

The Ruby is Fashion's Gem

Two years ago all the girls were clamoring for turquoises, before that it was sapphires, then solitary pearls and recently we have seen a tide of favor set in toward opals and emeralds until now, this midautumn, of 1896, the up-to-date girl has come to look upon the ruby as the one gem most desirable. But then, all jewels have become more or less fashionable, even to the old-time amethysts and the mellow topaz. The amethyst is the queen of all minor gems, and that girl is happy who can find among her mother's possessions an old-fashioned necklace of the purple stones. True, it may require resetting to make it all that her fancy desires, but then she finds the amethysts so exquisite in coloring, so soft and feminine in tone that she straightway vows there was never yet jewel like unto them. They go with any costume and have a faculty for bringing out an exceeding whiteness of the skin.

Miniatures remain a good deal of a fad, wherever they can be fittingly introduced, and it would seem that we are linked hand to hand to fashion by pearl chains. Among the most modish of women who understand the art of dress it is remarkable to note the number of pearls worn at one time. There are the dainty pearl necklets, of course, the same sort of things which usage has declared correct for unwedded youth from all time. But there is more.

Ropes of pearls (as Disraeli would express it) are worn pendant from fair necks exposed in evening dress, milk white ropes now interspersed with diamonds, now plain or showing between each jewel tiny chains of gold. There is a positive passion for pearls, and the long "sautoise," as it is called. In the daytime the fashionable Parisienne will be found with two small rows of pearls around her neck, and perhaps two long chains of gold and colored jewels and one of enamel.

The muff chain is another trifle to be strung from the neck, and dainty thing that it is, suggests a holiday gift.

The observation that there is nothing new under the sun is a fallacy. Man's originality is not half extinct and his artistic cunning is visible in a hundred new designs. Individuality and distinction of style are continually being striven after. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the matter of rings. To be sure, the happy possessor of a long-coveted Marquise ring need not feel discouraged because a dear friend assures her that it is "out." The design is bound to be a lasting, if not a new one and the secret is that they make the hand look slender and graceful.

Little finger rings are as popular as ever, and the birth stone is usually worn in them for luck. As for the solitary ring, it will never go out as long as engagements continue to be made, and the cluster rings, as well as the six stones set in a row, are still good style, but the newest of fashion's wrinkles is the "dinner ring," an ornament designed for very full dress and display occasions, the pattern often running up the finger quite over the joint. A curving snake of diamonds, with diamond eyes, runs up the finger like a marquise-gone frantic; a beautiful fern branches from a diamond band, and sparkles along to the first joint of the ring finger. Sometimes it is a radiant fleur-de-lis, sometimes a quaint medieval pattern ablaze with many-colored stones, but it is always handsome, always spreading, always remarkable.

The antique, dull setting is again in favor. It is almost ponderous, after the light and fragile "wire" settings to which our eyes have become accustomed. Two bison heads, supporting between them a clouded or star sapphire, or the claws of a bear, clasping a burning ruby, are among the designs. Snakes of all kinds are horribly in vogue, flexible things for bracelets, three-headed reptiles for rings, coiling gold and diamond snakes for belt buckles, and snakes with wicked emerald and ruby eyes and diamond heads for brooches and pins. Why this should be so it is hard to say. Women have always loathed snakes with an unconquerable loathing, ever since Eve came to grief through the wiles of the serpent in Eden. Yet granddaughters of that same Eve buy these gold and jeweled horrors, and love their contact. It is odd. One would naturally suppose that snakes would be unhappy additions to any woman's jewels, yet a leading jeweler says frankly that women seem to adore snakes.

"Some ladies simply go into a wild ecstasy over any design which has snakes for a prominent feature," said he, "and, curiously enough, I have observed that these are usually dark-eyed women, or artificial blondes. Few natural blondes care for reptiles."

Which is another psychological mystery. Heigh-ho! But I am glad the heart locket and brooches are going out, even if snakes are coming in. I don't think I ever was so utterly wearied of anything as the Trilby heart-locket, and now it is happily no more. The few lockets that remain are round or oval in shape, and set with diamonds. But even these are scarcely to be numbered among the popular. The sword and dagger designs are also somewhat passe, though occasionally desirable from some rare point of beauty. Earrings are gaining in vogue, but the efforts made to put the bracelet forth as a popular ornament seems to have quite failed.

Illustrating the new vogue for introducing old-fashioned stones with pearl or diamond setting is a pansy brooch, the two upper petals of large moonstones, the lower petals all encrusted with tiny diamonds. The effect is weird, while a big amethyst is set round about with raised coronets of seed pearls, a very attractive and not expensive brooch.

