

No gun is where it is pointed.
No gun is where it is pointed.
No gun is where it is pointed.

A bullet never travels in a straight line.
A bullet never travels in a straight line.
A bullet never travels in a straight line.

Hold your gun level. The longer the barrel,
the more important this rule becomes.
Hold your gun level. The longer the barrel,

Good results should not be expected with
one gun and one kind of ammunition at all
distances and for all purposes.

A gun barrel clamped in a vise will not
shoot its bullets so close together as when
a good marksman shoots it from a rest.

Violent exercise just before shooting will
ruin any man's score. Disposition of any
kind will have the same effect.

The muzzle of a gun is always dangerous;
if not so considered, one soon contracts the
habit of being careless with loaded firearms.

It is an easy matter to shoot when the
trap is up, or to shoot on the wrong target;
both these errors should be guarded against
at each shot fired.

Prismers should be seated carefully to avoid
crushing of fulminate, and when seating
them care should be taken that powder out
of chamber of any that may explode.

No one who is afraid of the recoil of a gun
can make a good score. Never while before
you are hurt; there is plenty of time to do
that afterward.

Not one half of the guns made are worn
out; by far the greater number being ruined
through lack of care or on account of being
tinkered by their owners.

Examine your firearms frequently to see
if rust has begun to form. Make it a point
to prevent rust rather than remove it. Keep
guns away from damp walls, and do not
leave them in positions that tend to warp
the stocks.

In shooting, the longest range of the gun
should be taken into consideration. Ask
yourself: Where will the bullet drop? The
man who uses a long range rifle to shoot at
a bird in a tree, is either very careless or
very ignorant.

A gun may shoot poorly because it is not
fitted with fine sights, a fact which some-
times is not fully appreciated. For instance,
a telescope, spirit-level and vernier add
nothing to the accuracy of a gun, but only af-
fect the power of directing shots.

Hold your gun in the same manner every
time it is fired; that is, with the same pres-
sure to the shoulder, and do not hold the
toe to the shoulder at one time and the heel
to the shoulder at another. The proper way
is to hold the centre of the butt plate to the
shoulder.

The man that doesn't leave his wife at
home is the one who succeeds in any kind
of shooting, whether in the field, at the trap,
or before the target. Do not imagine that
because you are easily excited, it is impos-
sible to keep cool. Try a little enforced
coolness; perhaps your excitability may be
only a matter of habit.

Powder is very susceptible to moisture
of any kind and will be materially injured
if left exposed even for a short time in a
damp atmosphere. The residuum, that is,
the burned powder remaining in the barrel,
has the same affinity for moisture and may
be as effectively softened by means of breath-
ing in the barrel, as by the application of
water.

POINTS OF HISTORY.

In 1007 Virginia was colonized by Sir
Walter Raleigh; in 1008 Champlain found-
ed Quebec; and the following year New
York was settled by the Dutch. To these
settlements, in 1020, was added that of
Massachusetts after the historic landing of
the "Pilgrim Fathers."

Horace Walpole relates that when the
beautiful Countess of Suffolk married Mr.
Howard they were both so poor that they
went to Hanover, where Queen Anne's
death, to pay court to the future Royal
Family. Having a party to dinner, and
being disappointed of a remittance, the
countess was forced to sell her hair to fur-
nish the entertainment. Long wigs were
then in fashion, and her hair, being very
long, fine, and fair, produced her twenty
pounds.

Tea, according to Chinese writers, was
first discovered in the 18th century. An
import was placed upon it by the Emperor
Te-Tsang in 781. It was introduced into
Japan from China in the 9th century. The
Dutch introduced it into Europe in 1591; it
was used in England on some rare occasions
prior to 1657, and was sold at from 20
to £10 per pound. Millions of pounds weight
of tea, liquorice, and ash-tree leaves are
every year mixed with Chinese tea in En-
gland. The annual consumption of tea in
Great Britain is 30,000,000 pounds, while
that of all the rest of the civilized world
only amounts to 22,000,000.

