

CURFEW-TIDE.

"The long day closes."
The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The oxen low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly stinks the sun,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
Sweet sleep, the night-time's fairest child
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
No more the clanging rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the tree tops run,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present
To dying eye;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
[Chambers' Journal.]

A Well Matched Pair.

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap-trippers for Southsea, heavy seals and helms for the links at Hayling Island, with bags of golf sticks. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. If he is a new hand—a Dickey Sam—he wears a cloth-paked cap with club burgee, a well-cut coat of serge or pilot cloth, bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuation and white shoes. No man was ever so much a seadog as the yachting tyro looks.
The other sailing men, those to the manner born—"swagger squadron men," who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean, frock coats, loose trousers, turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and glossy hats—the aim of the man who has lived is to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Castle or on Ryde pier they will blossom into a reasonable crop of buttons and burgees and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.
Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable effort at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak, with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.
Each box and bag was emblazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and they told one another guardedly and under promise of profound secrecy, "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new 100-rater now lying off Southampton."
She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girl-like. A neat, natty blue serge Redfern frock; a sunburnt straw hat, with a dark blue ribbon; tiny tanned boots; a white shirt, with a turndown collar, and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick gossamer veil that completely hid her face, and but for the whiteness and purity of her neck it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement. It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.
She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a bird-like quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelless, twitched nervously round the handle of the morocco monogrammed case she carried. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked toward her with the easy, firm self-assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.
He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said in perfect English, with the mere scent of an accent: "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"
Now his hat was off he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty, with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.
"Thank you very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not quite lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under the pile of luggage, and"—with a little shrug—"I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours."
"That is mine, madam. I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train? Pardon, do not trouble; I will see that all is arranged."
A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backsheels, and the missing bag with a dainty monogram and small crest, was placed carefully on the rack of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper, and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collusion and a lavish tip, for, although the train was crowded, the

guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started and they found themselves alone, securely locked in.
A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused, and asked quickly: "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"
He was desolated. Of course, she missed her maid, but he was afraid not for some hours.
"Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"
"Yes, madame is glad. She does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.
The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, titled, rich but horrid. No mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azorego, in Guernsey.
Yes, she was Lady Constance Azorego. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. "That was why she trusted him so implicitly on the platform of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? 'Come, now,' anxiously, 'a lady? An elopement?'"
No, no, and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff, and had fallen between two stools—had incurred the enmity of the Imperial Court through coquetting with the nihilists. That meant the Alexiefsky Kavelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg, and on the other hand, finding the "party of progress" going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag.
"You must pardon me, Prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know, I half thought you were a detective?"
By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a table cloth, plates, knives, forks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken. Their mutual confessions had lessened embarrassment, and the lady, after making a little moue, said that she was so hungry and so glad to eat, etc.
They chatted and laughed as the train sped through the beautiful country, and by the time Southampton was thought of he had kissed her hand.
She readjusted her veil, and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of the train signaled the station.
The Guernsey boat does not leave till midnight. What are you going to do? Where will you put up?"
"I don't know. I will never be taken back alive. And you? You are hunted. What will you do?"
"Go on board my yacht. She is lying off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them, as none of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no nihilists on board." And he looked moodily out of the window.
She made a sudden movement, as if about to speak, but drew back. Again she leaned forward, and the repetition roused him from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying!
"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you?"
"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced into this detestable marriage. Can you—may I—?"
He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all honor, yes." And he held out both hands, and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny gloves in them and the train stopped.
They left the station by a side door unnoticed, and walking down the broad, gravelled road with the soft sward and the old-time cannon, passed the crumbling walls and found the boat manned by six bronzed, typical yachtsmen, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.
"Do you know a respectable woman who can look after this lady until the main boat starts?" asked the Prince, as he handed her carefully on board and passed her portmanteau. She carried the morocco case herself.
"Well, surr, I've took the liberty of invitin' my old woman on board to-day." She has been a stewardess, surr.
"Capital, captain. Now, lads, give way!"
The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gangway as the Prince and Lady Constance came on board, and a motherly, sunburned woman courtied her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk and a host of feminine fripperies.
"I may sail to-night. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my baggage and anything we may want from the ship's stores. And Johnson, keep the men aloft, but you just find out if there is any lue and cry about a lady eloping."
Captain Johnson, an old merchant captain, slowly winked and looked very knowingly. "H'm!" he said to himself. "I half-spected as much. That's the sort of owner I likes to sail with. Lots 'o yellow boys kickin' about this voyage, I lay."
In about an hour he returned, and doffing his peaked cap said mysteriously: "I spoke to my cousin, the pieceman an' he says there's a lot 'o cockney detectives down a watchin' the station an' the Guernsey packet for some young 'ooman."
Her ladyship had washed all travel

