HIS AMPUTATED HEAD.

What a Man Thinks After he has Been Decapitated.

Hypnotic Experiment of Wiertz, the Belgian Painter, Under the Guillotine in Order to Ascertain How It Felt to Be Beheaded—Awful Sensations of the Mind When It Realizes That It is no Longer Connected with the Body.

The double execution by decapitation, which took place recently, at Goerlitz, Germany, of the two murderers, Knoll and Heydrich, caused serious discussion of the anachronism of inflicting death by beheading. This brings to mind that only one experience was left to be added to the glories of hypnotism. It had never been thought to transmit a suggestion to an individual about to be beheaded and then to accurately observe the sensations felt at the moment of torture.

The celebrated Belgian painter Wiertz, whose works are collected in the Musee Wiertz, Bruxelles, might be considered a precursor of such a test.

Weirtz was not an adept in occult sciences. His investigation was impelled by generosity of sentiment rather that through vain curiosity. What occupied his mind was the legitimate question of the death penalty, and he was ceaselessly haunted by the desire to penetrate into the mysteries of death through the torture of the guillotine.

Is it true this anguish endures but a second? What does the culprit think? What does he feel at the fatal moment when the deadly knife falls heavily upon his neck?

All such questions harassed the mind of the artist. Wiertz was a close acquaintance of M. M——, the physician in attendance at the prison in Bruxelles, and was likewise an intimate friend of Dr. D——, a scientist who had for more than thirty years devoted himself to the study of hypnotism. The latter had often hypnotized the painter, who had already proved to be a wonderfully susceptible subject.

NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENT.

Wiertz, favored with the permission of M. M——, the prison official, and the consent of Dr. D——, determined upon the following experiment: He would place himself under the guillotine, where the severed head of the condemned rolls into basket, and there be allowed to be put to sleep through hypnotism and ordered to penetrate the mental and bodily sensations of the executed. Preparatory to this test, a few days before a decapitation occurred, he submitted to be put to sleep by Dr. D——, who influenced him to indentify himself with different people in order to read their thoughts—to penetrate their very souls and consciences—so as to experience all the sentiments which agitated them. Wiertz proved a most fitting person for so delicate a mission.

About ten minutes previous to the arrival of the condemned the day of execution Wiertz, accompanied by his friend, Dr. D——,and two witnesses, proceeded to the guillotine and there, placing themselves close to the fatal basket beneath the scaffold, but unsuspected by the public, Wiertz was hypnotized by the doctor. While in this condition Dr. D——obliged him to identify himself with the victim, to follow minutely all his thoughts, and to feel and express aloud the sensations affecting the criminal just at the moment when the knife entered his neck. He ordered him finally, just as the head fell into the basket, to make an effort to enter that brain and analyze the last thoughts there expressed.

The three friends who accompanied the painter stood there in breathless silence anxiously awaiting developments. The tread of feet overhead warns them that the condemned is being led by the executioner to the death dealing machine.

The culprit ascends the scaffold; another instant and the guillotine will have accomplished its bloody work.

The doctor watches Wiertz and notices that he is extremely perturbed. He supplicates piteously to be awakened. The anguish oppressing him is intolerable. But—it is too late—the knife has fallen!

"What do you feel? What do you see?" questions the doctor.

SENSATIONS OF A SEVERED HEAD.

The painter, struggling with convulsions, answers, moaning: "A lightning! The thunderbolt has fallen!" Oh, honor! The head thinks,the head sees!

"It suffers horribly! It hears, it feels, it thinks, but cannot comprehend what has happened.

"It looks for its body. It seems as if the body must come and join it. It expects the final blow. It awaits death, but death will not come!"

While Wiertz was giving utterance to these shocking sentences the other witnesses, who had noticed the head falling through the bag to the bottom of the basket, crown downward and bleeding neck upward, observed that it it was looking at them with mouth widely distended and teeth tightly clinched. The arteries still pulsated palpably, where the knife had severed them and the warm blood spurted out, spattering the eyes, the face, the hair.

The painter continued his woful lamentations.

