

Flogging with the knout, used in Russia. Gurgling a punishment originally devised by the Arabs and Moors. The gallows, hart-hat, impalement, poisoning, hanging, punning in a mortar, precipitation, pressing to death, the rack, running the gauntlet, shooting, stabling, stoning, strangling and suffocation.

It will be readily seen by the observant reader that any one of these methods might be improved upon so far as the physical comfort of the victim is concerned. In countries where these modes of punishment were and in some cases are now practiced, the main object was to give the prisoner as much suffering as possible. He was held up as a terrible example. Now, however, the main object is to get the prisoner out of the way as soon as possible. In order to understand how quick a man can die under the force of electricity, let us consider first how fast a man can think. Well, it takes just one-tenth of a second for a nerve to communicate with the brain, according to Professor Hensholt. Now Professor Tyndall estimates that an electric discharge occurs in one hundred thousandths of a second, or ten thousand times more rapidly than nerve transmission. So you see that if it were possible a man would die by the process described ten thousand times before his nerves would have time to communicate with his brain.

Last winter, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of the electric light current on the action of the heart, the thorax of a chloroformed dog caught in Buffalo was opened, so that the lungs and heart could be seen in action by forcing respiration as in conscious life. At the instant when the current passed through the heart it became a mass of quivering flesh. It was noticed that an attempt to breathe was made after the current was passed through the dog. This indicated that the brain had not lost its susceptibility to impressions, and shows that in execution the current should be passed through the center. It should not be forgotten, however, that the dog was from Buffalo. The commission could have selected no tougher subject than a Buffalo dog. There can be no question, however, that electricity is the thing to do the business.

#### HE LET HIMSELF DROP.

A Terrific Story of a Very Strange Accident.

Here is a large and elegant story told in a Lowery, Blount county, Ala., dispatch to The Huntsville Mercury. You are not obliged to believe it unless you want to:

A party of Birmingham capitalists, largely interested in the minerals of the region, and some prominent railroad officials were here on a tour of inspection, with the view of opening some beds of iron ore and selecting the most practicable route for the extension of the new railway that leads up this valley.

This, indeed, seems to have been the true battle ground of the gods, with "Pelion piled upon Ossa," or the sterner confusion of the geologists, who cannot account for red iron ore in one side of a mountain and brown on the other, with veins of coal immediately underlying the top on both sides, so it was determined to leave them out of the party and carry along a practical man familiar with the formations peculiar to this valley for all geological information necessary in making an approximate estimate of the amount of solid and loose rock to be encountered on the extension. Accordingly an old foreman, Mr. Kern, who had been in the valley on the new road since April, and had also had large experience in railroading in the west, was selected. He was an intelligent, sober and industrious man, who regularly spent a month each of the greater part of his earnings to his wife and children in Kansas. He gave his opinions only after the most careful examination, and the gentlemen had implicit confidence as to their accuracy.

The party reached a perpendicular bluff about fifteen feet high, when Mr. Mertz climbed down to a ledge about six feet from the top, and with his hammer was investigating the character of the stones and its probable thickness. The gentlemen above heard several blows from his hammer, then apparently a quantity of loose rocks falling, and immediately a terrific explosion. They were all considerably shocked, but not otherwise hurt, and at once went to the edge of the precipice, where they detected the strong odor of dynamite, but to their consternation could see nothing of Mr. Mertz. After a careful search some small pieces of his clothing were found hanging in a tree about thirty feet from the ground, but that was all. The question for the scientists to settle is, what caused the explosion? A number of people from Birmingham have visited the place, but I have heard only one plausible theory, and that was advanced by Mr. Schultz, a scientist. It is known positively that Mr. Mertz had no dynamite with him, and Mr. Schultz says the only possible way to account for the explosion is that he had constantly, for a number of years, been handling dynamite and ultra-glycerine, and that so much had been taken into his system by absorption that it was only necessary for him to receive a slight jar to set it off, which was done when he struck the ground on falling from the ledge.

Whether history is true or not I can't say, but give the facts as they happened, and they can be substantiated by a number of citizens in this vicinity and Birmingham.

#### Thought He Was in "Luncheon."

"Boy, peeler, me boy, where am I?" asked a well-dressed, middle-aged man with a decided English accent, of Officer Bippie a Broadway and Thirtieth street last night.

He appeared to be dazed, as if recovering from long sleep.

"You are in New York," replied the policeman.

"That can't be, yer know," said the stranger. "I'm in London, and I want to go home, lobby."

The officer took the Englishman around to the Thirtieth street police station, where he told a strange story.

"My name is Henry Johnson," he said, "and I am 37 years old. The last thing I remember previous to ascending the officer was walking down Chiswick, in London, (it seems only a few hours ago. I have no recollection of crossing the ocean, and I know no one in America.")

Upon Mr. Johnson's person was found a letter dated London, Oct. 16, and addressed to "Henry Johnson, No. 46 Kensington Terrace, Embassy Park, London."

It was from a lady and advised "Dear Henry" to stop drinking. Mr. Johnson grew restless and ill in the station, and he was sent to Roosevelt hospital. Capt. Holly does not know what to think of the queer prisoner, whose strange story seems to be corroborated by his actions.—New York Evening Journal.

EDITOR OF THE EXPRESS:—Please announce in the columns of your paper that we are sole agents for St. Patrick's Pills, the most perfect cathartic and liver pills in the market. They not only physic, but cleanse the whole system; purify the blood and regulate the liver and bowels; they are vigorous but gentle in their action and can always be depended upon. For sale by M. A. Miller.

At a village school, a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said: "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person, singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the teacher in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary, milk the cow?"

A newspaper on Ohio, recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscription and obtained judgment in each case for the amount of each claim. Of these twenty-eight made affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed thus preventing attachment. Then, under the decision of the Supreme Court, they were arrested for petty larceny and bound over in the sum of \$3000 each. All but six gave bond while six went to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.—Toledo Blade.

Horace Greely once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greely for elucidation. Supposing it to be an answer to his own note, Mr. Greely looked over it, but was likewise unable to read it, and said to the boy, "Go; take it back, what does that fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "that's just what he says."

Fila Wheeler says that if she was asked to define the meaning of a successful man, she would say "a man who made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he had done in the way of achievement of wealth or honors, if he has done that, though he may be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men, in the mad pursuit for gold which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left their families so precious as the memory of a happy home."

Everyone who has anything to do with a cow should learn thoroughly this fact: That every annoyance and thing that excites or frets her takes a proportion from both the amount and richness of her yield, and in just so much takes money from her owner's pocket. A man who will permit it to be done, much less, himself dog the cows home from the pasture or kick and club them about the barn or yards is not a fit person to own or have charge of cows. It is not only cruel to the defenseless cow, but is ruinous to his own finances, a reason that ought to appeal strongly enough to his avarice to compel proper treatment of his property if humanity will not his.—Ex.



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