

Charles Peace The Burglar

On the evening of November 6th, 1878, P. C. Robinson was patrolling the roads in the neighborhood of Blackheath, London. It was dark, and a thick fog hung low.

"Burglars' weather," remarked the officer to himself as he halted and listened. "I wonder whether the gentleman who has been so busy round this neighborhood recently is at work to-night."

Hush! What was that? The constable craned forward, drew back, crouched, and then starting suddenly erect, called upon a man who was slouching past to halt.

For answer there rang out a couple of revolver shots. Robinson was hit, and staggered back, but, instantly recovering himself, he darted at his would-be murderer.

The latter fired three more shots, which missed, and the next instant was felled to the ground by a blow from the constable's truncheon.

Even then, however, he disdained to surrender. Instead, he drew a huge knife from an inner pocket of his jacket, and tried to stab his captor in the stomach and throat.

But in the end he was overpowered and taken to the station. He gave his name as "Jem Ward," and claimed to be a half-caste sailor from America. The empty revolver—a fine, brand-new weapon—was found securely strapped to his wrist.

At first his captors were inclined to credit his story, but after a day or two of confinement his face was noticed to have got perceptibly paler. A closer examination revealed that it had been stained with walnut-juice.

This discovery put the police on their mettle. Here, evidently, was no ordinary criminal. So the best and keenest intellects at their disposal were set to work to solve the problem of their mysterious prisoner's identity.

And they succeeded in the end; but only after long and patient inquiry.

At first, indeed, they thought his name was Johnson, for under this alias he was found to have been living in style in a fine house at Peckham.

But afterwards it was discovered that he was in reality Charles Peace, a burglar by profession, and a murderer upon occasion.

And then, little by little, was unravelled the whole of his sordid, strange life-story.

Originally an ordinary laboring man, Peace very early in his career made up his mind that hard work was not at all to his liking, and, after various escapades in different parts of the country, he blossomed forth on the music-hall stage as "The Ethiopian Paganini."

He was fairly successful in his new role, too, for he was a clever violinist. But he wanted to get rich too quickly, engineered a big burglary, got caught, and received a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

On his release he organized the elaborate system of wholesale robbery, which was eventually to render his name notorious all over the civilized world.

He would have no male accomplices, and he confined himself to no locality. At Sheffield, Nottingham, and elsewhere, as well as at Lambeth and at Peckham, he rented houses in respectable localities, where he passed as a man of substance, and which he used as depots for the proceeds of his burglaries.

When things began to get too hot for him at one place, he went to another. At each of his numerous houses he had installed a lady house-keeper, so that he always had ready to hand half a dozen secure and comfortable hiding places.

When not "working," he amused himself with his violin, on which, however, he played only sacred music. He was also a clever carver in wood, and it was recalled afterwards as a curious fact, that he carved little else save models of churches and cathedrals.

Another trait in his character that served him in excellent stead was his talent for disguises. At Peckham, for instance, he was a one-armed man—his artificial limb, made by himself, is in the Scotland Yard Criminal Museum at this moment—and even those who knew him most intimately never once suspected the trick that was being played upon them.

At Nottingham he was a swarthy, foreign-looking individual, who posed as a lace merchant. In Sheffield he was believed to be a wealthy dealer in real estate.

It was in this latter town that he met and fell in love with Mrs. Kate Dyson, a pretty and vivacious little American woman. Her husband objected to his too evident attentions. Whereupon Peace, who never went unarmed, actually shot him dead in the presence of his wife.

This dastardly murder was committed on November 22nd, 1876, and it was not by any means his first.

Hardly eighteen months previously, a young policeman named Cock had attempted to arrest him while in the act of breaking into a house, but, less lucky or less adroit than Robinson, had fallen a victim to the burglar's deadly revolver.

For this latter crime an entirely innocent man, named William Harbon was arrested and sentenced to the gallows. Fortunately the Home Secretary commuted the death penalty to one of life-long penal servitude, and when Peace was condemned for the murder of Dyson he confessed to that of Constable Cock, and Harbon was released. But the unlucky young man had then served seven years in prison. However, as some compensation for this, the Government awarded him the sum of \$4,000.

