

## MISS KATE MARSDEN.

WITH the abandonment of her suit for libel against the *London Times* Kate Marsden passes into darkness. *Tombe des nues!* Here is a woman of whose sublime unselfishness it was said, 'It is the nearest approach to divinity which the world has ever witnessed,' who has fallen from the clouds. Here is a woman who received the homage and the admiration of the philanthropic world; who earned the Red Cross on fields of battle in the East; who devoted her life to the relief of the lepers in the wilds of Siberia; who was under the patronage of the Princess Christian of England and the Empress of Russia; who wore a special order of merit from Queen Victoria similar to the one conferred on Florence Nightingale; who rode horseback fourteen thousand miles to relieve distress—who attained all these things and yet is now denounced as an adventuress and as a morbidly immoral woman.

Kate Marsden is the daughter of an English barrister. She is a woman about forty years of age, of strikingly handsome appearance. She came into prominence about the time of the death of Father Damien, the 'leper

funds given her, and her morality as well, few could be found who would believe it.

In St. Petersburg she passed as a lady of independent means, having large property in New Zealand. The statements in her book on the Siberian lepers are to be relied upon. They are vouched for by official documents, but the incidents of the journey were exaggerated. When she first came St. Petersburg she did not appear to discriminate between her own funds and the leper fund clearly, and her accounts were muddled. When Mr W. T. Stead wrote on the subject of her financial irregularities he excused them on the ground that she was liable to periods of illness, during which she could not be fairly held responsible for her actions.

Subsequently he was warned against Miss Marsden, the charges having by this time accumulated. Mr Stead expressed regret that he had been misled into recommending Miss Marsden, but offered to make all the reparation in his power by inserting a paragraph disclaiming further support. He, however, strongly deprecated any public expose on the ground that it would involve many innocent women. He also related a most astounding story which Miss Marsden had told him. It seems she asserted that while walking one day in a wood in Siberia she had a vision of the Holy Spirit, who assured her that her sins were forgiven and solemnly enjoined her to persevere in her work, promising her supernatural aid.

## A BRIGAND AS A TAX COLLECTOR.

BRIGANDAGE is still rampant in many rural districts of Italy. A letter from a friend in Trieste to a gentleman in New Zealand contains a reference to Tiburzi, one of the most picturesque of these freebooters. Tiburzi is about 48. At the beginning of his career he was as bad as others of the same vocation in life. In 1872 he was caught, convicted of highway robbery and murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He escaped in 1874 and took refuge in a wood near Viterbo, where he lived in security, in spite of seventeen warrants and a large reward for his arrest. The reason of this security is simple enough. He was good to the poor—any peasant in need of help could always get a gold coin from Tiburzi—and he punished traitors. Consequently the peasants were ready to assist him against the police or Government emissaries, and those who would willingly have given information were afraid to do so.

After his escape Tiburzi altered his method of gaining a livelihood. He caused it to be made known to all the well-to-do people in the district that if they paid him an annual contribution he would not interfere with them and would protect them from molestation by others. It was considered advisable to agree, and Tiburzi has been for years in receipt of a large income, one man alone paying him £150 a year. Crime has considerably diminished in the district; the smaller fry dare not molest Tiburzi's proteges, for he is still a good shot with his English repeating rifle! Tiburzi does what the Government cannot do; he collects his taxes without trouble and he keeps down crime. It must not be supposed he hides in the woods all day. He can walk about the whole district without fear of capture, and he lives in good style. He goes to Rome sometimes, presumably in disguise, and has even been abroad. Will he ever be arrested? Time alone will tell.

## THE BLOT IN FRENCH PAPERS.

EVERY morning upon opening the papers in Paris you now find new arrests of journalists for blackmail and bribery. It has been found that all the Parisian papers employed black sheep, who, using the influence of publicity, filled their purses with dishonest gold. Rosenthal, *alias* Jacques St. Cere, of the *Figaro*, is now in prison, with a score of others from different papers, who are supposed guilty of blackmail and bribery in the unfortunate Lebaudy affair.

It must be the system of conducting a paper that causes journalists to succumb to temptation as they do in Paris. To a great degree bribery and blackmailing must be the outgrowth of the French system of advertising. There is very little *bona fide* advertisement, as here, for instance, in pages reserved for that branch of publicity; but there is much of it slipped in a treacherous way in the pages reserved for information, for literature, and so composed as to deceive the reader. The French have passed muster in that art. Oftentimes it will be almost impossible to detect the deception, for the article will be full of interesting, instructive items, and oftentimes not even any names are mentioned. I remember some years ago an important paper failed to mention a play given by a young writer on the day after its first performance, and a couple of days after a most fulsome article appeared on the first page of the paper, so composed that no one would think but that the writer, who had signed his full name, was enchanted with the merits of the play. The mother of the author afterward showed me the receipted bill that that article had cost. A bill for 1,500 francs. 'And did all of that go in the paper?' I asked. 'No, men who have influence with the public, who write in an amusing manner, and are sure to be read by every reader of the paper, get half of the cost of such articles, and the paper the other half.' This system must have corrupting tendencies. A man who undertakes that kind of business will soon have no scruples to work unfaithfully to the authorities of the paper and pocket all the profits. The next step, when in sore need of money, is to sell his influence to anyone sufficiently void of principle to buy it. Then the last round of the ladder of journalistic infamy is blackmailing. So far, this class of men have been well under cover or sent away by their employers without exposure. But the Lebaudy scandal has thrown the flash-light upon them and brought their manner of doing business to the public gaze.