A paper by Admiral F. S. Tremlett on
quadrilateral constructions near Carnao has
been read before the Anthropological Insti-
tute, London. The enclosures were explored
by the late Mr. James Miln. In each
case the boundary walls are formed of coarse
undressed stones put together without any
kind of cement, and have built up within
them a series of small members or "standing
stones." The enclosures also contain beehive
structures for cremation purposes, red-
dened and become friable from the effects
of great heat. It would appear that the pro-
cess of cremation had been a very perfect
one, as not a particle of calcined bone was
discovered in any of the enclosures.

Three attempts have been made to kill
French sovereigns by infernal machines one
of which has been directed against each of
the three last sovereigns. On December
24th, 1800, St. Regent tried to blow up the
first Napoleon with a barrel of gunpowder,
charged with grape shot. He missed
Napoleon, but hit 73 others, killing 20.
Fiech attempted the life of Louis Philippe
on July 28th, 1835, by firing an infernal
machine as the King and his sons rode along
the lines of the National Guards on the
Boulevard du Temple. The machine con-
sisted of 25 gun barrels fired in a frame and
charged with various missiles, which were
fired simultaneously by a train of gunpowder.
He only grazed the King's arm, but killed
Marshall Mortimer and seven others. On
January 14th, 1858, Orsini, Pierri, Radie,
and others, made an attempt to kill Napo-
leon III. by means of hand grenades; this
was also unsuccessful, and by it two persons
were killed and many wounded.

Iron bars and steel are elongated by mag-
netization, the latter not so much, but nickel
bars are shortened.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XIII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1885

NO 29.

A Guardsman's Luck.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on
my bag for a few minutes? I am going to
have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-
dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one
warm summer morning a few years ago, as
I was on duty at the park gate of Knights'
bridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied. "If I am re-
lieved before your return, I shall hand it over
to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour
at the latest, as I must be in the city by nine.
It doesn't contain very valuable property—
only a suit of clothes and a few documents
of no use to any one but the owner," as the
saying is. All the same, however, I have no
desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman
turned away.

The request to look after his property did
not in the least surprise me, as numerous
robberies from the clothing of persons bath-
ing had for some time before been reported
to the police. The barracks' clock struck
eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since
the owner of the bag departed, and as yet
there was no sign of him; the "quarter past"
was chimed from the neighboring clocks, and
still he did not turn up. About half past
eight I perceived a great commotion in the
park. Men were rushing from all quarters
in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon
afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by
that the excitement was caused by one of the
number who bathers having been drowned. An
unusual suspicion was at once excited within
me that the person who had come to such a
sad end was the gentleman who had left his
bag in my charge, which suspicion was in-
stantly confirmed when I was relieved at nine,
and the article still unclaimed. I handed over
the bag to the sentry who relieved me with-
out mentioning to him any of the circum-
stances of the case.

I went on sentry again at one o'clock and
no one had come for it. It was the height
of the London Season, and Hyde Park pre-
sented its customary gay appearance, but
the imposing array of splendidly-appointed
equipages, dashing equestrians and fashion-
ably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at
other times was to me a most interesting
spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded,
as all my thoughts were centred on specu-
lations regarding the fate of the owner of
the bag. Before being relieved at three I
had it conveyed to my room in the barracks,
and after coming off guard placed it for great-
er security in the troop room.

After stables, I left barracks for my cus-
tomary walk, and purchasing a copy of the
Echo from a juvenile news-vendor, I read the
particulars of the fatality of the morning.
Friends had identified the body, which was
that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had
resided at Baywater.

"Nixon! That corresponds with the in-
itial 'N' on the bag," I thought to myself,
now perfectly convinced that the deceased
was the person I had seen in the morning. I
also ascertained from the newspaper report
that a man had been apprehended on suspi-
cion of having attempted to rifle the pockets
of the clothes of the drowned man, and who
had been roughly handled by the crowd, be-
fore a policeman could be procured to take
him into custody. After a moment's reflec-
tion I decided to call at the address given in
the paper, in order to arrange about the res-
toration of the bag to the relatives of the de-
ceased.

