A MURDERER'S FEELINGS

DYING THOUGHTS OF A MAN WHO SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

The Murderer-Suicide Writes of All That He Saw, Heard and Felt—Full and Graphic Details From the Discovery of the Tragedy to the Sudden Collapse Two Weeks Later in the Hospital.

How one feels after committing a murder has been graphically described in a memoir by the murderer-suicide, Herr von Bretternitz, the Berlin University student who murdered his favorite, Marie Maass. He shot her on Oct. 1, and on Oct. 2, 3, 5, 10, 11, 14 and 15 he wrote his memoir, as recently published, and on the last-named date died from his own wounds. He begins his description immediately after the shooting of the girl:

Berlin, Oct. 2, 1895.

"Then I turned the revolver against my own breast and, holding it an half inch from the place where I heard my heart beating, I discharged it. At the same moment my knees gave way and I fell to the floor on my back.

"I did not lose consciousness entirely. A sudden burning pain flashed through my left side, red lightning glances shot up and down before my eyes and then I heard most distinctly how the blood spouted and rushed through my shirt and waistcoat. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'the lung has been shot through.' Simultaneously my nose perceived the nasty smell of burning clothes and the nauseating fumes of powder, while my mouth uninterruptedly repeated the name of her whom I had murdered.

"Immediately after the first shot I had heard voices in the corridor; now somebody, or several people endeavored to open the door, which was locked. When the bolt refused to give way, a man kicked in the door, and, though my eyes were focused upon the ceiling, I became aware that my landlady and daughters and a stranger entered. The latter leaned over me and tried to strip me of my coat, causing me the most excruciating pains, and, though I fought against being unmanly, I could not help moaning a bit. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I came to, the room was full of people. Among them stood a policeman, who asked no end of questions, jotting down the answers in his notebook. The landlady told him my name: 'Herr von Bretternitz.' 'With two t's?' 'Yes.' 'His business?' 'Student. Student of jurisprudence.' The name of the girl?' 'Marie Maass.' 'How long have they been living here?' 'He doesn't live here. His rooms are around the corner, on Zimmerstrasse. They were lovers, though. He rented this room for her in April last. No, not in April, in May.'

"I heard all this, but it penetrated my senses a little while after the words were spoken. I could see, but it seemed as if there were a thick veil before my eyes or a black fog. My mouth was burning with thirst, and with great difficulty I pronounced the word 'drink.' Somebody gave me water in a white cup. Then I felt better. My head was much clearer.

THOUGHT OF HIS VICTIM.

"Is she dead? I kept asking myself. My immediate wants being attended to, this thought predominated in my mind. I could not formulate it into words, though. She was lying on the bed and there my questioning eyes centered. Yet nobody understood me. I received no response.

"After a while the arrival of the ambulance was announced. Men with heavy boots clattered up the stairs carrying a litter into the room. On this I was deposited, and the pain caused by moving me again benumbed my senses. When they bore me past the bed, I gazed upon it despairingly, and it seemed to me as if the dead arose and nodded grinningly, with a face abominably twisted. The horror ran down my spine. I closed my eyes.

"When we reached the street, the cool air immediately revived my senses. I saw a lot of people standing at both sides of the door, but without recognizing anybody. They knew me though.

"'Why, this is Herr von Bretternitz! What is the matter? He was always regarded quite a reasonable young fellow. Poor boy!' somebody said. Others shook their heads or raised their shoulders doubtfully. All looked at me. Their gaze was painful. I wished them to the devil with their tattling tongues and their stupid sympathy. I could not speak, but in my heart cried out: 'Go take yourselves away; do not bother about me!'

"Before the litter was placed in the ambulance wagon the carriers set it down upon the sidewalk to rest themselves. Then I heard one of the curious ask the driver, in his detestable Berlin dialect: 'What for did he murder her?' Thus I learned what I had done.

"'She is dead. No power on earth can take her from thee.' The painful tension of the nerves that had up to this moment weighed upon me relaxed, as if by magic. Suddenly I became a contented man. I felt no more physical pain; my surroundings lost all interest for me. I hardly noticed when we drove off. Just before we reached the hospital I began thinking of myself. All will soon be over, I argued, but until the final release comes what will they do with me? Will I see one or another of my friends?

