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A HOT NUMBER

Is the Heppner Gazette. Without it the Heppner hills would appear dry and barren. People read it; business men advertise in it.

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER

Heppner Gazette.

FOURTEENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1896. — WEEKLY NO. 710 SEMI-WEEKLY NO 482

A LARGE NUMBER....

Of Morrow County's citizens read the Heppner Gazette. Not much of an authority on agriculture or politics, but true to the interests of its neighbors.

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

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Representative.....J. N. Brown
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" Coroner.....B. F. Vaughan

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Recorder.....F. J. Hallock
Treasurer.....E. L. Freeland
Marshal.....A. A. Roberts

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COLLECTIONS
Made on Favorable Terms.
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Leaves Burns daily, except Sunday. Connects at Canyon City with Heppner-Monument stage. Best route to interior from Portland. Connects with the Ontario, Prineville and Lakeview stages at Burns.
Good Accommodations for Passengers.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of 1893 inventions wanted.

GIRLS AND FOOTBALL.

They Tried to Play It in England, But Their Attempt Proved a Farce.

It is with unbounded satisfaction, says an English writer, that I learn that the attempt which was made recently to play football in public by women was even more ridiculous than I dared hoped it would be. Anyone who has seen a match at association football played must have been impressed with its total unsuitability as a woman's game, however modified to suit her limited strength and fleetness of foot, and greater susceptibility to injury as compared with man.

To endeavor to emulate, in however small a way, the game played by men could but be a burlesque, and a very poor burlesque it was that was presented.

Curiosity, and the very reasonable anticipation that the spectacle might not be again presented, brought together an attendance of many thousands. The majority came to scoff, and they certainly did not remain to pray.

Quite a moiety did not remain to scoff even, half an hour of the ridiculous exhibition of women, who had not even taken the trouble to learn the rules of the game, sufficing.

The "rational dress" cyclists' cause is suffering badly from this kind of thing. As if knickerbockers and stockings, or gaiters, were not enough to ask the public to accept, the spectacle is now and then seen on the Portsmouth road—and Rotten Row of the cyclist, male and female—of women riding in what appear to be the tights of the theater.

They are not members of the ballet doing the thing out of bravado, but merely women who have not the good sense and taste to see how far they can go; and their male connections seem to know no better.

Scrofula

Is a deep-seated blood disease which all the mineral mixtures in the world cannot cure. S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a *real* blood remedy for blood diseases and has no equal.

Mrs. Y. T. Buck, of Delaney, Ark., had Scrofula for twenty-five years and most of the time was under the care of the doctors who could not relieve her. A specialist said he could cure her, but he filled her with arsenic and potash which almost ruined her constitution. She then took nearly every so-called blood medicine and drank them by the wholesale, but they did not reach her trouble. Some one advised her to try S.S.S. and she very soon found that she had a real blood remedy at last. She says: "After taking one dozen bottles of S.S.S. I am perfectly well, my skin is clear and healthy and I would not be in my former condition for two thousand dollars. Instead of drying up the poison in my system, like the potash and arsenic, S.S.S. drove the disease out through the skin, and I was permanently rid of it."

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism Contagious Blood Poison, or any disorder of the blood. Do not rely upon a simple tonic to cure a deep-seated blood disease, but take a real blood remedy.

Our books free upon application. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

STOCK BRANDS.

While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.

Borg, P. O., Heppner, Or.—Horses, P B on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Chapin, H., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded O on right hip. Cattle branded the same. Also brands CI on horses right thigh; cattle same brand on right shoulder, and cut off end of right ear.

Cook, A. J., Lena, Or.—Horses, 90 on right shoulder; Cattle, same on right hip; ear mark square crop off left and split in right.

Douglass, W. M., Galloway, Or.—Cattle, R D on right side, swallow-fork in each ear; horses, R D on left hip.

Ely, Bros., Douglas, Or.—Horses branded ELY on left shoulder, cattle same on left hip, hole in right ear.

Florence, L. A., Heppner, Or.—Cattle, LF on right hip; horses F with bar under on right shoulder.

Jones, Harry, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded J J on the left shoulder; cattle branded J on right hip, also underbit in left ear. Range in Morrow county.

Johnson, Felix, Lena, Or.—Horses, circle T on left stifle; cattle, same on right hip, under half crop in right and split in left ear.