stains away and changed her frock. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agony when he told her the captain's story. He thought she was going to faint and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self-possession and said in a hoarse whisper:
"Oh, save me! Take me to Guernsey in your yacht, or I will jump overboard!"
He turned on his heel without replying and went up the companion-way on deck.
"Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip to sea?"
"Bless Your Royal 'Iness, she's dying for a sniff of the ocean."
"Get under weigh at once."
"Aye, aye, sir! All hands on deck! Tumble up, my hearties!"
Lady Constance's face flushed deeply when she heard the clank of the chain pump and the flapping of the foresail, and she thanked the Prince with both hands and a sweet smile.
Under a good southwesterly breeze the yacht spun almost merrily, throwing the foam in long, beautiful, feather-like curves from her clipper stern.
The lady stood drearily against the side ropes, and the Prince, an experienced sailor evidently, took the tiller and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke; then abruptly giving the management to the appreciatively critical skipper, he beckoned her into the cabin.
"I will land you at Guernsey tomorrow morning," he said, "but I have been deceiving you. I am not Prince Paul Demtoff. I am his valet. I have robbed him of 1,000,000 roubles, and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and faced her.
She smiled and said calmly: "Very good! Take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azorego. I am her maid, but I've got her jewel-case."
—(London Million.)

CLEANED BY DIVERS.

Removing the Barnacles from a Warship's Bottom.

A United States cruiser in active service requires almost as much burnishing to keep her trim as does a silk hat. It isn't the brasses and metal work around her decks that cause the chief anxiety. It is her bottom. That fouls particularly in Southern seas, and it is necessary to dock her and clean away the barnacles.

But docks are not always at hand. Lieutenant-Commander Sebree, in discussing this question in the United States Naval Institute, describes for the first time the scheme worked by the United States ship Baltimore during the Chilean trouble. She was not docked for eleven months, and during eight months of that time she was in Chilean and Peruvian waters. The Baltimore, having been docked at Toulon, France, in February, 1891, sailed for Chili. Within four or five months after arriving in Chili she began to lose speed on account of a foul bottom.

There were in the crew two seamen gunners, who had qualified as divers in the torpedo school at Newport, besides Peter Hanley, the gunner, who had also taken the course. It was decided to clean the bottom of the Baltimore by sending down divers. An iron ladder was let down from a launch alongside the Baltimore, and for use under the ship a wide Jacob's ladder was made on board. While cleaning the bottom the diver was always on this ladder, between it and the ship. He would stand, sit, or lie down on the ladder, as happened to be most convenient.

The divers used scrapers made of hard wood in the shape of a broad chisel. They were about four inches wide and eight inches long, with the handle end rounded down. The diver chose the man who attended to the life line. Besides this man who attended the line, four other men were in the launch, two of them worked the pumps, and the other two attended to the bow and stern lines of the launch. The divers were limited to five hours' work a day, and they got \$1 an hour in addition to their regular pay.

The time taken to clean the bottom once and to clean one-third of it a second time was two months. The work was done under adverse circumstances in the harbor of Valparaiso, where frequently a sea would stop the work.

The barnacles on the bottom of the Baltimore the first time that she was cleaned averaged two and three-quarter inches in length. Some of them were more than three inches long. They were often in clusters, so that they extended six inches or more from the ship's bottom.

After the bottom was cleaned, the gunner made an inspection, and reported that the cleaning was well done. Lieutenant-Commander Sebree says, that in his opinion a vessel can be kept practically clean and suffer no serious loss of speed for at least a year by the use of her divers at a cost of \$600 for labor, and about \$600 for the pump.—(New York Sun.)