These two murders were the only ones that were actually brought home to Peace, but it is believed that he committed at least three others. Indeed, during his long career of crime, he never hesitated to take life when he thought such a course needful for the furtherance of his many plans.

Nevertheless, the man was full of strange contrasts. He had, for example, a pony which used to follow him about like a dog, and of which he was inordinately fond. When it was ill, he sat up with it night after night, and on its death he broke down utterly, crying bitterly for hours together.

He kept all sorts of pets, too—canaries, white mice, dogs, cats, a parrot, and a goat, and was uniformly kind to all of them.

Over Roman he seemed to exercise a species of magnetic fascination, and this despite a physiognomy that was well-nigh repulsive in its ugliness.

There can be no shadow of a doubt that he completely won the heart of the unfortunate Mrs. Dyson; and it is significant that not one of his many house-keepers betrayed him, although they must have known perfectly well what his real business was.

His audacity knew no bounds. At Hull, at a time when the streets of the town were actually placarded with bills offering \$500 for information as to his whereabouts, he took lodgings in the house of a sergeant of police, with a view to learning all he could concerning the plans afoot for his capture. He was then so cleverly disguised that his own wife and son passed him by without recognizing him.

On another occasion a detective from Shields, who happened to be in London on private business, thought he recognized Peace near Westminster Abbey, and followed him. The latter, needless to say, knew he was being shadowed. But he gave no sign of trepidation. Instead, he strode straight across Parliament Street and into Scotland Yard, and thence doubled back through a public-house passage to the left.

Nor was this his only visit to the London police headquarters. It was part of his business to get to know the detectives, and he never missed an opportunity of doing so.

When, for instance, the inspectors and others implicated in the Great Turf Frauds were being tried at the Old Bailey, he made a personal application to the Commissioner for a pass to the Court, reorienting himself as a gentleman of independent means who was interested in the case.

Peace had already been convicted for the attempted murder of Constable Robinson, and was under sentence of penal servitude for life, when he made his sensational leap for freedom from the London and Leeds Express.

He was being taken to the latter town, in custody of a couple of warders, to be tried for the murder of Mr. Dyson. He knew that the widow of his victim had been brought back from America to identify him, and must have felt that, metaphorically, the rope was at his throat.

One last chance he had, and he took it. While the train was going at full speed, he suddenly bounded from his seat, and threw himself headlong through the open carriage window. He alighted on the permanent way, and there was found later on, insensible, with a cracked crown and a broken leg.

From that moment he seems to have given up hope, although he fought gamely for his life to the end. To his warders he was a source of endless trouble, for he was as cunning as an ape and as slippery as an eel.

Yet he was an excellent companion, and, when in the mood for it, he kept his watchers in the condemned cell in a continuous chuckle of merriment with his quaint quips and queer sallies.

Indeed, he jested even in the presence of death; for his last remark to Marwood, uttered with a grim smile just prior to the bolt being drawn, was that the halter was "to tight."

—Pearson's Weekly.

A SLIDING VILLAGE.

No one will envy the sensations of the inhabitants of a village built on a shifting foundation. This is the trying position of the village or hamlet of Canavilles, in the Roussillon district, France. Poised about 3,000 feet above sea-level, the hamlet has for some weeks been terrorized by oscillations which were vaguely attributed to earthquake until scientific investigations were undertaken. It now appears that the rocky mass of the hill on which the place rests is shaken from its basis and is subjected to a continuous sliding movement, which must ultimately bring destruction.

Pawning an engagement ring is a pledge of love.

About the ...House

WITH A CAN OF SALMON.

Canned salmon is one thing to have in store for emergencies. It can be served in many ways, is quickly prepared, and will do equally well for dinner, luncheon or tea, when it may make the principal dish, or an entrée or salad. Always buy the steak salmon, as it is best, and, when once a good brand is found, keep to it.