Kenny, Mike, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded KNY on left hip cattle same and crop off left ear; under slope on the right.

Rumberland, W. O., Mount Vernon, Or.—I L on cattle on right and left sides, swallow fork in left ear and under crop in right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range in Grant county.

Lofton, Stephen, Fox, Or.—S L on left hip on cattle, crop and split on right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range Grant county.

Lonsby, J. W., Heppner Or.—Horses branded L and A on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, wattle over right eye, three slits in right ear.

Minor, Oscar, Heppner, Or.—Cattle, M D on right hip; horse, M on left shoulder.

Morgan, S. N., Heppner, Or.—Horses, M on left shoulder cattle same on left hip.

Osborn, J. W., Douglas, Or.; horses O on left shoulder; cattle same on right hip.

Parker & Gleason, Hardman, Or.—Horses 1P on left shoulder.

Piper, J. H., Lexington, Or.—Horses, JE connected on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip, under bit in each ear.

Rector, J. W., Heppner, Or.—Horses, JO on left shoulder. Cattle, O on right hip.

Searey, E. G., Heppner, Or.—Cattle W C on left hip, crop off right and underbit in left ear, double; horses W C on left shoulder.

Thompson, J. A., Heppner, Or.—Horses, I on left shoulder; cattle, I on left shoulder.

Turner S. W., Heppner, Or.—Small capital T left shoulder, horses; cattle same on left hip with split in both ears.

Thornton, H. H., Ione, Or.—Horses branded HT connected on left stifle; steers same brand.

Wattenburger, W. J., Galloway, Or.; horses quarter circle JW on right shoulder; cattle quarter circle JW on right hip and right side, crop and hole in left ear. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of 1893 inventions wanted.

CLOWN WORTH MILLIONS.

In Twenty Years Barnato Has Acquired Over $100,000,000.

Paris has a king within its walls today, one whose subjects do him homage throughout the world of business, for the monarch is none other than Barnato, the king of mines, who at the lowest computation is worth one hundred and twenty million dollars.

Twenty years ago, says a foreign exchange, a circus which had traveled, goodness knows how, from England to South Africa, arrived at Kimberley. It was not a big circus, in fact it was only composed of the manager, the manager's wife, a clown and two trained mules.

At that epoch Kimberley was not the diamond town that it has become since. The circus did a poor business, and one morning the director and directress fled, leaving the clown with two mules and thirty shillings in his pocket, which is not much in Europe, but which is still less at the Cape of Good Hope.

During a ride in the outskirts of Kimberley he found in the field traces of diamonds; he took some stones, showed them to a miner, and, entering into partnership with him, went to sell them in the town. Then, without divulging his discovery, he bought the field where he had made his find, took out only a few stones, for fear of arousing suspicion, bought other fields, and soon found himself a large landholder.

It was with these fields that the famous Society of Boers was created, of which Mr. Barnato is now governor, with Sir Cecil Rhodes and another; each of these three gentlemen now receives an annual salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from the company.

When the first gold mines were discovered at Johannesburg, Mr. Barnato rushed there, bought as much land as he could find, organized societies on the London market and become king of the mines. He also went in for politics, and, although not a follower of Sir Cecil Rhodes' policy, he caused himself to be elected deputy to the British parliament from the Cape of Good Hope.

Now Mr. Barnato lives in London and only goes to the cape for the parliamentary sessions.

He is a little man, about forty-five years old, wearing a slight mustache. In dress he is very simple, and behind a pincenez mounted in gold (it is the only trace on his person of the metal king) he has two eyes of an incredible vivacity.

A CURE FOR IDIOCY.

It Remains to Be Seen How Successful It Will Be.

