VACHER'S MANIA TO SLAY.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF THE FRENCH MURDERER.

Twenty-Three Assassinations Already Brought Home to Him — His Record Without a Parellel in the Annals of Crime — Danger to Society in Allowing Such Monsters to Run at Large.

There is nothing in modern history with which to compare the sanguinary career of the French slaughterer, Vacher. The Jack the Ripper murders in London ten years ago are completely eclipsed by it, and the revelation is still incomplete. Twenty-three assassinations have already been brought home to this bloodthirsty wretch, and scarcely a day passes that another is not added to the list. It is doubtful if the murderer himself knows the number of his victims. He nonchalantly tells the story of some fresh tragedy to the examining Magistrate from time to time as the details recur to his diseased mind. Investigation in each case so far has produced full corroboration of the murderer's narrative. These cases include several crimes not heretofore discovered, but the victim's body has in each instance been found where indicated —in a disused well or lonely thicket.

The story of this man who killed merely for the sake of killing, should be made known throughout Christendom for it constitutes the most startling warning of modern times against the criminal folly of turning loose upon society an individual subject to fits of homicidal mania. Vacher, who is only about 25 years old, was a peasant living near Lyons. He served his military term in a regiment of zouaves, and proved so good a soldier that he was made a non-commissioned officer. It was complained of him that he was

BRUTALLY SEVERE

to the recruits under him. A young man, a member of a renowned French family, tells how Vacher once abused him so savagely while drilling him that he lost his temper and sprang at the young martinet. Luckily for the soldier his companions seized him before he had succeeded in striking his tormentor, otherwise court-martial and sentence to death for assaulting an officer might have been his fate under the stern laws of military discipline in France.

But there was no suspicion or ground for suspicion of Vacher's sanity at that time. Just after completing his service, Vacher was ill in hospital for several weeks. During his confinement, he attempted to blow out his brains with a revolver, and he still carries the bullet somewhere inside his skull. The shot produced recurrent fits of insanity of so violent a character that he was confined for some time at the lunatic asylum at Dole. Dr. Gibert, the well-known expert in mental diseases says that the physicians at the asylum released Vacher, although they knew he was not fit to be at large, because they were afraid of an outcry in the press against the arbitrary confinement of a citizen under the pretext that he was insane.

That was three years ago. Since that time Vacher has wandered through the country districts of France, leaving everywhere a trail of blood, but undetected, even unsuspected, until by mere chance he was caught almost red-handed near Lyons about three weeks ago. Most of his victims were shepherd boys and girls, whom he found tending their flocks in lonely fields or on hillsides, but sometimes he killed men and women. In each case, he seemed seized with a frenzy after striking down his victim, and cut and slashed and often dismembered the body. He told the Magistrate one day that he considered himself a scourge sent by providence to afflict humanity. But his motive was often more rational and sordid. One man he killed because his victim wore

A CLEAN-LOOKING SHIRT,

which Vacher coveted. Sometimes, he admits, he killed because he needed money and food.

The murderer was always remarkably clever in shifting suspicion from himself. Two years ago he killed a shepherd boy on a country road a few miles from Lyons. He hacked the body almost into pieces, and then strolled on. Within a few minutes the mutilated corpse was discovered and there was immediate search for the murderer in all directions. A gendarme mounted on a bicycle soon overtook Vacher and called upon him to produce his papers. He readily handed over his discharge from the zouaves as a non-commissioned officer.

"Why, that's my regiment," exclaimed the gendarme. "I am hunting a man who has just cut a boy's throat. Have you seen any suspicious character as you came along?"

"Oh, yes," responded the murderer without the least sign of discomposure. "I saw a man running across the fields to the north about a mile back." And the gendarme hurried off after the imaginary culprit.

Occasionally by some lucky chance a victim escaped him. A boy of 13 named Rodier was herding cows near Clermont Ferrand one day in October, a year ago, when he saw an ugly-looking, grinning fellow approach. He was a tramp, poorly dressed, and carried a big bag on his back and a heavy stick in his hand. The boy was frightened by the tramp's appearance, and as the stranger came near, young Rodier, under pretence of minding his cows, ran away. The stranger, Vacher, followed.

