BRIDE AND GROOM SHOT.

A Jealous Woman Converts a Honeymoon Into a Tragedy.

SHOT BY A DIVORCED WIFE.

A Cairo, Ill., despatch says: The most tragic event that has ever occurred in this city took place at the Planters' House this afternoon. Captain Ransom Sampson, a well-known steamboat pilot, was shot and instantly killed, his bride of a week is mortally wounded, and the jealous woman who sent the bullets on their mission of death lies upon a cot with a gaping wound to her over breast. Captain Sampson married a divorce several years ago from his first wife on account of infidelity. Later he became acquainted with May Sams, of Jonesboro, Ill. She had stated to her friends that she had her wedding clothes made in preparation for that event, which she said was to have occurred soon. Last Wednesday Sampson married Miss Lizzie Spiers, a beautiful and highly esteemed young woman of Hickman, Ky., After a short wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Sampson came to this city this morning and went to the Planters' House.

About 11 o'clock May Sams appeared at the office and asked to see the bride and groom. She is a pleasant faced woman, and was neatly dressed. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate that she was armed and intent upon an errand so terrible as events proved. Thinking her to be a friend of the happy couple, the clerk directed her to the room in which they were. About half an hour later the clerks and others in the office below were startled by six pistol shots. Simultaneously with the last shot were heard a woman's screams, and Mrs. Sampson came rushing down the stairway with blood pouring from a wound in her bosom.

Guests of the hotel helped her to a seat, while others rushed up to her room. A ghastly sight met their gaze. Sampson lay on the floor in the agony of death. Seated on the side of the bed was May Sams, with a hole through the bosom of her dress directly over the heart, through which bood was pouring. Asked who did the shooting, she replied: "I did it," but would not say any more. The widowed bride was hit by two of the bullets, both near the center of the breast. May Sam's wound is fatal.

To-night it was learned that May Sams had planned the deed deliberately. She gave a friend $90 in money with the remark: "That will be enough to bury me," and then affectionately said good-bye. When she went to the room in the hotel she told Mrs. Sampson that she had come to tell her the kind of a man she had married and then to kill him. At the hospital she said she was sorry she shot Mrs. Sampson. She was glad Sampson was dead, but hoped the bride would recover. Only slight hopes are entertained of Mrs. Sampson's recovery. May Sams is sinking and her death is expected before morning.

HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

What Will the Czar-Loving Talmage Say About This Story?

An Omaha despatch says: Jacob Gerber is once more in Omaha, having escaped from the Siberian exile to which he was doomed a year and a half ago. After being a resident of this city for six years he returned to Russia to bring his family to this country. He had taken out his first papers here, and so relied too much on the privileges of half-completed citizenship, for he was seized, though he was at the time across the border in Germany. Without trial of any sort he was started for Siberia. When his friends in this city heard of it the case was called to the attention of the authorities at Washington, but as the naturalization had not been completed it was impossible for the Government to demand his release.

His story is that he was placed in a band of 600 convicts and started for Siberia. The men were chained together in pairs; their sufferings were indescribable—not a few months were the irons removed. Arrived at Ilga a block-house was built and he was told he was free to follow Hebrew to his own devices. He was allowed to write a letter home, inclosing his wife to send him some money. The money, amounting to $300, was sent, and Gerber's friend took him to Yakutsk. He paid $50 to get to Yakutsk, and then took conveyance by post to Tomsk, 1,500 miles. The money removed the obstacles he encountered, and he was successful in leaving Russian soil behind him. This it happened that he has arrived in Omaha. His family are still at the old place, but will come here in the spring.

SMALL POX IN ENGLAND.

Alarm Felt Over the Spread of the Loathsome Disease.

A London cable says: Smallpox is extending its ravages throughout England. In London it is moving slowly, though in some places it has spread with such rapidity as to alarm the authorities. The residents of Warrington are so wrought up on the subject of vaccination that the doctors are working day and night inoculating them. The disease has been most virulently at Manchester, Liverpool, St. Helens, Wigan, Salford, Oldham, Halifax, Rotherham, Barnsley and Bradford. The most serious outbreak has been at Leeds, where all available room in the hospitals is occupied, and many cases are being cared for in private houses. In Leicestershire, where considerable opposition was made to the Compulsory Vaccination law, it is amusing to see the frequency with which those who were shrieking most loudly against it are rushing to be inoculated now that there is immediate danger of contagion. The authorities report that the disease is abating in London.

TERRESTRIAL CONVULSIONS.

An Earthquake Wrecks a City and Submerges Part of an Island.