A cure for idiocy is one of the latest achievements of surgical science, which has taken so many giant strides of late years that it may be almost termed one of the wonders of the century. Experiments were made on the skulls of two children, who had been idiotic from birth, and the latest accounts are that they are not only surviving the shock of the operation, but are giving promise of a recovery of the mental faculties. It would be more correct to say, says the Washington Star, that they are gaining those faculties, for the idiot from birth has no development until the obstruction on the brain is removed. This is exactly the process in the present trials. Holes are drilled in the skull of the child, at the top of the head where the "Fontanelle" or "soft spot" is usually located. In the case now under observation, these spots had become hardened at birth, and thus the expansion and development of the brain had been arrested. The operation was, therefore, to make a new or artificial fontanelle. Great care had to be exercised, of course, to avoid injuring the brain, and there lay the main difficulty of the operation. The scalp is drawn anew over the apertures in the skull thus made, and the little brain is left to cure itself. The children thus operated on are two years old. It is, of course, a question just when the patients should be subjected to the experiment, and the age of two years has been chosen as the starting point. It has been considered probable that at this age the child, if it should recover its health and gain intelligence, will be scarcely behind other children of its own age a dozen years later. By that time assisted nature would have caught up with itself, as it were. There may be some question in the minds of ultra-sensitive people as to whether it is right for surgeons to experiment in this way upon helpless children by performing operations that may cause death. Yet there will probably be no general outcry against such an effort. In some sense death is preferable to life-long idiocy. Few parents would be likely to object to the experiment upon their own unfortunate offspring if conducted with the care which should attend all such dangerous proceedings.

His Way.

We all know the story of that bright boy who answered correctly when asked how many legs a fly has, but who had been enabled to do it only by catching an insect and counting. The Philadelphia Record gives a parallel instance: A teacher recently told her scholars to mark on their slates the Roman numerals from one to twelve. In about three minutes one of the boys held up his hand signifying that he had accomplished the work. "Why, Johnny," said the teacher, "how you must have hurried! None of the other scholars are half done. Now tell me how you came to finish so quickly." "I copied them from the clock on the wall up there," replied Jimmy, with great glee.

Hood's Pills

Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

COUNTY JAIL CLUBS.

A Queer Organization of Prisoners Behind the Bars.

The Kangaroo Court and Its Various Officials—An Initiation Into the Mysteries of the Mystic Order.

The most interesting of these impromptu clubs is the one called in the vernacular "The Kangaroo Court." It is found almost entirely in county jails in which petty offenders and persons awaiting trial are confined. During the day, writes Josiah Flynt in Harper's Magazine, the prisoners are allowed the freedom of a large hall and at night they lodge in cells, the locks of which are sometimes fastened and sometimes not. The hall contains tables, benches, daily papers, and in some instances stoves and kitchen utensils. The prisoners can and do walk, jump, and play various games. After awhile these games become tiresome and "The Kangaroo Court" is formed. It consists of all the prisoners, and the officers are elected by them. The positions they fill are the "judgeship," the "searchership," the "spankership," and general "juryship." To illustrate the duties of these various officials, I shall give a personal experience in a county jail in New York state. It was my first encounter with "The Kangaroo Court."

I had been arrested for sleeping in an empty "box car." The watchman found me and lodged me in the station house, where I spent a most gloomy night, wondering what my punishment would be. Early in the morning I was brought before "the squire." He asked me what my name might be, and I replied that "it might be Billy Rice."

"What are you doing around here, Billy?" he queried further.

"Looking for work, your honor."

"Thirty days," he thundered at me, and I was led away to the jail proper. I had three companions at the time, and after we had passed the sheriff and his clerk, who had noted down all the facts, imaginary and otherwise, that we had cared to give him about our family histories, we were ushered pell-mell into the large hall. Surrounded in a twinkling by the other prisoners, we were asked to explain our general principles and misdemeanors. This over, and a few salutations exchanged, a tall and lanky rogue cried out in a loud voice:

"The Kangru will now kleet."

There were about twenty present, and they soon planted themselves about us in a most solemn manner. Some rested on their haunches, others lounged against the walls, and still others sat quietly on the flagstones. As soon as entire quiet had been reached, the tall fellow, who, by the way, was the judge, instructed a half-grown companion, whom he nicknamed "the searcher," to bring his charges against the newcomers. He approached us solemnly, and in a most conventional manner, and said:

"Prisoners—you are charged wita havin' boodle in yer pockets. Wha' does ye plead—guilty or not guilty?"

I was the first in line, and pleaded not guilty.

"Are ye willin' to be searched?" asked the judge.

"I am, your honor," I replied.

Then the searcher inspected all my pockets, the lining of my coat, the leather band inside my hat, my shoes and socks, and, finding nothing in the shape of money, declared that I was guiltless.

"You are discharged," exclaimed the judge, and the jury ratified the decision with a grunt.