HE SEES HIS FRIENDS.

"Ah! their faces passed before my mental eyes. I heard them talk—some earnestly, some with the freedom and carelessness of youth. Great Lord! there was the one with the big, melancholy brown eyes. They seemed to look at me with the power of an electric flash. Yes; it was true—once upon a time I had deceived him with a woman. I had betrayed his confidence shamelessly, sinfully. He, noble fellow, had forgiven me, but nevertheless did the remembrance of my baseness cut me to the heart. I must see him before I die, that was settled.

"Fever set in. The ambulance halted in front of the hospital. They carried me into a sort of vestibule. I tried to speak, but, in spite of desperate efforts, was unable to mention my friends' name and address. A sister of Charity leaned over me and with a towel dried the sweat off my forehead, the blood from the corners of my mouth.

"The burning wish to once more see the man I had wronged became more intense as the seconds flew by. It consumed and dominated me and I could not understand why all these people in the hospital failed to read his name from my quivering lips. Ah, confound these fools, they were too stupid to live. Three, four minutes I lay still, without moving, hardly breathing, without anger, and thus finally I gathered strength enough to say:

"'Herr von Kramer, Zimmerstrasse, Number II.'

DEATH-BED SCENES.

"A messenger was at once despatched to fetch the gentleman. Meanwhile I was carried into one of the great sick wards and laid upon a bed in a corner separated by screens from the other boys. Somebody came to cut the clothes off my body. He was followed by a young physician who probed my wound, and while he was doing this my eyes rested on his coat and trousers. Funny, I said to myself, I used to wear a suit of the same pattern; bought it two years ago in Freiburg. Zounds! that rascal Kottwitz threw a bottle of beer over it and ruined it. It happened on my birthday, too, just a year ago yesterday.

"These and similar irrelevant thoughts amused me until the physicians started to examine my back. After raising me up somebody gave me a glass of port wine, which I drank greedily, the alcohol working my complete revival. Now I recognized everybody—the doctor and the nurses, some of the latter being quite young and pretty, in chic dresses and bonnets, with beautiful white hands. How I detested myself for appearing before these girls in dirty, bloodstained garments pregnant with powder fumes!

"When the doctor had finished, I asked if there was any hope. He looked at me vaguely, but when I begged him to tell the truth he said: 'My art can avail you nothing.'

"'How long do you suppose I can last?'

"'It is impossible to fix the exact time; half an hour or so.'

"I nodded. 'But where is Kramer? If he doesn't hurry he will not find me alive.' The fever increased. 'I must see him,' I cried, but instead of the friend a stranger stepped over to my side—a minister, with a Bible and hymn-book. The doctors and nurses discreetly withdrew and the reverend gentleman entered upon his exhortations. Finally, laying his hand upon my forehead, he said: 'The Lord bless thee and protect thee. May the Lord have compassion upon thee. May the Lord give thee peace.'

"And as I heard these words my dying heart quivered with religious emotion. I felt that I had a soul. At this moment Kramer arrived. I clutched his hand and begged while hot tears streamed down my cheeks: 'Kramer,' I whined, 'forgive me.'

MEMORIES OF HIS YOUTH.

"They had rolled my cot upon an open veranda. The garden below spent refreshing coolness; my eyes rested gratefully upon the dark green leaves of the lindens. But the pains in my breast increased. With every second my lungs weakened in their accustomed work finally to quit service altogether. Blood had gushed into them. I felt as if I was choking. Again and again was the Sister of Charity obliged to lift up my back that I might let the blood run out of my mouth. The fever now raged in my brain: 'Die, let me die, why tarry so long? It is unbearable.'

"The physician returned once in a while with a puzzled face. He gave me morphine. The pain ceased. I was growing numb. How beautiful that feeling! Slowly, slowly it was intensified to the point of coma. Pictures of a happy youth passed by me. Here the small village church, there father's ancestral halls, beautiful gardens. Ah, now the bells begin to ring so beautifully, so musically.