A Remarkable Grindstone.

The most remarkable grindstone on earth is owned by J. J. Patterson, of Hawesville, Ky. It has been in use on his farm since 1859. It was made from stone on his farm; it is used by the entire neighborhood and wears with the times. In good times it sheds its grit liberally, but in hard times it becomes as flint. This year the sparks from it have put out the eye of a boy who was turning it and set fire to a pile of straw fourteen feet from it.—(Atlanta Constitution.)

ODD WEDDINGS.

WHERE BRIDES ARE CAPTURED OR PURCHASED.

Or'gin of the Wedding Feast-Dangerous Weapons Thrown at Bridal Couples—Boxing the Bride's Ears.

The institution of marriage to-day off rs us illustrations of ceremonies which seem a necessary part of the institution, and yet, if we were asked for rational explanations of them, we should be at a loss to explain, were we not able to appeal to the evidence of history and call them survivals.

How can we explain the wedding cake, the bridal tour, the storm of rice and old shoes accompanying the departure of the happy couple, without an appeal to the customs of the past? writes J. William Black, Ph. D., in the Popular Science Monthly. The coyness of the maiden to-day is fully equalled by that of the savage maiden. It is customary with the latter to manifest opposition to entering the paths of matrimony, though that opposition in some cases is merely feigned. This probably originated—as most writers agree—among nations who were in the habit of capturing their wives from hostile tribes, but it has lingered as a conventional observance in cases where the change of state is not distasteful. Marriage by capture is not uncommon, and prevails among some of the Hind tribes, Circassians and the primitive races of Australia, New Zealand and America; and survivals of this custom to-day would seem to indicate traces of this institution among the early Aryan and Semitic races. The rape of the Sabines affords a good illustration of this custom among the early Romans.

The primitive form of marriage by capture, however, gave way later to the ceremony by purchase, a price being paid by the groom to the parents of his bride, and the marriage contract being settled generally without the latter's consent. In this second stage, where the bride was secured by a more peaceful method, the violence accompanying the former mode of securing a wife still lingered in the form of a survival. In turn, the custom of purchasing a bride passed from the stage of reality to the ceremonial stage. Among the New Zealanders a bride is only secured after a prolonged struggle between the friends of the groom and the friends of the bride.

Among certain tribes of India the groom is obliged to overcome a strong man who is appointed to defend the bride. A curious parallel to this is noted among the Eskimos. The youthful candidate to matrimony is only qualified to marry after he has succeeded in killing a polar bear without assistance. This is taken as an evidence of his ability to provide for the wants of the household. In Turkey a prominent part of the ceremony is the chasing of the bridegroom by the guests, who strike him and hurl their slippers at him. And what adds zest to the occasion is the fact that these onslaughts are usually led by the females who were disappointed at the loss of a former lover. Another survival of marriage by capture is discovered among the Ceylonese, where it is common at royal marriages for the King and Queen to throw perfumed balls and squirt scented water at each other.

As stated above, even in the latter stage of marriage by purchase, where the marriage contract is settled on a friendly basis, the symbol of capture is still maintained. For example, after the purchase price is agreed upon, the girl is given the privilege of running for her independence. This is known as "bride-racing," and takes various forms. In one instance, the girl is mounted on a swift horse; she is given a good start and then pursued by her lover, similarly mounted. If he overtakes her she becomes his bride. If not, the marriage is declared off. As a rule, however, after a little exciting sport, the girl allows herself to be overtaken.

Among other tribes we find the symbol of capture perpetuated in the foot race, or water chase in canoes; or the race may be run through a series of tents, as observed by Mr. Kennan in Siberia. In this case all sorts of obstructions are placed in the way of the groom by the friends of the bride, and if he is successful in running the gauntlet and jumping the improvised hurdles in time to catch the girl he becomes a Benedict. It is also a custom for the "fair one," if she be more fleet-footed than her lover, to wait kindly in the last tent until he joins her.