A young fellow, a vagrant by profession, was the next case. He pleaded not guilty, and allowed himself to be searched. But unfortunately he had forgotten a solitary cent which was in his vest pocket. It was quickly confiscated, and he was remanded for trial on the charge of contempt of the "Kangru." The next victim pleaded guilty to the possession of thirty-six cents, and was relieved of half. The last man, the guiltiest of all, although he pleaded innocence, was found out, and his three dollars were taken away from him instanter. He, too, was charged with contempt of court. His case came up soon after the preliminaries were over, and he was sentenced by the judge to walk the length of the corridor one hundred and two times each day of his confinement, besides washing all the dishes used after dinner for a week.

After all the trials were over, the confiscated money was handed to the genuine turnkey, with instructions that it be invested in tobacco. Later in the day the tobacco was brought into the jail and equally divided among all the prisoners.

The next day I, with the other late arrivals, was initiated as a member of the kangaroo court. It was a very simple proceeding. I had to promise that I would always do my share of the necessary cleaving and washing, and also be honest and fair in judging the cases which might come up for trial.

Since then I have had opportunities of studying other kangaroo courts, but they have all been very much like the one I have just described. They are both socialistic and autocratic, and at times they are very funny. But wherever they are they command the respect of jailbirds, and if a prisoner insults the court he is punished very severely. Moreover, it avails him nothing to complain to the authorities. He has too many against him, and the best thing he can do is to become one of them as soon as possible.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease — hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Conser & Brock.

FATE OF GOLD HUNTERS.

Driven Insane by Thirst While Seeking Fortunes on the Colorado Desert.

Misfortunes that have overtaken so many wretched desert gold hunters seems to have no effect on other seekers after fortune, says the Palm Springs (Col.) correspondent of the New York Telegram. Perhaps no fate has been so sad as that of the unknown prospector who was carried into Yuma recently insane for the want of water and food. The unhappy man put in an appearance with his nurse at the romantic village of Durmid on the Southern Pacific track. Durmid is in the heart of the desert, and a few miles from Salton. This and Volcano are the dreariest spots in the world. For many miles in the vicinity of Volcano Springs nothing grows. The ground is treacherous, for under its seemingly firm exterior are boiling mud wells. There is shelter for neither beast nor bird. Even the miserable sage brush gets no hospitality from the lean soil. A pitiless sun by day and a hot wind by night greet the travelers who cross the desert in their hunt for gold deposits. Here the prospector first brought himself to notice by asking for a shovel.

"I've got a dead burro out yonder," he remarked, gazing to the west, "and I want to bury it."

The shovel was given him and away he started. He came back some time after and said he had buried the carcass some six feet under the ground. It was considered strange at the time, as no one here ever thinks of burying an animal. The dry air desicates the body as completely as if it had been subjected to the heat of an oven. He hung about the section house for a few hours and then left for Durmid, where he mentioned his loss. There he stayed, refusing all offers of food, but picking up his subsistence from such food as he could find about the place—dry bits of bread, which even a coyote would have scorned, he ate greedily. Then he asked for a shovel and announced his intention to dig up his donkey, as he had found a sovereign remedy against death. The shovel was given him, and, though the beast had been interred three or four days, the crazy man disinterred the remains. He came back, saying that the donkey refused to get up and live. The section men sent word that they had an insane man on their hands and feared he would die, as he refused food. The conductor of a freight train was ordered to take him into Yuma, and essayed the task. The wretched man would run like a deer from his captors, offering violence to anyone who came near him. Finally one man more astute than the rest said:

"Look here, the superintendent wants to see you in Los Angeles and pay you for the donkey you lost."

"If that is what you want me for I'll come," he answered, "and if you promise not to tie me up I'll be quiet."

He was taken into Yuma, but all efforts to discover his identity proved unavailing. A short time previously another man came into Durmid raving mad. His tongue was black, his eyes rolled and glittered and he was in the direst extremity. Water and food judiciously administered saved his life. Though his new found friends begged him not to follow the fascinations of gold hunting he refused to listen to reason, scorned the kindness of section men, upbraided them for being slaves and working for wages, and continued his hopeless quest of illusive gold fields.

BISMARCK'S MORTGAGES.

The Ex-Chancellor Devoting $32,000 a Year to the Liquidation of Debts.