"It's bitter cold," he said when he came near. "Why don't you light a fire? If you want matches, I can give you some."

"I want none," said the boy, "and don't be coming after me, but keep on the path."

But Vacher came on, and the boy kept moving off until he got to the brow of the hill ,where a man and a woman were digging. When the tramp saw them,

HE STOPPED SHORT.

They eyed him also, and thought there was something wrong about him. The man was so sure Vacher meant mischief that he took up a pitchfork to be ready for the worst. The tramp said:

"This is a horrid country. The people are worse than dogs. I have been fasting for two days and nobody has offered me a crust. He had, not twenty minutes before, murdered Rosine, the 14-year-old sister of young Rodier, but her body was not found until a week later.

At another time three or four women in turn escaped him. A Mme. Marchand has identified Vacher as a man who attacked her on the road near Lyons at Easter, 1895. She was returning from market, where she had sold some oranges, and a man came behind her and seized her by the throat. She struggled violently, manaegd to scratch her assailant's face and succeeded in finally screaming. Several persons heard her, but before they reached her her assailant fled. Three other women were attacked in the same way that afternoon, but were able to escape in a similar manner.

Vacher's most prominent victim was the Marquis de Villeplaine, who was killed while walking in his park in southwestern France, not far from the Spanish frontier. The murderer crept up behind him felled him by a blow on the head with a heavy stick and then cut his throat. The murderer carried off his victim's coat and a portfolio, containing some banknotes. Vacher went to Spain soon after this murder.

One of his more recent crimes, which might never have been known but for the murderer's boastful volunteered description of it, was the killing of a boy of 16 named Bully near Lyons in June last. The boy was

A NOTORIOUS POACHER

and chicken stealer, so that his disappearance was made little account of. Vacher told the magistrate that he met Bully on the high road and despatched him in an unoccupied house where they went to pass the night. He spent some hours in cutting the body to pieces, and finally threw it into a well on the premises. Parts of the remains have now been recovered by following Vacher's directions.

This extraordinary criminal is sane enough under ordinary observation and therein, of course, lies the danger to society from creatures with such propensities. The most disgusting feature of the whole frightful record is the fact that a criminal, sane or insane, should be able to go about for three years in a civilized, well-populated country, taking life at will and in an almost wholesale way, and yet be comparatively free from the agents of the law.

YOUR HANDKERCHIEF.

One of the most important details in the toilet of a fastidious woman is her handkerchief, and that, whatever else may be lacking, is sure to be of cobwebby fineness and of snowy purity. Fashions change in handkerchiefs as in all other things, but the all-white linen are sure to be good taste, and are always a safe purchase.

A novelty at present is the small square of linen edged with an inch and a half ruffle of footing, which gives a pretty finish and launders remarkably well.

The narrow hem edged with lace, or trimmed with two rows of narrow insertion, is always in good taste, and such a handkerchief ranges in price from 25 cents to $2 each, the difference depending upon the lace used—whether real valenciennes or imitation.

Colored handkerchiefs are again in fashion, the French style being the plain-colored centre, with a border of a contrasting shade.

The marking of a handkerchief is an important item also. Indelible ink is considered bad form, and is never really necessary, as a single letter in script may be quickly and easily outlined in the simple Kensington stitch.

Men of fashion, too, for the time are forsaking the pure white handkerchief, affecting the very fine linen with a small figure scattered over the centre and a colored border of the same shade.

A favorite style of marking men's handkerchiefs is to reproduce the signature of the owner in script, a much more masculine style than the undecipherable monogram or the single initial.

The pure white linen handkerchief measuring 23 inches square, finished with a narrow hem and embroidered as suggested above, with the fac simile of the autograph is considered the acme of good taste by the fastidious man who avoids anything ultra in his dress.

THE THOUGHTFUL DOMININE.

You know how absent-minded our new parson is?

Uh-huh! I remember his taking the bite out of the candle and setting the apple down on the table. Never will forget it.