Diamond aigrettes for the hair come in many dainty scroll and spray patterns, and the butterfly, emblem of immortality, has seemed to have taken a firm hold upon public regard for all

ornaments in which it can be fittingly used. A dragon-fly ornament for the hair or corsage is still a favorite. The long, thin body of the fly is set with lovely stones, and the wings dotted with rubies and emeralds among the diamonds. Tiaras set with stars or sunbursts are ever popular. One which combines a pair of Mercury wings with a sunburst, quivering in the center, is a peculiarly splendid creation in finest diamonds. The wings and sunburst alike are detachable, and can be used as corsage ornaments when the magnificence of a tiara is not appropriate. Mercury wings are highly recommended by jewelers, but most women prefer the more familiar aspect of stars and crescents. Among the hair ornaments, the white or black aigrette, with a frontage of pearls and diamonds springing from a true lover's knot, cannot be surpassed for simple elegance. The jewels are set on wires, so that they move, tremblingly, with every motion of the wearer.

Hat pins are more ornate than ever, and as it is written that no woman ever yet had too many hat pins this is a perfectly safe gift in any case.

Take it for all in all, there is no display which interests a woman as does a jeweler's showcase, and there never was a woman yet who did not love the embellishment of jewels.

Polly.

SUICIDES IN THE THAMES

THEY CHOOSE THE BRIGHT PLACES NOT THE DREARY PLACES.

A River Policeman Finds His Daughter's Body—Two Women Claim Girl's Body as Their Own Child's.

The great river which runs muddy and brown through London is responsible for no less than an average of one hundred and fifty suicides during a year, the majority being women. Of these suicides the greatest number occur during the warm weather. It doesn't follow that there are not as many attempts at self-destruction during the winter as in the summer months; but according to no less authority than the Superintendent of the Thames Police, a body of men who do duty exclusively on the river, a person who throws himself into cold water is more likely to cry out, and thus unintentionally contribute to his rescue, than he would do if he jumped into the river on a warm night. More people are rescued therefore in the winter than in summer.

Looked at from Westminster Bridge, Old Father Thames does not appear to be the guilty thing he is, but when one stands on old Wapping Stairs or Cherry Tree Pier, Bermondsey, after night fall, everything is so black and dark and dimly silent, and the water itself seems to roll along so sullenly on its course toward the sea, that you can regard it as capable of any treachery.

CHOOSE THE BRIGHT PLACES.

Drink plays a prominent part in the tragedies enacted in the Thames, but it is not accurate to say that it is always the cause, if one is to judge by the stories told by people who are rescued, especially women. Miserable homes, unsympathetic parents, unprincipled men, and brutal husbands account for many victims in the long list of "Found Drowned."

A STRANGE CASE.

How many a poor wretched outcast of the London streets has gone to her death through causes similar to the following?

Not long ago a young girl who occupied a small room at Westminster got in arrears with her rent, and when she left home one evening on her errand of sin, her landlady informed her that unless she could bring the amount owing home with her she need not return. She tried in vain to secure the money, and then in her despair she told her trouble to "a friend," expressing her intention to "end it all in the river." Two hours later she jumped from Westminster Bridge and her friend, having herself procured the money, went in search of her to find the Thames police taking her lifeless body from the water.

HIS OWN CHILD'S BODY.

A still more distressing story of the Thames' victims is told of the suicide of a young girl whose mother turned her out of doors because she returned home late from a theater. The girl's father was a river policeman, and hearing that a woman was in the river he put off in his galley and was horrified to find that the lifeless body which he lifted from the dark waters was that of his own much-loved daughter.

But it is not these secluded dark quarters of the Thames that the would-be suicide selects in his despair. It is estimated that at least 80 per cent. of the persons who destroy themselves in the great river throw themselves from one of the several bridges which span it, or leap from the embankment at one of the best-lighted parts of the river-side. Of the 150 bodies annually taken from the Thames as a rule not more than thirty are identified.

A curious feature about the suicide of women is that nearly every case they leap into the river with all their clothes on, not even removing their hats, but in the case of men, in nine instances out of ten they will throw off their coats, and not infrequently turn their shirt sleeves up before making the fatal leap.

CLAIMED BY TWO MOTHERS.

Many curious stories are told concerning the identification of bodies taken from the Thames. A few years ago a five-year-old girl whilst playing on the banks of the river fell in and was drowned. The body was not recovered for some days, and then two women claimed the child both being equally certain that it was her "little darling." The coroner, powerless to ascertain to whom the body really belonged, gave order for burial and advised both women to attend the funeral. This they did, and the little grave is marked to-day by two plain headstones, both bearing different names. The women did not allow their claim to breed ill-will, but became very fast friends.