I was shown into a room, and immedi-
ately afterward was waited upon by a young
lady, the daughter of the deceased, who natu-
rally enough, was perfectly overcome with
grief. I explained to her in a few words the
object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a
valise of that description when he left this
morning," she said; "but possibly you may
recognize him from the photograph," sub-
mitting one she took from the table for my
inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the
features in the photo were those of a person
bearing no resemblance whatever to the in-
dividual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for
the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I
left the house of mourning and returned to
the barracks in a very mystified state of
mind.

"Could the owner of the bag be the thief
who was caught in the act of plundering the
dead man's clothes?" I asked myself, but
immediately dismissed the idea from my
mind, as being absurd and improbable.

After this the bag ceased to interest me, as
the valueless character of its contents caused
me to speculate less on the unaccountable
conduct of the possessor in never returning
for it.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's
guard, Westminster. I had just mounted
my horse and taken up position in one of the
two boxes facing Parliament street, when a
gentleman alighted opposite me and scanned
me curiously. Addressing me, he said,

"Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice. It was
that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise he
was greatly altered, as he had denuded him-
self of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache
he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning
when I came out of the water, and was taken
home in an unconscious state. I have been
very unwell ever since, and I have left
my house for the first time, to day. I wish
to get my bag at once. I presume you have
it safe-keeping at the barracks?"

"It's much safer at hand," I replied—
"just across the street from here," and then
I told him that it was in the custody of the
police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted
him.

"It is very awkward indeed," he said
"I have to catch the six train for Liverpool
—I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves
to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't
you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I re-
plied. "I won't be relieved until four. I
daren't leave the guard."

During the interval that elapsed until my
period of duty was ended the gentleman
paced about in a most impatient manner,
over and anon seeming to relieve his feelings
by stopping to pat my horse. At length I
left my post, and dismounting, led my char-
ger to the stable, and handed it over to a
comrade; then divesting myself of my cul-
rass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard.
One of the corporals on guard received orders
to accompany me; so, together with the
gentleman, we started, and crossing the
street reached the police headquarters in a
minute or two, and on making enquiries,
were directed to the "Lost Property" de-
partment. We stated our business, and an
official, after receiving an assurance from me
that the applicant was the right person,
speedily produced the valise. "Why didn't
you see about this before?" he asked, ad-
dressing the gentleman.

"Because I was too ill to see about any-
thing," was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, cer-
tifying that his property had been restored to
him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs
caught up his property and we left the office.

When we got to the door we found assem-
bled a small crowd of men employed about
the establishment; for the unusual spectacle
of two helmeted, jack-booted guardsmen had
caused a good deal of speculation as to our
business there. Mr. Nobbs hurriedly brush-
ed past them, and gaining the street halted
a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled
up.

"Here is something for your trouble,"
he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand.
I, of course, thanked him heartily for this
munificent donation. Declining the offer of
the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he
put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands
with the corporal and myself, he said to the
driver: "Euxton, as fast as you can," and
entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the
wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy
horse with a view of starting, when the poor
animal slipped and fell. The man belonging
to the Scotland Yard who had followed us
into the street at once rushed to the driver's
assistance, unbuttoned the traces, and after
pushing back the cab, got the horse on its
feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watch-
ing the operation from the window, and I
noticed that one of the men was surveying
him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man
at length remarked.

"No it isn't.—What do you mean by ad-
dressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr.
Nobbs.

"Well," said the man, who I at once sur-
mised was a member of the detective force,
"that's the name you gave anyhow, when
you were had up on the charge of feeling the
pockets of the gent's clothes who was drown-
ed in the Serpentine a week ago. I know
you, although you've had a clean shave."

I started on hearing this statement; my
suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the
time, had turned out to be correct after all;
while Mr. Judd, alias Nobbs, turned as pale
as death.

"Come out of that cab," said the detec-
tive.

"You've no right to detain me," said
Nobbs. "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you
—But look here, old man, what have you
got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes, I assure you,"
said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the de-
tective, seizing the bag. "Out of the cab—
quick! and come with me to the office."

