LATE PARIS MURDERS.

INSANE PERSONS WHO WENT ABOUT TRYING TO KILL.

The Man Who Cuts Off Ears—The Madman Who Demanded a Kiss and the Beautiful Woman Who Fired from a Window.

Paris seems to be a veritable Mecca for madmen these days. In the acuteness of their mania they range from those whose shakey brains have been toppled over by the September heats and who see in knife, pistol or bomb the only means of gratifying their lust for human destruction, to those whose mental disorders are so slight as to be classed as eccentricities by their friends.

Leon Bouteilhe, who threw the bomb whose failure to explode saved from wreck the structure in the Rue Laffitte where the Rothschilds have their banking-house, will probably be placed in an asylum for the criminal insane, for there seems to be little doubt among alienists that that is the place for him. With the minute care which is one of their characteristics the Parisian police have traced his history from the time of his birth, and there seems to be plenty of evidence that his feeble brain gave way through much brooding over the wrongs of his class as set forth in the rabidly anarchistic papers.

Bouteilhe had one remarkable peculiarity that was quite harmless. In his little room, high up under the roof of a tall tenement at No. 23 Rue Traversiere—a chamber whose scant furniture he was continually changing about—the detectives noticed when they arrested him an odor of strange perfumes. "It was like the room of an old cocotte," said one of them. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Bouteilhe would go to a near-by chemist's shop almost every day and buy two sous' worth of half a dozen different kinds of perfumes, and then, in his cell-like chamber, would sit the entire afternoon amusing himself by forming all sorts of combinations with them. His neighbors frequently complained of the

SICKENING SMELLS

which were evolved.

Mazaury, the murderer of a "fille galante" (as the French euphoniously call a woman of the streets), had been considered by his employers in the roast-meat shop where he worked as a sober, hard-working fellow of fair intelligence. Yet one night after leaving the shop and climbing the stairs to his room an uncontrollable thirst for blood came over him as he saw lying on his bed a long, keen dagger and a 32 calibre revolver. He did not remember that he had bought them that very afternoon, yielding to a fierce impulse which had momentarily seized him.

He could not withdraw his gaze from the shining steel, and as he looked an awful thought filled his mind—to plunge the poignard in living flesh, to hold some victim at the point of his pistol, and to kill.

He armed himself and descended to the street. The first woman who accosted him was a pallid, consumptive wreck of a thing. In a room in a hotel in the Rue Amelot, as she stooped to pick up some silver pieces he had tossed upon the floor, he planted his knife square between her white shoulders, and, as she sank down, fired two bullets into her neck. Then, as tranquilly as he had entered, he opened the door and gained the street. But the woman was not dead. He could hear pitiful groaning when he reached the sidewalk, so he turned swiftly about and called one of the attendants of the place.

"A crime has just been committed in your house," he said. "Help me to seize the murderer. Tenez! there he goes around the corner. Run." He himself went in the opposite direction.

The "affaire" was a mystery, though the police worked hard to find the murderer. Three weeks ago the commissaire of the quarter received a letter signed "Maria," which accused a clerk in the Rue Angouleme of having committed the deed. A second and more detailed letter soon followed the first, and the police at last laid hands on Mazaury,

THE REAL ASSASSIN.

Mazaury had written the letters himself.

Among madmen whose mania has not yet reached the homicidal pitch the "cutter of ears" stands easily first. His latest victim was a fifteen-year-old errand boy, who was resting on a bench in the Boulevard Sebastopol. A handsomely dressed, middle-aged man sat down beside him and commenced a conversation. A few moments later the new comer noticed a pimple on the end of the boy's nose, caused by the heat, and at once remarked in a tone of commiseration, "Ah, I see by the red point on your nose that you are suffering from a cancer. Yes, I know the sign well."

The boy grew pale with fright for he had heard his father say that his grandmother had died with cancer. The stranger continued: "What causes cancers at the end of the nose in an exaggerated development of the lobes of the ears. I see also that you are on the point of having typhoid fever. An operation on your ears is the only thing that will save you."

The boy, thoroughly frightened, willingly followed the man into the Jardin des Plantes, where the self-styled doctor, after rubbing his ears vigorously, stuck large carpet tacks in each. Then he remarked: "If I had 50 francs I would change your ears. They are too large and that is a very bad sign. But all is not lost, for you have moist hands. That is excellent."