"Ah! what hand is that strangling me? An enormous merciless hand. Oh! this pressure crushes me. Nothing but a large red cloud do I see. Shall I ever liberate myself from this accursed hand? Let loose, you monster! Vainly do I struggle with both my hands. What is this I feel? An open wound and my blood flowing. I'm nothing but a head rent from the body!"

It was only after long suffering that must have seemed endless in its endurance that the decapitated head realized its separation from the body.

HIS PITIFUL PLEADINGS.

Wiertz had again subsided into somnolence, and Dr. D.——continued his interrogatories.

"What do you see now? Where are you?" The painter answered: "I fly into open space like a wheel hurled through a fire. But—am I dead? Is all over with me? Oh! if they would only join my body with my head again! Oh! men have mercy; restore my body to me and I shall live again. I still think. I still see. I yet remember everything. There are my judges clad in dark robes. They utter my sentence! Oh! my poor bereaved wife! My wretched, unfortunate child! You love me no longer. You abandon me. If only you would unite me with my body I should be with you again. No! You are insensible to my entreaties. But I love you still; my poor darlings. Let me but embrace you once again. Come, my little child. No? You shudder with fear. Oh! unfortunate, you are stained with my blood. When will this ghastly racking end? Is not the criminal doomed to eternal punishment?"

While the sleeping artist described these frightful sensations the bystanders noted that the orbs in the severed head were immensely dilated and expressed a look of indescribable agony and intense pleading. The bewailing continued:

"No, no; such torture cannot last forever! God is merciful! Now all belonging to earth fades from my sight. I see afar in the remote distance a star glistening and scintillating. Oh, how restful it must be there! How relieved I feel. My entire being is soothed by the gentle balm of peace and calmness. What a tranquil slumber I shall have. Oh, what ecstasy!"

These were the last words uttered by the hypnotic subject. Although still in this sleep, he failed to answer any further questioning. Dr. D——at this point examined the head in the basket, touching its forehead, its temples, its teeth; all was icy. The head dead.

This grewsome experience of the painter Wiertz has been reported in all the scientific centers of Germany. Mr. Larelez, Wiertz' biographer, gives his version of it therein, and a collaborator of a St. Petersburg paper called Novosti published an accurate study of it.

Will ever again an emotional subject so peculiarly endowed as Wiertz be found to repeat such an experiment?

It is not at all likely that there will be imitators, as it is more painful to suffer with the subject of the guillotine than to look at "Monsieur de Paris" when he separates a head from the body with the greatest skill.

TORTURING A PLEASURE.

The Cruelty the Dahomeyans Revel in.

The people of Dahomey, who are again at war with the French, are certainly unique enough in their manners and customs to warrant the profound interest of the anthropologist, but the chief interest the civilized world takes in them now is confined to the hope that they will not be allowed much longer to practise the awful enormities for which they have been famous.

The Dahomeyans simply revel in cruelty. To kill or to torture is to them the keenest of pleasures. The office of executioner is a post of honour to which only the richest and most powerful in the land dare aspire, and, as a matter of course, the wealthier the executioner the better the opportunity for satisfying his brutal instincts.

There is no doubt whatever that France will crush the kingdom of Dahomey, whether it be now or in the early future, but there is also no doubt that France will have no easy task in doing it.

With all their brutish instincts the Dahomey negro is above the ordinary intelligence of the African black. He will fight till he falls, and so will his sisters, for the amazon or women-warriors of Dahomey are world-famed. Besides being natural warriors they are the best disciplined of the African native tribes, and as the king insists on success in battle or death to the survivors, the Dahomey warriors never confess defeat, but fight while they have a breath left in them.

On one occasion within the past two years several French civilians were captured by the Dahomeyans, and, curiously enough, liberated again with a letter to "King" Carnot of France, written by the Dahomey sovereign, who was in a good humour for a wonder. From the pen of one of these Frenchmen we have the best description of the remarkable Dahomeyan army as it appears to-day. This is so interesting that we quote from it the following:

"There could be no questioning the fact that they were fine fellows, robust and full of muscle, their white, flowing robes bringing their ebony figures into strong relief. Silent ourselves and a prey to deep emotion we traversed their serried ranks, and after a quarter of an hour's march reached the second line, consisting of 4,000 amazons, the 4,000 black virgins of Dahomey, who form the bodyguard of the king, armed with rifle and knife, and ready to attack at the slightest signal of their master. Old or young, plain or handsome, they are all alike marvellous to see. As full of muscle as the male warriors, their attitude is as well disciplined and correct, and the leaders at the head of each column are easily recognized by their rich attire and their resolute air. Such are the amazons under arms, differing very much from the savage horde which fancy has painted them."

