

HEADSMEN AND STRANGLERS.

Men Who Execute the Death Penalty on European Criminals.

ARTISTS IN THEIR OWN LINE.

The German executioner, Reindel, is the leader of headsmen on the Continent. He is not a mere engineer of the guillotine, but strikes off with his own hand and trusty sword the head of the victim, after the fashion of hundreds of years ago. Beheading is the highest penalty for crime in Germany, and the headsmen is kept fairly busy, going from one State to another on his hideous round.

An execution in Germany to-day is no essential particular different from those we read about in English and French history, as to the common fate of political suspects. The German criminal is handed more rarely, perhaps, than was King Charles or Lord Hastings, but in all essentials the modern performance is similar to the incident at Whitehall and those other affairs in the Tower.

Beheading has generally been considered what some folks would call a "high toned" method of exit from mundane troubles. There is no evidence, however, that German criminals feel any better on this score. They probably took to the condition rather than the theory.

Reindel's most exciting experience was at Beckeburg, the capital of Schaumburg-Lippe, when he decapitated the notorious murderer, Heerwart. The case aroused a great sensation at the time. Heerwart was a refined ruffian, belonging to a good family, and in the habit of running in debt. People to whom he owed large amounts developed a different habit, that of dying suddenly; whereupon their administrators would find Heerwart in possession of a receipt, recently signed, for the sum supposed to be due. At last detection came, and Heerwart was convicted, and sentenced to death.

A GIANTIC HEADSMAN.

Reindel, who is a six-footer and a veteran soldier, arrived at the prison, accompanied by his three sons, who always act as his assistants. The courtyard of the prison was fitted up in the usual style, everything but the block draped in black, the block being covered with a bright scarlet cloth. Reindel never binds his victims. He depends upon his stalwart sons to hold them, and he had no reason to anticipate any resistance on the part of Heerwart, a middle-sized man, not apparently strong, and whose conduct in prison had been excellent.

At the stroke of eight the prisoner was led out, locked arm in arm with a prison officer. Heerwart's eyes appeared to light on the block and wandered from that to a table a few feet away, on which lay three broad-swords, sharp and unsheathed, for the use of the headsmen. With a leap Heerwart was at the table, and seizing one of the swords, he backed resolutely against the wall in an attitude of defiance. Two of the sons of Reindel rushed upon him, and before he could use the weapon he was helpless in their grasp.

It is hardly necessary to say that the formality of reading the death warrant was much abbreviated, and that the rest of the ceremony was brief. The three sons bore the prisoner to the block, two held him by the body, the other grasped his head. Reindel's sword was for an instant poised in the air, then down it came, and the head rolled away, severed at one stroke. While crime, of course, varies, Reindel performs about 30 executions a year.

Bavaria is the only German State that has a separate headsmen. His name is Mattenheimer, and his methods differ but very little from those of the Prussian executioner. As there is not sufficient call for his services to occupy his time, he ekes out a living as an assistant at the Munich jail.

THE AUSTRIAN STRANGLER.

In Austria criminals are put to death by strangling or shooting, according to the sentence of the court. The gibbet is used at executions of the former kind, and Prof. Sterneck, as he is called, the most noted of Austrian executioners, has been detected in practices very much resembling cruelty. A few years ago he used to put an iron gag in the mouths of prisoners to prevent them from utterance. The practice had for a long time passed unobserved until at length it was discovered by the local press. The "Professor" excused himself on the ground of necessity; but he did not do it again.

The shooting of criminals would have been altogether substituted for strangling, but for the objections on the part of the soldiers to be detailed for any such purpose. This fact, and the reluctance to use the gibbet, have tended to bring about the virtual abolition of capital punishment in Austria, except in the worst cases. Besides, as the Emperor grows older, he grows more tender toward his subjects.

It may seem incredible, but is true, nevertheless, that a retired executioner is living in Belgrade to-day who, as late as 1875, broke criminals on the wheel. The name of the man is Peter Jovanovitch, and the execution took place on the grassy slopes of the ramparts of Belgrade. The most noted execution of the kind was in 1872, when two men, one a Turk, the other a Hebrew, were put to death for murdering a whole family.