A San Francisco despatch says: The steamer City of Panama brings further news of the earthquake in San Salvador October 18th. Signs of activity were noticed about the crater of the Conchepua volcano, near the Gulf of Fonseca. At 10 in the night came a violent earthquake. At 10 o'clock half the 5,000 inhabitants of la Union fled to the beach. Shock after shock shook the city, and the older buildings were crumbled in ruins, the stone cathedral was reduced to a formless heap and 50 other buildings were wrecked. Twenty-four persons were injured. One-third of the island of Conchepua in the Gulf of Fonseca, seven miles from la Union was split off by the shock, and suddenly sank out of sight. The crater of Conchepua did not break again, but it shows signs of smoking eruptions.

Barber Shop Boni's.

Don't be erratic. Find a good shop and stick to it.

Don't be fickle. Pick out the man who suits you best and make him take an interest in your hair.

Don't be negligent. Arrange your hours always so that your face will never be a cheese grater.

Don't be a hog. When you enter a barber shop take notice of the next man who comes in, and be sure you don't claim as your chair until he is the "next" after you.

Finally, don't be disagreeable when there is talk about precedence. In short, don't act as if you are a gentleman, even when need shaving.

Don't be provoricate. If the barber wants to cut your hair, and you don't want your hair cut, don't get out of the scrape by telling him you have no time, but refuse to let the "artist" do anything to your face that you don't like. If you find him transgressing your rules or orders, stop him short. Don't submit because he has the razor.

Don't scrub the barber if he wants to talk. It is not his fault. Go to sleep or read a book.

Don't let him put oil on your hair or brilliantine on your mustache. They have gone out of style in the best fitness circles.

Don't fidget around until he cuts you, and then swear at him. He is not a savage—as a rule.

Don't fail to tell the truth when the barber asks you if the razor hurts. Don't forget that his feelings have been hardened, if your face has not.

Finally, don't try to be economical, but if you do, don't succeed.

The great Niagara Falls tunnel is still behind hand in its progress from completion. It is estimated that at least eight months' work upon it is yet required. But this is not its contract.

"LET HER GO!"

Shouted Robert Olson as He Was Jerked Into Eternity

AT DORCHESTER THIS MORNING

Constable Steadman's Murderer Identified as Buck Wheton, a Noted Chicago Burglar—Father Cormier Addressed the Crowd Before Hangman Radcliffe Pulled the Bolt—Buck Kissed the Crucifix and Exclaimed, "May God God Forgive Me," "Everybody, Good-bye"—There Was No Hitch and He Died in Thirty Seconds Hanged in His Shirt Sleeves—Prisoner Jim's Pathetic Letter—His Last Night on Earth.

Olson, alias Buck, who was found guilty of the murder of Police Constable Steadman at Moncton, N. B., on August 1st last, was hanged here this morning. He passed the night easily. His spiritual companion during the night was Rev. Father Cormier. At 7 o'clock the condemned man arose and ate a hearty breakfast, which comprised coffee, three eggs upon toast and grapes. Afterwards mass for the dead was solemnized in the cell by Fathers Cormier, Labbe and Gaynor. Owing to a heavy rainstorm the execution was postponed until nearly 10 o'clock. At 9.30 standard time the officials and the hangman, Radcliffe, entered the corridor. Buck shook hands with all and there were tears in every eye. Radcliffe then pinioned Buck's arms and the procession was formed as follows: Sheriff Preeze, of Queen's, and Deputy Keith; Dr. Teed and Jailor Tait; Fathers Cormier and Labbe; the prisoner; Constables Wilbur and Lawrence, and the hangman.

As the procession moved along prayers for the dying man were read. At the scaffold Buck took his stand by the noose, shook hands with the hangman and then the priests. He expressed willingness to shake hands with anybody.

Father Cormier briefly addressed those present, and said Buck asked forgiveness of everybody whom he had ever injured, and hoped to receive forgiveness, as he forgave everybody.

His legs were then pinioned and the last rites of the Church administered. On kissing the crucifix he said: "May God forgive me." The black cap was then adjusted. As at first it did not appear to go on very easily, he laughed. When the cap was finally adjusted and the rope was placed around his neck, he shouted "Good-bye," everybody." The prayer was then recited and Dr. Goudet shouted "Go to heaven," and Buck said "Thank you."

Then there was a pause, the hangman waiting for the signal, and Buck shouted "Let her go." These were Buck's last words. The signal was given, the weight fell with a thud into a bed of sawdust, Buck's body sprang up into the air with an instantaneous jerk, and in a flash there was a rebound, and his body swung to and fro with scarcely a tremor of the muscles. In seven minutes his pulse ceased to beat. The medical belief is that death was absolutely instantaneous with a thirty seconds from the time the noose was adjusted.

The execution did not take 30 seconds. There was no hitch or bungle, and it was absolutely devoid of any unfortunate incident which might lend realistic horror to the scene.

The hangman was unmasked and dressed in black clothes. The prisoner wore dark striped pants and a white shirt, no jacket or vest, to the scaffold. He wore a black silk cap, which was removed after the execution, which was over by ten minutes to 10 (standard time). The coroner's inquest was held and a verdict in accordance with the facts returned.

