scene of the murder without causing him to make some outcry. At the time of the alarm being given it was shown that every one else in the house was sleeping peacefully, including Constance, against whom suspicion was not once directed. An attempt was also made to fasten suspicion on Mr. Kent, the unhappy father, and the whole of England took sides, one in favor of this, the other in favor of that theory. Finally, the testimony clearly exonerated Kent, so there was nothing left but the conclusion that the servant was the guilty party. It is true that no motive could be shown for the deed; that she was of a most amiable disposition and a great favorite with all the children, but there were the facts. The conclusion was irresistible, and the poor girl was arrested and thrown into prison to await her trial.

Meantime the Kent household was broken up, the bereaved parents trying to seek relief from sorrow in travel. Constance was sent to a sort of convent school at Brighton, on the south coast. This school was an attachment to a high ritualistic Episcopal church, the rector to which had established the convent as a part of his church discipline. The time came night for the trial of the imprisoned nurse-girl. Controversy waxed warmer and higher as the day set came nearer. When it arrived the papers were full of correspondence on the subject, and all sorts of theories were broached to account for the deed without the intervention of the accused. Various arrests were made, but always without result. Finally the girl was tried and convicted. But the public was not satisfied, and the home secretary was persuaded to grant a respite pending further investigation.

The case seemed hopeless, however, until one morning Constance Kent, accompanied by one of the Sisters of a convent school, called on the rector of the church above spoken of, and the two asked a private audience. Constance had come to confess. She had evidently already told her story to the Sister. She then, calmly and lucidly, as the clergyman afterwards said, told the whole story of the crime. She had deeply resented her father's second marriage, though she had given no outward sign of her resentment. Her anger was still more heightened when her young half-brother was born. She had studiously concealed this feeling. But her jealousy grew in intensity as he grew from infancy into laughing childhood. Gradually hate matured into design, and she determined to destroy the little fellow. Provoking herself with the sharpened knife, shortly afterwards she had slipped into the nursery bedroom. Stepping over the cot she awoke the child with a kiss, and, wrapping him in his blanket, carried him with her to the closet. Here the knife was used in such a way that the flowing blood went down the pipe. When life was extinct and the blood had ceased to flow she gently returned to the nursery, replaced the little corpse in its cot, wiped and restored the knife to its place in the kitchen, and then went to bed and to sleep. One can imagine the horror and excitement this awful confession created. Thousands refused to believe it, saying the girl was demented, and pointing to a supposed hereditary taint of insanity which had come to her from her grandfather, George III., as an argument. She was, however, tried and not only maintained the truth of her confession, but pointed out corroborating circumstances which had escaped the notice of the police. Of course, she was convicted, and the other poor girl pardoned for the crime, she had never committed, but interests were made in favor of a commutation. Her youth and beauty pleaded strongly for her; so did a certain feeling that, while confession was clearly proven not to have resulted from inherited insanity, the deed itself might have done. Her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and good behavior brought the ticket-of-leave mentioned. A niece in blood, though not by marriage, of the Queen, she has spent all the best years of her life

THE POLYPHEMUS.
The Powerful Steel Ram of the British Navy.

The most important feature of this unique craft is a terribly powerful ramming sort of beam or spar projecting twelve feet out in front of the main body of the vessel. This lies low down and is so placed that when rammed against an enemy will rip into the unlucky craft several feet below the armor line. It is of enormous strength. Strong as it is, however, this steel spar can be unshipped and taken off the stem if desired, and beneath it is a torpedo port from which Whiteheads can be ejected right ahead of the ship; and there are also ports from which these destructive messengers may be also despatched on the Broadside. These and the ram are indeed substantially, the whole of the offensive armament of the vessel. When afloat she is little more than a huge steel cylinder lying on its side and presenting to view about 4 feet 6 inches of the actual hull. The cylinder is tapered at the ends and flattened at the top, and on this flattened top there are a hurricane deck, a signal mast, a funnel, and a few other objects not of vital importance to the craft. All that can be seen is not a bit in the world like any sort of a ship, and if it were all shot away everything in the way of engines, boilers, torpedoes, and ram would still remain, and there would be nothing to fire at but a convex lens of steel armor, off which the most tremendous hail of shot and shell would glance with very little power or mischief. Should the Polyphemus be attacked underneath, she is a perfect homogeneous mass of water-tight compartments. Every boiler has a compartment to itself, and so has each pair of engines driving the twin screws. The ship has a double bottom, and many of the compartments are ordinarily so packed with coal that there would not be much room for water even if they were broken into. But should any accident occur by which the buoyancy of the ship was seriously diminished the Polyphemus possesses a remarkable power of speeding her keel, so to speak. She has, in fact, two keels with a space of a foot and a half or two feet between them, and in this space huge solid masses of iron are held suspended by a simple and ingenious mechanical device. Although the ship carries 300 tons of this ballast, and it is in sections, so that she may use any compartment of the hold to require lightening, the block of ballast in the vicinity of it may be instantly dropped. If needed the whole centre of the keel may be let go, and the ship lightened to an extent representing a buoyancy of a foot or four or five inches out of water. The ballast represents a ninth of the entire weight of the ship. The Polyphemus, it may be added, is 240 feet long and 40 feet wide.

