AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

Murder of a Wife and Six Children by a Chemist.

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

A Manchester correspondent sends the following particulars of a shocking crime which was committed in Salford on Monday week, as briefly reported by cable: A family named Derby occupied a small but decent house in Garfield street. The family consisted of Samuel H. Derby, aged about 35; his wife, apparently a little older; and six children—Ernest Llewellyn, aged 13; Harold Percy, 11; Frederick Cecil, 9; Clara Elizabeth, 7; Florence Helen, 5, and Gladys, 3. The father was a chemist and herbalist, and there was no evidence of want or grinding poverty in their surroundings. Nothing of an unusual character took place in the proceedings of the family until Tuesday, when it was noticed that none of them appeared. On Tuesday and Wednesday nothing was heard of them, but as their neighbors were used to their absence, little was thought about it. On Thursday morning the first inquiry was made by Derby's sister, who lives in the adjoining street. She called at her brother's house to inquire as to their welfare, and was surprised at finding it locked up. This circumstance she reported to her father, and he went and tried to get into the house, but failed. Yesterday morning the aged father and his daughter made another attempt. Again failing, he procured a ladder and, climbing to the back bed-room window, saw Mrs. Derby and two children in bed, apparently asleep. Bursting into the room, he found that they were all dead. An alarm was raised and a further search was made. In another bed-room, lying in perfect repose, and with the bed clothes neatly folded over them, were four other children, also dead; and in the kitchen, lying on his side on the sofa, the body of the man Derby was also found. All eight members of the family were thus discovered lifeless. The faces of all the dead were peaceful, showing that no struggle had taken place and that no violence had been used. The police were hastily summoned, and their inquiries and researches made it evident that a terrible series of murders had been committed, probably by the father, who had afterwards taken his own life. On the table beside him were two bottles, one marked "Prussic acid," and the other "Chlorale hydrate." In the bed-room in which the children were lying was a tea-cup containing a milk-like fluid. Inquiries from the neighbors showed that Derby had been for some time a little queer. His troubles arose not from want, but from other forms of money troubles. He was interested in a will, from which he expected to derive considerable benefit, but some dispute arose, and the matter caused the man much distress. The deferred hope in connection with his expected bequest, which he never received, seems to have preyed on his mind and unhinged it. There seems undoubted evidence that the crime was premeditated. This is made clear by various letters which are in the possession of the police, in which he makes reference to his intention of doing away with himself, and says he has told his wife, and she is willing to go with him. The most important letter bearing on the point is one addressed to his sister, a Mrs. Booth, who resides at Eccles. In this he says: "I cannot leave my darling wife and children behind. In fact, Annie often said she did not want to live after I went, and when I told her a few days ago that I could not stand this any longer, she said she was quite ready to go. I wish our bodies to be sent to Owens College for dissection, etc. If they are buried, let the funeral be conducted in the quietest way possible and at the least expense."

A PROBABLE CAUSE.

Police records have been sought in vain for a parallel so far as the extent of the tragedy is concerned; but its whole surroundings are charged with pathos, and destitute of anything in the way of brutality. Samuel Hall Derby, the leading actor in the dreadful drama, had been well brought up, and until a short time ago was in comfortable circumstances. He was the manager of a large chemist and druggist business, and besides making a fair income had considerable prospects from a maternal uncle who farmed a good estate in the County of Derry. About three years ago, however, his health failed, and he was compelled to give up his situation. He complained of pains in his head, and it was discovered that an abscess had formed. This, after a time, as it was thought, was removed, and after a six months' stay at Colwyn Bay, with his family, he returned to Salford in improved health and in good spirits. He told a friend that he thought he should recover, but within a few weeks of his return he had another relapse. This time he showed signs of derangement, and he was sent twelve months ago to Ireland to stay with his uncle. Here he was treated with much kindness, and his health improved. Last August his uncle died. The trouble broke out again; his mind was quite unhinged, and when, in the following month, he returned to Salford he took with him his uncle's will and a number of documents referring to the estate. This prevented the will being proved, but no amount of persuasion would induce him to part with any of the documents, because, he said, his brothers, who were co-beneficiaries with him, wanted to rob him. When he returned to Salford, he went to live in the small house in Garfield street which has been the scene of the tragedy. These facts, which were elicited on Saturday, leave no room to doubt the unfortunate man's state of mind. There is nothing to lead to the belief that his wife was similarly affected. In one of his letters, however, he says that his wife was quite ready to die with him, and in a letter which was discovered on Saturday he asserts that his dear wife took her dose like a lamb.