Mr. Nobbs complied with a very bad grace;
while the corporal and I followed, wonder-
ing what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and
the bag was opened; but it apparently con-
tained nothing but the clothes.

"There is certainly no grounds for de-
taining this man," said an inspector, stand-
ing near.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and
cried: "You see I have told you the truth,
and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. Pack up
your traps and clear out."

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with ex-
ceeding alacrity, and began to replace the
articles of clothing, when the detective
seemingly acting on a sudden impulse,
caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous
shake. A slight rustling sound was dis-
tinctly audible.

"Hillo! what's this?" cried the officer.
Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he pro-
duced a pocket knife, and in a trice ripped
open a false bottom, and found about two
dozen valuable diamond rings and a magni-
ficent emerald necklace carefully packed in
wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared
them with a list which he took from a file,
and pronounced them to be the entire pro-
ceeds of a daring robbery that had recently
been committed in the shop of a West End
jeweller and which amounted in value to
fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd, now looking ter-
ribly confused and abashed at this premature
frustration of his plan to clear out of the
country with his booty, was formally charg-
ed with being in possession of the stolen
valuables. He made no reply, and was led
away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked
to the inspector: "I thought, sir, when he
gave me a sovereign for looking after his
bag, that it was more than it was worth;
but now I find that I have been mistaken."

"A sovereign!" cried the inspector. "Let
me see it!"

I took the coin from my cartonne-box,
where I had placed it in the absence of any
accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it and threw it on
the table. "I thought as much," he remark-
ed; "it's a bad one."

Mr. Nobbs, alias Judd—these names were
two of a formidable string of aliases—turned
out to be an expert coiner, burglar and swin-
dler, who had long been "wanted" by the
police. He was convicted and sentenced to a
lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr. Nobbs had received
his well-earned punishment, I received a
visit from a gentleman, who stated that he
was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in
which the robbery had been committed. He
informed me that his employer, having
taken into consideration the fact that I was
to a certain extent, instrumental in the re-
covery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me
a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully ac-
cepted the money, which, as I had seen
enough of soldiering, I invested in the pur-
chase of my discharge from the Household
Cavalry.

A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Two Murderers Colluded at Daybreak
Before a Paris Crowd.

The two notorious criminals—Gaspard,
who murdered the old Delaunay in the Rue
d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the
throat of the Creole lady, whose service he
had rendered, according to his custom, for
the purpose of plunder—were guillotined
shortly after daybreak. It was expected
that the wretches would be reprieved, as
Gaspard had had an accomplice, and March-
andon's friends had made energetic efforts
to save him from the guillotine. Their ap-
peals, however, were rejected, and both the
criminals were handed over to the common
executioner.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the Place de
la Roquette, on the side of the prison of the
condemned, was full of people, who, as is cus-
tomary on such occasions, had remained up
all night to witness what, in the annals of re-
cent sensation, was an exceptional sight,
namely, a double execution. The police had
considerable difficulty in keeping the crowd
of sightseers in their places, and the mount-
ed gendarmes were frequently called into re-
quisition to clear the approaches to the places
of execution. The usual horseplay, loud
jokes, and badinage were freely indulged
in by the expectant crowd in the roadway,
composed as it was of the lowest strata of
the Parisian rabble. Snatches of obscene
songs were even sung by some of the villan-
ous gamins and vicious girls who pressed
through the crowd to obtain a view of a
scene which seemed to have no terrors for
them.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen ap-
proaching. It preceded a dark mass scarce-
ly discernible through the enveloping dark-
ness. This was the car conveying the ter-
rible *bois de justice*, or guillotine, which had
recently been removed from its resting
place in the vicinity of the prison. It was
followed by Deliber and his assistants, and
was well guarded by policemen. Turning
the corner of the Rue Folle Regnault, the
ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the
Place de la Roquette, and stopped before the
door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismantled
and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Del-
iber, having superintended the preparatory
measures, went into the jail with two of his
men, and there was then a long spell of wait-
ing and expectation, during which the day
dawned on the impatient and chattering
crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette.