Nobody in Germany has felt the evil effects of the agricultural depression more keenly than has Bismarck. To persons who have read of the magnificent presents given to Bismarck by the old emperor it has been a surprise to learn recently that his estates are heavily mortgaged. His present from the old emperor after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was $300,000, and with this sum he bought his palace at Varzin. After the Franco-Prussian war he received from the same hands the Saxon forest at Friedrichsruhe, valued at $750,000. He inherited the ancestral estate at Schoenhausen. On April 1, 1885, Bismarck's seventieth birthday, his admirers throughout the world gave him that portion of the Schoenhausen property which his father had been obliged to sell when times were hard. The money value of the gift was some $400,000. Bismarck is also a distiller, forester and the owner of a large brick yard. Despite all these advantages, however, says a writer in the Home Journal, he has found it impossible to lift the mortgages, amounting to about $750,000, which have incumbered his estates for many years. Of his gross income more than $72,000 must be devoted every year to paying the interest on his debts. The burden is not agreeable to the old chancellor, and he has often remarked to his friends recently that his ambition to leave an unincumbered property to his children would never be gratified.

A Momentous Proceeding.

In Mr. Montague's "Tales of a Nomad" he says that in the old days the Boer seldom used his pen, but when he did there was a regular commotion in the house. "Hush. Be quiet all of you. Drive out the ducks and the geese, and the pigs and the fowls. Father is going to write his name." And then the old gentleman, with elbows squared on the table, would seize the pen with a flourish, and putting on a determined look, as if he were going to tackle an adversary, would bend down his head until it nearly touched his left arm, write his name with many a splutter, and then, throwing down the pen and pushing the chair, would look round with an air of mingled pride and resignation and say, "I have done it."

NOTICE TO PATRONS.

Time will not be allowed anyone after July 1st. All persons failing to pay by the 10th of each month hereafter will be cut off.

HEPPNER LIGHT & WATER CO.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

COINING GOLD IN OREGON.

Establishment of a Mint Nearly Half a Century Ago.

Probably it is known only to a small number now living in Oregon that in early times Oregon made her own money. The first efforts to create a currency under the provisional government of the territory fifty years ago gave results that many now would think strange and amusing. In 1845 a law was passed to regulate the currency which made gold, silver, treasury warrants, approved orders on solvent merchants, and wheat delivered at places where the people were accustomed to receive wheat legal tender for taxes and satisfaction of judgments. An act was also passed by the "legislative committee" declaring that in cases "where no special contract had been made between the parties available orders, wheat, hides, tallow, beef, pork, butter, lard, peas, lumber, or other articles of export of this territory," should be "lawful tender at their current value."

This mint was to coin ten and five dollar gold pieces. Thomas Powell, a blacksmith, did the forge work, William H. Rector the lathe work and Hamilton Campbell the engraving on dies. A full description of the construction and organization of this mint, with fac-simile illustrations of this product, may be seen near the end of the first volume of J. Henry Brown's "Political History of Oregon." It is a curious illustration of the easy methods of doing business in those times that no record was kept of the amounts coined or number of pieces, but it is supposed that the total coinage of this mint was about sixty thousand dollars, pretty equally divided in amount between the tens and fives. The mint seems to have shut down at last because the man in charge found it "didn't pay." The dies were long supposed lost, but one day they were found among the rubbish of an old shed at Oregon City by D. P. Thompson and sent to the office of the secretary of state at Salem where they are preserved as curious relics. Only a few pieces of the gold coined at this mint are known to have been preserved. Most of them were soon melted up, for they were without alloy, and contained more gold than the coins of standard value. The product of this mint was known as "beaver money," from the principal figure on the coins, which was a beaver mounted on a log. But it was a long time after the disappearance of this money from circulation until coin of the United States came much into use here. Down to 1860, or even later, most of the money in use in Oregon and Washington was coin of private mintage made in San Francisco.

UNAWED BY SURROUNDINGS.

A Baby Girl's Visit to the House and Her Call on the Acting Speaker.

Just after the house had been called to order the other day, says the Washington Post, a dark-haired baby girl toddled down the center isle. She was dressed in white, with a dainty muslin cap fastened down upon her pretty curls. She was a wee mite of a thing—so small that when she reached the steps she sat down and slid from step to step, for even the few inches' decent was beyond the reach of her short and chubby legs. At the head of the aisle she paused, looking about her in childish wonder. Then she noticed Speaker Pro Tem Richardson sitting at the speaker's desk in all his glory, and with childish ambition she proceeded to climb up the broad platform, until she stood by his side. Her head scarcely reached to the top of his desk, but she prattled away to him in baby fashion until he was compelled to turn away from her to follow the proceedings of the house. Then she half slid, half tumbled down again until she reached the group of pages, by whose side she sat down, spreading out her tiny skirts in true womanly fashion. Just at that moment a woman appeared at the main door of the house, frantically waving her arms toward the little one. A doorkeeper came up the aisle, took the little one's hands and asked her to go to her mother.