The Hebrew was executed first, and fifteen minutes elapsed before the executioner gave him the coup de grace. The Turk made a violent resistance and had to be stunned into submission, although the stunning was perhaps intentional. This medieval punishment was abolished about 1878, when Serbia asserted complete independence. Strangling in prison is the usual capital penalty.

OLD TIME NORWEGIAN BARBARITY.

In Norway an expert executioner is requisite, although his services are seldom needed. August Claeson is now an old man, and he has held the office for twenty-four years, with occasional assistance. The laws of Norway are still harsh in terms, and were harsh in practice not many years ago. Old man Claeson can remember that, at Trondhjem, about twelve years ago, a preacher named Jansen, convicted of murdering his child, stood in the pillory all day with his right hand cut off and had his head cut off at sundown. Now, however, the punishment is decapitation without the barbarous exhibition that used to precede it. The death penalty is so seldom resorted to in Sweden and Norway that it is practically obsolete.

Calles, the Spanish executioner, who attends to the garrote in every part of that kingdom where its use is necessary, has held office only three years. His predecessor,

Robledo, was much better known. Robledo was such an expert with the garrote that the Sultan of Morocco sent him a special invitation to go to that country and give evidence of his skill. Robledo went, out of humanity, as he claimed, and suggested to the despot of the Moors several novel, because, civilized ideas as to the infliction of capital punishment.

It was the custom of the Moors to hack off heads with a knife. It was a tedious process, and calculated to cause pain to the subject of the experiment. Robledo succeeded in inducing the Sultan to substitute scimitars, and with dispatch with the carving. Before the Spanish executioner left Fez, the Sultan invited him to witness a grand illustration of the proficiency achieved by his men with the scimitar. Fifteen prisoners were beheaded in less than that number of minutes.

As to the garrote, public opinion, even in Spain, has long condemned the instrument as cruel, and it is only adhered to out of a Spanish reluctance for change.

A Merciless Thunderbolt.

We were encamped in a valley about a mile long and half a mile wide—a cove, you might call it, which was surrounded on three sides by the walls of the Guadalupe Mountains of Texas, and the fourth side was open to the green prairie which went rolling away to the east for a hundred miles without a break. It was a bay off a lake—a nook sheltered from everything but the skies above. It was Summer time, and the mountain sides were covered with green to hide the ugly rocks; cascades of the purest and coldest water poured down into the valley at intervals, and the carpet which nature had spread for our feet was beyond the handiwork of man. The grass was about six inches high, of a dark green, and mingled with it in the grandest profusion were the flowers of the Western prairie in endless variety, while here and there the grass blushed with patches of red ripe strawberries.

One morning, when we had been in camp about a week, and just as the sun was rising out of the prairie and sending a flood of golden light into the valley to kiss away the shimmering dew-drops, we were startled by a shrill neigh and the sound of galloping hoofs, and we turned out to behold one of the grandest sights of prairie life—a wild horse. He was all alone, and he had come in from the open prairie to investigate us and treat us to such an exhibition as only the oldest plainsman ever saw.

He was black as midnight—a sixteen-hand coal-black horse, with flowing mane and tail, a perfect model, with a blazing white star on his forehead. This star, or spot, was so white by contrast that we at first believed it to be some artificial mark. He came thundering down straight upon us until about two hundred feet away, when he swerved to the left with a snort of alarm and ran across the valley. Our horses were hobbled behind the tent, and as one of them neighed a welcome to the stranger he came galloping back. The sight of human beings was no novelty to him. He came within a hundred feet this time, and then stopped suddenly and reared up and snorted and pawed the air. No one thought of doing him harm, but every one settled down to enjoy the sight.

After a moment the horse began a circuit about three times as large as a circus ring. And for half an hour he pranced, trotted, cantered and galloped as if he carried a circus rider who desired to show off his paces. With head held proudly erect, with mane flying on the breeze he created—with tail sweeping the flowers as he moved, he presented such a picture of an ideal horse that we cheered him again and again. Now he rushed around the circle he had marked out as if under the whip and spur of a jockey—now ambled and danced—now reared up and shook his head in a playful way and challenged us to catch him. Our horses neighed and snorted and strained at their stout hobbles, anxious to enjoy his freedom, and one would have thought from his actions that he was taunting them with their bondage.