WAS THE WIFE A PARTY TO THE CRIME?

Not a few people think that both parents were concerned in the murder of the children, and that the husband gave the fatal dose to his wife. Then he wrote some letters, and finally poisoned himself. The bodies of the seven victims found upstairs were undressed, and were lying in bed as if asleep. They had evidently been carefully arranged after death. The body of the husband was fully dressed, even to his overcoat, and he was found lying on the sofa in the kitchen. Considerable speculation has arisen as to the agent employed in the destruction of all the lives, and though several cups were found upstairs, and one on the floor near the sofa in the kitchen, there was no smell to give any clue to the nature of the poison employed. This doubt has now been set at rest by the *post mortem* examination, which was made on Saturday by Dr. Wilson, a local physician. He commenced with the body of the man, which he found to be well nourished and healthy so far as the trunk organs were concerned. When the stomach was opened a strong smell of prussic acid was emitted, and the cause of death was at once disclosed. Dr. Wilson contented himself with an internal examination of only one of the other seven bodies. In this case precisely similar symptoms were at once discovered. In the case of the other six persons the doctor contented himself with an examination, but was able to declare that the cause of death was the same in all the cases. Derby, as a chemist, was fully acquainted with the character and effects of various poisons, and he seems to have selected one which, though certain in its action, was quick and gave little or no pain. There is no distortion of features in any case and all appear to have died calmly. In a box in one of the bed-rooms was discovered the will and documents relating to the Irish property which have caused so much trouble, and finally unhinged the mind of the unfortunate man. His father, who is over 70 years of age, has been interviewed, but is unable to throw any more light on the affair.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The deceased was musically inclined and played the harmonium which he possessed with considerable facility. In pathetic contrast to the awful tragedy which has taken place is the fact that yesterday week the poor children gathered round their parents in the warm glow of the sitting-room fire, and whilst the dead man played the harmonium they sang with the melodious sweetness of childhood the hymn, "Take, oh! take me to Thy care." Such was their last song on earth—the significance of which is as overwhelming as the catastrophe which followed. Less than twenty hours after their childish lips formed the innocent invocation they were truly at rest—in the sleep that knows no awakening.

Latest Scottish News.

Pleuro-pneumonia is spreading at an alarming rate in some parts of Aberdeenshire.

Rev. Dr. Hay, Inverkeillor, has on retiring been presented with a silver tea and coffee service.

One kidney of an ox recently killed by A. Wyness, Aberdeen, measured 4 feet 9 inches, and weighed 140 lbs.

Mr. Robert Bruce Johnston, writer to the Signet and Procurator-Fiscal for Edinburgh is dead, in his 53rd year.

The estates of the Rev. A. H. Belcher, Fasque Parsonage, Fettercairn, have been sequestrated under the bankruptcy Acts.

According to the *Scottish News*, great numbers of Irish cows, many over 20 years of age, are used up for sausages in Glasgow.

Miss Matilda Macphail, of Edinburgh, who is going to Madras, is the first lady medical missionary sent out by the Free Church.

Mr. Robert Kerr, senior partner of the firm of Kerr & Co., spool-cotton manufacturers, Paisley, died there on the 11th of February.

There died at Free Inverbrothock Manse, Arbroath, on the 4th February, the Rev. David Crichton, LL.D., in the 87th year of his age.

The old festival of Up-Helly-a was observed at Lerwick, Orkney, on the 30th ult., the event being celebrated by a torch-light procession.

It is understood that the house and grounds of Abbotsford, which have been advertised to let, have been rented by Mr. Thorburn, of Liverpool.

The custodiers of the National Wallace Monument at Stirling have accepted an offer of a bust of James Watt for the Hall of Busts within the structure.

A live starling was recently found in Blair No. 9 Pit, Dalry (120 fathoms below ground). It alighted on the head of the oversman and allowed itself to be caught.

The death is announced of Mr. Richard Raimes, for many years well-known in connection with the firm of Raimes, Blanchard & Co., wholesale chemists, Edinburgh and Leith.