Buck's body will be taken charge of by the priests, and buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery here.

Buck made no confession, but in conversation said that he had lived, since 6 years old, among criminals; that his only being a murder was killed in the seven days' Battle of the Wilderness, and that his only sister was married 18 years ago to Bur Butler, of Chicago, a sporting man, and had a son one of the weakest men in Buffalo. Buck insisted—twice—the last time if he killed Steadman, he was unconscious of the fact. A letter came to jail from Belfast, Me., addressed to Buck Landrigan, and it is now believed he has deceived everybody as to his name. Ex-Inspector of Police Hascom, Boston, and now Pinkerton detective, arrived here last night and saw Buck. He declares Buck to be the notorious Buck Wheton, of Chicago, and that he is, beyond question, a professional burglar. When the execution was over this morning the black flag was hoisted at half-mast on the Court House as the only outward sign of the execution.

At the post mortem held on Buck's body a bullet was extracted from Buck's leg, lodged there on the night of the murder. That bullet proved to be 38-calibre, the size of Jim's pistol. This proves conclusively that Jim lied in his co-called confession, and that Buck whose pistol was 32 must have shot Steadman.

Buck's Last Night

Scaffold consists of upright posts about fourteen feet in height and eight feet apart, holding transverse beams. In the latter are two pulleys, one in the centre of the beams, from which the noose is suspended. The noose is run through the second pulley, which is outside the post and fastened to a 365-lb. weight. This weight is caught to a beam, and, when dropped, jerks the prisoner upwards, killing him instantly. The body falls with a rebound and remains suspended. The weight falls into a bed of sawdust. To-night the jail is the centre of interest. Rev. Father Cormier spent nearly the whole day with the prisoner, who still protests his belief that he did not shoot Steadman. This afternoon Father Cormier brought to Buck from Jim, in penitentiary, the following letter, which is a most unique one of its kind, from one convict to another:

DEAR FRIEND.—I am sincerely sorry you must die, old friend. It is some consolation to know that you have devoted the last days of your life in preparing your mind to meet God. No one can sympathize more sincerely with you than I have. I would have done anything in my power to save your life, but I am as powerless to aid you as you are to help yourself. We both owe a debt of gratitude to your spiritual adviser for his constant effort to save not only your life, but your soul. It is never too late for God's forgiveness. Buck, if we ask His forgiveness with a penitent heart. Forget the world, and fix your heart on eternity. Ask God's forgiveness for the sake of that Saviour who died for us. A few years and we all must appear before our Maker to answer for our deeds. I wish I could shake your hand once more, but, if I never, it will be a source of satisfaction the rest of my life to know you died like a good Christian. Once more I urge you to earnestly seek God's forgiveness. Good-bye, old friend, and may we both one day meet our Saviour in Paradise and be satisfied in His presence. May God please to take you to Himself is the fervent prayer of your old friend Jim."

Late to-night Warden Foster and a guard took Jim from the penitentiary to the jail for a farewell interview with Buck. Prayer was offered by Father Cormier, and then Jim offered a short prayer. Considerable conversation took place. Jim's last words were: "Be of brave heart." After Jim had left Mrs. Harvey Atkinson and Mrs. H. Emmerson, of the W. C. T. U., entered the cell and sang several hymns and offered prayers in private.

A Sweet Singer Speaks

One of Montreal's sweet singers informed a druggist the other day that Harvard Bronchial syrup was of great value to her as an unfailing remedy for sore throat and huskiness of the voice. She was of the opinion that it possessed wonderful properties for giving strength and elasticity to the vocal organs; and she knew of no other preparation that was giving such general satisfaction to singers.

Many of the cough remedies of the day are nauseating and seriously affect the stomach and digestive organs. All who have used Harvard Bronchial Syrup speak with pleasure about its pleasant taste. The children love it and take it readily; it is even more palatable than fine honey. No other cough preparation is so strongly recommended by our Canadian doctors.

Mr. S. F. Oldall, of Waterloo, Que., says: "I cannot speak too highly of Harvard Bronchial Syrup; it is certainly the best thing I ever found for sore throat and hoarseness. It works like a charm."

Why He Cackled So Much.

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing.

"Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hetchin' teeth."

Sister—Yes, angels do have hard lots in the business with us first night. Awfully funny. We record with laughter the whole time. Harry—Between the acts, eh? Tom—No then we snoozed.

JAY GOULD DEAD.

The Many Times Millionaire Gone to His Reward.

WORTH SEVENTY-FIVE MILLION.

The history of Jay Gould, from the barefooted boy who wandered over the rough hills of Delaware county, to the railroad king whose wealth was estimated at $60,000,000, is one of the most remarkable among our self-made men. His life for the past few months has been a constant battle against the inevitable, and all means that medical skill and the interest of friends and relatives could suggest were employed to prolong the financier's life. He was taken about in luxurious private cars to places where, it was hoped, the change of scene, excitement might be expected to work a recuperation of his energies. Frequent reports during the past few days as to his feeble condition were received, but were either depreciated or denied by those near him.