Boiled Salmon—Drop the can, free from wrappings, into a kettle of hot water, and let it boil 20 minutes. Cut the can open, turn out the salmon, take off the skin and bone without breaking, and pour off the liquid. If the quantity seems insufficient, boil 4 or 5 eggs as long as you boil the salmon. Take off the shells, cut 3 in halves lengthwise, and arrange them around the fish. Make a white sauce and sift the other 2 eggs into it, pour over salmon and serve with peas and boiled potatoes, followed by a cucumber and lettuce salad. When family is small, eggs may be omitted. Keep best brand of canned peas on hand and when open wash well before heating and seasoning.

Salmon Patties—Open a can of salmon, pour off liquid and put into hot water; heat to boiling, then remove all skin and bone after draining. Break into small pieces. Put saucepan over the fire with butter the size of an egg if whole of salmon is to be used; as it melts, stir in a heaping tablespoon of flour, and when smooth add water until it is the consistency of thick cream. Salt to taste, and also use pepper (cayenne if liked), a bit of grated lemon peel, a sprig of chopped parsley and a few drops of onion juice for seasoning; put in the salmon and heat without mashing. Fill patty shells, which can be made in a few minutes if paste is made once or twice a week and kept in ice chest.

Salmon on Toast—Prepare the salmon as in the above recipe; have ready a platter of hot buttered toast, heap a spoonful on each slice and garnish with lemon points and parsley. A nice luncheon dish.

Salmon with Pastesuffs—When paste is on hand this dish is quickly made. Free salmon from skin and bone, wash with hot water without breaking and heat hot. Turn on a platter, pour a hot white sauce around it, or, better still, a cream sauce, and cover with hot paste puffs, made by rolling crust, cutting in strips 2 inches wide, then across into triangles; bake brown and mask salmon with them.

Escalloped Salmon—Free salmon from skin, bones and oil, break into bits with fork and put in alternate layers in a shallow baking dish with cracker crumbs, using butter, pepper and salt with milk, or a rich white or egg sauce to moisten. Bake in a hot oven long enough to brown and heat through.

French Salmon Toast—Cut a stale loaf into thin slices and trim off crusts. Dip, as used, into a mixture made of 1 pt. milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 saltspoon salt, and a sprinkle of pepper. Fry on a griddle rubbed with a bit of salt pork, if butter is too expensive, and brown well. Spread with hot salmon, as prepared for patties, and put two together and heap on dish, pouring cream sauce around if liked.

Salmon Balls—Mix 1 cup broken salmon with 2 of well mashed potatoes, moisten with milk or cream, season to taste, add a beaten egg, beat to a cream and drop from a spoon into deep hot fat. Or make into balls, roll in flour and saute until brown on a griddle.

Salmon Potato—Butter a shallow baking dish well. Spread to the depth of an inch with potato mashed to a cream and seasoned; cover with patty mixture, sprinkle over with cracker-crumbs and bits of butter, put in hot oven and bake until brown, top and bottom.

Creamed salmon may be served with French fried or hashed brown potatoes, and canned peas.

WASHING DISHES.

A careless dishwasher can soon do a great deal of damage. The china is disfigured by having the glazing cracked and chips broken from the edges. Ivory and rubber handled knives and forks are ruined by being washed in water that is greasy or too hot; glasses are broken by pouring water over them; such things are done every day, yet they are entirely unnecessary.

A good dishwasher needs a bright tin or porcelain dishpan and drainer, a supply of water, and tea towels that leave no lint. Do not dump the dishes into the pan promiscuously, thereby running the risk of breaking half of them. When the food is removed from the table scrape the plates and drain out any coffee or tea that is left in the cups. File the plates together, then the saucers, cups and small dishes. Have the pan half full of water that is as hot as you can bear your hands in, put in enough gold dust washing powder to make a good suds, and wash the glasses first, then the silverware, and after that the china. Put them in the drainer, pour warm water over them to rinse them, and dry with a clean dish towel. Care is required at every step of the process. A dish

mop may be used if one does not wish to keep the hands in the hot water so long. Pudding dishes or other cooking utensils should soak awhile before washing. The wire dishcloth is excellent for cleaning iron kettles, but should not be used on tinware.