The Mourning Gowns.

Mrs. Gen. Grant's costume is made of the finest Henrietta cloth and heaviest crape. The skirt is of crape, perfectly plain. The overskirt is draped very long on the left side, with a heavy crape reverse, raised to the right side. Postilion waist, with a crape fichu from the throat to the waist, finished at both ends with a crape bow. Collar and cuffs of crape. The bonnet is of crape, with a long crape veil that reaches to the bottom of the dress.

Mrs. Fred. D. Grant's dress is heavily trimmed with crape. The skirt is made with a deep kilt, plaiting with three bands of crape. Long drapery on right side, raised very high on the left, and faced with broad bands of crape, folds running down the left side. Pretty draped back, raised very high in the center, forming two graceful points. The waist has a broad fichu of crape gathered in at the waist, with a belt coming from beneath two revers of crape. The collar and cuffs are also trimmed with crape. A close-fitting bonnet, with long crape veil.

Mrs. Sartoris's dress is made Henrietta skirt, with two plaits, with band of crape on each. Overskirt raised very high on both sides, falling very low in the front, which has two bands of crape down the center. Two jobs lined with crape form the back drapery of overskirt. The waist has a very full fichu of crape, with two revers lined with crape. She will wear a close-fitting bonnet and crape veil.

Mrs. Jesse Grant's dress is a killed skirt with bands of Henrietta and crape running lengthwise, a short draped overskirt, with loops of crape forming pocket pieces on each side. The drapery, falling low on the left side, is raised high on the right, combining into graceful folds in the back. Waist is a plain postilion, with jabot from the neck to the waist. Collar and cuffs of crape. She also wears a close-fitting bonnet with crape veil.

A Morbid Imagination Cured.

In reference to the influence of the imagination on the body a doctor tells the following story: "A big hulking fellow about ten miles from the town I was practicing in got the idea that he was going to die at just 11 o'clock in the forenoon of a certain day. About 9 o'clock a messenger came to me. I hurried out. When I got there the crank had fifteen minutes to live, according to his calculations. He did look like a man on the verge of eternity. His eyes were dim and sunken, his face had that peculiar pallor which heralds the near approach of death, and his breathing was very labored. The family were gathered around and weeping as they took a final leave. Something had to be done quick. There was a smart-looking woman there, and I called her aside. Pointing to the clock on the mantelpiece, which the patient was watching, I said: 'When I have his attention, turn that ahead.' Then I crowded into the family group, bustled them into the next room, sat down on the edge of the bed and began telling that fellow one of the most horrible murder stories you ever heard. I located it right in town where he knew everybody, named the woman killed, went into blood-curdling details, and so completely interested the man that he forgot his eleven o'clock appointment. When I gave him a chance to look again it was twenty minutes to twelve, and he was actually mad for a time, claiming he had been tricked. He finally got up laughing, and we all took dinner together. The next day he whipped two men at a barn-raising for twitting him about the programme of death that miscarried."

Spanish soldiers are encouraged to play on the guitar. The government realizes that the boldest enemy would shrink from encountering an army with guitars. Besides, while practicing, the Spanish soldier forgets how long it is since they received any pay.

A TREACHEROUS MURDER.
Death of the Duke of Burgundy.

The Duke of Burgundy went to the Castle of Montreuil by the gate next the fields; he summoned all the chief lords and two hundred men at arms, together with one hundred archers, to accompany him. He had also with him the lady of Givry, who had strongly urged him to go to Montreuil, saying that there was no treachery to be dreaded. He was very fond of that lady, and had entrusted her, as also part of his jewels, to one of his most faithful servants, Philip Jenequin. When Sir Tanneguy Duchatel came forward to tell him that the Dauphin was ready and waiting for him, the Duke answered that he was coming; he then called for those who were to accompany him, forbidding all others to follow. Thus surrounded, he went far as the first barrier of the bridge. Then came the people of the Dauphin, who renewed all the promises and oaths previously made, adding, "Come towards my lord, who awaits you on the bridge."

