Andover Mews.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1892.

THE Southern States are having discouragingly hard times. While thousands upon thousands of home seekers are camping on the borders of Oklahoma, or bracing against the cold in Dakota, the millions of fertile acres of the South, with its "glorious climate" thrown in, go begging for occupants. Why is it? The men interested in Southern prosperity should find out. There are millions

Now THAT the latest opening of lands in Oklahoma Territory has been concluded, the railroad lines which were laden with "boomers" and "ruswere laden with "boomers" and "rustlers" going into that section are laden with disappointed men and women coming out. Fully 50,000 people secured rights in the new lands, but it is safe to say that not more than 5,000 genuine settlers and men of family have been able to locate claims. These settlers represent less than one-half the new pop-Many of them are without means for every-day subsistence. If reports from Kingfisher can be relied upon, they will have a struggle for life this summer in a contention with drought, sand, and hot weather, such as will discourage many of them. It seems almost impossible to make regulations for any opening of Government land that is not attended by disgraceful scenes, riotous proceed-ings, and the pre-emption of land by men in the employ of real-estate speculators at town sites. Two towns have sprung up in the newly occupied reservations with the characteristic names of Okarohe and Caddo Springs, the former of which is said to resemble Guthrie in the early days of the first Oklahoma land opening, and to have fully 10,000 wooden structures in process of construction. The thousands of disappointed families who failed to secure fertile land in the rush of last week have still a hope in the coming opening of the Cherokoo strip, whose 6,000,000 acres may give them a chance to secure homes.

Columbus have deprived him of canonization due to his perils and prowess, that boon might justly be bestowed in commiseration of his posthumous vicissitudes and misfortunes. To begin immortality as the discoverer of a new world only to find it diverted 400 years later into taming monkeys seems more than sardonic fate should nflict on any man. Giacomo Galetti, a Chicago monkey trainer, who by that magnanimous courtesy that pre-vails in a country otherwise somewhat cold, is designated "professor. like many men of less laborious occu-pation, looked one day at the bust of Columbus in Genoa on a public monument. "By Iago." cried the professor, "that looks like my wife!" whose nee name, as properly constructed obituaries say, was Columbo or bi or Colum something. Then he remembered that Antonia, his cara sposa, was born in Piacenza, and forthwith he went to the doge of the town and got a certificate that he, Giacomo, had married into the family of the great navigator. The monkey trainer is now urging his adoption of the family of Columbus upon the directory, with what view is not yet clearly known, perhaps only to secure a suitable snot in the fine-arts building to show the accomplishments of his artists. It is too bad to dissipate any man's dream, especially the dreams of one who is engaged in showing what Nature would have done had she kept right on making monkeys intomen instead of turning around in her wicked glee to make so many men into monkeys. But veritas prevælebit ruat colum; the Genoa monu ment bust is a purely imaginary por-trait constructed in 1862; and kinship claimed for the Genoese cloth-weaver's son with the nobility of the province of Piacenza was an invention of dish Fordinand after his father had become admiral and he a courtier The monkey trainer has married into a real Columbus aristocracy, and when he adduces the coat of arms of the navigator to confirm his claims, he only revives the pitiful story that Columbus was persuaded to ask their royal nibs of Spain to let him use that foppery in order to make up appearances wholly theatrical. are less difficult and more profitable occupations than monkey among them marrying into European aristocracy. "Professor"Galetti should go right on training his guileless and doelle simians. There's both honor and-money in that

a Maria

(Written for the Friendship (N. T.) REGISTER.)

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetnor's Love Af-fairs," "The Missing Ring," Love's Bacrifice," etc.

> CHAPTER IX. OCTOBER 12.

I cm Robert Volney's wife. We were I cm mover voiney's wire, we were married standing beside Rose. She held my left hand in both her own, and her face appeared as flushed, and earnest, and lappy, as if the sacred vows were scaling h r bliss instead of mine.

Edna stood close beside me, while the Do stor leaned one arm upon the back of Rose's chair in a care ess attitude of re-pose. Leon and Joyce coming at the last moment, with their natural case of adapting themselves to sudden situa-tions, fell into a graceful position at

Robert's right.
Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Mrs. Abbott,
Mrs. Owens, Dick and Charley formed a
second group just beyond. And thus,
in the midst of my few tried and chosen
friends I became in outer securing, what
I had long been in love and trust, the
wife of Robert Volney.
What hours of contentment and peace

What hours of contentment and peace have been mine to enjoy since I became the wife of this grave and tender man. I seem to be dwelling in a realm of perpetual smakine, and if I did not often accompany itobert upon his visits among the wretchedly poor of the city, and sometimes even to the cells of those whoes crimes have been remained. I should almost

sometimes oven to the city, and sometimes oven to the cells of those whose ctimes have been revenled, ishould almost forget that there is such a thing as suffering in this great beautiful world.