The guarantee fund of the Glasgow Exhibition, to be opened in May, amounts to nearly £300,000. The Exhibition will cover an area exceeding by 20,000 feet the space of the Manchester Exhibition.

The Glasgow police found at Camlachie, on the 8th February, the dead body of a Mrs. King lying on a bed in her house, covered with wounds and blood. Her husband and three other persons have been arrested on suspicion.

Since the Scottish Education Act came into force, 15 years ago, £4,000,000, or £1 per head of the population of Scotland, has been spent in the erection of school buildings, and the annual cost of the upkeep of these buildings is £1,000,009.

The memorial erected in West Parliament Square, Edinburgh, to the late Duke of Buccleuch was unveiled the other day by the Earl of Stair in the presence of a large concourse of people. The memorial, which consists of a colossal bronze statue by Boehm, R.A., standing on an ornate pedestal, has cost £6,700.

Sir William Johnston, of Kirkhill, long head of the firm of W. & A. K. Johnston, publishers, Edinburgh, whose maps, etc., are well known throughout the world, died on the 7th inst. at the ripe age of nearly 86 years, having been born at Kirkhill Bank in October, 1802. He started business in 1825, and the following year assumed his two brothers, Dr. A. K. Johnston and Mr. T. B. Johnston as partners, and the business is still carried on under the original designation, though Sir William retired twenty years ago. In 1840 he was made a baillie, and in 1848 he was elected provost. While he held the latter office the Queen, when at Holyrood in 1851, conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Sir William was twice married, and is survived by his widow and two grand daughters.

Rev. Mr. Fleck, of Montreal, has declined the call to Knox Church, Winnipeg, though offered a salary of $3,500.

UNDER 130 FEET OF SNOW.

An Astonishing Story About a Great Slide in Idaho—Two Men Packed in for Forty-Eight Hours.

A San Francisco despatch says: John M. Duncombe, who has just come down to the city from Alturas, Idaho, tells the story of a queer happening there a week or two ago.

"Five men were working at a shaft located about half-way up the side of Silverton Hill, a spur of the Alturas range. The snow lies several feet deep all over the mountain, and, as the day was clear, by the middle of the afternoon the sun had thawed the snow just enough to make it soft and inclined to slide. A Swede walking on a trail above the shaft missed his footing, and in scrambling to regain it pushed a little body of snow out of its balance. This was at the head of a dry gulch, and the weight and slipperiness of the snow were enough to start a slide. In a second's time it had grown to a tremendous size, and, growing bigger every second, it rushed down the mountain with a terrible roar. The trees in its path were mowed down like grass before a scythe. The Swede who started the slide fell over in it, his body was buried in the snow, and had not been found when I came away.

"Two men were working the windlass at the mouth of the shaft and two others were inside. The two at the surface heard the slide coming and hurried to get out of its way. They were caught in the vast mass of rushing snow and tumbling trees. But by some unexplainable accident they were tossed to one side and succeeded in getting out of the avalanche. They were knocked senseless, but received no serious injuries.

"But the queerest part of the whole story is about the two men who were inside the shaft. The slide came right down over the mouth of the shaft and packed its 130 feet chock full of snow. The two men, Martin Smithson and Tom Callan, were in there, buried under all that mass of snow, for two days and nights, and when they were dug out they came to, and are now just as sound and well as anybody! The snow was packed into some parts of the shaft so tight that it was almost as hard as ice, and it took exceedingly hard work to get it out. But the snow, no matter how tightly it is packed, does not exclude the air, and that is the way they happened to live through. They were caught in upright positions, too, or they could hardly have survived. There they stood for forty-eight hours, with the snow packed around them so close that they could not move a muscle. Though so near each other they almost touched, they could not even speak a word. They could just simply stand there and think. They say they were conscious for some time after the snow came down, and that they suffered tortures. They declare they never longed for anything so much in all their lives as they did for death."