As the population of Dahomey is estimated at more than 200,000, any or all of which can be turned into soldiery by the king, it can readily be understood that the French will not have such a small affair on their hands as most persons imagine.

SILENTLY STOLE AWAY.

Prince Michael's Wife Said to Have Gone to the Scenes of Her Childhood.

A Detroit despatch says:—Mrs. Mills, Prince Michael's wife having become tired of the notoriety which she gained in the now celebrated cases, has picked up her baggage and softly and silently stole away. She has gone to Tilbury, the home of her childhood, where she and Michael went to school together and made love, and the question is, will she ever come back? It now transpires that she did not get $1,000 after all, but she got a note, and assistant prosecutor Springer and others say they don't believe the note is worth the paper it is written on. It is a note from Joe Daley, is without consideration, and as Joe owns no property in Detroit, Mrs. Mills may get left on the $1,000. Daley owns a littie house in Northville, but she could not recover on that. "I don't care whether Mrs. Mills comes back or not," said Prosecutor Springer this morning. "True, she is the complainant in one case, but that would not necessarily require her presence, and she could not be a witness in the other cases without her husband's consent; but we don't need her evidence," continued Mr. Springer, "we will send Mike higher than a kite without. I've got some new and startling evidence in the Bechel case, which comes up on the 14th, and I can tell you that my opening will be a corker."

Attorney Robbins admits that Mrs Mills got a note for $1,000 signed by Joe Daley, but says she received $200 down, and that there is good security for the rest, although he will not say who the security is. He says that Mrs. Mills will come back to Detroit and go into business for herself and that the divorce proceedings will be pushed.

IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Hunting and Killing a Wild Giant in the Heart of the Dark Continent.

In the spring of the year 1868, said a professional lion hunter with whom I was chatting not long since, I was at Quilimane, on the east coast of Africa, acting as agent for the great animal house at Hamburg. A letter from my employer recorded the fact that an epidemic had broken out among captive lions all over the world. It was a sort of distemper, and no one knew how to treat it. It began in the zoological gardens at Bombay, and within thirty days had extended to America. I want you to take special notice of this fact. Nothing of the sort had ever occurred before or has occurred since. Male lions were attacked first in every instance.

The first symptoms were coughing and sneezing, followed by loss of appetite and blindness. The legs swelled, something like lockjaw set in, and within a week after being attacked the beast was dead. A few escaped attack, as is the case in every epidemic, but so many succumbed that the price of lions jumped to the highest figure ever known. Bombay, Calcutta, Paris, Berlin, and other European cities lost nearly every lion in their gardens, and hardly a circus in any country had an animal of this species on exhibition. The disease was confined to lions alone, and it spread almost as fast as the flight of a bullet.

Well, as you have inferred, along with the letter was an order for me to rush the lion market

AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

I was alone at Quilimane, and had been shipping about one lion a month. The beasts were trapped by the natives up country, and as I was the only buyer in the market I made my own prices. For a full grown male lion, not too old, I paid the sum of $25 in cash, for a lioness $18, and for a half-grown male or female $13. If these figures seem ridiculous you must remember that a native African can be hired by the month as a hunter or porter for about $2. Every capture made was in pits, and I furnished a cart and cage for transportation.

As soon as I received the order I put together fire or six more carts, which were stowed in the warehouse: built a cage for each and then started up the country with forty native hunters. Quilimane is situated at the north mouth of the Zambesi River, and It was on the north branch which comes down from Lake Nyassa, and about eighty miles west of the port that we got into the lion country. We were then in the territory of a chief named Weola who agreed to supply us with provisions for eighteen cents' worth of powder a day. That was a pretty fair figure for forty-two men, but the interior of Africa is a cheap place to live in. We had no sooner reached the hunting grounds than Weola's men told us a queer story.