Soon afterwards the "doctor" removed the tacks and bade the boy follow him. They wandered for many hours about Paris, and finally reached the Bois de Vincennes. In a secluded path of that great park the man stopped, and, after rubbing the boy's ears once more, took out a pair of scissors and snipped off the lobe of the left one.

THE BOY FAINTED

and when he returned to consciousness found that the lobe of his right ear was also missing. The man with the scissors had disappeared.

Good-looking women who were passing along one of the thoroughfares in the outskirts of Paris one afternoon of last week were subjected to the unpleasant attentions of a lunatic. This person went about brandishing a dagger and when he saw a pretty girl he asked her for a kiss or her life. Some of the astounded women so addressed complied with the madman's request and were allowed to go on their way without further molestation. There were a few strong-minded ladies, however, who took the madman to be some practical joker and told him in emphatic language to go away. They had narrow escapes from being stabbed. The maniac was finally captured by means of a heavy coal sack, which was thrown over his head. Thus impeded, he was seized by several people and carried to the police station.

The neighborhood where this occurred was just beginning to assume its accustomed tranquillity, when a fusillade of pistol shots rang out. There was at once a fresh stampede, and that portion of the street whence the shots came was soon entirely deserted. When the police came running up and met the flying crowd, they paused for a moment to listen to the hysterical exclamations which came from the breathless men and women as they glanced affrightedly back over their shoulders. Some said there were five, others eight or nine, and yet others asserted there were more than twenty frantic madmen around the corner, all armed to the teeth and

SHOOTING TO KILL.

The police advanced cautiously, and, after peering around the corner and seeing no corpses and hearing no more shots, they pulled their moustaches and started to swagger boldly along the deserted thoroughfare. They had gone scarce a dozen yards when from above their heads a revolver cracked again, and looking up they saw the smoke drifting away from a window on the second floor of an apartment-house. Sheltered in a doorway, two of the guardians of the peace watched for the reappearance of the lunatic, and two others entered the house.

A moment later a young and handsome woman cautiously showed her face at the open window and then leaned forth, a pretty gold and silver mounted revolver in her hand. She peered up and down the street with the cunning look in her eyes which is a distinctive mark of some phases of madness. She caught sight of the policemen at last, and with a charming smile cocked and aimed her revolver at them. Just as she was about to pull the trigger there was a noise behind her and she half turned her head. As she did so she was seized by four brawny arms and, fighting tooth and nail, was carried to the police station.

From her ravings it was surmised that she had become crazed through a disappointment in love, for she continually shrieked and prayed "Fernande" not to cast her off, and wailed that her heart would break if he left her.

SAD LOVE TRAGEDY.

A Young French Girl Kills Herself When Apprised of Her Lover's Death.

A love tragedy had its painful sequel on the flagstones in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame Paris, when a young girl shot herself in a cab on Sunday. In June last a young man named Marcel Gasnet committed suicide because the family of his sweetheart would not recognize their union. The girl was of irreproachable morality, and took the death of her lover very much to heart. She was apprised of the sad event by a carte telegram from a member of the family, which ran: "Madamoiselle—We had warned you not to try to see Marcel again. You took no heed of this warning. I have to inform you that the poor boy is dead. We buried him yesterday."

The despair of the girl was terrible, and her reason seemed in danger, but, nevertheless, she continued to discharge her daily duties. On Sunday, attired in deep mourning, she hired a cab, and ordered the driver to raise the hood, although the weather was splendid. She instructed him to drive to Notre Dame, and it was exactly mid-day when she arrived at the square in front of the cathedral. It was at this hour and on this spot that she fired the revolver, and inflicted a fatal injury, for she scarcely survived her removal to the adjacent hospital.

On the seat of the cab she had left a letter for the police, setting forth her reasons for taking her own life, and saying that she had been prevented from carrying out her resolve on the grave of her beloved on the 23d ult. "Since that day," she continued, "I have battled against death day by day. I have recoiled from this idea, but I am at the end; I can no longer suffer. I must finish these long days of anguish and these long nights of continual misery." The poor girl also left the following note, addressed to "Mon petit Marcel:" "Thou didst not believe in my love," she wrote, "since thou didst say that when thou wast dead I should quickly forget thee. Thou didst thus reproach me, and thou didst say I loved thee only when thou wert nigh. Thou wert deceiving thyself. I love thee more than ever now, and if thou couldst but know how unhappy I am to be deprived of thee, thou wouldst surely return to this world. That is impossible; then it is for me to find thee. Besides, I know that thou dost call me since thy thought follows me everywhere. I will be faithful to my promise, and I shall soon be with thee."