"THUNDERBOLT."

By and by, as we continued to watch his antics, we became aware that a cloud was rising of the prairie. It came up, seemingly from the green grass, no larger than a man's hand, and even as it climbed up the horizon it grew in size very slowly. At sea it would have been called an "ox-eye," or squall. There was a dash of rain in it, and it had that ugly green look which tells of a bolt or two of lightning stored up to wreak vengeance upon something. We had no fear, however, and had turned again to the horse when he stopped his play and stood facing the cloud. His head was held high, his ears worked back and forth, his eyes fairly blazing with excitement as he lifted his right foreleg and pawed at the grass. Nearer came the cloud, and the horse uttered a snort of defiance, wheeled around two or three times, and suddenly reared up until we thought he would go over and pawed the air.

Crash! Crack! There was a flash which blinded us—a shock which threw every man to the earth, and for thirty seconds no one moved or spoke. Then we struggled up, confused and bewildered, to see the gallant horse lying prone on the grass. We went out to him and saw that he was quivering in the agonies of death. The white spot on his forehead had disappeared—scorched and withered by the thunderbolt which had aimed for it and found the target.

We could have shot him down as he galloped in front of us, but we would not even raise a stick to frighten him. The thunderbolt had been merciless—and more; it had selected one of nature's noblest type of animal life for its victim and smote him down at one fell blow.

Rain to Order.

A man in Canton, Ohio, writes to Secretary Edge, of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, that he has discovered a means by which he is able to cause rain to fall over an area of upwards of 250,000 square miles at any time that he desires, and this without regard to climate. Furthermore, he says that he has experimented successfully upon twelve different occasions in Australia during the season of drought; five times in New Zealand during the month of February of this year, and three times in Ohio within the last 60 days. "Upon each occasion he publicly announced from one week to 10 days in advance his intention of causing rain to fall upon a given date, and never failed upon a single occasion to bring rain as announced." In conclusion he says that he is prepared to "repeat experiments in any part of the United States at any time," and will guarantee rain to fall on a certain spot at any time that may be selected.

HOUSEHOLD.

Alone.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter soaks with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty room—her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette.

My First Wooing.

I was at it very early. My sweetheart was the village dressmaker; a pretty girl she was, with fine bust, large limpid eyes, and pretty yellow hair—at least, I thought it pretty then. All the fellows of the village were in love with her—the blacksmith, and the carpenter, and the preacher, but I did them all out. I was working in the neighbouring town, apprenticed to a baker, and earned the large salary of 5s. a week.

But when I went to court my pretty sweetheart I was dressed like a first-class gentleman—frock coat with silk facing, tall silk hat and yellow kids! I had been paying "attentions" to Jimena for some time, and I was invited to the house. After tea the mother complained of a headache and had to retire; one sister went off to wash up the "tea things," another had ironing to do, one of the brothers had to go back to his office, the other suddenly remembered some engagement, and so I was left alone with Jimena, much to my own intense satisfaction. But I was too bashful to do more than propose a long walk next Saturday.

The Saturday evening came, and after a blissful ramble in the country we were returning arm-in-arm. It was dark as pitch; not a star was visible; we could hardly see the road. My heart was thumping vigorously, and I was making up a speech to declare my love, when, all of a sudden, a dog's unearthly howl and bark close beside me gave me a terrible fright, and at the same moment I felt the calf of my leg seized by what seemed to me the most ferocious of canine teeth. I set up a yell, and rushed off at such a speed that I soon brought myself and my now tearful companion to the ground. When I got home that night my uncle, with whom I was staying, chaffed me unmercifully about my white face, and asked what had frightened me; and at length, to my intense disgust, it came out that it was he who, lying by the roadside, had heard our voices, and thinking to amuse himself at my expense, had gripped me by the leg. That unmerciful uncle! Often after visiting my fair one I would come in with an innocent look, and when asked where I had been, reply that I had only taken a walk; but he would pull off some threads and fragments of silk or wool off my jacket, and ask where these had come from?