Mr. Gould was born in West Settlement, a backwoods village of Roxbury, Deleware county, New York, May 27th, 1836. He was the son of John B. Gould, a farmer, who was fairly well-to-do, and who had been a deputy-sheriff in the famous anti-rent war in the early 30's. Young Gould was also a cousin of Alfred Gould, the inventor of the chain well-pump, and was closely connected with the Moore's, a prominent Scotch family, and others well-known in the county. His mother died when he was an infant.

The direct cause of Mr. Gould's death, as stated at the house this morning, was pulmonary consumption. The scene at the house at midnight was not extraordinary; it was stated at that time that the strong master-mind had ceased to battle for life. His children were at his bedside, and they recognized that the hopes of the past few days were vanishing and that the end was not far off. They tearfully admitted this to a few close personal friends, and then began the vigil which only ceased when the last breath left the body.

When the end came the members of the family who were in the house were Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould, Miss Helen Gould, Howard Gould, Harold Gould and Miss Annie Gould.

Gould's death was generally known before the opening of the stock exchange and brokers and traders had full opportunity to prepare themselves. The effect on the market was less than expected.

No two estimates agree as to the amount of Mr. Gould's fortune. The most conservative figures place it at about $[illegible],000,000, while some people in Wall Street who think they know something about his accumulations figure that he must have gotten together fully $100,000,000. His known holdings of securities are about as follows: $22,000,000 par value of Western Union Telegraph, which at to-day's figures would fetch about $18,700,000; $10,000,000 par value of Missouri Pacific which is now worth in the market $5,500,000. He is supposed to hold in the neighborhood of $8,000,000, probably more, of Manhattan Railway, worth $10,400,000. His holdings of these stocks have been larger than this, but he sold them to either invest the money in new issues of bonds of the Missouri Pacific and Manhattan companies, or to finance these companies until bonds could be issued. Excellent information is that he holds about one-third of the bonds issued on the Missouri Pacific system, which would be about $30,000,000. His estate holds over $12,000,000 of Wabash Railroad stock which shows a loss of between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. As long ago as 1884 Mr. Gould was known to hold about $3,000,000 of first-class railway mortgage bonds upon roads other than those controlled or managed by him. Besides these items he had large investments in a great number of properties concerning which the general public knows little or nothing. His holdings of Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific bonds, which it is never been stated, must be large, but it is not believed that he owned of late years much if any Union Pacific stock.

From the foregoing figures, which are approximately correct, it is easy to figure up in the neighborhood of $75,000,000. Of late years his fortune has increased rapidly, owing to his enormous holdings of Western Union and Manhattan stock, to say nothing of his investments in bonds. His income from these three sources alone cannot have fallen under $3,000,000 a year, and has probably exceeded that amount.

John T. Terry, who has been connected with Mr. Gould for years and who is a director in a number of the Gould properties, says: "Mr. Gould stated recently that he had "trusted" (to use his own expression) the three stocks in which he was most interested, and that he could not be sold.

The three stocks referred to are, Western Union, Manhattan and Missouri Pacific. The general opinion in Wall street is that Mr. Gould has had his house in good order for a long time.

Interviews with prominent bankers and brokers are to the effect that the death of Mr. Gould will not have much influence on the stock market either way.

"Every one must realize," said Russell Sage this morning, "that in Jay Gould's death the country has sustained a loss which is irreparable. He was universally acknowledged to be one of the leading minds of the age. No one has done so much as he in the development of the resources of this country, and the splendid railways constructed and maintained by him will ever be regarded as monuments to his genius and energy. During the last two years, when illness prevented him from engaging actively in business, he still retained the keenest interest in the development of his enterprises. His far-sighted mind even made provision for his death, and the slight variation which has taken place in the value of securities during his last days shows how complete this provision was. Though I do not know how his great property was bequeathed, I am satisfied that the will will not affect the market to any great extent."

Rev. Dr. Paxton told the reporters that Mr. Gould's end was very peaceful. Up to a few minutes before his demise he was perfectly conscious. He called all the members of his family around his bedside and spoke to each one of his sons and daughters individually. He became unconscious a few minutes before his death. Dr. Paxton said the funeral would take place on Monday next, either at 10 o'clock in the morning or at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the exact hour not having yet been selected. The funeral services will be held at the house. The place of the interment will probably be in the same cemetery where his wife lies.

Into the Blue Empyrean.

Algernon was whispering low to the girl in the gauzy glimmer of lace and tulle.

She had bent her lovely, swan-like neck to catch his words.

Murmurously they floated outward and fell upon the pink-white ear, as crystal drops touch silver cords and waken sweetest music sleeping there.

