THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
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GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
9:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. ypd

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

HENRY BRETH,
(OSTEND P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 9, 1878-1y*

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House. ap 25,'77-1y

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

S. V. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office one door east of Western Hotel building, opposite Court House.
sept.5,'77. CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. jan1'7

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.
June 26, '78tf.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, DAVID L. KREBS,
HARRY F. WALLACE, JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

C. M. BUCK, A. A. GRAHAM.
BUCK & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office in Graham's Row—rooms formerly occupied by H. B. Swoope. july24, '78-tf.

THOS. H. MURRAY, CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:38'74

JOSEPH S. M'NEALLY, DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McNEALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1'76

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office opposite Court House, in Masonic Building, second floor. aug14,'78-1y.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'73-tf.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'76

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78 tf.

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. (apr4,'68-tf

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also manufacturer of
All Kinds of Articles in Human Hair.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

Cards.

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 28ly'72

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1073 Clearfield, Pa.

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of Allegheny House.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,'67

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 19,'75.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9, '78-tf.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-2'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
PINE GROVE MILLS, PENNA.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy18'72

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the 'Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

New Marble Yard.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has opened a new Marble Yard on Third street, opposite the Lutheran Church, where he will keep constantly on hand a stock of various kinds of marble. All kinds of
TOMBSTONES, MONUMENTS,
Posts for Cemetery Lots,
and all other work in his line will be promptly executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable rates.
He guarantees satisfactory work and low prices. Give him a call. J. FLAHARTY.
Clearfield, Pa., March 27, 1872-tf.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

E. WARING'S
LAW BLANKS
For sale at the Clearfield REPUBLICAN office.
The most Complete Series of Law Blanks published.
These Blanks are gotten up in superior style, are of uniform size, and furnished at very low figures for cash.
Call at the REPUBLICAN office and examine them. Orders by mail promptly filled.
Address, GOODLANDER & LEE,
July 25, 1877-tf. Clearfield Pa.

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INSURANCE AGENCY.
PENTZ & BROCKBANK, Agents.
(Successors to Murray & Gordon.)
The following first class companies represented:
North British & Mercantile Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$20,000,000
Scottish Commercial Fire Ins. Co., of England.....10,000,000
North America, of Philadelphia..... 4,700,000
Fire Association, of Philadelphia..... 3,100,000
Watertown Fire, New York, insures farm property only..... 200,000
Mobile Fire Department Ins. Co..... 275,000
Persons in the country wanting insurance, can have it promptly attended to by addressing us in person or by letter. Lowest possible rates in first-class companies. No assessments. Office in Pie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. R. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,594. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 42.

HEARTS OVERWORKED.

HOW IT IS TOO STRONGLY TAXED.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than was ever intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a "sinking" or "emptiness," as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but it it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to a rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the heart of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high pressure is employed. Hence, young persons are stimulated to over-work by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperence of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the play-ground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results."

The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork are unusually restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste, become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a workingman as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting flip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even it it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. "When we sit writing or reading or working by gas light, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickes, we say "the pressure is off at the main." Just so a man who is in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers; then, in his organism, the pressure is off at the main; that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not traveling with its due force, to vitalize and illuminate the intellectual chamber."

But indeed it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is health, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than an attempt to complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work unless its activity be diverted into some new channel." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion, and first of anger. A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels; and "white rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example given by Dr. Richardson is the case of a member of his own profession. "This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these cuthreaks of short severe madness he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his 'heart was lost.' He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. 'I am broken-hearted,' he would say, 'physically broken-hearted.' And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvelously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder."

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows "grieve the heart" is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and "It went clean to my heart, that did," is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the "wicked speed" with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, "But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue." Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease; the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart;" but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science, that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alchohol is "Look to your pulse," for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations show us that if we would keep our hearts whole we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control that "alone lead life to sovereign power." Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition striving after impossibilities, which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And surely if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him, rather than make himself miserable and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents. It is well to "scorn delights and live laborious days;" but the energy of which we in these islands are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when for the sake of getting on we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," Mr. R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: "It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the 'life at high pressure,' which is the characteristic of the more active but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so." Knowing well that the "pains and penalties of idleness" are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.

THE GUILLOTINE.

TWO RECENT EXECUTIONS IN PARIS.

(Paris Correspondence (Sept. 7) Cincinnati Commercial.)

Opportunity occurred this morning to witness the execution of two criminals, and I was at pains to improve the occasion. The condemned were murderers who had killed an old milk woman for her money. She had by fifteen years hard work and close saving accumulated $3,000, and furnished milk to the men, one of whom was a Notary and a writer for the press, and the other a medical student. The Notary had knowledge of money matters, and the old woman told him of her wealth with a view to its better investment. He proposed to the doctor the killing and division of the money. There was much care taken to do the job artistically. The Notary struck his victim on the back of the neck with a sand club, and the doctor used a surgical instrument to penetrate the heart and produce internal bleeding. They were named Barre, the Notary, and Lebiez, the doctor.