They had not sent down any captives for a long time, and the reason of it was that a strange and unknown animal had interfered with them. They had captured two lions in pits, but this unknown beast had killed them both before they could be caged. The natives differed in their descriptions. Some had seen a tremendously tall man walking about with a great club in his grasp, while others had seen an object

RESEMBLING A GORILLA.

The beast was not an inhabitant of that district, but one had been seen now and then in the dense thickets of the valleys. In both instances the lions had been killed with sharp pointed sticks, and in the fresh earth around the pits were tracks resembling those of a native. In addition to the loss of the two lions, a third one had been found dead, with every evidence of having been clubbed to death, while two or three hunters were mysteriously missing,

The African is easily excited and full of superstition, and I swallowed the story with many grains of allowance. The only method by which a lion can be captured without injury to himself is to bait a pit In forest and thicket all the larger game move about by beaten paths. In the open they are free to take any course. A frightened elephant will leave the path and go rushing through the thorn thickets, but a lion under the same circumstances will stick to the path.

In the course of a week we had looked the ground over and dug ten different pits on paths leading to water. They were dug to measure, being six feet long, three wide, and twelve deep. If the ground was soft we dug two or three feet deeper. When the natives were through with a pit the sharpest-sighted animal could not tell that the ground had been disturbed. The hardest work was watching these pits. The same paths were used by lions, wolves, hyenas deer, and an occasional rhinoceros or buffalo. Men were detailed to watch during the day and frighten back these animals. The lion seldom moves about by day, and our object was to keep the pits clear for him up to sundown.

We had killed a kid just at sundown and placed its body on the covering of the pit. The men remained near by until they heard a lion roar about half a mile away, and it was doubtless that fellow who got into trouble. The pit was only half a mile from our camp, and half an hour after the men came in we knew by the

ROAR OF THE LION

that he was a captive. We could do nothing at night, but all turned in happy over the knowledge that we had made a capture. At midnight I was aroused by my head man entering the tent and exclaiming:

"Listen, master! Don't you hear the lion uttering cries of rage and pain? That strange monster is probably trying to kill him?"

It was true that the captive beast was very noisy, but after listening awhile I concluded that the presence of his mate was exciting the lion. Two of the men were ordered to go forward and fire their muskets to create a scare, and after this had been done all was quiet. When daylight came and we went to the pit we made a discovery which was far from pleasant. We had captured a magnificent male lion, but he was dead. The tracks of the strange monster were to be seen all around the pit, and lying on the ground were two of his weapons. These were poles about as large as a man's wrist and eighteen or twenty feet long. The ends had been sharpened and then hardened by fire, and the creature had stood above the pit and prodded the lion until he killed him.

When we lifted the body out we found more than a score of wounds. A gorilla can handle a club, but I was satisfied that no one but a man could make use of such a pole. Indeed, the fact of the poles being hardened by fire was proof sufficient that a man was engaged in the work. He must be a native, of course, and he must also be a wild man.

After holding a council with three or four of my best men we started out in parties of ten to hunt down the wild man. Each of my men had a cheap English musket and knew how to use it, and the order was to fire at the man at sight. To brace up the courage of the natives I offered a reward of $10 to whoever should fire the lucky shot. The four parties took different directions. The one I headed went to the north, where there was a long stretch of almost impenetrable thicket, with various paths traversing it in different directions. One of these paths had been followed by the lion which

FELL INTO THE PIT.

Proceeding in single file and moving as quietly as possible, we advanced about four miles and then came to an open forest. Here the path ended. The underbrush had all been burned out, and one could see a long way in every direction.

The natives were for keeping on, but I argued that the wild man must know of our camp and would, therefore, be found nearer it. We had turned back and the last man had just fallen into line, when I heard a shot and a cry of alarm. The three natives next behind me dodged under my arm and made off down the path, while the others were so upset that it took me three or four minutes to ascertain what had happened. The wild man had been concealed behind a big tree near the path. He leaped out and struck the last man a blow with a club which killed him on the spot, and he was swinging his weapon to hit the second man when the third fired at him. The wild man was not twenty feet away, but he was not hit, and in a second or two was out of sight. Three men had seen him, and all agreed that he was a native, but the biggest man they had ever seen. He was perfectly naked and armed only with a club.