"You are much to me," he said. "In all the dozen years since first my heart responsive grew to woman's sweet solicitude, there have been none whose fingers spanned the octave of my soul and wrought the manly harmonies dormant there into a living theme. No face but yours has brought to me the face of angels, fair and pure, beyond the skies that bend above the earth far, far removed from all its sordid thoughts, its groveling cares, its motiveless materialism. In you concentered, all my dreams are realized, my hopes to full fruition come, my dearest wishes made my own."

Slowly she lifted that fair, sweet face, until her soft, blue eyes looked into his.

Then she laid her little hand upon his arm.

"Algernon," she murmured, "won't you please come off the roof?"

And as Algernon clambered down, he recalled the fact that he had tackled a Chicago girl.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Treasure.

"Too wrong him, papa; he does not love me for my money. He scoffs at the world's sordid sagacness for wealth."

"What proof have you, child?"

"Why, only last night he told me he didn't care if he was never able to make a cent in his life, if he only had me."

Nothing in the world grows any faster than a trouble that is nursed.—*Rose's Rose.*

A curious superstition is reported to exist among the Hindoo sentries at Bombay. Whenever a black cat passes they salute it, in the belief that it contains the soul of an English officer.

Swedish women often work on Sundays. Those that have babies carry them on their backs in a leather bag, so squaws carry their papoos. This plan permits the mother to use both hands at her farm work.

THE SPREE IN PERIL.

Thrilling Experience of Passengers and Crew in Mid-Ocean.

PUMPING AND PREACHING.

Gallant Conduct of Officers and Crew—Baggage and Clothing Lost—One Passenger Becomes Insane and Suicides—Trouble Caused by a Broken Shaft—Towed Back to Southampton.

A London cable says: The North German Lloyd steamer Spree, which sailed from Bremen, November 22nd, via Southampton for New York, which has been reported by cables as being overdue at her ports of destination, and fears were entertained for her safety, reached this port and Queenstown harbor this afternoon by the steamer Lake Huron. The Spree had 134 saloon passengers on board, 221 in the second cabin and 150 in the steerage, besides a crew of 247 men and a large mail. The big steamer presented a forlorn appearance on entering Queenstown harbor. The stern was so deep in the water that the steamer could be boarded from a rowboat. The passengers were overjoyed at their deliverance, and loudly cheered the Lake Huron for having rescued them.

As soon as the Spree reached anchorage a reporter had an interview with Gen. O. O. Howard, of New York; Gen. Rufus King, of Albany, and Evangelist Moody. They told an interesting story of their experiences. They left Southampton on their way to New York on November 23rd, at 5 o'clock p. m. For two days the steaming was fair. At 8 o'clock on the morning of November 26th, while the vessel was making high speed through a heavy sea, the main shaft broke, and there was a terrible crash. The steamer trembled from stem to stern. The engines stopped instantly, and the passengers hastened to ascertain the nature of the disaster. There was nothing like a panic. Perfect discipline was maintained. The officers assured the passengers that there was no danger, and the passengers had entire confidence in the officers. All the boats, however, were made ready for instant use in case of necessity and supplied with a good store of provisions.

An examination showed that the shaft had been broken ten feet from the end. The weight of the screw caused a strain, and suddenly water flooded the stern and drove all the second cabin passengers and the stewards from their cabins and the dining saloons. The second cabin passengers were obliged to leave their clothes and baggage in the flooded cabins in order to escape. The flood continued and the officers, fearing the worst, ordered all movable articles to be removed and the bulkheads closed and shored with heavy beams. The second cabin passengers took refuge in the first cabin, and were received with all the hospitality possible under the circumstances.

MAN THE PUMPS!

The weather grew more threatening and the steamer, without sails to steady or to guide, tossed helplessly in the trough of the sea. The water in the stern roared and thundered with every roll of the vessel, sounding like a knell of judgment to the more terrified among the passengers. The pumps were worked laboriously to keep the water down. The passengers in alarm huddled in the saloon and anxiously waited for the verdict of their fate from the lips of the officers. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Capt. Willigerod entered the saloon. "I am able to tell you," he said, calmly, "that our work is rewarded. We have the water about under control. There is now no danger." This utterance conveyed a deep sense of comfort to all who heard it except to some women who were hysterical.

The bulkheads were further strengthened and all began to look hopefully for the arrival of some rescuing vessel. The steamer continued to be tossed by the easterly gale, and the passengers passed a miserable night. The ship sunk low, and the water in the stern roared loudly and continuously. The vessel has been driven in a southerly direction, and on the evening of the 26th was in latitude 58, longitude 29. The wind shifted to the south and mountainous seas broke continually over the decks.

The officers spared no efforts to relieve the perils of the situation. Bags of oil were placed on the side of the steamer and had an immediate effect in softening the fury of the waves. An immense fire of pitch tar was exposed from the fore deck in order to attract the attention of vessels.

ROUGH WEATHER CONVERTS.