When these intelligent and bloody scoundrels had been detected, tried and condemned, all which happened within a few weeks, the Marshal President refused to interfere with the execution of the sentence of death. It is the fashion in France to execute those thus doomed to die with the guillotine, in the public street, in front of the prison, without making known the exact time. It is the custom to use the knife-ax at daybreak, and the prisoners are not notified until wanted. The people understand that very soon after the prayer for mercy of those under capital sentence is refused, the guillotine will be used, and those seeking to enjoy the spectacle are watchful accordingly. The representatives of the press are allowed to know the arrangements of authorities, that they may certify that the work has been done.

Hearing that the execution would take place at half-past five o'clock this morning, I started for the spot about 1, having a rendezvous with some journalists at a cafe where black coffee was the favorite beverage of the hour, though brandy was in competition as a refreshment.

When we arrived a few minutes before 3 o'clock within three hundred yards of "La Roquette," the streets were filled with people, who were restrained by a strong force of police from crowding upon the prison doors. There were many sinister faces in this mass of men and women, and the excitement was fierce. All streets leading to the prison had a heavy force of police, backed by cavalry. The latter were once used in a clattering charge to drive back the violent multitude. Only the few knew that the execution was positively fixed for that morning. The many had conjectured that there would be no further delay, and it was the third night that they had assembled at midnight and waited in straggling crowds for the dismal drama.

As the privileged persons passed through the line of police they were greeted with a storm of imprecations that were somewhat softened to those not entirely familiar with the mysterious resources of the language of the French. We were among the early arrivals before an iron gate in a heavy stone hatchway, on which a small tri-color was displayed. On either side of the gate was the inscription decreed for all public buildings in France, including churches—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The open space in front of the gate contains a few chestnut trees not very thrifty, and in the centre of the court are four large stones in the pavement where the frame of the fatal knife is erected. About ten minutes after 3 two huge black vans came up, and were recognized as containing the machinery of the executioner.—With them appeared Roch, the famous headsman, who is a stout, hearty, resolute-looking man, with a very decent face. He wore a new silk hat, appearing to think something in the way of distinction necessary, was quite at ease, and his orders were swiftly and noiselessly obeyed by aids, who seemed familiar with their duties. He is facetiously called by the mob "Monseigneur de Paris," and is a person of importance. There is much gossip about his habits and as many rumors relating to his private affairs as if he were a Grand Duke or one of the pretenders to the throne.

The guillotine is almost as simple an affair as a ladder. Put up for immediate service by the light of two lanterns and one gas lamp, in the midst of a curious crowd of reporters and friends of the authorities, it was not handsome. Recently it has been improved. The triangular bit of steel, called, indifferently, the knife and ax, is concealed by a board when drawn up; and this is thought to be humane, as it masks from the condemned the instrument of death. The second improvement is the deadening of the sound of the fall of the knife by india-rubber. This is supposed to be a mercy to the spectators whose nerves are susceptible to shocks of noise. When erected, the height of the frame of the guillotine above the pavement, is perhaps fourteen feet. It is painted a dingy red, a dry blood color, and presents a resemblance to a section of a fireladder. At the foot on one side is a large basket, and on the other a box. Waiting in the chill morning, in the gloomy assemblage of the "privileged," by a faint light under the shade of the dusty chestnuts, was wearisome, and the minutes passed drearily and slowly. About 4 o'clock the "machine" was complete. The bolts were fitted in their places, guided by skilled and steady hands. The screws turned with exactness. The ugly knife glided to the top of the frame on a trial trip, the long, acute angle of the edge showing for a second, as it answered the cord by which it is suspended.

Priviliged persons increased in numbers, and pressed upon the guard in a manner not dignified. In the distance we could hear the hoarse cries and murmurs of the monstrous throngs kept back by files of soldiers. The black vans had told the tale that the hour of expiration was beyond a doubt at hand. Officers with decorations and swords moved to and fro. The Commissioner of Security, I think they call him, appeared, with a sash about his waist. Indications multiplied that the grave formalities of administration that distinguish all proceedings in this country were in progress. The police became irritated by the pressure of the crowd, and at last manifested their importance by driving back the whole mass without much hyprocrisy of politeness.

The guillotine was during this time displayed by the two candles of the lantern of the workmen. There was the basket half filled with sawdust to receive the heads, and the heavy box for the trunks, and the little cradle about two feet above the stones, with the place for the necks of the criminals; and as the cord by which the knife was raised could be seen between the posts of the frame, it was evident that the angle of steel rested on the india-rubber improvement, and was not elevated and concealed behind the other improvement at the top of the machine. At intervals there were lights from matches used by smokers, revealing parts of the dismal congregation and the leaves and burs of the trees. There was not a star to be seen, or a breath of air to stir a leaf.