"Berlin, Oct. 3, 1895.

"Lord, was this not father's voice? I had been awakened by a feeling that something unusual was to happen. A tall gaunt man entered. It is he! My heart stood still. I dared not look at him. Turning my face away I began to count the leaves on the trees without the window. He sat down at my side and took my hand in his. Never a word passed his lips until I changed my position and looked into his eyes. Then he said sadly: 'We have to bear it like everything else.'

"And as I saw him, his noble face torn by sorrow, the consciousness of my guilt asserted itself for the first time; my soul trembled with silent despair.

Oct. 5, 1895.

"For several days the doctors fought among themselves whether I was to live or not. Personally I hoped and expected death. The fever now never left me, and in all its fancies I saw Marie. She was not dead, far from it. But her face was pallid and her dark eyes stared dreadfully. Whenever I awoke I called her name and searched for her among those in the room.

NO REMORSE NOW.

Oct. 10, 1895.

"No doubt I am convalescent. My brain has resumed work; memory has returned. I begin to think of the consequences of my crime, the grave of my existence. That fatal love that had come upon me like a stroke of illness, a sort of moral hydrophobia, is now changed into passionate hatred of the woman for whose sake I had wrecked my life. I would give ten lives to be able to tear out of my soul her pallid portrait that is always before me with piercing eyes, threatening, triumphant.

"As to the deed itself, I have no regrets for what I have done. I remember only what she has done to me.

Oct. 11, 1895.

"The ability to think has returned, but I am not myself. My mental capacities have retrograded twenty years. A man in size, I am but a child in matters relating to the responsibility of life. Once in a while I see the headsman approaching with glittering sword. I know him personally; everybody in Berlin does. He will treat me gently. Ah! I feel the taste of blood in my mouth.

"The only happy hours I know are those when father sits at the side of my bed.

Oct. 14, 1895.

"Kramer says I am improving wonderfully. The story of my deed and experiences in the hospital, which I dictated to him during the last few days, prove, according to his words, that I am neither a bad man nor a mental cripple. I have even been able to make to-day's entries with my own hand.

AND THEN, THE END.

Oct. 15, 1895.

"'I have been able to walk in the garden for a few minutes to-day. I see it all now. Here is the veranda, where on that fateful morning I found my father and where father lost his son. His only son. Was I then dead when he stepped to my bedside? Perhaps all recorded in these pages was but a dream; perhaps I have already entered upon 'eternal life.'

"The torments I am suffering seem to favor this view. Oh for light, for a little positive knowledge! Here grows a flower. My eyes teach me that it is a rose, my sense of smell proves I am right. Are there any roses in heaven?

"But would I be in heaven if dead?

"'Great God, I am alive and dying!'"

The murderer and suicide, Herr von Bretternitz, died on the evening of Oct. 15.

THE KOOTENY COUNTRY.

Mining Camps are Springing Up All Over the District.

The Nelson (B. C.) Miner makes an interesting review of the progress of the Kootenay district in 1895. The record is one of which the settlers may well be proud. At the beginning of 1895 Kootenay was almost a stranger to the people of the east. Its name had a far-away sound. The country seemed to the outside the pale of enterprise in our day. But now the Kootenay district is tolerably well-known. In one year it has sprung into fame. Its splendid mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers have come out of their loneliness and taken their place in the great productive area of the country. The district is dotted with mining camps, several of which have become flourishing centres of population and industry. Though the growth is rapid it is also firm. Booms have been discouraged. All properties are carefully examined and proved before development is begun upon them. It is not in the speculative selling of lands, but the actual productive operations upon them that have brought the new country into prominence. The mines are in most cases yielding liberal earnings, which are being applied to the further improvement of facilities for working them and to the payment of dividends. The paying of dividends is a satisfactory test, as long as they are paid out of funds that are not needed to keep up the efficiency of the property. Other large expenditures appear to be warranted by the productiveness of the mines. On the strength of this capitalists are