A Real New Woman.

M'dear, said Mr. Newlywed timidly, I have a letter from my mother this morning and she says she is coming to visit us.

She'll be most welcome, said Mrs. Newlywed. I will have the spare room put in order, and you must do everything to make her comfortable.

Then Mr. Newlywed realized that he was married to the New Woman.

Not a Favorite.

Mr. Nocash—Your daughter is of mature age. Why do you wish our marriage postponed three years?

Old Gentleman—One or the other of you may die before that time.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Button-Hole Making.

Always mark the button-holes and be careful to accurately measure the distances they are to be apart, then cut the first on and pass the button through. Mark the size of the rest with thread or chalk and cut them with the regular button-hole scissors, then overcast the edges with twist and bar each hole—that is, take a long stitch on each side, leaving the stitch apparently on the surface, about one-sixteenth of an inch from the edge. Begin at the back end of the button-hole and work the usual stitch, drawing the twist evenly and firmly, but not too tightly, all along to the front end; work this round, almost as if it were an eyelet, very closely, then continue the other side till you come to the back. This should be fastened squarely by several neat stitches laid loosely on top of the other; then take all these up with button-hole stitch, forming a strong loop that will hold the button-hole firm as long as the garment is wearable.

Loosening the Stopper.

Medicines, perfumes and other valuable articles, or those liable to suffer deterioration from contact with the air, as well as corrosive substances liable to destroy the fibre of corks, are frequently put up in bottles with ground glass stoppers and necks. This makes a very efficient stopper—so efficient, in many cases, that it is a very difficult matter to loosen it. But it is easy to bear in mind proper rules for procedure in such cases. Apothecaries, who handle such bottles daily, often acquire skill in starting the fixed corks. A sudden tap with a hard stick or knife handle will often allow the stopper to be readily taken out. If this has been put in place while the bottle is somewhat warm, the neck of the bottle will contract and hold it very fast. If the neck of the bottle be surrounded with cloth wet with hot water, the glass will usually expand and allow the stopper to be taken out with ease. The most difficult cases are when the liquid in the bottle is of such a kind that it may form a sort of cement between the cork and the socket. Place such a bottle stopper downward in a saucepan containing water. Let the whole soak for some hours; then place the saucepan on the stove and heat the water gradually. Try the stopper from time to time; usually it may be removed long before the water is hot enough to boil. By this method we have rarely failed to remove glass corks that resisted all other means.

Do Women Know?

That if a screw is soaped before it is put into wood it is much easier to put it in.

That a teaspoonful of powdered borax added to cold starch will tend to give the linen an extra stiffness.

That banana peel will clean tan shoes as well as regular dressing.

That cauliflower used for pickles should be prepared by first boiling the vegetable.

That pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until thoroughly smooth.

That all rugs when shaken, should be handled by the middle and not the ends.

That salt dissolved in alcohol will take out grease spots.

That rain water and white castile soap in a lukewarm suds are the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

That moths dislike newspaper as much as the prepared tar paper.

That court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

That a very fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink.

That storm serge is the best material for ladies' cycling suits.

That fruit is more healthful in spring than at any other season.

Selected Recipes.

Chicken.—A nice way to serve chicken is to cut off the legs and wings, and rub cracker crumbs and white of egg over them, and broil them over a clear fire until pale brown. Pull the flesh from the breast into small flakes. Have one-half cupful of boiling cream thickened with a little flour poured into the gravy from the broiler. Put into the dish slices of fried corn bread, place the chicken on the bread and pour the gravy over it.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take large tomatoes and scald and skin them carefully. Remove the insides. Take the dust of three crackers, the white of one egg, two slices of onions minced very fine, a little parsley, salt to taste, add a little cayenne pepper, mix with the inside of the tomato and stuff the tomato well up to the top with your mixture and bake in a quick oven.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Take three cupfuls of mashed, baked sweet potatoes, be sure they are mealy, and while beating with a four-pronged fork add slowly a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little minced parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper, and a gill of cream. Mould into small cork-shaped croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot butter. Serve them in dish garnished with parsley.