Thus it is general among uncivilized peoples to accompany the wedding ceremony with violence of some sort. Kicking and screaming on the part of the bride are considered an evidence of modesty; and the stouter her resistance and the more violent her convulsions the greater is she appreciated ever after by her husband and her own friends. It is said even to-day that the young girl hardest to woo is best appreciated by her lover.

Marriage among the Greeks and Romans consisted of three acts: First, the quitting of the paternal hearth; second, the conducting of the young girl to the house of her husband, accompanied by relatives and friends and preceded by the nuptial torch. Then the act of violence survives in the following, for at this point it was the duty of the groom to seize the bride and carry her into his house without allowing her feet to touch the sill. Around the domestic hearth the husband and wife now gather, offer sacrifices, say prayers and eat of the sacred wheat cake. This last performance, which still survives in our wedding-cake of to-day, was of great importance, as

it cemented and sanctified the union of the two, who were now associated together in the same domestic circle and in the same worship.

The wedding feast is of ancient origin, and probably originated, as Westermarck points out, in the purchase stage, where the feast was regarded as a part of the purchase price paid by the groom; or, in cases where the expenses were met by the parents of the bride, as part compensation for the sum of money paid for the bride.

The custom of giving presents to the bride is also interesting in its origin. In all probability it also came from the purchase sum paid by the groom to the family of his bride, this purchase sum degenerating into a mere present, more or less arbitrary, which in some cases was returned to the bride. In Athens, during an early period, the dowry was known, for the bride was frequently provided with a marriage portion by her father or guardian. This led to the giving of presents by the bridegroom to his wife. It was a common observance for gifts to be exchanged between the bride and groom or their guardians, and numerous instances of this are recorded. It is a part of the ceremony in China and Japan; and Tacitus relates a similar custom among the Germans.

Thus the custom of giving the bride a good start in life, with the aid of presents, is not new; while the bridal tour, and the practice of throwing rice and old shoes after the departing bride and groom are symbols of the violence that formerly accompanied the marriage ceremony.

Even more dangerous weapons were used within recent times, for it is related to have been a custom among the Irish to cast darts at the bridal party. On one occasion, however, a certain Lord Hoath lost an eye by the foolish practice, and since that time it has become obsolete, less harmful weapons having been substituted.

The "best man" of to-day was formerly the chief lieutenant of the groom in the act of capturing his bride. We find the wedding ring in use among the ancient Hindus. Among the Ceylonese the latter takes a curious form, for "the bride ties a thin cord of her own twisting round the bridegroom's waist, and they are then husband and wife." This he wears through life as an emblem of the union. The ceremony would indicate that among these people the woman is "the boss."

This, however, is contrary to the usual custom which we find among many other tribes, for the boxing of the bride's ears by her husband to indicate that he is master is an important part of some ceremonies, while it is said that in ancient Russia the father, taking a new whip, would strike his daughter gently, and then hand it over to the groom, indicating thereby that a change of master had taken place.

A Remarkable Dog.

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "One day, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats, at about 9 o'clock. At 9.30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until the next morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelping. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately upstairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had recently been paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when found, having been twenty-six hours underground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."—(Detroit Free Press.)

They Disapprove of Bikes.

The people of Vienna, Austria, look upon the bicycle with great disfavor, and do not hesitate to express their feelings, whenever opportunity presents itself. The other day two workmen, with the approbation of a considerable crowd of onlookers, ambushed themselves near a bridge in the suburbs of the city, and in the course of half an hour knocked sixteen cyclists off their machines, crippling the wheels at the same time. The riders took their machines on their backs, and amid the hootings of the crowd went to the neighboring police station, where they received but cold comfort.—(New Orleans Picayune.)

Men Stronger than Oxen.

Perhaps the most amusing feature of the Cumberland Fair was the contest between a yoke of oxen and an equal weight of men. The drag which was hauled by the contestants was loaded with granite blocks, weighing in the aggregate 4,959 pounds. The cattle weighed, with yoke, 3,220 pounds, and twenty men were allowed to offset the weight. The men took hold of the drag first, and walked off with it easily, covering a distance of ninety-five feet in two minutes. The cattle, on their trial, failed to equal this record by about ten feet in the same time.—(Portland Me.) Press.