BUILDING SMELTERS,

and projecting and constructing railroads. At Nelson a smelter of 100 tons capacity has been built, and connected by a 4 1-2 mile tramway with the famous Silver King mine. The Hall mines there have likewise entered upon a period of profitable production after large outlay in fixed capital. At Pilot Bay a smelter was in operation throughout the greater part of 1895. It produced 3,860 tons of silver lead bullion, which it shipped to the United States. Most of the ore came from the Slocan mines. In the Trail Creek section the progress of the country has been most rapid. Rossland, the centre of that mining region which had one or two buildings at the end of 1894, has now a population of 3,000 people. Trail a town site in the same part of the district, is building a smelter. Kasio, another big mining centre, is now connected by rail with London, in the Slocan country. Landon is also the terminus of the Nakusp and Slocan branch of the Canadian Pacific railway. Since March the owners of the Slocan Star mine have received a dividend of $50,000 from it. Other mines have paid dividends of 7 1-2 per cent. The War Eagle has made profits of $132,000 since the beginning of 1895. The exports from Nelson alone for the last four months of 1894 amounted to $619,023, almost exclusively the produce of the mine. Not only are new smelters, concentrators, and railways being started, but also new steamers are being floated on the lakes. The Kootenay country has a bright future before it. The action of the Dominion Government in granting a bounty on bullion has been followed by the starting of smelters, the one thing needful of the full development of that fine mineral district.

Bits of Information.

The herd of buffalos in Austin Corbin's game preserve, on Croydon Mountain, N.H., now number fifty.

Ancient coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London, and are sold all over the world.

Since the cold weather began one Connecticut hardware factory has received orders for 30,000 pairs of skates. The factory will have to run day and night to fill them.

That one deer does duty in many an adventure is proved by the fact that a deer shot in Weld, Me., the other day was carrying eleven bullets in its body.

It is said that all the burglars' jimmies in London are made by one man, who is well known to the police, but cannot be arrested, as his work is not contrary to law. Besides it is very convenient to be able to trace his customers.

The pyramids have existed for thousands of years and puzzled the ingenuity of the learned to trace their origin. The most magnificent are those in the neighborhood of Grand Cairo, the finest is 120 feet higher than St. Paul's cathedral.

Of European libraries only four have over 1,000,000 volumes, viz: Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, 2,290,000 books and 80,000 MSS.; British museum, 1,500,000 books and 100,000 MSS.; public library, Munich, 1,000,000 books and 26,000 MSS.; Imperial public library, St. Petersburg, 1,000,000 books and 6,000 MSS.

An Indignity.

Why is Miss Proper's picture so severe?

The photographer asked her to look pleasant.

Startling Situation.

How did the burglar look when you discovered him?

Badly frightened.

He thought you were going to shoot?

No; the baby was crying.

About the House.

Care of Lamps.

The dependence upon lamps to furnish light and cheer becomes rather disagreeable if they are not kept in the most perfect order. Once every week all lamps which are in constant use should be emptied and thoroughly cleaned and washed, inside as well as outside, in strong, hot soapsuds.

First wash the chimney with a soft cloth in clean, warm water, using very little soap; rinse and dry with a clean cloth, preferably some old soft calico, as it leaves no lint on the glass. For the bowls and burners of the lamps use strong, hot soapsuds. Wash well, rinse in clean warm water and wipe very carefully in order to have them thoroughly dry before the lamp is put together again. Many people think this is unnecessary work, but in only one week much sediment collects in the bottom of a lamp, and the burner becomes quite black. No matter how good a lamp may be, or how expensive, a good clear light cannot be expected without proper care being given it.

New wicks are often very harsh and do not burn readily when first put in. This defect can be remedied by boiling them for a few minutes in water to which a few pinches of borax have been added. They should then be rinsed and hung up to dry thoroughly. Before inserting in the burner, dip in kerosene. It is a good idea to never cut a wick. Turn the burned part above the tube and scrape off with a match. This insures an even flame when burning. Procure good oil, and with careful attention there will be no disagreeable odors, and no sputtering, flickering flame. A clean lamp and a good light reflects credit on the housekeeper.