CUPTING.

She—What a keen little creature that Miss Wisely is.
He—Yes, she cuts me every time there is a chance

A FIEND'S MANY MURDERS

HOW TWELVE MEN WERE LURED TO THEIR DEATH.

Frank Butler's Wholesale Murders in the Heart of the Mountains—How He Lured His Victims to Their Death.

Frank Butler, the notorious murderer, recently arrested in San Francisco, is to be returned to Australia for trial.

His scheme of crime was unique. He selected for his victims men who had come among the Australian colonies in search of gold. They were mostly unknown men, concerning whose disappearance it was extremely unlikely that enquiry would be made.

These men he would lure into the Blue Mountains upon the pretence of showing them a valuable mineral vein. When he had led them beyond the limits of human habitation he would induce them to take axe and shovel and dig into the earth. Then, from behind, a pistol shot, or the stroke of a knife—without a cry, without a witness!

KILLED TWELVE MEN.

The murderer took from his victim's pockets all the jewelry, money and valuable papers he could find. He then buried the body in the hole, which the victim had dug for himself, destroyed, as well as he could, all traces of the crime, and returned to civilization for a fresh victim.

This he repeated again and again, and, unless he confesses, the world will never know the true number of his victims. The authorities say he has killed over twelve men in this fashion.

He selected for his last victim a man who had many friends. The man was missed, and the search for him revealed the crime. The murderer, unconscious of the fact that his crime had been detected, adopted the name of his last victim, who had been a sailor, and shipped as able seaman upon a sailing ship bound for San Francisco. Two detectives immediately took passage upon a steamer for British Columbia, in order to reach San Francisco ahead of the murderer. At the same time another detective set out from London to obtain extradition papers.

Upon obtaining these documents he crossed the ocean, and immediately departed for San Francisco.

IN THE WILD MOUNTAINS.

The Blue Mountains lie nearly a hundred miles north of Sydney, New South Wales. The country is wild and desolate, and were it not for its wealth of mineral resources, would afford not the slightest attraction for either tourist or settler. It is the resort of men from all parts of the world bent upon making their fortunes. They are, for the most part, honest men, earnest and sturdy.

When Butler came to Australia three years ago he was forty years old. About four years ago he was in the United States. His occupation and his habits while there are shrouded in mystery. In fact, practically nothing is known about the man save his crimes, and even these have not yet been satisfactorily described.

SELECTING A VICTIM.

Butler became acquainted with a young student of mineralogy, whose name was O. G. T. Preston. He met the young man in a drinking place in Sydney. Preston was from Queensland. His parents were well-to-do people, who kept their only son supplied with money in order to enable him to carry on his prospecting in the Blue Mountains.

Butler told him that he knew of an exceptionally fine mineral location to which he could lead him, but explained that he was penniless.

"I wouldn't do this for money," he explained, "but if you'll pay expenses out here, I'll go half with you when we begin to work it." Preston considered this a fair offer and accepted it.

HOW HE KILLED HIM.

Butler and his young companion were well equipped with supplies and prospecting implements, having planned to spend a month in the mountains. Exactly how much money Preston had with him has never been ascertained.

In the thick forest north of the station Preston went to the brook for water. He had filled a tin pail and was stooping to pick it up when Butler approached him from behind and shot him through the head. Preston fell like a log, and never drew another breath. Butler tied a rope around his neck and dragged the body to the trench, where, without further ceremony, he threw it into the pit and covered it with the earth that Preston had piled up beside it. The rope was buried with Preston. The pail was allowed to lie on the bank of the stream. The camp fire was extinguished and the ashes scattered about. Every other trace of the camp was removed. Then Butler returned to Sydney.

"Preston is working up northward," he said. In an unsettled mining country men come and go without explanation or excuse. There was nothing in Butler's manner to arouse suspicion, and save Preston's parents, who were far away, no one cared particularly what Preston was doing. And it happened that for nearly two years Preston's fate was unknown.

LOOKING FOR ANOTHER.

Butler looked around him, but could find no one whom it would have been safe to lure into the mountains. He concocted a brilliant scheme. He inserted in one of the Sydney newspapers the following advertisement:

Wanted—Mate for prospecting expedition. Must have at least £20.

The smallness of the sum was in itself sufficient to disarm suspicion. Butler received a great many replies to his advertisement, and carefully selected those that best suited his purpose. Ten separate and distinct times did Frank Butler select one out of the many who answered his advertisement

and set out with him for the mountains.