DISHES FOR LENTEN DAYS.

Baked Pickeral—Cleanse the fish, rinse it and wipe dry. Stuff with a dressing made of bread crumbs seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, and sew up the opening. Place the fish in an upright position in a baking dish with some drippings and a lump of butter. Rub the fish with salt and dredge with pepper and flour, lay over it a few thin slices of fat salt pork and bake an hour and a half. If a roasting pan is not used it will be necessary to baste it occasionally.

Fish Souffle—Mix 1 cup cold cooked fish with 2 cups hot steamed rice, add 2 cups of milk and 2 beaten eggs, seasoning to taste. Stir well and dust with cracker crumbs. Bake half an hour.

Shrimp Salad—One can of shrimps cut in small pieces, 3 hard boiled eggs chopped fine, 3 sweet cucumber pickles cut in small pieces, 3 pitted olives sliced thin. Sprinkle with pepper, mix thoroughly and cover with mayonnaise dressing, thinned with cream.

IRONING-BOARD COVERS.

If your ironing-board needs a new cover, cut two pieces of old white blanket the size of the top, and allow just enough to come over the edge, but not under.

If you haven't any old blanket to use for this purpose, place two layers of cotton flannel on the board, and tack it smoothly over each edge. A piece of cotton flannel, with a double layer of sheet wadding under it, is nice, but you must be particular to have the wadding smooth, and fastened securely in place.

From strong muslin, bleached or unbleached, as you prefer, make two or three covers the size and shape of your board. Hem them all around, and, at distances of four or six inches, sew strong tapes long enough to reach under the board and tie securely. When one cover is soiled, it is easily removed and a clean one adjusted.

If two such tapes are fastened to the corners of your silence-cloth for your dining-room table, you will find it much more easy to keep the cloth in place and out of sight at the edges.

LEECHES STILL USED.

Foreigners Cling to Belief in Bleeding.

The use of leeches, according to a retail druggist in an Italian quarter of the city, is increasing. This is likely to be news to many physicians and certainly to the laity, who have thought that bleeding was a dead medical theory.

The druggist who made the statement had just sold something in a small box to a group of Italians whom he had charged 25 cents. Afterwards he explained that it was a leech, and then he added that sales were increasing in drug stores which find their patrons among the foreigners of the large cities.

They are raised mostly in Sweden, where they are cultivated in leech lakes. They are sold at 4 cents each at wholesale, but the retail druggist adds heavily to the price. "We have to do it," said the druggist. "They die if they get too warm or too cold, and you are out what you paid for them."

"The sale of them is constantly increasing. It is due to the fact that the foreign population of the country is growing all the time. In this country the natives do not look upon bleeding as a cure for all manner of things, but in many foreign countries that is the first thing they think of when anything is the matter with a person. If a doctor isn't around to tap the sufferer, off they go for one of these little bloodsuckers. It's the same way when these folks come to this country. They think of 'bleeding' whenever anything happens in the way of an accident, and if one of them gets bruised the first thing he wants is a leech. When one of them gets into a squabble and comes out of it with a black eye, nothing but a leech will do him."

"The demand for these ugly little things is confined almost entirely to the foreign born element in the city, and in a store situated as this one is we must keep a good supply of leeches always on hand. In the stores situated in the fashionable districts I doubt if you will be able to buy a leech. They, however, may keep them in some of these places just to have them in case they are wanted, but it is safe to say they don't sell a dozen in a year. Do we? Yes, indeed. A dozen a day is more like our record. One day last week I sold thirty-three."

NOT BREAKABLE.

Clarence Willyboy—"I have come to consult you in regard to breaking my uncle's will."

Bill Conkey, (lawyer).—"How much did he leave?"