## AN APRIL BIRTHDAY.

CHILD of April! In thine eyes  
Are reflected April skies,  
And thy mingled clouds and mirth  
Suit the month that gave thee birth—  
April, with its varied moods!

When the crocus, growing bold,  
Shoots its spire above the mould,  
When the streamlets flow between  
Fields eroded in tender green,  
When arbutus decks the woods.

When the robin's song is heard,  
When the buds with life are stirred,  
When alternate rain and sun  
Aid the springtime's work, begun,  
And foretell the summer's sheen.

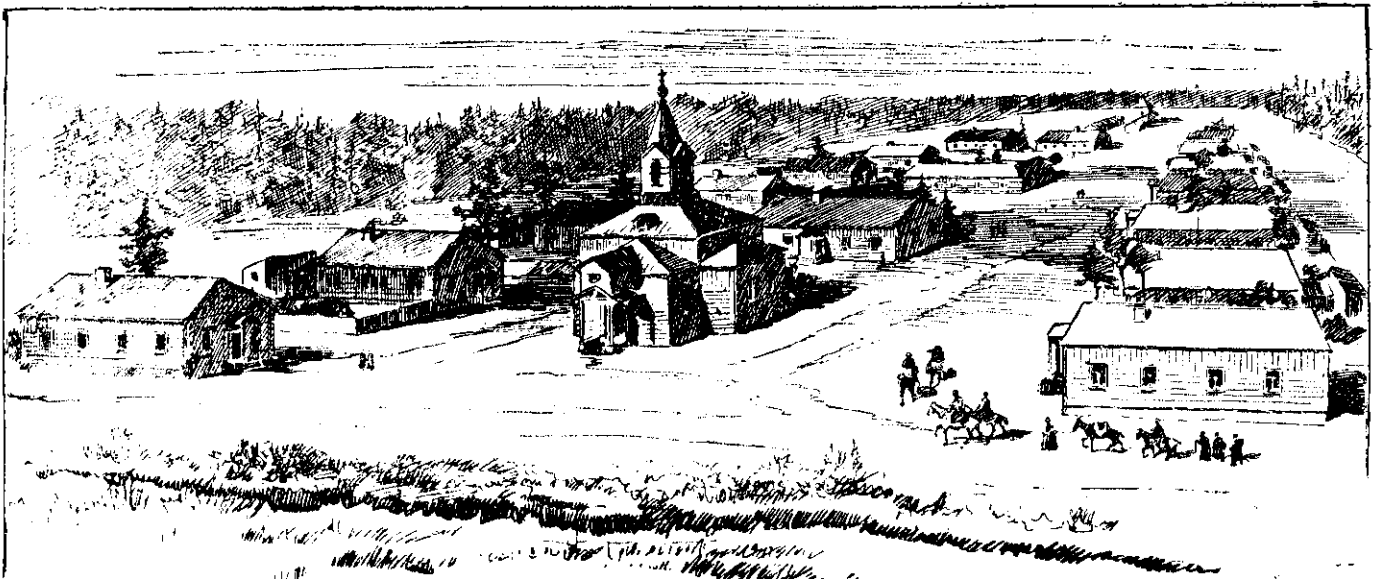
Then we think that April's best,  
Exceeding sweet and rare bequest,  
Was that fair child of April, we  
Behold and cherish, dear, in thee,  
And we hail thee April's Queen!



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

martyr,' and undertook to complete his work in a different direction, turning her attention to the leper colony of Siberia. She had previously been a nurse in the Wellington Hospital, New Zealand. She enlisted the active support of the royal families of England and Russia, and secured moral and financial support in the United States through Mrs Elizabeth B. Grannis and Miss Isabel F. Hapgood.

She published a book recounting her adventures in seeking to aid the Siberian lepers and describing their deplorable condition, which made a success. Money flowed to her from all quarters. She lectured through the United States and Europe, and when finally stories were told reflecting on her honesty in accounting for the



THE LEPER VILLAGE IN SIBERIA.

WHEN MISS KATE MARSDEN WORKED HER WAY TO FAME.