And although all Australia is to-day in a fever-heat of excitement over these crimes, not one man has come forward to say: "I went prospecting with this man, and behold I am here alive!" Nok man who set out for the Blue mountains with Frank Butler ever returned!

HE IS WORKING NORTHWARD.

To tell the details of Butler's crimes is impossible. His advertisements appeared in the Sydney papers several days in succession and then was stopped. It can only be surmised that Butler had found a partner with whom he had set out for the mountains.

After an interval of a month or so the advertisement re-appeared, was published several days in succession again and then stopped. This was repeated again and again at intervals of a month or five weeks for nearly two years. Upon ten occasions Butler's name known to have obtained a prospecting mate. What became of these unfortunate men, where they were killed and how, whether they struggled for their lives, whether they perished by knife or pistol—all these are matters for conjecture.

Butler was never suspected of foul play. No one took the slightest interest in the doings of the disappearances of the men who set out with him, and no questions were asked. True, young Preston's parents inquired after their son, but the explanation "He is working northward," satisfied them. Up to the day when they learned that their son's body had been found buried in a trench, they confidently expected that he would return home some day with a fortune.

HIS LAST VICTIM.

And now came Butler's fatal mistake. He selected a man who was well known in Sydney, and who had many friends, and through this mistake he will probably hang.

Lee Weller was a retired sea captain, who had saved a little money, and, after his wife's death, had settled down to a quiet life in Sydney. Butler's advertisement caught his eye one day and he answered it.

Butler assured Weller that he knew of a mineral location that would make them both rich within a month.

"All we need," he said, "is £10. That is for our outfit, I have no money, but we will share all we get."

Weller repeated this conversation to several of his friends, making no mention, however, of Butler's name. A few days later he and Butler set out afoot for the Blue Mountains. In a mountain glen about 50 miles from Glenbrook they pitched their camp. Butler left the glen alone. Of the awful tragedy that transpired no human being save one will ever know the horrible details.

From what was afterward discovered it would seem that Weller had begun to dig for minerals, and that when he had dug deep enough for Butler's purpose the latter came behind him and with one shot of his revolver blew out his victim's brains. In the grave which Weller had dug for himself his murderer buried him. The body of Preston, the young student, was buried less than a mile away from this spot.

SHIPPED AS A SAILOR.

Butler returned to Sydney, and then, prompted by reasons which are not clearly understood, he decided to go to Newcastle and ship as a sailor. He went to Newcastle, remained there more than a week, and secured a berth on the Swanhilda, Captain Fraser, bound for San Francisco with a cargo of coal.

Capt. Lee Weller was well known in Sydney, and his disappearance was quickly noticed.

Detectives made search for him, and his body and that of young Preston were found in the bush, and the murderer was traced to the Swanhilda.

DESOLATE SPOT.

Island of Tristan d'Aounha in the South Atlantic Sea.

The loneliest spot in the known world is said to be the little island of Tristan d'Aounha, one of the little group of islets right away in the South Atlantic sea. The island has an area of not quite 50 square miles, but the population is less than 100. This little knot of human beings represent two of the largest and two of the smallest nations in the world, their nationalities being British, American, Dutch and Danish.

The island has a most desolate appearance. The nearest neighbor to the settlement—not reckoning the two other isles in the group—is St. Helena, 1,200 miles distant, and it is seldom that any sign of outer civilization comes within sight of Tristan d'Aounha. Occasionally a ship passes within communicating distance, and once a year a Government ship of war calls with mails. This is the only opportunity the islanders have of receiving news of the world, outside their borders, and they have to wait 12 months for a reply by post.

Tristan d'Aounha, however, lonely and desolate as it is, has a romance all its own. The "grand old man" of the island has had a remarkable career. Wrecked off the island in the "thirties," he was treated so kindly by the islanders that he declined the offer of a passing ship to take him on board, and threw in his lot with the inhabitants. In 1853 Governor Glass died, and the ship-wrecked Englishman—whose name, by the way, is Peter William Green—was unanimously chosen to fill the dead man's place. He has held the office ever since.

Green is a grand old man in the best sense. The number of lives he has saved off the rocky shores of his island is not known, but it must be some hundreds. The British and American Governments have recognized his humane efforts, and Green was some time ago presented with a life-boat by the British Government. He also holds a medal from the King of Italy. He is married to a native of St. Helena. During his "Governorship" the old man has acted as Magistrate and clergyman, performing the marriage and funeral ceremonies when required, and preaching the Gospel in the little cottage which serves as a church.