Well, he went into the barber shop this afternoon to have his hair cut.

Lord a'massey! you don't say so?

Uh-huh! mighty fond of that hair o' his. When John the barber got all done he gave him the hand-glass. "All ri' like that?" he says. Parson looks at it a minute, then sets himself back in the chair. "No, not quite so short, please."

KEEPING HIS HANDS OFF.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' INVARIABLE RULE OF NEUTRALITY.

Will Not Interfere in the Great Engineers' Strike in England — Equally Neutral in Foreign Affairs—But He Is a Peacemaker Between Families and Between Friends.

Although there appears to be a disposition both in England and abroad to condemn the action of the Prince of Wales in declining to intervene in the great labor war which has been raging for some time past between the engineers and the trades associated therewith on the one hand, and a federation composed of their employers on the other, yet there is no doubt that in refusing to assume the role either of arbiter or of mediator in the matter he has manifested both sagacity and tact, writes a London correspondent. It is perfectly true that any one who coYuld bring about a settlement who could bring about a settlement conferring a lasting benefit upon his fellow-countrymen and upon the nation at large. For the fight has paralyzed not merely one branch of industry, but a large number, forcing the consumer to seek foreign sources of supply, to which he will probably in future adhere, thus decreasing those markets for British manufactures that are annually becoming more and more restricted by American and German competition. Besides this, the strike which has lasted already several months, has reduced to want and untold misery not merely the more than 500,000 men who are "out," but, what is far worse, their wives and their little ones; that is to say,. taking it all in all, a community of people numbering considerably over 1,000,000. The Prince's critics draw attention to these circumstances, and point out that if ever there was an instance where his acknowledged pre-eminence as a peacemaker might be turned to profitable account it is in the present case.

The reasons which have prompted the Prince to decline are due, in the first place, to the fact that no matter what the award of the arbitrator or the character of the compromise effected by the mediator, it is certain to be equally unwelcome to both parties of the dispute, since neither one nor the other obtains the full measure of its demands and will consequently be disposed to bear a grudge against the individual who has by his reasonings induced it to recede from the stand which it had made. The unpopularity thus reaped by the Prince would have reflected not only upon himself personally, but likewise upon that throne which in modern times must look to the good-will of the masses as the principal source of its strength and foundation. Secondly, the Prince has made a practice throughout his public life—that is to say, since he came of age, about forty years ago—to steer clear of every public controversy or dispute where he would be required to take sides.

NEUTRAL IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Similar tact has been displayed by the Prince with regard to foreign countries, and while he manifests a natural fondness for Paris, a fondness which is shared by most foreign Princes, and especially by those of Germany, Emperor William first and foremost, yet no one knows precisely whether, in the event of a war between the two nations, his sympathies would incline more to France than toward Germany. He kept the true state of his feelings carefully concealed during the war of 1870, and is certain to do so again should the occasion arise for the exercise of similar discretion. Indeed, the remarkable tact which this warm-hearted, generous-minded and somewhat impulsive Prince has displayed in connection with his attitude toward both domestic and foreign politics constitute the strongest possible assurance that when the time comes for him to take the place of his venerable mother as the ruler of the British Empire he will worthily continue the traditions of impartiality which she has imparted to constitutional monarchy in England. Let me add here that the Prince is quite as much interested in foreign affairs as he is in those domestic, and that whenever an important dispatch reaches the Foreign Office from abroad a copy of it is at once forwarded by wire, not only to the Queen, but also to the Prince of Wales, who is thus able to keep himself quite as well posted upon international relations as is the Queen herself.

LEARNED FROM PRINCE ALBERT.

Of all the lessons taught to him by his wise and clear-sighted father, the late Prince Consort, there is none that has more firmly impressed itself upon his mind than that of the necessity of absolute impartiality on the part not only of a constitutional sovereign, but also on that of the latter's heir apparent. The crown to-day is not the despot, but merely the executive, the servant, so to speak, of the will of the nation, and in order that the latter should have absolute confidence in the occupant of the throne it is necessary that the people should feel assured of the sovereign's readiness to conform to their wishes. These are sometimes voiced by one political party and sometimes by the other. Only if the people can feel that their monarch is absolutely impartial, that there is on the part of the executive no preference for one platform more than for the other, can they repose that blind trust in their ruler which is indispensible to sentiments of loyalty and affection.