Sunday morning found everybody melancholy, and some relapsing into despair, because no ship had been sighted. The passengers felt that they were drifting out of the track of steamers, and were despondent on that account. Evangelist Moody, who from the first had displayed cool courage and a spirit of confidence that helped to sustain others, held an eloquent service of prayer in the saloon, which was attended by everybody on board, including two saloon passengers who had been noted for their entire confidence in the officers. All the boats, however, were made ready for instant use in case of necessity and supplied with a good store of provisions.

An examination showed that the shaft had been broken ten feet from the end. The weight of the screw caused a strain, and suddenly water flooded the stern and drove all the second cabin passengers and the stewards from their cabins and the dining saloons. The second cabin passengers were obliged to leave their clothes and baggage in the flooded cabins in order to escape. The flood continued and the officers, fearing the worst, ordered all movable articles to be removed and the bulkheads closed and shored with heavy beams. The second cabin passengers took refuge in the first cabin, and were received with all the hospitality possible under the circumstances.

THANKFUL HEARTS.

Gen. Howard, Gen. King and other past sengers express the highest praise of the noble and devoted conduct of both the officers and crew of the Spree. They have presented the following testimonial to Capt. Willgarod: "You ship has been saved from great peril, and we desire to express to you and your officers, and the entire crew, the great satisfaction and sincere gratitude felt by all for your work, performed under circumstances of unusual trial, demanding the utmost discipline, patience and courage. While deeply grateful to the Heavenly Father for His mercies, our hearts turn to the noble captain and his brave men."

The passengers raised the sum of $500, half of which was given to those who had lost their clothing and baggage, and the remainder to the crew, who had worked day and night at the pumps. Some of the saloon passengers will leave on the Etruria to-morrow, and the mails will go on that vessel. The remainder will await the Havel, of the North German Lloyd, which left Bremen for Queenstown to-day.

It appears that one life was lost owing to the accident. A young Austrian passenger on the Spree became insane from fear before the rescue, and jumped overboard and was drowned.

A despatch received this evening from Queenstown says that the leak in the Spree was caused by the broken shaft pounding out a portion of the stern before the engine could be stopped. The Lake Huron took the disabled steamer in tow on November 28th. Some of the Spree's saloon passengers and 587 sacks of her mails will be transferred on the Cunard line steamer Bavaria, which sails from Queenstown to New York to-morrow.

General Howard, General King and Mr. Moody will passage by the Havel.

In lower than deformed people were frequently known late: risen t be kaptoon of night

NOTES FROM THE GAY CAPITAL.

Count Ferdinand De Lesseps To Be Tried for the Panama Canal Swindle.

The Headman and His Lodgings—Guy De Maupassant Mad and Thinks Butterflies His Lost Thoughts—The Count and the Quack Hair Restorer—How a Colonel Kept His Wife from Her Clubs—All Paris in a Fright of Dynamitic Bombs.

PARIS, December.

"SIC transit gloria mundi" may well be said of Count Ferdinand De Lesseps, more popularly known as Panamaque. After having astonished the world and been hailed everywhere as the "Grand Français par excellence" he finds himself in his old age brought before the bar of justice. For a few long years the prosecution has been hanging over his head, and now at last it has become an accomplished fact. A few months ago he left Paris with his numerous family and settled down in his Chateau de la Chesnaye, but for some time previously he had retired from the world and everybody had forgotten him. It might be thought that, considering the service he rendered his country, and the distinguished position he held for such a long period, sympathy would be found on his side, but it is not. Of course there are exceptions, and two or three papers say that the Government has made a mistake, but the majority of the organs of public opinion are either silent or approve of the prosecution. Perhaps, however, this is not astonishing. France is accustomed to immolate her great men.

MINISTER OF JUSTICE STARTS THE HARE.

The prosecution was not decided upon without considerable difficulty, and there still remains behind the curtain many things of which the public are at present ignorant. The Procureur General, finding that the majority of the Ministers were opposed to the prosecution, reported that there was no ground for taking proceedings, but a second report was drawn up by M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, which came to a directly opposite conclusion. M. Ricard, Minister of Justice, however, came on the scene and suddenly announced to his colleagues in the Cabinet that he had ordered the prosecution on his own personal authority, and would abide by the consequences. It is believed that the whole affair is a piece of vengeance on the part of the Minister of Justice, who considers that he has not been properly treated by his colleagues on several important occasions. "I may lose my post," he is reported to have remarked, "but the Cabinet will fall with me." The public does not sympathize with the Grand Français. This is not surprising, seeing how many were ruined by the Panama Canal. People may not doubt his good faith or honesty, but they say that he carried his optimism too far and led them astray. It was he, they add, and he alone, who induced them to invest their hard earned savings under the pretensions that the Panama would outdo the Suez Canal and ensure them and their families large fortunes.

HOW THE PRESS WAS SQUARED.