Stuffed Apples.—Take the cores from eight apples. Put the apples in a steamer to steam long enough to soften, chop a quarter of a pound of candied cherries. Put one-half cupful of sugar in a cupful of water to boil, and add the cherries. When the apples are done, place them in a dish, filling the place from which the cores were taken with the cherries. Boil the syrup until thick, drop in a little vanilla, pour the syrup over the apples and put them away to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

Apple Butter.—Boil three gallons of cider down to one-fourth of the quantity. Pare and core as many apples as the cider will cover, divide the cider and put the equal parts in two kettles on the fire. Place the apples in one kettle and as they boil down pour over them the cider from the other kettle. Boil twelve hours until smooth, add ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, brown sugar. Then boil again, stirring constantly. When sufficiently done it will stick to the spoon when held up.

Cream Corn Soup.—Remove the corn from the can or cob. Add three cupfuls of water, let it simmer for one hour. Strain through the sieve, scald three cupfuls of milk, add the corn with one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed into one of the flour. Use a few drops of celery extract with salt and pepper to taste, and add half a cupful of cream, stirring until heated. Take from the fire and stir into it the beaten yolk of one egg, then serve at once.

REV. MUNGO FRASER, D. D.,

Of Hamilton, Ont.—This Well-Known Presbyterian Divine, Pastor of Knox Church, Hamilton, Ont., has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Tells Its Virtues.

Few ministers in the Presbyterian Church of Canada are better known that the Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., of Hamilton. His great talents have been over and over again recognized in the church courts. As a preacher he has few equals, and the people of Knox Church, one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Canada, believe he stands at the head of the list. He had suffered, as so many in his profession suffer, from cold in the head—a serious hindrance to those who have mental work to do. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was brought under his notice, and over his own signature he has told of the great benefits it has conferred on him, as it does on all who use it.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness, 60 cents. Sold by druggists. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

The Poetry Season.

The earth is now a poem,
For at the morning time,
We wake to find its surface
Covered everywhere with rime

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. I. McFarlane, 246 Wellington street Hamilton: "For many weeks I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism; was so bad that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist, and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy I ever saw." Sold by druggists.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Not Essential.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible, Huldah, you are making bread without having washed your hands!

New Kitchen Girl—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

THE OLD, MIDDLEAGED, AND CHILDREN

Are one and all Cured of Kidney Trouble by South American Kidney Cure.

Kidney troubles are not confined to those of any age. The grey-haired suffer, and keenly sometimes. The man in the vigour of life has his happiness marred by distressing disease of these parts. Much of the trouble of children is due to disordered kidneys. South American Kidney Cure treats effectively those of any age. And with all alike relief is secured quickly. In the most distressing cases relief comes in not less than six hours. It is a wonderful medicine for this one specific and important purpose. Sold by druggists.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

It Takes Nine of Them.

Featherstone—I should think you would make some effort to pay your tailor bills, old man.

Travers (indignantly)—I never owed a man for clothes in my life.

Featherstone—What do you mean by that?

Travers—I mean that I have accounts with only eight tailors.

Palpitation of the Heart Defined.

Palpitation of the heart is perhaps the most common symptom of heart disease, and is defined as pulsations that are perceived by the patient. It comes on in paroxysms, with intervals of more or less freedom from attack. The heart may begin to beat violently; it may pound against the walls of the chest; the vessels may throb in the neck; the eyes become suffused, and the head ache; or on the other hand, the heart may be very rapid and very feeble, so the pulse may consist only of a series of rapid and almost impalpable waves.

Those suffering from palpitation or fluttering of the heart should not delay treatment a single hour. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will always relieve this trouble within the first half hour, and for this reason is regarded by phyicians generally as the greatest known remedy for the heart. Sold by druggists.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Two Classes.

Great Statesman (amazed)—You don't seem to take much interest in politics.

Citizen—N-o. I earn my living in another way.

A Warm Welcome.

Traveler (in a tropical paradise)—I would just love to live here.

Forty Million Natives (snakes, bugs, and things)—We'd just love to have you stay.

Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM.

A King's Co., N. S., Man Suffers for Long Weary Months.

Had Reached a Stage When He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in the Search for Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove Their Wonderful Health Giving Power.

From the Kentville, N. S., Chronicle.

Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in King's Co., N.S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the county. He is naturally a hard working man and when strong is always to be found busy on his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it has not always been so. In fact it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., N.S., and while there was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which affected him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable effect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 59 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.