At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by
workmen and others who were obliged to be
up early, and barricades were put up by the
police to prevent the people from filling up
the approaches to the place of execution.

A long narrow basket was now placed
near the block of the guillotine, and at ten
minutes to 5 the huge, heavy and gloomy
doors of the prison swung open amid a dead-
ly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling
of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn
from their scabbards. Gaspard was the first
of the felons led to death. Tall and muscu-
lar, he walked firmly between two priests,
whose ministrations he had rejected until
the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features con-
tracted convulsively as he neared the guil-
lotine. Here he stopped toward the prison
chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced
first the priest and then a crucifix held by
the latter in his hand. He was now seized
by the executioners, his head was placed in
the *lanette*, and, after an awkward pause,
during which Deliber seemed to have lost
the momentary control of his instrument, the
knife descended, and the headless trunk of
the criminal fell away from the *basevis*. The
head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and every-
thing set in order for the next execution.
After an interval of seventeen minutes, dur-
ing which the clamorous crowd seemed to
have lost its grotesque gaiety, the doors of
the prison again opened, and Marchandon,
looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly
on, supported by the Abbe Faure and the
other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead
than alive. He still wore the patent leather
boots with pointed toe caps which he had
on when arrested in his country house at
Compiegne. After having convulsively em-
braced his priests he was caught sharply
by Deliber and thrust into the *lanette*.
The knife again refused to work, and nearly four
seconds elapsed before it fell on the crim-
inal's neck. When it did so a double jet of
blood spouted out for nearly two yards, and
sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies
were then taken, escorted by mounted gen-
darmes, to the Irvy Cemetery for mock bur-
ial, after which they were handed over to
the School of Medicine for the usual exper-
imental purposes.

Filtering ashore is now made by mixing
certain portions of clay with levigated
chalk, coarse and fine glass sand, and ground
flint. They are moulded and hard burned.

The timid man, who yet is not a coward,
and who has conscience and convictions to
inspire his determination, is the man most
to be depended on for effective conduct.

THE LONELY ARCTIC.

Adventures of the "Aler" Among the Bergs.
During the three long weeks in which we
were beset in ice, time hung heavily on our
hands, although we all had some daily
duties to perform. Occasionally we would
get a shot at a murre or a gull, or, if the ice
opened up a little, a shot at a seal. After
living for some time on salt meat, a delicacy
like curried cod or seal pie or boiled seal
dipped was highly appreciated. For amuse-
ment and exercise we were obliged to con-
tent ourselves with pitching rope quoits on
deck, walking over the ice, or, when a par-
ticularly large ice pan was near the ship,
by a game of "rounders." Those who, like
myself, belonged to the great order of land-
blubbers, would make vain attempts to imi-
tate the sailors in climbing about the rigging,
and to impress the crew with the idea that
we were old hands at it.

STRANGE ARCTIC SCENES.

But in spite of the occasional tedium of
our monotonous life while imprisoned in the
ice there was much to interest one who had
never been in Arctic regions before. At
times one would be impressed with the
supernatural things which the surroundings
would give. Everything seemed odd and
where nothing was to be seen but ice—ice
everywhere except where the black rocks of
Resolute Island broke the surface. On the
evening of June 21, the longest day of the
year, I remained a long time on deck. It
was bright clear and cold, the thermometer
at 8 p.m., registering 31 deg. In that region
the variation of the magnetic needle is very
great, being 55 deg. to the west of true
north. Sunset occurred about 10 p.m. on
that evening. It was difficult almost to con-
vince myself, knowing the time of the night,
that I was not dreaming. And strange of
all the sun was setting east of north, im-
pressive scene. It almost seemed that the sun
had strayed so far from its course that it would
wander off into some infinitude of space and
never return. Soon after it disappeared
behind the ice, as if conquered by obstinate
frigidity, the still Arctic twilight shed its
pale light about. Clouds, like a funeral
pal, hung over the grave of the extinct
sun. Solemn, mysterious, gigantic icebergs
moved slowly along, carried up by hidden
currents which were powerless on the sur-
face. The ghostly procession passed in re-
view while our little ship lay motionless in
icy fetters. Resolution Island, black, for-
bidding, looked like the evil genius of this
strange scene. Later on the moon rose and
flitted pale, flickering rays through the
clouds which, mixed with the peculiar Arctic
glow, made the most singular and super-
natural light I have ever seen.