A short time previous to our marriage I placed my fournal in Pobert's hand saying, in explanation: "I desire to have no secrets from you now or ever, and if you read this book you will know all there is to tell of my past life."

The very evening that he brought me to his home—our home—he drew back the portier of a door, thus disclosing a room opening from his own suite, a room with excellent light and fitted up as an artist's studio. I was shalen by a sudden-enction—"at last! O, my deer husband!" and turning to his a ray I found relief in a swift ruch of tears.
"Tears, Edith, he said, a trifle brokenly, "and on our wedding day," I tried to smile and succeeded, after a tolerable fashion. "Oh, they are not ominous. Robert, for they are tears of joy. Buthow can I thank you."

"By cultivating your 'one talent' to the utmost limit of your desire."

Under the best instruction the city affords I am devoting a portion of each day to this delightful work, and am succeeding beyond my most sanguine expectations.

But in it all Robert is my real helper.

day to this delightful work, and am succeeding beyond my most sanguine expectations.

But in it all Robert is my real helper. His words of praise and blame are given in such a manner as to act even upon my sensitive nature as an incentive to continued effort.

During the years of his banishment he gathered in a large and fine assortment of photographs of the Chl World's most famous pictures. He has also been a careful observer, and while he talks to me of this copy or that, so vivid is his portrayal, that I seem to be standing in chapel or gallery, lighted from above, crowded with pictures, while a painting of Ra; hach's, or Guido Reni's, or one of Correggio's grand faces are revealed to me in color, and line, and expression; and faint, far reaches that crown the color, and fint, far reaches that crown the colors of the property of the color of the colors of the colors. mear—the moment—with the indescrib-able glory of the eternal.
Some day, next year perhaps, my

abic glory of the eternal.

"Some day, next year perhaps, my wife shall paint from the original of these, while I will wait near her like the most patient of duennas." He said these words to me less than an hour ago, my brave, noise Robert, and yet I know that to wander again through that foreign land would be inexpressibly painful to him, because of past associations.

What can I do to repay him for all his tender thoughtfulness for me! How can I so order my life as in some measure to make amen is for the dreadful losk years of his carlier manhood? These questions

of his carlier manhood? These questions are continually in my mind. My whole soul seems beat toward the attainment of the one object, to dim the visions of his past life, to dim the memory of his oldtime despair, and to intensify the hope, and joy, and peace that has come to him

I have thought much upon this subect during the last two weeks, for it was about that time that a circumstance occurred which impressed me pro-

foundly.

It was one of those paruliar moments in life when every act and emotion so stamps itself upon the mind as to remain in the memory forever, and with all the vividness of a lirst impression. It was a perfect September afternoon, full of the scent of late biossoms and low, half-planntive no es of bird song. The air was strene and clear, and with that mellow golden tinge, as if the glory of the unseen world was so near as to mingle its atmosphere with ours. I was sitting at an open window looking out upon the garden, and I held in my hands a tritle of heedle-work; but my thoughts wandered at will among the events of the past and the sweet abiding joy of the present. memory forever, and with all the n the

the present.

Suddenly Robert came into the room, and in a moment was bending over me. and in a moment was bending over me.
I let my hands fall idly in my lap, while
I lifted my face to meet the smile of affect on in his eyes and the quiet pressure
of his line. of his lips.

"Edith," he said, with a visible tremor "Edith," he said, with a visible tremor in his voice, "I have tried several times since you have been my wife to tell you the whole story of my past life; but I could not. That you know in part I am wall aware, for in a conversation with mother some time previous to her death, she told me that I qwed my forgiveness to yourself."

I would have spoken in denial, but a could not be been a likewed went on hastily.