We picked the dead man up and bore him to camp, and as the other parties came on and heard the story their courage took flight. They would help me capture lions, but they wanted no more of man hunting. If I wanted to pursue the hunt alone they would

STAND BY THE CAMP;

but the opinion was unanimous that we should go thirty or forty miles further up the country. I firmly declined to move. We were in a good neighborhood, had our preparations complete, and I didn't propose to be run out by any sort of a man. I didn't believe this wild man was such a terrible fellow. Natives always exaggerate 50 per cent. even about the most ordinary things. He had killed a man, but at the same time the report of a musket had frightened him away.

When I let it be known that I was going out in the afternoon to look for the Terror, the whole crowd indulged in lamentations and predictions of disaster. There was a single exception. He was a young man of twenty, and the bravest of the lot. It was his shot which had frightened the wild man away.

"I see very clearly master," he said to me, "that if we do not kill this thing he will kill all our lions and many of us. If we move away he will probably follow. It is our business to kill him at once. I am only a young man, but I will go with you and do my best."

I accepted his offer, and gave to him a musket and a pound of powder. The others refused to go. We left camp about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, heading to the east. Just beyond where we captured the lion three paths crossed each other. We took one running to the northeast, which traversed more open ground than the others. The habits of wild animals were familiar to me, but I never hunted a wild man before.

I couldn't tell whether he would be perched up in a tree or hidden away in a thicket. If he prowled by night he ought to sleep by day, yet we had met him at 10 o'clock that morning. On this path we had three pits about a mile apart. As I did not know their location the young man took the lead. In case we met the wild man face to face he was to fire and then drop to the earth and give me a show. About three miles from camp and as the path ascended a ridge, my companion halted, pointing at a broad tree on the left, and whispered:

"Master do you see that his house is there among the branches?"

I could make out a platform of sticks and branches, and I now took the advance. My weapons were a rifle and a revolver. We crept cautiously forward until right under the platform, and after a few seconds both of us made out a black foot and leg hanging down between the poles.

THE WILD MAN

was at home. I had more fear of his getting away than I had of his hurting us. I finally posted myself to the west, believing he would make for a thicket in that direction as soon as disturbed, and at a signal the young man fired at the nest. The report of his gun was followed by a most unearthly yell, and it was yet ringing in my ears when I saw a dark object dropping off the platform to the earth. It was the wild man. The young man stood where he had fired, and before he could realize what was happening the monster was upon him. He was picked up and flung almost at my feet, and as he landed he called to me:

"I am not much hurt, master! Be sure that you kill him for he is a terribly strong fellow!"

The man didn't seek safety in flight. On the contrary, he picked up a limb, broke off a part of it for a club, and slowly advanced upon us, his eyes flashing, his teeth gritting, and his face expressing fury. I had my rifle to my face, and I let him come within ten feet before I fired. He was shot between the eyes, and he fell back so dead that he never moved a finger. When we came to examine him we got frightened. His height was seven feet by the tape line, and he seemed to be all muscle.

I haven't the least doubt that a slap from his big right hand would have killed any of us stone dead. He had tremendous shoulders, with muscles bunched up in a wonderful way, while his fingers were long and the nails on them almost like claws. Hundreds of natives came to look at the body, but none could remember of having seen the man before. Freed from his interference with our enterprise, we had no more trouble, and during the next sixty days we caught and despatched to the coast eleven as handsome lions as ever roared with indignation at being caged up for the public to gaze upon.

Women of every rank go bareheaded in Mexico.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

The Australian-Swedish Expedition is to Be Fitted Out.

According to Petermann's Mitteilungen, after years of agitation,all the difficulties in the way of the Australian-Swedish expedition to the Antarctic Ocean have been removed. Three months ago it seemed probable that the entire undertaking had been defeated through the failure of some of the Australian colonies to contribute $10,000 each, which was one of the conditions on which the fitting out of the expedition depended. That difficulty has been overcome and all the money required has been provided, so that, with the addition of the $75,000 which that great friend of Polar exploration, Mr. Oskar Dickson, has contributed, the expedition can be started in good shape. To Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, the Nestor of German scholars in Australia, is due the raising of the money required. It is not the first time that he has been influential in starting out expeditions that have been fruitful in geographical results.