Much Creaking about Marriage.

The average society journal devotes about
one column per week to the discussion of the
so-called marriage problem. In this the
tendency toward celibacy is again and again
repeated and every remedy which could
possibly be thought of is invented at some
time and place. In nine cases out of ten,
while some responsibility is attributed to
men, the blame for the falling off in mar-
riages is placed upon women. They are ac-
cused of being vain, extravagant, incompet-
ent, and frivolous, and utterly without
qualification for any sterner work than
flirting or idling away whole days over sen-
sational novels. The merits of the young
man who minds his own business and doesn't
get married are lauded to the skies; those
of a girl who does exactly the same thing
are never mentioned.

Of course, the young men are not to
blame for the falling off in the number of
marriages. Who ever heard of a young
man who was lacking in any single or
double respect? As a rule, they never
smoke, drink, or idle their time away, but
are busy day after day developing their
mental qualities by industrious study, and
saving their hard-earned wages for the
purpose of getting married at a later
day. Girls frequent beer saloons, play pool,
and organize expensive clubs, but the young
man has no time for such frivolous enter-
tainment. If he did he would fall quite to
the level of his sister, and such a fate must
be escaped at all hazards.

The marriage problem will doubtless
solve itself in a little time, as most evils
work out their own solution. At any rate,
there is no reason to fear the depopulation
of the country from the falling off in the
number now. Nearly every institution that
the world has ever sanctioned at some time
or another has passed through some species
of trial. The desire for congenial feminine
society is natural to every man, and will
continue to be gratified in spite of high rents
and extravagant markets. And while it is
being gratified, just a little less of the one-
sided arguments against women would be
acceptable.

On the whole, women are as sensible as
men,—very often more so,—and given a fair
opportunity, with a husband worthy of the
name, they are usually able to do their part
towards keeping the wolf from the door
and making home pleasant for those who
share in its happiness.

The Wood Worker mentions a new process
for toughening timber, by which white
wood can be made so rough as to require a
cold chisel to split it. This result is reach-
ed by steaming the timber and submitting
it to end pressure—technically "upsetting"
it—thus compressing the cells and fibers in-
to one compact mass. It is the opinion of
those who have experimented with the pro-
cess, that wood can be compressed seventy-
five per cent., and that the timber which is
now considered unfit for use in such work
as carriage building, could be made valu-
able by this means, and more especially
as the rapid consumption of our best ash
and hickory will sooner or later render some
substitute necessary.

MAKING DEATH PAINLESS.

The Practice of Euthanasia Discussed by
Physicians.

The fact that narcotics were freely used
during the illness of Gen. Grant to se-
cure sleep, ease, and freedom from pain, and
were asked for by the patient and promised
to him openly by his physicians, in the event
of their being needed, to procure a quiet
and painless death, seems to have been ac-
cepted quite as a matter of course by people
in general. Only a few years ago, however,
the idea of moderating the fear or assuaging
the pains of death by the use of narcotics
or stimulants would have been horrifying to
the great majority of Christian people.

This rapid and very marked change of op-
inion, whatever its cause may be and how-
ever moderate the degree of attention bestowed
upon it by the public, has been very clearly
observed by physicians, and in the belief
of some of them, as stated to the reporter,
will bring about an increased use of sedative
drugs for distressed and dying patients.

In discussing the matter physicians are
necessarily drawn to its logical consequences
and these may be summed up in the ques-
tion, "Have we a right under certain cir-
cumstances to cut short our lives?" In one
of the recent articles on the subject by Dr.
Amick an abstract is given of the question
as formulated by a prominent member of the
Birmingham Speculative Club. The state-
ment is interesting, from the fact that