Clarence Willyboy—"Five thousand dollars."

Bill Conkey—"Break a five-thousand-dollar will? Why, say young fellow, five thousand dollars wouldn't last long enough to make a dent in it."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Lord Rosebery has a magnificent collection of old china, of which he is a connoisseur. In London each day 400 children are born, and 250 enter school for the first time.

From Covent Garden Market, London, comes the report that mistletoe is going out of fashion.

For the past 160 years the royal family of Great Britain has been identified with Freemasonry.

During the past year no fewer than 430,000 passengers crossed between Dover and the Continent.

A woman inmate of Falmouth workhouse was born there fifty-four years ago, and has been there ever since.

An English barber who has been fined 102 times for shaving on Sunday has stuck up in his window "102, not out."

Amalgamated carpenters and joiners of the north-east coast yards have received notice of a reduction in wages by 2s on time rates.

Lord Wolsley says that unless Mr. Chamberlain's policy be adopted "we shall soon lose our colonies and become a mere third-rate power."

The Recorder of Guildford received a pair of white gloves at the last Borough Quarter Sessions, for which no prisoners were set down for trial.

Osborne House is expected to be ready for the reception of convalescent officers of the army and navy in the course of the next few weeks.

The late Countess of Seafield, who bequeathed the proceeds of the sale of her jewellery to Dr. Barnardo's Home, left an estate valued at £35,190.

A Tundergarth woman has died who lived to the age of 94 in the same house in which she was born, and had never seen a railway train in her life.

William Verneil, 36, an engineer, of William street, Islington, was committed for trial at Clerkenwell for stealing a letter containing a cheque for £3.

The 100th birthday of the British and Foreign Bible Society is to be celebrated by observing the first Sunday in March this year as "Universal Bible Sunday."

Summoned for non-payment of industrial school arrears, a Leeds ostler told the magistrate that he has a family of sixteen and earns only 16 shillings a week.

Mr. John Hollingshead, the veteran theatrical manager and the journalist, has suffered from a sudden heart rupture, but is now somewhat better. His condition is regarded as serious.

An official of the War Office estimates that half a million pounds has been spent in the country during the past year on memorials to those who fell during the South African war.

An inquest at Brighton on W. Mathie, late chemist, of Glasgow, who was found dead on a seat on the Esplanade, resulted in a verdict of death from starvation and exposure.

The Bull Hotel, Rochester, the scene of some of "Mr. Pickwick's" most exciting experiences, narrowly escaped destruction by fire recently. An annex of the hotel at the rear was gutted.

The Hon. Auberon Herbert, one of the executors to the late Mr. Herbert Spencer, has presented a complete set of Mr. Spencer's works to the Senior House Library of Claysmore School, Pangbourne, Berks.

TREAT SYPHONS COLDLY.

Do you know that the syphon-bottle ordinarily used for lemonade, soda-water, and other effervescent drinks is usually charged with a pressure of from 120 to 160 pounds to the square inch? The danger likely to result from an explosion of one of these little household articles is by no means inconsiderable, and yet the average person handles a syphon as though it were the most harmless thing in the world. There are two or three things to remember in handling syphons: Never keep your syphons near the fire, for the unusual heat is more likely than anything else to cause an explosion. Do not subject the bottle to any sudden change of temperature whatever. For instance, if you keep your syphons in the refrigerator, or any very cold place, which is best for them, do not grasp the glass part of the bottle with your warm hand, for the sudden change of temperature is apt to cause an explosion. The best way to carry a syphon at all times is by the metal top at the head of the bottle. It is needless to say the greatest care should be taken not to drop a syphon, for an explosion is the inevitable result. When empty, the syphon is, of course, quite harmless.

"Be mine!" he cried. She said I will."

"And now, if truth were known, She's 'his,' but still he doesn't dare To say his soul's his own."

"Practice makes perfect, you know," said the young woman who was playing scales on the piano. "Yes," answered her father, who does not love music; "perfect misery."