It is expected that the expedition will be only preliminary to another one organized on a larger scale, but the first party, it is believed, will accumulate a good deal of fresh information as to the topographic conditions of the Antarctic regions, and, what is still more important, they will carry out a thorough series of meteorological observations, with which data, collected in the south Polar waters, meteorologists are scantily supplied.

Meanwhile Capt. David Gray will start early in August for his first whaling expedition in the Antartic Ocean with several other whaling captains who have long plied their vocation in Arctic waters. His little whalers of 400 to 500 tons burden are driven by engines of seventy to eighty horse power. Of course, the progress with these small engines will be slow, and Gray does not expect to begin his summer's whaling until November. Capt. Gray will confine his operations to the big area between the longitude of Greenwich and 90° west longitude. In his opinion the four months from November to the end of February will be the best time to hunt whales. The season will close about the first of March and the ships will probably be back in England early in May next year, which will give them ample time to refit for another cruise, and start again in August, 1893. If this undertaking be the success which Capt. Gray believes it will be, the waters of the Antarctic Ocean will be entirely destitute of human enterprises no longer, for most of the vessels engaged in the Arctic whaleries will seek the new fields. For several years past whaling in the Arctic Ocean has been comparatively a failure owing to the scarcity of the animals.

BURIAL BY CONTRACT

A Company Has the Monopoly of Interring the Poor Parisian Dead.

In every great city the poor live by the worldly vanities of the rich. In Paris, they die in the same way. It is the manufacturer of innumerable superfluities which makes up the bulk of the industry of the working classes. The French capital has developed an ingenious system by which the poor are furnished with a free burial at the expense of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" which Dives considers his due on the road to the tomb.

One of the largest, best-managed and most profitable industries in Paris is that of the Pompes Funebres, the gigantic monopoly which alone has the privilege of transporting the dead through the streets of Paris in funeral style. It possesses undertaker's material to the value of over 4,000,000 of francs, does some 6,000,000 a year of business, and turns over nearly 2,500,000 of this clear profit to its accredited owners, the church establishment of the city, after gratuitously and decently burying some three out of every five of the dead as indigent subjects.

Each country and each age have their own fashion of disposing of their dead, from the Patagonian, who makes "lion meat", of his spouse, back to the ancient Roman with his ancestral urns. Take all in all, perhaps there is no more reasonable arrangement than that of the thrifty Parisian who manages to have each disposal of the dead carried out decently and in order through the exploitation of a love of lavish display in a minor portion of the community.

One sees nothing of the ghastly side of the undertaker's work in visiting the vast premises which have been recently devoted to the use of the Pompes Funebres, away out in the extreme northwest of Paris, in La Villette. There we found "the trappings and the suits of woe," the materials for the funeral decorations and the funeral cortege. Take it altogether, a ramble over the establishment is one of the most interesting sights of the city.

Cholera Moving Westward.

There is abundant evidence that Asiatic cholera is moving westward from India, the home of this plague, where the mortality has been unusually great this Spring. It has become epidemic in Afghanistan and along the eastern frontier of Persia. The history of the epidemics of the last three years indicates that the disease will be carried through Persia into Asia Minor. By another route the Mediterranean ports are threatened, for there has already been great mortality in Arabia and 15,000 persons have recently died of cholerea, it is said, on the coast of Africa, near the outlet of the Red Sea. Thus far the presence of the disease at Mecca has not been reported, but it will be necessary for the authorities in Egypt to exercise great vigilance in order that the plague may be prevented from passing from the Red Sea to Mediterranean ports. Last year there was great mortality at Mecca and at other neighboring points on the Arabian coast not far from the Suez Canal, but good quarantine work saved Cairo and confined the disease to the places to which the pilgrims had brought it. In all probability an epidemic at the port where pilgrims for Mecca are landed will soon be reported, but the sanitary authorities of Egypt, acting under the direction and with the assistance of European Governments should be able to bar the way again.

Some of the New York hotels provide chaperons for female guests unacquainted with the city. A shopping tour, under the guidance of one of them, soon familiarizes a stranger with the city. Many ladies find this occupation pleasant and remunerative. The charge for their service is $2.50 a day