Rumor says that extraordinary disclosures will be made during the trial, which will show how some people can make fortunes out of public calamities. Quite an army of contractors who have filled their pockets will come before the court. Financial celebrities will also find themselves exposed. The press, too, will play a role in the prosecution, but not a creditable one in the exact sense of the word. Nearly all the papers received handsome sums to puff the canal. At the time of the last loan there was one paper that made itself conspicuous by its opposition to the undertaking; every day it published something unpleasant about it. One morning Paris woke up and found that in the night it had changed its opinion and became a partisan of the canal had paid it a visit. The prosecution is not calculated to advance the movement which is being made for the resumption of the canal works. That movement, however, seems to have very little chance of success, and the trial may be its coup de grace during which.

MORE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS EXPECTED.

A week has passed since the explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, and all concerned in that abominable crime are still enjoying the sweets of liberty, and doubtless preparing other surprises of the same kind for the Ville Lumiere. "Surprises," perhaps, is no longer the word to use. Everybody in Paris is expecting to hear either an explosion or the news of one. If this expectation be not fulfilled shortly there will be no disappointment, but there will be a good deal of astonishment. The Anarchists are not the men to be conscience-stricken by the horrible and unforeseen consequences of their dynamite demonstration against the Carmaux Company. If, instead of killing four police officers, they had destroyed 500, their joy would have been greater in the same proportion. To them a policeman is merely an instrument employed in propping up the whole system which they are trying to blow to pieces. The success of the recent plot will make those timid conspirators bolder, it more enterprising, and put courage into hesitating Anarchists who have hitherto confined their talents to the safer game of stimulating others to risk their skins.

FACILITY FOR BOMB PLANTING.

What is happening here, and the general feeling of insecurity, ought to be considered, a very strong argument against the system of building great houses to let out in flats or appartements to numerous occupiers. It helps the Anarchists enormously in their campaign, which is mainly one of terrorism. The panic comes from the knowledge that no police measures or other precautions will materially decrease the danger. It is much easier to lay an infernal machine in a Paris house than to steal a small article from a shop or to pick a pocket. Every facility is offered to the dynamiters to carry on their work and to run very little risk of being caught in the act. In a house, for instance, where a multitude of people in the course of a day go up and come down the stairs, how can a *concierge* be expected to see what takes place on every landing at the same time, or to detect an Anarchist by his appearance? Ravachol dressed himself in a manner that altogether disarmed suspicion. His clothes were good, his linen were as irreproachable gloss, and nobody could have supposed that his little gripsack contained anything infernal.

PARIS EXECUTIONER IN A FIX.

If M. Deibler's latest attempt to secure a lodging should prove a failure in consequence of a judicial decision the "executeur des hautes oeuvres" may be driven to the hard necessity of stretching his weary limbs, in the despondency of futile house-hunting, under an arch of the Pont-Neuf, unless permission be granted him to sleep at La Roquette with his dear guillotine. Even then the problem of lodging his wife would remain unsolved; for it is evident from the landlord's account of his interview with M. and Madame Deibler when the lease of the lodgings in the Rue de Bel Air was signed, that the executioner's wife considers that she and her husband are professionally one and the same, and that she is no less a personage than Madame de Paris. It must have been agreed between them before they entered the house that the lady should do all the talking. Deibler felt that if he spoke he might betray uneasiness, like one of his own patients on approaching the guillotine. While the conversation was going on and the lease was being written out he kept as far in the background as he prudently could, with his head bent down and his hands resting upon his walking-stick. He was the picture of the respectable elderly *bourgeois*, who has absolute confidence in his wife's capacity, and who is not allowed to interfere in business matters.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE PARIS.

He must have listened and watched, however, with feverish interest, and must have given a sigh of relief when the landlord affixed his signature to the nine years' lease. Something must have flashed suspicious into the landlord's mind, for, turning to Deibler, he said:

"Are you not called Monsieur de Paris?"

"Yes, we are," replied Madame Deibler.

"If I had known that before," said the landlord, "I should not have accepted you as tenants."

"So much the worse for you," replied the lady; "what is done is done."

When it became known in the house that Deibler was soon to take up his quarters there the other lodgers gave notice to quit in rapid succession. Believing that the executioner is destined to be blown up sooner or later by Ravachol's avengers, they decline to run any risk of being blown up with him. The landlord feels as if a valuer had called upon his head, and if he cannot get the minister turn taken off him the poor man may soon lose his reason. If Deibler continues to hold on (and this is his present mood) the courts will be appealed to.

The executioner's adventures in search of a lodging will make excellent material for those who are writing reviews of the year's events for the theatres.

FRENCH GRAND DUKES.