I would nave spoken in demar, one he sealed my lips and went on hastily: "I know it is a cowardly way of doing, but I have written down what I would most like you to know, and while I go into the city for an horr will you please me by reading it? I need not ask you to judge me tenderly, for if my wife has a fault, it is in dealing too gently with the folios and sins of others."

the follies and sins of others."
I allowed the paper to remain where he had left it for a while. O how happy I was with his kiss yet warm upon my lips, and the sound of his voice lingering with me like loved strains of music. At last, however, I unfolded the paper

"My l'ear Edith: I have long desired "My Fear Edith: I have long desired to reveal my past to you, with its one crime that has shadowed my life with its awful curse from the time of its committal until the present. Sometimes I have felt that I should suffer from its blighting power through all eternity; for even

now, at this late day, it stalks beside me like a grim specter in the midst of my

like a grim specter in the interest of the deep joy.

I am not ashamed to tell you that I shed tears in reading your journal becometimes, in moments of abstraction, I have pulled a rose apart, petal by petal, and its fragrance has come up to me like an accusation. So while I perused those pages I fell that I was taking your soul apart, leaf by leaf, and viewing every emotion of pain or pleasure; every sentiment of duty or desire, which had actuated you in the past. As compared with mine, how simple, serene and innocent your life appeared, and yet I had asked you to unite your life with mine.

asked you to unite your life with mine.

you know my dear Edith, I think
the world holds to a mistaken creed,
that the sin of a man is esteemed less
odoous than the same sin in a woman.
A Cesar may steep his soul in iniquity,
but his wife must be above reproach. If
the record of our lives had been reversed
would I have sought you, for my wife do
suppose? But however that may be, you
are now my own. Your tender hands
carses, me; your sweat hopful face is suppose? But however that may be, you are now my own. Your tender hands caress me: your sweet hopeful face it ever near me: your presence beautifies

Your name is symbolical, for it signifee happines, or a rich gift, and I have accepted you, Edith, as a priceless gift tion one whose power is become on

homen will ng.
": u'. I do not need tell you of these

": u', I do not need tell you of these things you know you are my one pos-session. I will, therefore, proceed with my celf imposed and painful task. "My boyhood was not unlike that of other boys, whose fathers' wealth gives them nothing to think of save the grati-fication of their own selfish desires. My veryly allowance was a small fortune of vearly allowance was a small fortune of This was a mistaken kindness on the part of my parents, which laid the foundation of all my after misery, as of

theirs also.
"When I left college I had but a very superficial knowledge of the books I had made a pretense of studying; but I was well versed in the little-follies and vices that the richer and gayer class of stu-dents, as a rule, indulge in to a greater

or less extent.
"With mind and heart thus unformed and full of the vital energies and pas-sionate impulses of a strong young man-hood, I threw myself into the dissipation of fashionable society. Then it was that I first saw Estelle Nivelle. I was at that the same steeler Arele. I was at the theatre in company with a fair, intelligent, and pure lady whom I knew my mother had long destined for my future wife, when Estelle appeared before me, a vision of the most beautiful and ravish-ing womanhoo I. Satin, laces, jewels, enhanced the absolute perfection of her form. A queen might have envied the grace and apparent naturalness of her manner, and her voice was singularly sweet and clear and with some secret power that thrilled every finest fibre of

my being.
"I shall never forget what a furor her "I shall never forget what a furor her appearance created arrong my gay companions. Night after night the stage about her was piled with the most costly bouquets. Men were so infatuated with her grace, her beauty, her talent, that ewels of rare worth were often concealed among the stems of the flowers. For myself, I dreamed of nothing, thought of nothing, planned for nothing, but to win her for my own. It was as if some fatal spell possessed every faculty of my being, before whose power judgment and sense were alike unavailing.

power judgment and sense were alike unavailing.

Iknew she was a deceptive woman; that she was not as I could wish my wife to be; but if I charged her with bestowing smiles upon other men, she would protest against my accusations with tears and such tender reproaches as would bring mengain to her feet, her captive, her willing slave. And I would say to myself: Estelle Nivelle shall be mine, if the social distance between us over which I must mas to gain her men. over which I must pass to gain her were paved with the quivering hearts of those

paved with the quivering hearts of those who love me best.

"When I recall the emotions of that time of madness I am moved with compassion for that erring boy as though he were a fellow being entirely distinct from the grave man who is writing these words, and who, from the low depths of sin and sorrow, and after years of conflict, has now found a place of comparative rest.

tive rest. "At last rumors of my mad infautation reached my father's ears. His re-entment knew no bounds, and he forbade my ever seeing Estelle again under penalty of disinheritance. Then came the tragic ending. Estelle quickly planned the way for our escape, to which I became a ready and willing ac-

complice. A few days before, my father had given me a check for two thousand dollars, expecting I was to spend a few months in travel through the United States preparatory to a European trip. The addition of a cypher was a very simple matter.