Mr. Prior's Strange Visitor.

ast Sunday morning, at the unseasonable hour of 3 o'clock, a young woman in an utterly nude condition called at the house of Mr. Thomas W. Prior, the business manager of the Chicago Opera House. She seemed to be dazed, and not a word of information could be drawn from her as to whence she had come or why she was without clothing. The whole household was aroused, and the young woman was soon decently clothed by the ladies. She made no resistance to whatever was done to her, and seemed to be almost oblivious to her surroundings and even to her own existence, save when, now and then, she burst out crying. Of course, every effort was made to sooth her, and she was at last induced to take some sleep, from which it was supposed she would awake in a better condition of mind; and, indeed, she did seem brighter for the short nap, but still would speak no word to tell who she was or why she was there. She is a very beautiful young woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Prior have become considerably interested in her; but, though she has now been an inmate of their house for two days, she has not yet been induced to tell anything of herself—whence she came or why she was in the unaccountable condition in which she presented herself. Mr. Prior's family physician has been called in, and it is his opinion that the young woman is neither dumb nor permanently lacking in intelligence, yet he is as unable as the rest to explain her presence there. He thinks, however, that she is improving, and that in time she will be able to tell who she is and dispel some of the mystery that now surrounds her case. —*Chicago Times.*

A Radical Woman on Dress Reform.

Several noble English women have recently cast aside all prejudice and fear of prejudice and gone to earning money in business. As they have all succeeded, the innovation promises to increase. As dress-makers and milliners they are making fortunes. A radical woman laments this and deplores the fact that the craze for new, expensive, and often injurious styles of dress continues. She says:

"I honestly believe that the abuses of dress are due to a neglect to educate girls to appreciate the importance of good physical development. Children are born with just the capacity that parents choose to give them, and when people come to see that with themselves rests the destiny of those who come after them, there will be more radical men and women. When girls are educated for some occupation or profession they will have less time to dress for the approbation of men in general."

Grass Widows Get No Insurance.

One of the most important judicial decisions ever rendered in this State was delivered in the Circuit Court by Judge Kirk Hawes yesterday. A member of one of the secret mutual benefit associations had insured his life for his wife, giving her name, as the beneficiary, in the amount of $2,000. He subsequently procured a divorce from his wife for her marital misconduct, but he did not change the certificate of insurance in her behalf. After his death the society refused to pay her the amount of the policy on the ground that before his death she had ceased to be his wife, and that after his death she was neither his widow nor his heir. Judge Hawes decided on these grounds that the divorced wife was not entitled to the amount of the insurance.—*Chicago Journal.*

ELAINE'S LOST LOVER.

In the Guise of a Tramp He Witnesses Her Wedded Happiness.

In 1861 there lived in the lower part of this county, near Sandy Ridge Post-office, an old lady by the name of Swann, and with her a grand-daughter, Miss Elaine Marston, a most lovely girl of 16 summers. Adjoining their home was the plantation of Judge Miller, the wealthy father of the handsome young Harry, the devoted sweetheart of the beautiful Elaine. Harry was two years her senior, and when the order for all Georgia's sons between the ages of 18 and 50 years to go to the front came, he at once began preparation with all the ardor and enthusiasm of the Southern youth at that time. His last parting was with his "little sweetheart," as he fondly called her, and his promises to return and make her his bride were sealed by many a pure kiss of love and tender embrace. For a while letters—letters full of tenderness, love and devotion—came, filling the heart of Elaine with joy and brightest hopes of the future. Suddenly they cease and then comes one written by a friend telling of the capture of young Harry, the bravest of the brave, and his incarceration in a Yankee prison. Months of sorrow and anxiety follow, and then comes the sad news of his death brought by some "exchanges" from the prison in which he was confined. The grief of Elaine was terrible, but the young heart, however fondly it may love, however bitterly it may suffer, seldom breaks, and in a few years the image of handsome Harry was but a dim shadow, and the slender, delicate girl had developed into a handsome, charming woman. She had many admirers, and on Dec. 25th, 1869, eight years after the departure of her boy lover, Elaine Marston stood at the altar to become the wife of one of Henry County's most respected citizens. Last week a man in the disguise of an old tramp passed through Hampton and inquired for the home of Mrs. ——. He found the place, beheld the face of his once promised bride, bright and happy with the love of a devoted husband, bright and interesting children and the many comforts of a beautiful country home, and returned here to take the cars for his home in the far West, not as a tramp, however, but as a handsome gentleman, stout and hearty, and with only a few silver hairs upon his temples. He told us of his life in prison until the close of the war, of the false report which reached him of the marriage of Elaine, before his release, which nearly drove him mad; of his wonderful success in life in California, and last, of the report brought across the continent that Elaine did not marry till 1869, and was now a widow; the latter part of which he did not know to be false until he begged bread at her door. He says he will never visit Georgia again; that his people are dead, his heart's best love seared and withered, and nothing remains for him but to go forever from the scenes of his childhood and the land of his birth, to spend the remainder of his life as best he can in honoring the God who gave it. He has many old comrades in arms in this section, who will, doubtless, recognize in Harry Miller one of the many brave boys sent out by our dear old county to fight for our honor, our freedom and our homes.—*Hampton (Ga.) Times.*