After these words, the duke having asked his servants whether he might safely venture on, they answered, that considering the many promises made by such notable persons, he had nothing to fear, and that they would try their chance with him. Thereupon he moved forward, preceded by some of his attendants, and he entered the first barrier, where he found the Dauphin's men who said to him once more, "Come to my lord, he is expecting you." To this he answered, "I am coming!" He crossed then the second barrier, which was immediately looked behind him. Stepping there he saw Sir Tanneguy Duchatel, whom he touched in friendly guise on the shoulder, saying at the same time to my lord Saint George and to others of his people, "Here is the man whom I trust." He thus moved on to the Dauphin, who was leaning on a barrier, armed cap-a-pie, and girt with his sword. The duke knelt on the ground in an attitude of respect, bowing most humbly to the Dauphin; but this unanswerable without showing any sign of friendship, reproaching the Duke for not having joined in the war against the English, and not having withdrawn his soldiers from the garrison as he said he would. Then Sir Robert de Loyre took him by the right arm and said, "Rise my lord, you are only too honorable." The Duke of Burgundy had also his sword on; when he knelt down the weapon was somewhat backward, and as he moved his hand to bring it in front, Sir Robert de Loyre exclaimed, "Do you dare lay hand on your sword in the presence of my lord the Dauphin?" At these words Sir Tanneguy Duchatel drew near; it is reported that he made a sign and saying, "It is time!" he struck the Duke of Burgundy with an axe he held in his hand so violently that he made him fall on his knees. When that Duke felt himself wounded he endeavored to draw his sword and defend his life, but immediately others struck him down, leaving him for dead, and quickly a man, named Oliver Loyre, assisted by Peter Frother, plunged his sword into the Duke's stomach underneath his hauberk.

Fugitive Wealth.

There has never been, as far as we know, a more remarkable instance of a tangible and yet a fugitive wealth than of the fortune that evaded the grasp of the relative of a friend of the writer. He was, many years ago, at school at Harrow, and returning along the road by the bathing place—along the road of a stout farmer on horseback in difficulties with a gate. He opened the gate and held it back for the rider to pass. "Thank you, my boy," said the farmer, one of the wealthy Middlesex graziers who own large tracts of the Harrow and Pinner rich meadow lands. "What may your name be?" "My name's Green," returned the boy, with an ill-timed burst of the imagination. "And what is your father?" "Oh, my father's a cheese-monger," said the smart scholar, chucking internally at his ready wit, "and he lives in London in the Theobald's road, rather a small shop, two steps down out of the street." "I'm very much obliged to you," replied the farmer, by no means—as it afterwards appeared—a man of straw. "You're a capital young chap. I shan't forget you." "Don't!" was the scholar's final thrust. "Remember Green, and a Cheese-monger in Theobald's road." And up the hill he went, almost as much pleased with himself as if he had been asked to play against Eton at Lord's. What his feelings may have been when, 10 years later, a young gentleman of the name of Green was advertised for, whose father kept a cheese-monger's shop in the Theobald's road, and who, in return for politely opening a gate at Harrow in the year 1831, was left a large legacy by the wealthy farmer, recently deceased—what his feelings were then none of his relatives cared to inquire too closely, but it was observed by all that from that hour the unhappy young man never lost an opportunity of insisting on the incalculable blessings of the most rigid adherence to truth; of the disasters invariably incident to even a momentary deviation from which virtue he himself was a most marked and melancholy example. For neither was his name Green nor anything approaching it, nor had his father, a quiet country gentleman, ever, even in the remotest fashion, been interested in cheese; indeed, as his son has been heard pathetically to remark, in the smallest amount it invariably disagreed with him.

Wire Siege Guns.

Siege guns built of wire are the newest description of ordnance for the national service. A very tough steel wire is used, having a breaking strength of 100 tons to the square inch, which is wound over a steel tube as tape may be bound on a reel, being frequently fastened off to secure its cohesion, and so neatly put together as to look precisely like solid metal. An experimental howitzer has been made upon this principle, and passed a satisfactory proof at the Royal Arsenal. It has a calibre of 10 1/2 inches, but weighs only about 70 cwt. In its trial this howitzer threw a shell of 360 lbs with a charge of 25 lbs, and attained a velocity of 1000 ft per second—a result may be compared with two guns of a similar weight which are at present in the service. One of these is the Sin. howitzer, which fires a shell of just half the weight—viz., 180 lbs—with a velocity of 950 ft; and the other is the 100-pounder gun of 6 1/2 calibre, which, with its light shot of 100 lbs, manage to reach a velocity of 1300 ft per second. The trial weapon seems in no way impaired by the strain to which it has been subjected.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature
The exhibition in our public exhibition...
A fly is said to have the ability to jump two hundred times its own length. One may therefore readily see how futile the attempt must be to strike a fly when the latter is in practice.
Things one would rather have left unsaid: She—Would you mind putting my lawn tennis in your pocket, Mr. Green? He—I'm afraid my pockets are hardly big enough, Miss Gladys; but I shall be delighted to carry them for you.
Prof. Huxley is, it is understood, going to retire from the various posts he holds under Government on a pension of £1200 a year.
\$500 Not Called For.
It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who falls for a cure. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for a curable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?
Pain used to be more like an old job print press than she is now, whenever had her looks.
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Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all cheaply made soaps. Use the "Myrtle Navy," which is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for PREVENTO. Manufactured only by the Toronto Soap Co.
Love may be blind, as all old poets have sung in unison, but there is no authenticated instance of young Love kissing his grandmother by mistake.
Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont., has full staff and complete courses in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, and Commercial Science. Re-opens September 10, 1885. For 50 pp. pamphlet, address Principal Austin, B.D.
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