PEACEMAKER AMONG FRIENDS.

In conclusion it may be stated that, while the Prince has invariably refained from interfering either as an arbiter or as a mediator in any political or public controversies, he has throughout his married life shown not only a readiness but likewise a remarkable skill in reconciling differences between families and between friends. No one living has contributed more to the disappearance of unkindly feeling between husbands and wives, between children and their parents, and between friends temporarily parted. He is peculiarly qualified for this sort of work by his tact, his kind-heartedness, and, above all, by his unrivaled knowledge of all the ins and outs of society, both at home and abroad, as well as the antecedents, the tastes, the shortcomings and the aspirations of the various members thereof. It was he who persuaded the Princesse de Sagan to come to the rescue of her eldest son, with whom she had quarreled, when the young man was locked up in prison on a charge of forging the name of young Lebaudy, both his liberation from jail and the withdrawal of the criminal charge being mainly due to the Prince's influence. It is the British heir-apparent, too, who is credited with bringing together the Prince and Princesse de Sagan in the eventide of their life after a separation of thirty years. And it was to him, also, that the widowed Countess of Dudley appealed to help her to save her eldest son from ruin previous to his marriage, when he was wild. Not merely scores, but hundreds and even thousands of analogous incidents, both in Enfgland and on the continent, could be cited, and, indeed, matters have reached such a pass that whenever anybody in the great world in England, or even on the continent, gets into domestic trouble of one kind or another he or she instinctively turns for advice and assistance to the Prince of Wales, the arbiter of society, not only in England, but also in Paris, where in royalist circles he is accorded a homage in this respect which should belong by right to the Duke of Orleans.

ABOUT THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

Almost 150 Years Ago Jonas Hanway Carried One in London.

The umbrella is a comparatively modern feature of European civilization.

In 1750 Jonas Hanway, a Quaker, first went through the streets of London carrying an umbrella. Three years from now, in 1900, it will be meet to celebrate the sesquicentennial of this most useful implement.

As this is an age of celebration, it is not likely that so good an opportunity will be missed. Already in London they are discussing the proper manner of doing homage to the umbrella.

Mr. Hanway was a man of strong character, but it required all his courage to brave the London crowd, with his strange rain shield. The inhabitants of that great metropolis received him with jeers and even more substantial marks of disapproval. But he was imperturbable, and in consequence of his example the umbrella came very rapidly into general use.

Hanway had travelled much in the East, and there he had noted the great benefits derived by the natives from the umbrella, both as a protection against

THE SUN AND RAIN.

The East, with its infinitely older civilization, has been familiar with this, as with many other useful articles, at a time when Europe was sunk in the wildest savagery.

Umbrellas were known to the Egyptians and were certainly used by the ancient Hindoos. The umbrella is mentioned in a poem of Sakuntala, written in the sixth century, and it figures in various bas-reliefs among the Nineveh sculptures discovered by Sir Henry Layard. The Chinese "Book of the Rites of Tcheon," printed about the year 300, contains a description of a veritable gamp. And it is on recrod a veritable gamp. And it is on record that when the son of the Emperor of China was captured in the second Tartar invasion he was made to carry the umbrella of the Tartar chief when he went out hunting.

The parasol was invariably carried by the high-bred dames in ancient Greece, and a white parapline was borne by the priestesses of the goddess Athene in the annual Scirophoria. The fashion migrated also to Rome, where the umbraculum carried by the women and even by some of the men, was

MADE OF LEATHER,

and could be opened and shut. This fact is mentioned by Martial, Juvenal and Ovid; while the latter also speaks of "a golden umbrella which warded off the keen sun."