"We were married in her private room one evening by a minister whom one of her particular friends procured at her request. The following morning I presented the check. It was cashed without a question, and before noon we were sailing out toward mid-ocean. I wonder now how I could give up honor, home, friends, everything, for this one woman. A woman of foreign birth, and who was almost a strauger to me. It is one of life's problems.

"We went at once to Paris where the most of Estelle's life had been spent, and for a time I was blissfully happy. I have never been able to reason myself out of the thought that Estelle loved me and for a time was perfectly satisfied with my love and admeration. But the old desire returned again and in six months she was back upon the stage, and receiving attentions from other men that madened me.

"Then a titled nobleman appeared upon the scene and she deserted me for him.

dened me.

"Then a titled nobleman appeared upon
the scene and she deserted me for him,
and without a farewell word. O, God! I and without a farewell word. O, God! I do not even dare recall the misery which followed. For a time I have no recollection of events whatever. I only know that I lived on day after day in a sort of dumb despair. Finally, one day when the sun lay hot on the white streets of the beautiful city, I took one of the little steamboats that follow the course of the Seine between its green banks, and where lawns of pretty villas came down to the river's edge. And after a time there were islands that seemed to have dropped cool, and wer, and green into the middle of the stream. But none of these seemes was and a my mind into the matter of the second in my mind any feeling of interest or animation. So utterly was I dead to every sensation, save my own great loss and its consequent sorrow.

"A pretty, pale, sad-eyed young crea-ture who had been sitting motionless at the side of the boat and gazing down into the water, suddenly rose to her feet and with a low despairing cry flung her-

and with a low despairing cry flung herself into the stream.

"I cannot tell you what followed; latiniceasile sensation, and opened my eyes
to find a fine, mortherly, English face
heading anxiously over me. Somehow,
though very natike, it remind where
the morther's face, and I turned my head
away with a mean of pain and a rush of
tears. Shaler me ere without saving a
moral only southing may with passes of

word, only scothing me with passes of bor hand over my forcherd as one calma a graving child. The tears did me

egraining child the tears did me good.

"I suppose you think I am very foolish, I said after a time, but you reminded me of my mother and I could not help it."

"I ndeed, I think you are a very brave young man, for you saved the life of a poor, dispairing girl, whose misfortune is greater than her sin. I shall take charge of her for a while at least and see what can be done for her.'

"This was not the end of my strangely begun acquaintance with this woman. Though an Inglish lady of great wealth and high social standing, yet her home was in Paris, and she devoted her life to

was in Paris, and she devoted her life to the lifting of the lowly and the criminal. From this time I date the beginning of a new era in my life. It was then that my crime burst upon me in all its hideousness. I could so far forget my own disappointment as to picture the sortion of my general parts and my serious and my serious seri

hideousness. I could so far forget my own disappointment as to picture the sorrow of my generous father and my proud, adoring mother.

"I confided everything to my new friend. She had pased through the experience of a great sorrow and self-despair, and so was able to help me as she otherwise could not. I could see no other way of making life in my degree tolerable but by trying to save others from the ruin I had brought upon my-self and family. I studied medicine that I might be better able to help, and to understand the daily needs of those I labored among.

"Occasionally I wrote a letter home pleading forgiveness. It came at last, through your influence, Edith. Came, thank God, before it was too late to receive my mother's blessing.

"About two years ago fistelle met a trag celent. She was one of the victims of a burning theatre. It was a sad ending to a strauge ciratic life.

"This ends my confession, I have lived through the great tragety of my life, I have come into a cond-tion of comparative repose. And now to be assured of your constant sympathy, your aid, your counsel is to me like a heaven already begun I desire to make your life a happy one, and yet I know, Edith, you must always live under the chill shadow of your husband's sin. God grant, the shadow may never rest upon you with

of your husband's sin. God grant, the shadow may never rest upon you with more blighting power than at present."

"Robert," I said, as later on we walked about the garden in the soft September sunshine, "I have read your confession through several times, and when I think of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer I was a support of the sin and its attendant enforcer is the support of the sin and its att dant suffering I am profoundly sorry

ant suffering I am profoundly sorry; but when I remember the years you have given to a solema service of gratitude and patient endeavor, and that had it been otherwise I should not now be your happy wife, I am moved upon by a spirit of thankfulness.

"And I am glad too, that you was willing to trust me so fully as even to lay bare before my eyes the darkest page of your soil's history; because I shall always feel in the future that whatever error I may fall into, whatever my temptations may be, I can freely lay my head against my husband's heart, and telling him all about it, be assured of his sympathy and assistance."

While I was speaking his ayes were cast downward, but he looked at me and smiled as I paused under the shadow of

West of the Control of the

a great tree, and there is always blending of sadness and joy in his vas I never saw in any other face. "There is nothing I should dramuch, I dith," he replied was that there was anything could enter into your experience the would fear revealing to me. Your band's heart is your home, whereh would fear revealing to me. Your band's heart is your home, whereh will never seek in vain for protected comfort. As to my own life, the was, Edith, when I longed for but now, because of my work, and cause your love has bridged the chamy remorse and once more glade my heart with dear human I look forward with feelings of ple to a prolonged life. Showly though years I have grown into the thought somehow, and sometime, all out her our histakes that have cost us of bitterness and regret, will be smooth to a prolonged life. Showly though which each sold will be satisfied He looked away toward the wesun. I followed the direction of eyes, slowly repeating the word favorite poet and a noble woman. I tread my blays.

I know that all the threads will read my hour being blind home late "I know that all the threads will read and home blemp blind, no more late". Appointed ways.

I know that an one coreads with new Appointed ways:
I know each day will bring its new And, being blind, no more I ask

And, being bind, no more lasks **

* * * *

"But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tr-ad.
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread.
And bring '50 is message in the sag.
Thou poor blind spinner, work is de-

OCTORER 2, I went to call upon Joyce this moon. "She is in her room," they said who admitted me. I found a she was also alone and so with a single three sheets." freedom sought her lying upon a couch which stood with back to the door. All her unbounds

back to the door. All her unbounds felt in a pretty golden could over a loose, pale-blue robe she wor. I noise of the opening door disturbed and she looked round wonderings, a quietly entered the room.

There were traces of tears on he had a looked manner, "Dithy, dear Dithy," sherie And instantly I was kneeling backet, holding her in my arms, and so ing her with k sees and loving row while she sobbed and clung to me as she used often to do in those day our dreary childhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Action Yet Taken Regarding the Relation Act. New Treaty Possible
WASHINGTON, May 23.—At the Concess Legation the statement is not that no instructions have been redrifted from the government at Peking regarding the policy to be pursued by the measurement as the Celestial empire upon the new Chima Exclusion act. It may be said, he ever, that there will be no violent as speedy disruption of diplomatic methods between China and the Usa States, and that there will be no prisals upon Americans in China cause of the passage of the law, withstanding the declarations opposed to the contrary in the course of as that no instructions have been received cies to the contrary in the course consideration of the bill in Congre

consideration of the bill in Congress elsewhere.

An impression prevails in diplomás circles that some arrangement will be fine the status and rights of subjects either nation residing in the other treaty or otherwise. The letter of McGiowan, Senior American Mischowan to China to Secretary Blaine, is belief to have afforded the basis forther pression stated.

proposition as fair and satisfactor, while the authority for the satematic cannot now be given, it is probable communications on the subjects bare the Governments have slready a made.

BELIEVED HE IS INSANE

Missing Lawyer Emerson Seen in White ton, Acting Strangely.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 23—It is believed that Lawyer Howard Emerson. PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 23.—It is believed that Lawyer Howard Enemathe missing executor of Mrs. The Stillman's estate, is insane, as the still of an attack of grip. Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, of the Crescent League Buston of the Manager I Keller, and he was grant of the Leaf League Buston of League Buston of the Manager I Keller as the Manager I Keller I Keller as I Keller as the Manager I Keller as the Manager I Keller as I Keller as the Manager I Keller as I

NEWARK, N. J. May 23.—The detive insulation of one of the sirest carry the power for the Springfeld nue electric cars caused the death horse parades and endangered nue electric care caused the deau horse yesterday, and endangered lives of a large party of pleasuresettion to be electricity was communicated in iron pole in the centre of the street whence to the track, and when a sail boad of merry makers are welloag, drawing the four horses, the accident occur by four horses, the accident occur all of the horses were thrown to ground, and one of them that have the common that we will be a sail is sued from various parts of the anisal issued from various parts of the anisal touch him. The people in the were also shocked, but noos seriously.

were also shooked, but none sarrows.

Senator Hill at Charlotte, N. C.,

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 21—18

Presence of a brilliant assembles, at the measure of t ator David B. Hill delivered the mile and reason of the accession of the anniversary of the Mecklenberg strong of independence. His address distinctly historical and patriotic reference to current political reason carefully syroided. The significant control of the

EMING'S CRAVEN END

Collapses Completely When the Noose is Adjusted.

DEATH WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.

erly Broken Down in His Last Hours. tonduct a Complete Surprise to B Conduct a compress ourprise to His Boubt as to the Tfuthfulness of His ttoblography-History of His Crimes. atablography-History of His Crimes.

FELRICANE, May 23.—Frederick BayDreining was hauged one minute af10 o'clock this morning. Seventy
lotters and physicians gathered in the
outers and physicians gathered in the
outer and outer the outside wall thouds upon thousands waited from 6
took this morning to watch the black
and wait for the signal that all
over.

s over.

When Deeming was led into the yard in the time gallows, everybody was prised to see that he was not chained prised to see that he was not chained had been expected. He walked unity between the guards and several nest outered as if about to fall. His les tottered as if about to fall. His les tottered as if about to fall. His les tottered as if several times when the healing spoke to him encouraging chaplain spoke to him encouraging in an undertone, Deeming parted his at oreply but uttered no sound. He seemed to be stupefied by his appresenting death. When his arms were hined he wavered, and would have len had he not been caught by the arden. At first he shook his head wen list last opportunity to speak was yen him. Then he rallied from his poor and with a strong effort called totord Jesus, receive my spirit." over.
hen Deeming was led into the yard

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

The street of the same and stood with the tried to say more and stood with the tried to say more and stood with the street of the same as a stood with the street of the same as a street of the same

time to read much of the manuscript what he has read has lethim to to that it has few ciaims to being a lithful narrative. The spelling and liting are bad, he says, and there is idently so much incoherent philosophing in the work that he fears nobodies in the willing to undertake the finantitisk of publishing it. The result of post-morten examination of Deemy's brain will not be known probably, coursel does.

r several days.

Frederick Bayley Deeming was one of be most versatile and bloodthirsty retches in the history of the world's rime. That part of his career which ed immediately to his arrest, trial and sath at Melbourne began in Rainhill, a whurb of Liverpooi, on July 21, 1891. He then took louigings under the name if Williams at the Commercial Hotel in bat village, and shortly began paying our to Miss Emily Mather, whom husequently married.

He reuted Dinham Villa, on the out kirts of the willage, during his court

the rented Dinham Villa, on the out tits of the village, during his court ip, and there received a woman and ur young children, who disappeare outly before his marriage to Mis ther. After the wedding on Septem 73 he and his wife took a short wed ing journey, and on October 17 the filed for Australia. They went to liv a house in Windsor, a suburb of eibourne. There on December 24, nin was after their arrival, he killed h

is after their arrange wife and buried her unue, or and then disappeared.

About ten weeks later, when new ten its were about to take the house, a priliar odor was noticed, and the flow as taken up and the body of Mreeming was found. Marks on head and neck showed that sha had be dilled by hows. When this reach the source of the source o their arrival, he killed he and buried her under the i shu neck showed that she had be ed by blows. When this reach shall the police tore up the floor ham Villa, to satisfy their suspici the woman and four children will leen seen there with Deeming mil e suffered the same fate as did Emi

They found under the floors. per found under the floors, whi beening himself had cemented, to todies of the woman and children. Twoman was his wife, nee James, whe he had maried in England in 1881, a the children were his own. Deemi was caught near Perth, in Austral late in March, after he had advertise through a matrimonial agency, as had made arrangements to marry Mounsevell in Perth.

After his arrest and incarceration Melbourne, awaiting trial, more or legislence.

After his arrest and incarceration Melbourne, awaiting trial, more or levidence was found tending to coun Deeming with dozens of heinous crit michading those of 'Jack the Rippe and a man who knew Deeming in Haz came forward with proof that Deing while there had written to the dowes woman, one of the Whitechas rictims. The exact truth of charges was not and never will be Certained as Deeming was tried, Victed, sentenced and hanged for killing of Emily Mather only.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., May 28 rult and shade trees were bro though such a result is described and the loss will be throughout the country. Whether fruit has been injured is a questional such a result is described.