"No, no," said the baby.

"But she has some candy for you," said the diplomatic if not altogether truthful official, and without another word the youthful wanderer was led in triumph to the arms of her distracted parent.

DANGERS IN THE MINES.

Small Pay for Men Who Are Likely at Any Time to Be Suffocated.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth, says McClure's Magazine. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as potent as his final moan to bring help from that fair land that lies, like heaven, over his head. There is an insidious silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fanwheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period there is certain death, and a panic more terrible than any occurring where the sun has shone ensues down under the tons of rock. If a man may escape the gas, the floods, the "squeezes" of falling rock, the cars shooting through little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of "miner's asthma" that slowly racks and shakes him into the grave. Meanwhile, he gets three dollars a day and his laborer one dollar.

DEATH BY HANGING.

The Three Different Stages Through Which the Victim Passes.

"I have made the subject of death by hanging a long study," said Dr. D. S. Lamb, an ex-surgeon of the United States army, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "From my observations during my experience in the army, I feel justified in saying that death by hanging is the most exaggerated of all modes. It may be immediate and without symptoms, but the subject must pass through three stages before death.

"In the first stage the victim passes into a partial stupor lasting from thirty seconds to two minutes, but this is generally governed by the length of the drop, the weight of the body, and the tightness of the constriction. There is absolutely no pain in this stage; the feeling is rather one of pleasure. The subjective symptoms described are intense heat in the head, brilliant flashes of light in the eyes, deafening sounds in the ears and a heavy numb feeling in the lungs. In the second stage, the subject passes into unconsciousness, and convulsions usually occur. In the third state all is quiet except the beating of the heart. Just before death the agitation is renewed, but in a different way from that in the second state. The feet are raised, the tongue has a peculiar spasm, the chest heaves, the eyes protude from the orbits and oscillate from side to side, and the pupils dilate. The pulse can, in most cases, be felt ten minutes after the drop.

"I once knew a man who was desirous of ascertaining if there was any suffering by hanging, and in order to find out he placed a rope around his neck and stepped off a bench, intending to step back again, but he became immediately unconscious, and would have died in a few minutes had it not been for the timely arrival of a friend. He said he experienced all the feelings that I mentioned in the first stage."

NEVER SMILED.

The Terrible Secret in the Life of an Erring Physician.

"A few years ago," said Charles J. Patterson, of Philadelphia, to a St. Louis Republic reporter, "I learned the secret of the life of a man who had passed more than a quarter of a century with scarcely a smile. He had been a physician and surgeon, and on one occasion had to remove an injured eye in order to save the other eye and prevent total blindness. The night before the operation he had been drinking heavily with some friends, and, although the following morning he was sober, his hand was unsteady and his nerves unstrung. After administering chloroform he made a fatal and horrible blunder, removing the well eye by mistake and thus condemning his patient to perpetual blindness. The moment he discovered his error he turned the man over to a competent surgeon, deeded everything he possessed to him and hurried from the neighborhood like a convicted thief. The remainder of his life was one constant round of remorse and he rapidly developed into a confirmed misanthrope. The secret of his life was known to a number of people, but when it was finally revealed to me it explained to my love and made me respect the man, for however grave his original blunder, which is some respects was, of course, worse than a crime, his repentance was of the most genuine character."

BUYING SNOW.

A Wild Western Idea of New York Dinner Decorations.

What to do with the snow is always a mystery in New York city, says a western paper, but a portion of the commodity finds buyers at tolerably fair prices. The passion for making a snow man is strong in the breasts of all boys, but when snow falls in diminutive modicums, as it does in the metropolis, the youths have hard work to get enough for even a snowball. Papas who can afford it have been giving the carters a fair price for their cartloads. In the few little gardens of New York an occasional snow man has been challenging the admiration of neighborhoods. Some carters have even been ringing doorbells where they knew children lived and offering to leave their alien wares for a consideration. The police are very watchful for these fellows, however, for it is a misdemeanor to empty a wagon-load of snow in a New York street. It is not unusual for snow to be heaped up at a dinner table on some silver tray or other, with roses and other flowers arranged about it.

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