In Siam the umbrella has always been regarded as a mark of distinction, and M. de Loubere, in his work on that country, tells us how the use of the umbrella was only granted to certain of the King's subjects. The King was invariably protected in his progresses by an umbrella appearing as three separate protections against the weather had been mounted on one stick, one over the other. Tavernier speaks in his "Voyage to the East," of the throne of the Great Mogul being supported on either side by an umbrella. The princes of the Mahratta provinces in India bore the title of Chatrapti, lord of the umbrella; while in Ava, to this present day the title of the ruler is "King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-Four Umbrellas."

ALL ROYALTY RELATED.

Nearly all the royal personages of Europe are cousins, and not very far removed, as it has been laid down by a German genealogist that every crowned head of Europe, excepting Turkey, is descended from one or other of two sisters who lived about 150 years ago.

Thoroughly Grateful.

MR. STEPHEN BELISLE GLADLY TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

After Other Remedies Failed to Help Him, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Him a Healthy Man.

From the Montreal Herald.

Down on William street the bulk of the butter and cheese trade is done and it is there that the Montreal cold storage and freezing company's mammoth building is located. In the summer time, when extensive shipments are being made, the big block is a veritable beehive. Several well known exporting firms have their warehouses in this building and one of them is Wm. T. Ware & Co. Their head warehouse man is Mr. Stephen Belisle, who as his name indicates, is a French-Canadian and in the prime of life. If ever there was a grateful man on the face of the earth to-day that man is Stephen Belisle. After suffering indescribable agonies for several months he is now the picture of health and feels that it is his duty to tell all the world how he was restored to health and happiness. Mr. Belisle explained his troubles, now fortunately a thing of the past, to a reporter of the Herald recently. "My work called me to all parts of the warehouse," said he, "and sometimes I went into the freezing room without my coat or cap on and then back to the other parts of the warehouse to the warmer atmosphere. About a year ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and the resulting nervous disorders such as sick headache and loss of appetite. I began doctoring, but I seemed to grow worse every day. I slept very little, and as time went on, I was not able to do any work, and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. I had a very poor appetite and what food I ate did not agree with me. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back and side. During that time I had tried many medicines but they gave me no relief. I had become so weak and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I did with extremely beneficial results. I commenced taking the pills about Christmas time and now I am feeling so good that I thought it my duty to write the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and let them know how extremely grateful I am for the cure their medicine has effected in me. I had taken only six boxes when my condition of health was a paradise to what it had been for some months previous. Mr. Belisle is a quiet unassuming man and evidently not given to over enthusiasm, but there was no mistaking his earnestness when recounting his experiences to the reporter. He will always a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PARIS STREETS.

Pedestrians Are Being More and More Hampered on the Pavements.

A plaint is going up that the Paris pedestrian is slowly being ousted by an increasing mass of impedimenta from the pavement into the road, where existence is already disputed by cycles, cabs, busses, automobiles perambulating advertisements, et hoc genus omne. The impedimenta of the pavement consists of kisques, trees, "Morris columns," benches, the little edifices which serve a necessary but unsavory social end, and last but most important of it, cafe terraces. It is alleged that the encroachments of the last are becoming more and more threatening from the point of view of the safety and convenience of the pedestrian. Certainly cases are not rare in which the terrace monopolizes the whole of the pavement, and in narrow streets one is often forced on to the roadway, where a precious sharp look-out has to be kept for juggernauts of omnibuses and cabs. It may not be generally known, by the way, that it is to M. Lepine, the prefect of police, who the other day made his adieu to the municipal council, that we owe the policeman, a bad imitation of the London Robert, who stands with a milkwhite staff attempting to control the traffic at congested points of the city. Nor is it generally known that M. Lepine sent a score of picked policemen over to London to learn from the police of that well-policed city this very art of controlling the traffic, which, however, seems to have been imperfectly learned.

A church in Hoylake, England, has over its arched doorway, cut in stone, these words: "This is the gate of heaven." A written notice underneath, placed there recently contains this advice: "Go around the other way."

A merchant offers substitutes because he makes a lot of money on them. Good articles cannot be put on the market at a high profit.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA