

STORY OF "THE STRANGLER OF PARIS"

A Really French Crime, the Portrayal of Which Will Not be Permitted in the United States.

The Bompard woman, arriving at New York to begin a vaudeville tour of the United States, rehearsing her crime, was denied admission to the country.

Fifteen years ago the men and women of the great world of Paris literally fought for place at the murder trial of Michel Eyraud and his beautiful friend and accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard, supposedly under hypnotic influence, told the details of the crime for which she had served 14 years of the 20 years' sentence of imprisonment to which she had been originally condemned, says Collier's Weekly. The incident was regarded with much interest by the Parisians as the final chapter of a murder particularly picturesque even in a city of which the criminal records are as rich in sensations as the Bois is of green leaves on a June day. But to the world at large this hypnotic performance was looked upon as an affair of some moment, as a practical demonstration which showed the tremendous possibilities of the use of a hypnotic force as a means of extracting evidence from the principals and witnesses in a criminal procedure.

The sensation caused by the trial of Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard can be more easily ascribed to the personality of the chief actor in the tragedy rather than to the crime itself. Eyraud was a man of some education, with a brutal face and an inordinate vanity inspired by his successes with women whose social status was but slightly superior to his own. But all Paris loves a lover, and so when the arm of justice had reached out and placed this lowest of criminals safely in the dock the women of Paris flocked to hear the evidence which eventually condemned him to the guillotine. It was the same form of morbid adoration which has inspired women in this country to send their photographs and bunches of flowers to the kind of criminals who revel in their misdeeds and walk the gallows with a smile on their lips.

Eyraud had been a wholesale wine dealer in Bordeaux. He afterwards changed his field of operations to Paris, and when he advertised for a young woman to assist him in his office work, Gabrielle Bompard was accepted as the most likely candidate for the position. Perhaps he had the power of a Siren, or perhaps he was only a man with that peculiar virtue or lack of it that attracts certain women; but the result was the same—in an absurdly short space of time this young, pretty girl was ready and willing to do all he bade her. According to the evidence of the trial, she deceived an inoffensive hussier, a M. Gouffe, into her apartment, and when he was alone she thoughtfully placed in front of some harmless looking curtains suspended from a securely fastened wooden rod. A few minutes later, according to the statement of Michel Eyraud himself, he pulled on the belt of Mlle. Bompard's wrapper, which had been tied about M. Gouffe's neck and passed over the wooden rod, while the lady tucked up the victim's legs in order to expedite the choking process. The body of their victim was packed in a trunk and the two criminals started for Lyons with their gawgawie burden. From Lyons they went to Marseilles and then back to Paris.

As a sidelight on Eyraud's power over the girl an interesting detail was disclosed at the trial to the effect that the murderer had induced the girl to return to the apartment where the murder had been committed for the sole purpose of obtaining an old hat which he had inadvertently left behind.

Their crime became the cause celebre of the day, and after the discovery of the trunk with Gouffe's body in it, they were suspected of being the murderers and fled to America, pursued by the two French detectives, Gaillarde and Soudais, but no trace of them could be found, and the French police officers returned to Paris. In the meantime Eyraud abused Gabrielle and she left him in San Francisco for a man named Garanger. Then she came home and

denounced Eyraud, expecting to be acquitted, but was sentenced to 20 years. The murderer in the meantime had been recognized quite by chance in Havana by a former employee of the Bordeaux days named Gauthier, and was promptly arrested by the Spanish police. Soudais and Gaillarde again went after him and this time brought him back to Paris. Here early in the winter of 1891, at the Place de la Roquette, "The Strangler of Paris," as he was affectionately called by his admirers, was guillotined, and his last words were a curse on the pretty head of his former companion, Mlle. Bompard.

And now comes the extraordinary sequel to this unsavory crime. Henri Letellier, proprietor of "Le Journal," interested himself on behalf of Gabrielle Bompard and eventually had her pardoned before the expiration of her sentence. He believed the girl's statement, that at the time of the crime she was completely under Eyraud's control and, having been hypnotized by him, had no recollection whatever of the day of the crime or the subsequent events of their trip together when they fled to and traveled throughout America, eluding the pursuit of the two detectives, who followed them all over the country. Letellier succeeded in interesting others in his story of having been hypnotized, and printed a series of articles in his paper, entitled "The Memoirs of Gabrielle Bompard," which were written by Jacques Dhar, an editorial writer of "Le Journal." These memoirs were followed by a series of articles on the possibilities of the relation of hypnotism to crime and to what extent an innocent person might be made to participate in a crime of even the most horrible character.

As Gabrielle declared she had no recollection of the crime, being hypnotized and completely under Eyraud's control, it was argued that if she were put under the same mesmeric influence again and questioned adversely she could reproduce the tragic events of the afternoon of July 28, 1889, and recall all the horrible details for the edification of the gentlemen interested.

In a recent musical comedy produced in this country there was introduced a burlesque on a French duel. The principals were accompanied to the scene of action not only by their seconds and a surgeon, but in addition there was a great procession of friends, newspaper reporters, camera fiends and a brass band. The same program, with the exception of the band, was carried out at Mlle. Bompard's hypnotic scene, which took place at a photographic studio in the Boulevard des Capucines. Prof. Liegeois of the faculty of the University of Nancy consented to do the mesmerizing of the young woman, who, incidentally, is now 34 years of age, very frail of figure and still pretty of face.

After a hypnotic apparatus had been placed in position and a stenographer prepared to take down the proceedings verbatim, Prof. Liegeois seized Gabrielle by the arm and then he turned to the hypnotist, then he informed her that she was again in the room in the Rue Troncon-Deoudray, and that it was once more July 26, 1889.

Instantly the girl's face assumed an expression of horror, and she put out her hands as if to protect herself from some threatened violence, at the time crying out, "Coward! Coward! You hurt me!" Then, suddenly awakening, she dragged herself on her knees toward Prof. Liegeois. "There, there, I give up," she said. "I will do anything you say."

The actual crime was not reproduced for obvious reasons when the circumstances are recalled; besides, nobody seemed to care for the role of Gouffe, and those that followed were frightened and filled the onlookers with a real sensation of horror. Her voice, pitched in a high key, gave apparently genuine evidence of abject terror, and her face was convulsed as she dragged herself about the floor.

"Where is Gouffe?" suddenly asked the professor. The woman pointed vaguely before her with outstretched arm, which trembled violently, and she whispered: "There! There!"

"How is he?" came the question, while Gabrielle seemed to be on the point of bursting into tears. Finally she replied:

"He is dead. Eyraud killed him."

"What is Eyraud doing now?"

The woman turned her head, uttered a scream, and placed her hands before her face, crying out: "No, no, no, no, no, no, Eyraud! I cannot support that. It is too much."

"What is he doing now?" asked Liegeois. "Horror!" cried the girl. "See the scissors! Eyraud is cutting the clothes off Gouffe's body!"

"How was Gouffe killed?" asked the professor. "Here the scene became tragic in the extreme as Gabrielle, always kneeling, dragged herself toward Liegeois and, with her head raised and an expression of disgust and horror on her face, made with her little hands the motions of killing some one by strangulation."

"Now it is getting dark—where is Eyraud now?" "He's gone, leaving me to pass the night with the corpse. He says he will return tomorrow."

"Very well, it is tomorrow. What are you doing now?" "We are leaving for Lyons with the body."

She then described the trip to Marseilles to get rid of the trunk with the body, thence to Marseilles, and then back to Paris. "Now we are in America," said the expert sharply. "You are at San Francisco and about to leave Eyraud for another. Who is he?"

"Gouffier. He is taking me to Vancouver," was the reply, spoken as demurely as if she had said he was taking her for a walk.

"Don't you hear that awful noise of rushing water? Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, that's Niagara Falls."

Gabrielle explained that Garanger was rich and was good to her, but that, always haunted by the fear of Eyraud, and knowing that he was still in America, she determined to come back to Paris to denounce him. Prof. Liegeois then told his subject that she would have nothing more to fear and that all those who wished to harm her were dead. He then brought her out of her mesmeric condition, and she seemed none the worse for the experience, although in a sadly disheveled condition.

The whole scene was eminently Parisian. The audience came back to itself with delicious shudders and thrills, and murmured "encore." The biroscope pictures were successful, and showed for the first time a real hypnotic murder in dress rehearsal.

And now Mlle. Bompard is going to lecture with a biroscope accompanying illustrating the scene of the crime in all its shocking details. And all this is to be done in the name of science and with the sanction and approbation of Ernest Valle, France's minister of justice, and other men well known in journalistic and scientific circles, who were present at the first series of experiments made in the photographic studio.

Incidentally, Mlle. Bompard speaks of the crime with the greatest freedom and expresses a great loathing for the memory of Eyraud; she shuddered violently at a photograph of him, the first she had seen in more than fourteen years. She insists, however, that when she gave Gouffe the fatal appointment she had no idea that Eyraud intended to strangle him. She declares that Eyraud killed his victim with his bare hands, which seems to still further establish his right to the title of "Strangler of Paris."

BY HIMSELF.

Uncle Eph'm had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking matically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working today, uncle?" asked one of his Caucasian acquaintances.

"No, suh. I 'se celebratin' my golden weddin', suh."

"You were married 50 years ago today?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate it?"

"My present wife, suh," replied Uncle Eph'm, with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it. She do 'levenin'."

—Chicago Tribune.

OUTSIDE THE DICTIONARY.

Microbe—The silent partner of a kiss. Fact—A lie that has never been successfully contradicted.

Affinity—The feeling that husband and wife have for each other before they are husband and wife.

Rubber—A material of which shoes and necks are made.

Undertaker—A doctor's silent partner.

Friend—A person who will lend you \$5.

Enemy—A person who wants you to lend him \$5.

Lady—A woman who wears good clothes.

Marriage—A ceremony that binds two of opposite sexes together until the divorce court comes to their relief.

Cat—An animal with nine lives and a pair of lungs for one life.

Health—Something that God gives and the doctors take away.—New York Times.

MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR STOMACH.

You are Certain to Lose If You Attempt the Use of Force and Violence.

You cannot force your stomach to do work that it is unable and unwilling to do. It has been tried time and time again with always the same result. The stomach is a good and faithful servant, but when pushed beyond the limit it rebels. Some stomachs will stand much more abuse than others, but every stomach has its limit; and when that limit is reached, it is a very dangerous and unwise proceeding to attempt to force it into doing further work. The sensible and reasonable course is to employ a substitute to carry on the work of digestion and give the stomach an opportunity to recuperate and regain its lost strength.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the only perfect substitute to take up and carry on the work of a tired, worn-out stomach. They are natural and easy in their work and cause no disturbance in the digestive organs. They contain all of the essential elements that make up the gastric juice and other digestive fluids and will digest any food that a strong, healthy stomach will, and do it in the same time and in the same way. They work independently of surrounding conditions and the fact that the stomach is weak or diseased does not influence them at all in their useful and effective work. They will digest food just as well in a glass jar or bottle as they will in a stomach. You can see that for yourself by putting one of them into a jar with a square meal and some water to enable it to work.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, by thus relieving the stomach of its work, enable that organ to rest and recuperate and regain its health and strength. The process is perfectly natural and plain. Nature will heal the stomach just as she heals a wound or a broken limb, if she is not interfered with and is permitted to do her work in her own way. All interference is prevented by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box and if you are afflicted with dyspepsia, one box will make you feel 50 times better. You will forget you have a stomach and rejoice in the forgetfulness. No druggist would be so shortsighted as to try to get along without Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets; for they are so popular and are so well known for the good they have done and the happiness they have caused that any druggist who caused without them would lose the confidence of his customers and be regarded as below the standard. His business would suffer as a result and his patrons would go to other stores and buy their medicine drugs, there as well as their Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"DULL TRADE" IS THE SLOGAN.

This is the Cry Heard Throughout Great Britain at the Present Time.

THOUSANDS ARE OUT OF WORK.

Sections Which Suffer Most—Chamberlain's Pessimistic Word Picture.

"Thripins to Paisley, please." Such were the words quickly but politely spoken to your correspondent and Elder John Cooper, by the conductor, as we got on the street car last week, near Glasgow Cross, for our temporary abode, viz: Paisley. Three pence (6c) is a cheap fare for seven miles, compared with the railroad fare, which is a sixpence. "Street cars every six minutes to and from Paisley," so we were informed by the conductor. Run made in 40 minutes. Street cars running very slow in Glasgow, so much so that anyone of them is easy caught any time by young and middle aged people, when the cars are running, but when they are outside of the city they run much faster. Street cars in all the important cities and towns in Scotland, and every town in this "brad kinty" boasts of its importance "abin its neighbors," just as some of the people do. Street cars are affecting the passenger traffic of the railroads very much. It is expected that street cars will be running from Wiewah to the coast this year, a distance of over 20 miles. Labor is cheap and there is a great surplus of men.

"Dull trade" is the cry everywhere. Even Paisley has taken up the slogan. The local paper of the town, the Daily Express, of Monday, Jan. 18, 1904, says: "It has for many months been matter of common talk that we are on the eve of bad times in Great Britain, and the fiscal controversy has, perhaps, accentuated the situation. In Paisley, we are, by reason of our more fortunate position—particularly in having the great thread mills in our midst—less readily affected in our domestic comfort than other large industrial centers."

The population of Paisley is given as 80,000. From 12,000 to 15,000 women and girls work in the thread mills, steam loom mills and other places. It is stated that fully 12,000 of them work in the mills. I could write an extended article on the hard and laborious work done by women and girls in these Scotland, and the very small wages paid them, but will only touch the question at this time. It is enough to see and be told that the burden of supporting the home rests upon far too many women in this country. The majority of women work here, away from home, many of whom have large families of small children. Many girls and women perform hard manual labor at pitheads, brickyards, the fields, etc., etc. It is a hard struggle in many instances for people everywhere to get a living at the present time. This is applicable to many artisans, able bodied men of all occupations, to say nothing of the poverty among the common laborers.

All the leading papers in Glasgow and other cities and towns, have recently called the attention of the public, particularly people with means, to the "great distress in Govan," and asked relief for the distressed. Fifteen hundred poor children of Govan were given a good dinner on New Year's day, by the police, in the town hall, and each child got a two pence current loaf to take home. Others fed 500 more, making 2,000. As is known, Govan is a shipbuilding town, with a population of 75,000. It is reported that 12,500 men are idle there at present. A all towns in Scotland feel the dull trade.

The Labor Gazette for December, states that the metal, engineering and shipbuilding trades of the country have continued to decline, but the improvement in the cotton industry, which commenced towards the end of October has been maintained, hence it is that poverty is kept from many of the doors of the Paisley people by the women and girls, as stated. The Labor Gazette also declares that "the percentage of unemployment, trades union members continues higher than the mean percentage for the month of November in the past 10 years." The Paisley Express, commenting on the situation, says: "It may be taken that what is asserted of that month applies with as much, and in some instances greater force just now (end of January). There is no doubt the prospects of employment for the artisan women in this district (Paisley) cannot be regarded with anything like a confident spirit, and the depressing state of affairs in the neighboring burgh of Govan helps to darken the outlook."

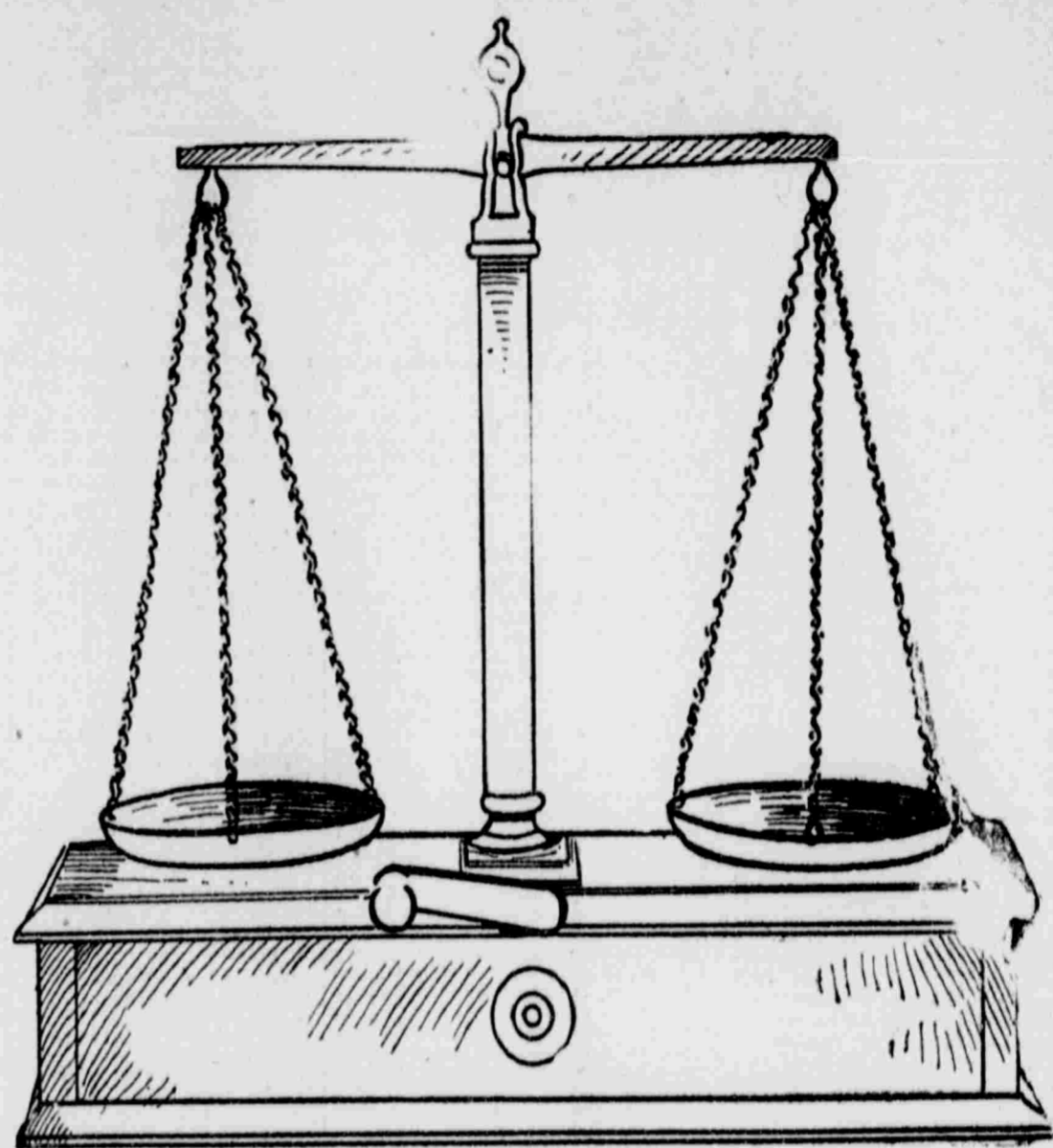
Perhaps the highest authority in Great Britain to quote from on the question of "dull trade," at present, is the Hon. Joseph M. Chamberlain, recently high secretary for the colonies. In addressing a meeting of Londoners, last week, in the Guildhall, which was packed long before the hour to commence, he said: "We are losing our position in the world." He pointed out examined and explained, the minister came in and was introduced to "our friend from America," a gentleman from Salt Lake City. The minister immediately stated that he "must go, as my folks are quite ill," but he was prevailed upon by Miss C., the young lady referred to, to stay long enough to see "the photo of my cousin and his family," the Deseret News, and all the views briefly explained in the book named, to him. Nearly an hour was happily spent, during which time the hymns, "O my Father" and "Did you think to pray?" were sung, and highly enjoyed. It was suggested to the minister that he could preach a sermon next Sunday on prayer.

Quite a large number of the Christmas edition of the "News" have been received in this country from friends at home and every copy has been very much appreciated and shown to friends. There is no stint in the praise of its make up and appearance.

Elders have been kept in Paisley very regularly for more than 50 years, and the town for many years has been as barren of true spiritual life as the Great Salt Lake is barren of fresh trout. The purer the people the more honest the going. Only three members of the Church in Paisley, and "the two faithful lassies in Elderslie," a mile and a half west of Paisley, viz: "Our freens, Sisters Jeanie Grant and Bella McDonald." Ten miles to meetings at Glasgow and ten miles back has been their record for seven years. They are alone in the midst of more than 12,000 of their sex. No two girls in the great multitudes of girls are known as well as they are, and they have more courage and hope than all the others put together.

JAMES D. STIRLING, 122 North Frederick street, Glasgow, Scotland.

Jan. 27, 1904.



STERLING SILVER FLATWARE 90c and \$1 AN OUNCE.

Monday we begin our revolution in the prices of Sterling Silver Flatware. Few people realize what high prices they are paying elsewhere for sterling flatware, as most jewelers will not tell their customers the actual weight of the silver offered for sale.

We will sell on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the following standard patterns tea, table and dessert spoons, tea and dinner forks at (\$1.00) one dollar an ounce: "Louis XV," "Canterbury," "Newbury," "Rose," "Lancaster," "Roman," "Old English," "Paul Revere," "King Edward," and Duke of York.

With our usual sincerity all weights will be made in the presence of the customer. Knives to match have been reduced 20 per cent.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

All the beautiful sterling dishes, coffee sets, tea sets, trays, bon bons, sugar and cream sets, bowls, fancy spoons and forks, toilet pieces, cologns, sterling mounted cut glass bowls and vases, and many other articles on display in our south window will be subject to 20 per cent discount from our regular plain figure prices until Friday. This lot comprises goods of the highest merit and the advantage our customers have at this sale is unusual as many pieces of sterling here on sale have been coveted by our best patrons.

THE GREATEST BARGAIN.

We have about One Thousand ounces of tea, table and dessert spoons, dinner and tea forks in odd sets that do not match our regular patterns, which we will close out at ninety cents (90c) an ounce. Most of these goods came from our Butte store when we consolidated and are all choice designs made by "Gorham," "Whiting," "Reed & Barton," and "Towle," but to move them quickly we will sacrifice the lot at less than cost.

We have the largest patronage on table ware in the west, both in sterling and plate, and because of this large trade we can undersell our competitors and still make a profit.

Leysons
JEWELERS.
236 MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY.

AS SHE LOOKS TODAY.



Convicted of having poisoned her husband in England, some 15 years ago, at Liverpool, Mrs. Florence Maybrick, daughter of the Baroness de Roques, was sentenced to a life term by the English courts. Intercession from prominent Americans and others has at last secured her King Edward's pardon.