LEAPING FROM CLIFFS.

California Sea Lions are Champion Jumpers.

Close resembling Steller's sea lion is the California sea lion, the slim fellow in the animal show who climbs up out of the water, all black and shiny, points his long thin neck straight upward, gazes at the top of his cage, and bawls out, "Hoke! Hoke! Hoke!" until all the little boys outside the tent are fairly wild to get in. In form and habits this animal so closely resembles the smaller specimens of Steller's sea lion that on the Farallone Islands, where the two species come together, the difference between them was for years quite overlooked. Nevertheless the points of difference between them are very marked.

The California sea lion is only about half the size of the preceding species. The male has less development of neck, less abundant hair, and, being much lighter in build, is more active in movement. Indeed, if reports are true, we may truthfully call this creature the champion climber and jumper of all the pinnacles in the world. Captain Scammon states that on Santa Barbara Island the old male sea lions are in the habit of climbing to the tops of the bold rocky cliffs that abound on its coast, and lying there for days at a time—to enjoy the scenery, perhaps! What is stranger still, these wonderful creatures when attacked or thoroughly alarmed, will take flying leaps from the tops of those same cliffs into the sea. Captain Scammon relates how he and his crew cornered a herd of about twenty old male sea lions who "were collected on the brink of a precipitous cliff, at a height of at least sixty feet above the rocks which shelved from the beach below. Our men were sure, in their minds, that by surprising the animals we could drive them over the cliff. This was easily accomplished; but to our chagrin, when we arrived at the point below where we expected to find the huge beasts disabled or killed, the last animal of the whole rookery was seen plunging into the sea."

The California sea lion is found only on the coast of California, and its two centres of greatest abundance are the Farallone Islands, near San Francisco, and Santa Barbara Island. In former years immense numbers were killed for their oil, but that has ceased to be a paying industry. Owing to the fact that they are protected by law, they have become so numerous around the Cliff House, the Heads, and in San Francisco Bay, that their wholesale destruction of valuable food fishes is bitterly complained of by the fishermen of San Francisco.

Of all pinnacles, this species is the most noisy. "On approaching an island or point occupied by a numerous herd," says Captain Scammon, "one first hears their long, plaintive howlings, as if in distress; but when near them the sounds become more varied and deafening. The old males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns, and the younger of both sexes croak hoarsely, or send forth sounds like the bleating of sheep or the barking of dogs. In fact, their tumultuous utterances are beyond description."

In the water the body of this creature appears to be a shiny dark brown, but when the skin is mounted and dried in a museum collection, the hair is found to be thin, coarse, very stiff, and of a dirty brownish-yellow color.—(St. Nicholas.)

HANGMAN OF PARIS.

A Much-Hated Individual, Who is Master of His Business.

Deibler, the Parisian hangman, or "Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteously and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner. This was at Rouen, where he went to guillotine a man named Guelin, who had brutally murdered a little girl. The feeling against the scoundrel was so strong that Deibler was respectfully saluted by the populace as he went from his hotel to the place of execution. "Monsieur de Paris" is a thorough master of his greswome calling, and says he never felt at all nervous on the scaffold except when taking part in the execution of Ravachol, the anarchist. After this noted criminal had been bound he was put into the hearse to be conveyed to the place of execution, some distance in the town. Though perfectly livid, he began howling a vile song and kept it up till the guillotine was reached. He endeavored to address the enormous crowds assembled, but the assistant executioners forced him on the bascule. The howls and imprecations of the anarchist continued with such fury that Deibler for a few moments became unnerved, but he speedily recovered himself. He released the knife, and as it whizzed down the groove the crowd heard the anarchist shout: "Vive la repu!" The official standing by the guillotine affirmed that as the head dropped into the basket the lips distinctly emitted the concluding syllable "blique." The assertion gave rise to a good deal of controversy among the French savants, but it was generally conceded that the guillotine severs the head with such terrific suddenness that it was possible the sound which the fellow was uttering was emitted after the knife had actually performed its deadly work.

M. Deibler has a fortune of about \$80,000, and receives for his work as executioner \$300 per month. He lives quietly and is generally believed to be saving one-half his salary.