

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Tyler, Tex., the Scene of the Latest Barbaric Lynching,

TYLER, Tex., Oct. 29.—News reached this city at 6 o'clock last night of the murder of the nineteen-year-old wife of Leonard Bell, a farmer living four miles north of here. Mrs. Bell had been visiting her mother, a short distance away, and after leaving there she was not seen again alive. Shortly afterwards her mutilated body was found beside the public road, with her throat cut, and disemboweled.

There was evidence of a hard struggle for honor and life, as her clothing was almost torn from her body, and the ground was covered with blood for many feet around.

Bloodhounds were put upon the trail of the murderer, and about 4 o'clock this morning he was surprised in a cotton pen, asleep, nearly twenty miles from the scene of his crime. He was Henry Hilliard, a mulatto. His captors started on the return and were met at the scene of the murder by 2,000 armed men.

The prisoner was taken from the officers, and a committee of seven prominent men of this county were appointed to establish his identity. Witnesses were called, and a stenographer was on hand to take testimony. The evidence was full and conclusive. The man then confessed his crime.

A vote was taken as to the mode of punishment. It was unanimously decided to burn him, and it was agreed that he should suffer his penalty on the public square in this city.

The line of march was taken up towards Tyler, and at 4 o'clock the head of the line, which was two miles long, entered the main plaza, where 15,000 people had assembled.

At 4:30 o'clock a scaffold was erected in the centre of the square. Wagons loaded with kindling wood, coal oil and straw were driven to the scene and placed in position. The negro was then given an opportunity to speak. His words were at first inaudible, but when he offered up his last prayer he could be heard for many blocks.

Hilliard was then lashed to the iron rail that extended through the platform with chains, and Mr. Bell, the husband of the murdered woman, applied the match. The flames shot upward, enveloping the brute in sheets of fire.

The wretch begged for mercy, but was reminded that the same mercy was meted out to him that he gave to his victim.

He was not permitted to burn quickly. The fire was frequently quenched, and after the lapse of a few moments started again. It was exactly fifty minutes from the time the match was applied until his torture was ended by death.

Hundreds of negroes witnessed the execution, and representative negroes express their approval of the punishment.

At a late hour tonight the negro's body is still burning.

Tyler is the home of United States Senator Horace Chilton and of ex Gov. James S. Hogg.

In his confession Hilliard said: "I was coming down the road and saw Mrs. Bell in the road. She was scared of me and I knew that if I passed her she would say I tried to assault her, and I concluded that I would assault her and then kill her. I cut her throat and cut her in another place and left."

He wrote this note to his wife and gave it to the sheriff:

"I am arrested by 'Wig' Smith. You know what they will do with me. If I don't see you any more good-by. HENRY"
—World.

Man in Woman's Garb.

Put man into the garb of woman, feeble, delicate, gossamer woman (who, by the way, has greater power of endurance than any other animal on earth), into tight corsets, which would jam his elastic ribs into his pendulous liver, his writhing stomach up against his wobbling heart and gasping lungs, his whole nutritive apparatus up, down, backward, sideways, anywhere, so that 19 inches of steel whalebone should compass his 25 inch middle; add the dozen or more articles, with their aggregation of bands, strings, buttons, loops, clasps and pins; place about him, zone after zone of tight bandages, from which are suspended dozens and dozens of yards of gathered, puckered, pleated and festooned material, tilt his body all out of plumb by fastening under his heels a wooden or leather peg two inches high, and crush his toes into the space of a good-sized walnut.

Weigh him down with a long, heavy wrap, perch a bonnet upon his head and stretch a dotted veil over his eyes, put his hands into tight kid gloves and into these a pocketbook and an umbrella, says the Woman's Journal.

Then send him out for business or for pleasure on a moderately wet morning or afternoon; let him keep his long, flapping skirts, his shoes and his ankles dry and clean, his feather and bangs in curl and his temper unruffled, and when he gets back to you, if he lives to do so, ask him which he would rather be, a lovely, civilized woman or a howling savage, and see what he will say.

The Tree of Blood.

The most wonderful optical experiment known to the eye experts is that which produces the "blood tree," or "the arborescent figure of Purkinje." It is a very simple and entertaining experiment and one from which no possible harm to the eye can result. The experiment is an optical delusion in which the retina of the eye and all the blood vessels connected therewith appear to stand out in the air in such a manner that the experimenter has a splendid view of them.

Purkinje, the great optician, accidentally made this discovery of the "blood tree," or "arborescent figure" which bears his name several years ago, and since his time it has been used in thousands of test experiments. The projected image is called the "arborescent figure" because of its resemblance of a many branched tree and is produced in the following manner: Shut yourself up in a dark room at night

and move a candle or lighted lamp back forth very rapidly before the eyes. After a few seconds the air surrounding the candle will assume a deep pink or reddish color, which rapidly takes upon itself the appearance of a sea of blood. Over this red background ramifying in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels standing out in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there appears a dark trunk like line which serves as a "body" for your "tree of blood." The trunk being most plainly visible where the optic nerve enters the eye.

This experiment is chiefly interesting because it proves that the parts of the retina which actually receive impressions and produce sensations must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadow upon it and enable the experimenter to see them as plainly as he does any other external object.—St. Louis Republic.

Scrofula in the Blood

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Mrs. W. R. Mallernee Meadow, Wash.

taking three bottles of the medicine, I have not had a sick day since. I for one, recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to the afflicted."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ted, knowing what it has done for me in the past. My husband was afflicted with rheumatism and had that tired feeling. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it

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We believe it will do all that is claimed for it, if given a fair trial. Both of us have used Hood's Vegetable Pills and are well pleased with them." MRS. W. R. MALLERNEE, Meadow, Washington.

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