Cooking for Two.

"I like housework, but I hate to cook for just two," said Mrs. Youngwife. None but the experienced can fully understand the difficulties which surround the young housekeeper, however practiced she may be, when transplanted from a growing family to her new home. For the benefit of all such is appended a few suggestions and directions which have special bearing toward economy, and venture the assertion that the bride is to be pitied who does not need or who does not wish to practice economy.

Potato Soup.—Put a cup of rich milk, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, in a crock on the stove. Cook your peeled potatoes for dinner in plenty of water. When done pour off the water into the crock, add half a cup of broken crackers and you have a soup for your first course which is as satisfying as oysters, costs next to nothing and is relished by an invalid.

Two or three stalks of asparagus, in season, cut fine, cooked tender, thickened with a spoonful each of butter and flour, rubbed smooth, adding pepper and salt to taste, make enough delicious soup for two.

Tomato Soup.—Half a pint of tomatoes, a pint of boiling water; when come to a boil add a pinch of soda; when foaming add 2-3 pint of rich milk, salt, pepper and plenty of butter; when boiling add cup of cracker crumbs; serve at once. The advantage these have over other excellent soups is that they can be prepared in a very few minutes on very busy days or in case of unexpected company.

A nice breakfast dish can be prepared from remnants of boiled ham, chopped fine; cup of dried breadcrumbs, season to taste; put in hot buttered saucepan and moisten with a few spoonfuls of milk. A little cold potato can be added if convenient. Have ready one or two hard-boiled eggs, which slice over the top when ready to serve.

Gems.—Sift 1 1-2 pints of flour, 1 teaspoon each of soda and salt, into a crock, pour in rich buttermilk to make a batter rather stiffer than for griddle cakes, beat briskly for half a minute. This quantity will fill a tin gem pan of 8 cups; butter the pan and bake in a quick oven. These should be very light and spongy. If an iron pan is used it must be heated very hot before the batter is put in. Gems can be made on top of the stove in iron gem pans by turning as griddle cakes. Use a fork to turn, make the batter thinner and fill the cups only half full. A hot gem makes a wholesome dessert by breaking in two and serving in half with canned strawberries or other juicy fruit.

A quart of cream is too little to put into a churn, but you can make butter by putting it into a self-sealing half-gallon fruit can. Screw the lid on, put a folded towel in the bottom of a wooden bucket, partly fill with cold water, let the can rock on the towel "churn" by holding on to the lid, giving a motion similar to the swing or revolving churn.

Cottage Cheese.—Mix what buttermilk you can spare from cooking with an equal quantity of clabbered milk, heat and drain through a tin sieve, salt and mix in the sieve and take out into a bowl immediately. Wash and dry sieve. Cheese made of part buttermilk does not need cream or butter added.

Practical Hints

A little flour dredged over the top of a cake will keep the icing from running.

Fruit cakes and plum puddings are better if baked several weeks before they are to be cut for the table.

Heat the knife quite hot before cutting fresh cakes; otherwise a cake that is beautifully light and flaky may be made quite heavy.

Whites of eggs may be beaten to stiff froth by an open window when it would be impossible in a steamy kitchen. A little salt will also hasten the process.

In roasting meats and fowls, when it is necessary to turn them a spoon should be used instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets out the juice.

Fruit cake can be preserved for a long time by placing it in a box with an apple, and keeping in a cool place. If the apple shows signs of rotting, it must be replaced by a good one.

In preparing stale bread to be dried in the oven, then pounded and sifted for crumbs, the process will be much easier if the bits of bread are pounded and rolled before they are cool.

The top layer of chocolate cake may be given that desirable "shiny" appearance by taking a heaping teaspoonful of grated chocolate, two of granulated sugar and one of boiling water; spread the mixture on the cake before it is cold, using a broad-bladed knife dipped in cold water to smooth it.

The skillets and pots in which fish or onions have been cooked must be carefully cleaned before more delicate dishes are prepared in them; the best plan is to boil soap and water in them, then thoroughly rinse.