The Highlanders at the Battle of Alma.

Our fine brigade of Guards was severely cut up when the Highlanders drew near, and then, as Kinglake tells us, a man in one of the regiments reforming on the slope cried, in the deep and honest bitterness of his heart, "Let the Scotchmen go on; they'll do the work!" and with his three kilted battalions, Sir Colin, whose horse was shot under him, advanced to meet twelve of the enemy. "Now, men," said he, "you are going into action, and remember this, that whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—must lie where he falls. No soldier must carry off wounded men. If any man does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish kirk. Be steady—keep silence—fire low! Now, men, the army is watching us! Make me proud of my Highland Brigade!" So beautifully does the author of *Eothen*—an eye-witness of this part of the battle—describe their movements, that we cannot resist quoting him again. "The ground they had to ascend was a good deal more steep and broken than the slope close beneath the redoubt. In the land where those Scots are bred there are shadows of sailing clouds skimming up the mountain side, and their paths are rugged and steep; yet their course is smooth, easy and swift. Smoothly, easily and swiftly the Black Watch seemed to glide up the hill. A few instants before, and their tartans ranged the dark valley; now their plumes were on the crest." Another line came on in *echelon*, and another still—the Cameron and the Sutherland Highlanders. And now, to the eyes of the superstitious Russians, the strange uniforms of those bare-kneed troops seemed novel, and even terrible; their white, waving sporrans were taken for the heads of low horses; and they cried to each other that the angel of light had departed and that the demon of death had come. A close and deadly fire was now poured into these "gray blocks," as Russell calls the Russian squares. No particular sound followed, save the yells of the wounded, while the Highlanders "cast about" to reload; but after their next volley a strange rattling noise was heard, as the bullets fell like rain among the tin canteens and kettles which the enemy carried outside their knapsacks, for they were all right-about face now. A wail of despair floated over those gray-coated masses of Muscovite infantry as they broke and fled, throwing away muskets, knapsacks and everything that might encumber their flight; and now for the first time rose the Highland cheer. —*Cassell's British Battles on Land and Sea.*

Composition of Hotel Pie.

"Is your mince pie made of horse meat?" demanded a dyspeptic looking patron of a hotel proprietor.

"Certainly not. Why do you ask such an insulting question?"

"Because the pie I ate last night gave me the nightmare."

Aunt Hannah Paddleford, of Monroe, N. H., who is in her ninetieth year, is spending a busy winter. Since the cold weather set in she has knit nine pairs of stockings, seven pairs of mittens and one pair of logmen's leggings, besides spinning all the yarn she used.

HAPPY LAND!

A Country which Has Possessed Home Rule for 1,000 Years.