But the crowning day came at length. I was determined to be married when I was twenty-one. I had every reason to believe my Jimena was ready to accept me, and so I determined to buy a ring and present it to her, and at the same time we would seal our mutual troth. I had previously given her little presents, such as a 17s. concertina—she was a beautiful player; but each one cost an infinite amount of self-denial and long saving-up beforehand. How I managed it off my 5s. a week I don't know, but I purchased a grand ring, with a stone as large as an ink bottle, and I put it in my waistcoat pocket, and dressed in my best went to call for Jimena. I had a long walk with her, and it was about ten o'clock at night when we returned. About two miles from her mother's house was a barn which had to be crossed on a bridge, and I mentally vowed that when I came to the bridge I would do the fatal deed. All the way I tried to screw up my courage; but my heart beat so loud, and my mouth was so hot and parched, that I could hardly utter a word. At length the bridge was reached. I pulled out the ring and blubbered out, "O Jimena, I love you," and slipped the ring on to her thumb! Then, struck aghast at my own temerity, I took to my heels and fled, leaving the bewildered girl standing alone on the bridge in the dark, with a two-miles' walk before her! How I ever mustered up courage to look her in the face again I don't know. The last time I saw her she was a buxom wife with nine children. I had many sweethearts after her; but I don't think I ever made such a fool of myself as I did that night.

What a Wise Woman Says.

That orris root has a sweeter and more permanent fragrance than any other perfume powder.

That nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as a bath in cream every night while you stay in the country, leaving it to dry on the face, and for a nightcap a big glass of rich country milk taken just before you go to sleep.

That your diamonds should be washed in boiling hot soda, rinsed in cold water clouded with ammonia, and dried in jeweller's sawdust.

That almond meal is better for the face than any soap except castile.

That the woman who never complains gets ten times as much sympathy in her trials as the woman who frets about everything, from the shoe that don't fit her feet to the husband that dies and leaves her penniless.

That your dress waists hold their shape better if folded away in a drawer, and are delicious to wear if they are wrapped in perfumed covers.

That the woman of to-day worries more over the shape of the seams in her bodice than over her soul's salvation.

That the useful girl never gets married because she can't be spared.

Woman and the Apple.

A barrel of apples opened near the Isle of Wight had a very fine apple in the centre, with this message written on a piece of paper: "If any young lady who chances to eat this apple is desirous of matrimony, she

will please correspond with Harley Marshall of Falkland Ridge, Annapolis county, Nova Scotia."

Testing Bread.

Bread soaked in an alcoholic solution of logwood will at once turn blue if there is alum present. Another very simple way of testing alum is to thrust a hot knife-blade into a loaf that is one day old. If alum is present it will adhere in small particles to the blade. As to the goodness of bread properly made with baking powders possessing the maximum of leavening power the following experiment will be found interesting and also very reliable: Take a good loaf of bread with a suspected one; cut from the two pieces of equal size; put them in saucers containing the same quantity of water. The best bread will invariably absorb the most water. This is more of a test for alum than anything, as alum hardens the gluten of wheat and renders it less soluble.

Test for Milk.

The following test for watered milk is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

Bible Guessing Frauds.

The progress of Bible guessing fraud has received a sudden check at Dundee, where a certain wily Scot has been arrested on the charge of extracting shillings from the pockets of two confiding Biblical students. This was the advertisement he inserted in some 300 newspapers throughout the country: "Prodigious! £100 a week!! £150 in cash prizes for counting the words in chapters i. and ii. of Joshua." It transpired that £1,200 had been received in reply to the advertisements (still unpaid), and 13s 6d had been given as prize money. The presiding sheriff said he did not think there were so many fools in the country ready to send money in answer to such a transparent fraud. The idea of giving prizes, he added, for counting the words or letters in the New Testament was a proposal which could be made only by a rogue or a lunatic.

On prisoner's agent objecting to the sum fixed as bail, the Sheriff remarked: "He will be all the better of a little time for meditation. Send him the Book of Joshua, and let him count the number of letters in it." Yet they say there's no such thing as wit in a Scotsman.

Sam. Jones on Evangelists.

Evangelists, male and female, decent and indecent, pious and penurious, along with tent meetings, meetings for "men only," with their advocate pro and con, seem to be agitating the great American mind.