HER LAST RESORT.

He—Why did Miss Oldly take to the violin?
She—Because there's a bow goes with it.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Wales's three congregational colleges at Caermarthen, Bala-Bangor and Brecon, are to amalgamate.

Herr Zschille's collection of armor, which was exhibited at the Chicago's World's Fair, is to be sold by auction in London.

Belgium has followed the example of Italy in adopting 24-hour-time on the railroads and in the post and telegraph offices.

A three hundred and ten pounder of nineteen turned up in this year's batch of French conscripts. He was active enough to be accepted.

A Welsh Congregational minister in the Rhondda Valley cut his finger recently and was so badly frightened that he died within two hours.

Count Muravieff, the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the grandson of the General who so harshly suppressed the Polish revolution of 1863.

This year the Pope will award the golden rose of virtue to Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg, who is a daughter of the late Archduke Albrecht of Austria.

Exhibitions of fat women are called "an offensive trade" by a London landlady who wants an injunction against their being held on premises he had let.

Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein, the German Empress's aunt, who married her doctor, Prof. Von Bismarck, is about to celebrate her silver wedding.

Slumming in the East End of London, has been revived as a fashionable amusement, and the arrangements for permanently conducted trips are managed by an agency.

"Trimmings" is the term under which alcoholic drinks are disguised in the bills English ladies run up at the London department stores, according to Salvation Army investigators.

Ireland is to have its first Oireachtas, at which prizes will be given for recitations, essays, poems, and songs in the Irish language, this year. It will be a counterpart of the Welsh Eisteddfod.

Le Jardin de Paris, the successor of the Bal Mabille, has completely disappeared, the buildings have been torn down and the trees dug up to make room for the new Exhibition buildings.

Increasing the duty on playing cards to 25 cents, double the previous tax, when sold to private persons, and to 50 cents when sold to clubs, only increased the revenue by \$50,000 in France last year instead of the \$240,000 expected.

Austrian Galicia is in danger of a revival of the violent outbreaks of the peasants against the proprietors of land, such as appeared in 1847. They demand that land not under tillage, especially forest land, shall be thrown open to them.

Mr. Robert Urquhart of Forbes, being 95 years of age has resigned the office of Town Clerk, which he held for forty-two years. He is the oldest solicitor in Scotland, having been admitted seventy-three years ago, when George IV. was King.

Germany, by the last census, has 52,279,091 inhabitants, an increase in five years of 2,851,431. France's population has increased in the same time only 133,819, being now 38,288,969. Thirty-five years ago the population of the two countries was nearly equal.

Sailor's luck saved a man who lately fell out of an English railroad train going at sixty miles an hour. He was leaning against the door of the carriage, when it gave way, but on picking himself up he found he had only a slight bruise on the neck and a few cuts on his fingers.

A canny Sunderland woman recently lost her ring in some cake she had baked. Instead of cutting up all the cake to find it, or running the risk of endangering her family's lives by leaving it to be swallowed, she put the cake under the X rays and marked the place where the ring was hidden.

Lieut. Mazeran, commanding the French upper Mekong flotilla has succeeded in getting his boats above the rapids of Tangho which were believed to be impassable, and has reached Kieng Kong, the capital of the rich Chinese province of the same name, passing through regions previously unknown.

Rupert Guinness, winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley two years in succession and holder of the Wingfield sculls, which carries with it the amateur championship of England, has broken down in health owing to overstraining his strength in one of the minor races at Cambridge University this fall. He was in training for the university eight.

Prince Henri d'Orleans is going to Abyssinia soon, and thence to Central Africa, accompanied by a number of French scientific men. Negus Menelik is making ready to welcome him, as the name of Orleans has been popular in Abyssinia ever since Louis Philippe made a treaty with Negus Johannes. The Prince has talked his plans over with Capt. Leontieff, the Russian emissary at Menelik's court.

In Russia a necessary formality for the happiness of a newly married couple is that their parents should be wet from head to foot. In summer they are ducked in the nearest river or pond, and in winter they are usually rolled in the snow. At the village of Sysyrtsky in Upa recently, the wedding guests being drunk, as is customary, poured buckets of water over the bride's father with the thermometer at 10 degrees below zero, whereof he died.

THE AMETHYST IN FAVOR.

Old-time necklaces and brooches of amethyst that have been cast aside as out of fashion are coming once more to the fore. The exquisite coloring of the stone is quoted universally, and is always admitted to have a peculiar faculty for bringing out the whiteness of the skin. A great deal is said, too, about the soft comforts of its purple dep