A thousand years of Home Rule ought to be an interesting subject of contemplation just now. Yet for no less a period has the Isle of Man enjoyed a political constitution of its own, first founded for it by King Orry, the Norseman, who was welcomed as a ruler by the Manxmen, and whose grave is still pointed out in "th' island" (as the Lancashire folk call it). The "Westminster Review," gives an account of that constitution. The "Kingdom of Man" was first taken possession of by Edward I. at the desire of its inhabitants. He nominated its Governor or King, which office was hereditary in the Stanley family for over 300 years, when it passed by inheritance to the Duke of Athole, who sold his rights to the British Parliament in 1765—£70,000 being paid to him and £416,114 to his heirs for the revenues of the island. It still makes its own laws. These are framed by the House of Keys, established by King Orry; and after the statutes have been sanctioned by the Queen and Council they are promulgated to the people on the Tynwald Hill every July. From this hill, which is a small mound of earth brought in portions from each of the seventeen parishes of the island, the laws are read to the assembled multitude. The Manx Parliament consists of the King, or Governor; of the Upper House, or Council (sitting by right of office), consisting of the Treasurer, the Bishop, the Judges, etc., and of the Keys or Commons, 24 in number, elected for seven years by the voters of the sheadings and towns. The Governor can dissolve this House when he likes. Bills are introduced in either House, passed on to the other, considered by both at a joint meeting in Tynwald, signed and sent to the Queen for her assent, and then publicly promulgated to the people. A £4 ownership or tenancy of a freehold, or a £10 occupancy of other premises, gives a vote by the House of Keys Election Act, 1881. The same Act gave the franchise to unmarried women possessed of the property—but not to those who have only the tenancy—qualification. Women also have a right to half the marital property on the death of the husband. The laws used to be promulgated by the Deemsters or Judges, who also presided at the jail deliveries, and who swear to administer justice "as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish." This was intended to remind the Deemster of his oath every time he ate his daily meal, of which the herring formed a principal part. Fishing is still the chief industry of the island. Its ancient Bishopric of Sodor and Man used to include the Southern Hebrides—Sordorenses, or Southern Isles, whence the name "Sodor." The revenue of the island was, for 1886, £55,000, and its expenditure £50,000. By an Act of 1866 the whole of the Customs revenue was devoted to the purposes of the island, except £10,000, which is the contribution for Imperial protection. A school is provided in every parish, and education is compulsory. The Legislature is a thoroughly independent body; but the people value the connection with Great Britain, and are exceedingly loyal

No More Bridesmaids.

One of the notable features of fashion this year will be the gradual disappearance of bridesmaids from weddings. Nothing can be prettier, in theory always and occasionally in reality, than a group of white-clad maidens attending their friend to the altar and illuminating the scene with their decorative presence. But, under existing arrangements, bridesmaids are a very expensive luxury. The bridegroom has not only to give each one of them a daintily-costly present, but he is expected to furnish them with bouquets as well. There has, of late, been a tendency towards very tiny bridesmaids, whose tender age would naturally reduce the expense of the presents in proportion to their years. But even these are disappearing in favor of small so-called pages, who know so little of a page's duties that they alternately tread on the bride's train and trot after it, but who do not expect either jewellery or bouquets. The fact is, that bridesmaids have, so to speak, raised their terms to such an exalted height that human nature, in the shape of exasperated bridegrooms, has begun to ask if they cannot be dispensed with. And this will certainly come about unless, as in "Ruddigore," there should be established an organized brigade of bridesmaids ready with their services on every occasion and anxious to "Hail the bridegroom" in consideration of a very trifling fee. There are rumors of sharp practice on the part of young ladies who love jewellery more than is meet, and have been rashly asked to "choose something" for themselves as the bridegroom's gift. Diamonds are like horses in one respect, viz., that few people seem to be able to resist cheating about them, more or less. On the occasion of a recent wedding affairs assumed another phase in connection with the bridesmaids' present. Ten girls can hardly expect to be of one mind on such a subject, and the bridegroom unwittingly cast a veritable firebrand among them by saying he would leave the choice to them. To alter the simile, he thereby sowed dissension among them and reaped confusion and disaster. Only two of the ten were unanimous, and on the wedding day the bride found herself shorn of four of her friends, who had quarrelled irretrievably. Bridesmaids have simply extinguished themselves, and it is more than possible that a hundred years hence the social chronicler will be "reading up" their functions and duties with a view to suggesting the revival of a pretty but obsolete old custom.—*London Daily News.*

He Took the Hint.

"Mr. Sampson," she said with a blush, "I want to ask you what you may think is a very strange question: Do you know if young Mr. Brown is a gentleman of correct habits?" Mr. Sampson grew pale and hemmed and hawed. "Well—er—hum—yes," he said, "I think he is, but oh, Miss Smith—Miss Clara—Clara—" A little later he looked down into her eyes and said: "Why did you ask me about Mr. Brown, darling?" "Because I fancied he is becoming interested in a very dear friend of mine," said the girl unblushingly.—*Epoch.*

Rev. W. S. Rainsford has taken out his naturalization papers in New York.