I have travelled much and kept up with the "times and seasons" somewhat, and feel free to say that the church with the ordinary means of grace is not reaching the case. If, after constant treatment at the hands of the old family physician, the patient grows worse, had we better stick to him though the patient dies, or change physicians, say, try an expert—not of a different school of medicine, but one who is skillful in diagnoses and an expert in practice? There is much in treatment, but more in diagnoses; but few of our pastors are skilled in either diagnoses or treatment.

The only question is, does the patient improve? If not, what then? Is there an expert available? Shall we use him? Common sense controls us in all other matters; why not use a little of the same uncommon talent in religious matters?

I don't care what you call the expert—evangelist, revivalist, ecclesiastical tramp, or what not, the fact that so many pastors need and call for him is proof of the proposition that the ordinary means do not reach the case.

They must not beg the question by talking of motives and the charge that he is preaching for money, sending around the hat, is just a new way an ass has of kicking with his mouth. I prefer his heels turned toward me.

I state facts when I say not one pastor in ten is efficient as a soul winner, when God intends we should all be soul winners.

Some talk of stopping the whole evangelist business, but they must get in the forefront of the procession before they can stop it. I am sure that the old poky crowd I hear talking against evangelists can never catch up with us, much less get ahead.

Lost by his Greed.

Oliver Walton in his day was the greatest dealer in good horses near Boston. Once he went to Maine and bought an extra good horse for his offer, \$300. The farmer was one of the niggardly kind, and he said: "How are you going to lead the horse away?"

"With that halter which is on him, to be sure," said Walton, counting the money out for the horse.

"No, sir," said the farmer, "the halter don't go with the horse, it belongs to me. I did not sell you that."

"What, not let me have a halter after I have given your price for the horse? What do you want for it?"

"A dollar, sir," said the farmer.

"All right," said Walton, "here is a dollar. I will take the halter, but I guess I will not take the horse."

He then took off the halter and let the horse go loose.

Not Always the Case.

Debrag—"Yes, when I charged him with stealing my \$200 stop watch he hadn't a word to say. That's a case where silence is golden."

"Jupkins—"Well, no; I should say it was guilt."

Nine Long Years.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a greater sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to use St. Jacobs Oil can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Dyspepsia

Intense Suffering for 8 years—Restored to Perfect Health.

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion."

Intense Suffering

I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected, ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

A Bear Story.

Messrs. William Cathro and Robert Wood of Toronto, had an exciting encounter with a bear while lately exploring the nickel regions of Algoma. While canoeing on lake Wahnapitae they encountered the animal swimming across a narrow channel. Mr. Cathro smashed the brute's skull with his only weapon, an axe, but unfortunately he dropped the axe, and then brunt in turn attacked the canoe. He was kept off with the paddle, and finally swam ashore and disappeared.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Thomas.

Vomit

Every Meal.

Leasing Earncliffe.

Earncliffe has been leased by Lady Macdonald for the next two months to Mr. Abbott, the new Premier, who has a residence in Montreal, and until now has lived in chambers while in Ottawa. He will only occupy Earncliffe until he can secure a residence for himself and his family in the capital. Lady Macdonald and Miss Mary Macdonald will spend the summer at the seaside, and on their return to Ottawa will live at Earncliffe.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

SPRAINS, STRAINS, INJURIES.

It is an erroneous idea to suppose that great force is required to produce a strain or sprain. There are so many delicate muscles and tendons which hold together the ankle and foot, and direct the vehicle of locomotion, that a very slight thing often causes not only a very painful, but a very serious sprain, which St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

SURELY AND PERFECTLY.

Weak Spots.—A large number of cases is reported of accidents to the ankle and foot, more than to all the rest of the body. The knee is also a very delicate centre of action, and injuries thereto very frequently result in acute pains, enlargements, stiffness, and sometimes permanent stiffness, unless St. Jacobs Oil prevents, and it does.

BEST CURES ARE CHRONIC CASES.

Definition.—Sprain or strain is to weaken, as a joint or muscle, by sudden and excessive exertion; to stretch muscles or ligaments without dislocation, and St. Jacobs Oil cures.

EASILY AND WITHOUT RECURRENCE.

Treatment.—Rub with St. Jacobs Oil freely and thoroughly the part affected. Protect the body from cold and draft.

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