A most delicious home-made flavoring may be prepared by grating into one-half pint of alcohol the yellow rinds of four lemons. Shake this daily for three or four weeks, and at the end of that time it will be ready for use.

EXPERTS AT CHEMISTRY.

Germans Lead the World in the Mysticism of the Laboratory.

"Made in Germany" is now the recognized trade-mark for chemicals throughout the world, says the London Telegraph. The dyes and by-products derived from coal tar have become a classical instance, or, as Bacon would have said, a glaring example. As we have stated, the fatherlanders have captured these trades from us. Go to Elberfield, and what do we see? At the Farbenfabriken, besides first-class works, we are shown a laboratory unsurpassed, perhaps not equalled, in London, and employed in research or in the business there are sixty high-class chemists. In the Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik seventy-eight chemists are engaged. An expert witness told the Gresham commission that six skilled chemists was the maximum number employed in any English color works, if, indeed, there were so many. These men are unceasingly active in research. The price to pay for progress is eternal vigilance. Every hint from England, France, America or Italy is tried; every new material tested; every hopeful process patented. The great works at Hochst made in 1890 from 1700 to 1800 colors, they employed 3000 hands, seventy chemists and twelve engineers. A firm in Offenbach with 300 workers had forty-five investigators.

The lesson that has been driven home in the fatherland is that industrial processes carried on upon a large scale give great chances for discovery. Just as gas making gave aniline so the soap boilers' lye yielded iodine, the waste of salt gardens bromine, the mother liquors from the springs Caesium and rubidium, the acid chambers selenium and thallium, the mines and metallurgical works gallium and germanium. Therefore the "chemiker," on the other side of the Rhine, is always looking out for something new. He found it in the benzidine and azo dyes, the former giving Congo red and chrysamin, "the most important discovery of modern times so far as cotton dyeing is concerned." In short, as Dr. Ostwald has said, it is now a firm article of belief that "the secret of German industrial chemistry is the recognition that science is the best practice." In England it is greatly to be feared there still lingers faith in "the rule of thumb."

TO ROLL OVER THE WATER.

M. Bazin, a French Engineer, Is Building a Steamer on Hollow Iron Wheels.

There have been many novelties invented for ocean navigation, but one of the most extraordinary of these, and the latest is the so-called roller steamer which is being built by M. Bazin, a French engineer. The steamer is in the form of a large raft, supported by hollow iron wheels which revolve in the water and support the deck some 20 to 23 feet above the surface.

M. Bazin claims not only enhanced speed but greater stability. He maintains that the surface friction will be minimized by the boat's rolling over the water instead of cutting through it. The trial steamer for service on the British Channel is now being built, and the first test is eagerly looked forward to by the inventor and his friends, who are confident that the vessel will mark the beginning of a new era in naval construction.

The boat which is now being built will be 131 feet in length, and will have a breadth of 39 feet. She is to consist of a platform having on each side

FOUR ENORMOUS WHEELS

and these will be revolved by the engines, which are to be centrally located. The first trip is to be made from Newhaven to Dieppe, a distance of about sixty miles, and a calm day will be selected. There is usually a choppy sea at this point, with little short waves, which the roller steamer will, it is expected, easily ride over.

The inventor claims that an ocean steamer built upon this plan would rock but little even the stormiest weather, and that the hollow wheels which support her in the water will give her great stability. He expects to be able to attain a high rate of speed with the roller steamer.

A water bicycle has been built upon a somewhat similar model, but its wheels were fitted with fins that caught the water as they revolved, and thus pushed the machine forward. M. Bazin does not seem to have thought of this expedient, as the wheels of the boat he is now engaged in building are of smooth iron with sharp edges. The axles of these wheels are to be heavily constructed and the wheels will be hermetically sealed.

The boat is to be steered with a rudder between the two sets of wheels.

There are some people who maintain that this remarkable boat will be able to steam out of the water onto dry land wherever a shelving beach may be found, and that if properly constructed she may be made quite as available for locomotion over country roads as on sea or river.