At present Paris is a paradise of Grand Dukes, and the delectable hunting ground of imperial and other "highnesses" in search of society and pleasures of a charmingly captivating kind. There are now, or were a few days ago, no fewer than eight members of the Russian Royal family in the gay and volatile city, including the two brothers of the Czar, the Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir, who spend a lot of their leisure in France, Duke George of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duke [illegible] and the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who, when in Paris, usually holds a sort of Imperial Court, en *minaiture*, at which 5 o'clock tea is a feature. It is well some of these Grand Dukes, who generally make the Hotel Continental their headquarters, go about with their wives in close attendance, as even their Imperial Highnesses like to, and do, shake a loose leg sometimes. They "do" Paris thoroughly during their frequent visits, and if some beau cavalier, *incognito*, of course, is seen to be the animated centre of a group of grisettes or pretty Parisiennes at more or less well-known places of resort public, ten to one it is a Grand Duke, who has escaped his matrimonial myrmidon for a wild hall hour on his own account.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S WIFE CURE.

Apropos of the rage for lady's clubs and the penchant for all sorts of masculine emancipations which raged among the beauties of the brilliant Second Empire, there is a droll anecdote of a French officer who was determined to cure his young wife of her tastes in that direction. He was attached to the household of the Emperor, and she was a very lovely woman, and he kept her under a rather strict surveillance. However, she became a little restive under this regime, and, inspired by the example of the frisky matrons about her, joined one of these "mannish" clubs which were the vogue for emancipated *grandes dames* in Paris. Her husband was greatly annoyed, but said not a word, and bided his opportunity.

HE PLAYED PENELOPE.

At length Colonel Madame went into the country for a day or two, and the captain determined to give her a lesson. When she returned to the capital there was no indulgent hubby waiting to meet her at the railway station; and when she reached home, still greater was her surprise. She found her apartments utterly transformed. All her pretty little knick-knacks and feminine trifles had disappeared, and in their place were the various sundries proper to a gentleman's dressing-room and sitting-room. She rushed to her husband's apartments to ask the meaning of this change; but paused on the threshold, scarcely believing her eyes, for there, surrounded by all his wife's dainty, lithe, lovelike appurtenances and ornaments, sat the captain, a *peignoir* of hers over his stalwart shoulders, and his great hands laboriously stitching at a piece of fancy needlework.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

"Oh, dear no!" replied he, coolly threading his needle) only, as you wish to change your sex, I thought I had better do the same—*je joue les Penelopes!*

GUY DE MAUPASSANT AND HIS MANIA.

As the Comedie Francaise is about to produce a work by M. Guy de Maupassant, those who had almost forgotten that the popular novelist and *conteur* was still among the living have recently been making inquiries respecting him. It appears that, owing to the prolonged strain he had put upon himself, his powers are definite and few. Until the Pontificate of Nicholas VII., in the eleventh century, the Roman Pontiff was a feeble, ineffectual personage, the great genius of the Middle Ages, concentrated this power in the higher clergy.

Until the pontificate of Innocent III. the cardinals met in public, but the external influences which could be brought to bear upon their decision induced the church to require strict seclusion of the conclave. Pope Gregory enacted that decision should be reached as speedily as possible, but that if in three days a decision was not accomplished, the cardinals should be restricted to one dish each at dinner and that if five days more should elapse and a Pope not be chosen they should be put on wine, bread and water and starved into unanimity. These are among the minor regulations which time has relaxed.

As soon as the Secretary of State announces to the cardinal chamberlain the death of the Pope the latter assures himself that the report is true. He raps at the death chamber with a gold mallet. Receiving no reply he enters and taps with a silver mallet the forehead of the Pope. Then he kneels and acknowledges that he is indeed dead. The chamberlain places the body in the care of the cardinal penitentiarus of the Vatican. The chamberlain takes an inventory and locks the rooms. Already there are not three cardinals, the heads of the orders of cardinal bishops, cardinal priests and cardinal deacons. The first three days are devoted to the obsequies of the Pope. After the obsequies the body is deposited on a plain sarcophagus, on which is painted the title and name of the pontiff. This will remain in St. Peter's until the death of his successor, when it will be broken down, the coffin removed from it to the crypt or other place of deposit, and that of the new claimant for temporary repose set in its place.

Meanwhile the cardinals have been gathering from all parts of the world to attend the conclave. There will be no representative of England at the next conclave unless the appointment should take place very soon. Nor will Ireland be represented. Notwithstanding her unquestionable devotion through persecution and poverty to the faith of the Holy See she has never been permitted to influence to the slightest degree the choice of its pontiff. Of the present cardinalate, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, will be the only representative of the English-speaking people of the Americas. Francis Patrick Cardinal Moran will represent the Australias. Alexander Cardinal Taschereau will represent the French of the new world. Of the rest an overwhelming majority are Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and Austrian. These will constitute the ruling element.

So uncertain has the outcome of conclaves always been that a distinguished student of their operations, being asked his opinion as to the rule of the probabilities in the result, replied: "Can you make a rule of probabilities as to what cel will come out on the top of a basket of eels after you have huts and opened the cover?"

It is probable that about fifty-five cardinals will participate in the conclave. For the time being the portion of the