The Abbe Crozes appeared, a venerable man, with white hair and sad, benevolent countenance, attended by officers; and passed into the prison through a narrow door in the gate. This incident caused a moment of emotion. It meant business.

Between the hours of 3 and 4 there were many conjectures whether Barre and Lebiez were aware that they were so soon to die, and wakeful and able to hear through the thick walls the deep sounds, like the weird voice of the ocean, that told of the presence of a great multitude. It was strange to reflect that perhaps they did not know of the frightful apparition at the gate, or the pale faces that turned upon it. The papers tell us that Barre was awake, having just finished writing his memories, but that Lebiez slept profoundly. They were called at a quarter after four o'clock, and their toilet made for the embrace of the guillotine. Barre wanted wine and cigars. Lebiez did not care for anything.

At last the clouds in the east began to whiten and we who were waiting and watching and growing weary, saw that it was dawn. Then we discovered that there were classes among the "privileged"—circles within circles. The favored reporters and the select important persons were passed through the lines of police; I was not of them, but made my way to the front rank of those behind the police, for the second time. A french crowd is uneasy and flexible, and a persistant push will gradually prevail. The light mereased, and the masses of men became strangely quiet. At half past 5 the daylight was clear and the iron gates slowly turned. A group appeared advancing; the central figure was a short man, clean shaven, with hair cut short, his chest naked, his arms pinioned, his shoulders covered by a tunic. This was Barre. The most miserable horror was never more strikingly depicted in the face of man than in his at this moment. The removal of his beard had given his cheeks a ghastly whiteness. His mouth was hanging open and his lips were blue. His eyes were rolling and red. He seemed almost incapable of walking, and his attendants supported him and urged him forward. Within a few paces of the guillotine the Abbe Crozes, who was walking before, paused, and turning, presented a crucifix. Barre kissed it convulsively and was hurried on. I had expected an instant's delay before the fall of the knife, but while I turned to see if the second murderer was within view, and saw that he was not, Barre disappeared in the group of attendants at the spot of execution (distant from my standpoint perhaps twelve yards), and in the twinkling of an eye I heard the craunching hiss of the knife as it clove through the thick neck of the murderer. I shall not forget that noise. It was distinctly the rough cutting of tough meat. Barre shrank from the deadly knife, but was, of course, helpless. Still he gave his executioner some trouble. His body did not roll into the box prepared for it according to calculation and an immense jet of blood spread a brilliant red over the rust colored frame, and deluged the first assistant, whose duty it is to stand on the further side of the knife and steady the head by holding the ears until it drops into the basket. The sight of the fountain of blood caused a low cry of horror—a sort of hoarse sob—and turning my glance again to the prison I saw Lebiez advancing. He was in a little better form than his predecessor, but did not seem to me heroic. The French papers dwell upon his firmness, and contrast it with the hideous colapses of his partner, but my observation was simply that he was only less abject than the other. It is said that some one cried "bravo" and that he answered "adieu," but I did not hear either word. I only witnessed with amazement the celerity with which he vanished under the knife, and heard the click of the spring-catch holding up the deadly blade, when, the cord loossening, it was jerked, and the rasping thud of the steel as it severed the stout neck, placed the final stroke. The spectators murmured for a moment in a shivering way, and looked into each other's faces finding new horrors, and as they turned away, the heads and trunks of the executed were already in the black vans, and the guillotine was being snatched to pieces. There was no need of police and soldiers to disperse the people, who were in such haste that they seemed to be in flight.

The execution by guillotine is certainly more impressive than hanging, and if it is the purpose of the authorities to make the spectacle of the death of a felon awful, the French succeed, and I am told that one executioner, Roch (Monseigneur de Paris) and his assistants serve the whole country. The complete apparatus is arranged for transportation by rail or along the roads or streets. The salary of the headsman is 8,000 francs a year, with a small sum for machinery, and 100 francs extra for each head cut off.

THE BEHEADING OF HOEDEL.

BARBAROUS EXECUTION OF A BARBAROUS CRIMINAL—THE MEDIÆVAL MODE OF PUNISHMENT WHICH GERMANY USES FOR STATE OFFENSES.

Hoedel's execution was something quite out of the common, even for Berliners. Not since February, 1865, when Louis Grothe, a young man, who with his mistress and his mother, had hacked in pieces and thrown into the river a French teacher, named Gregy, was executed, had the axe fallen on a guilty wretch's neck—at the Capital, that is, for there were a few executions in the Provinces. The old Emperor's invariable practice was to commute the sentence when a death warrant was handed to him, and he would have spared Hoedel's life had not the Crown Prince and Prince Von Bismarck pressed him to remember that clemency here might encourage Socialist assassins elsewhere as well as in Germany.

It was on the afternoon of Thursday that Hoedel, who occupied a cell in the city prison, was informed that the law was to take its course. He bit his lips and turned deadly pale; then muttered to a keeper who stood by him, "They're only trying to frighten me." "Not so," said the keeper; "that's really your death sentence." He asked to be allowed to write an appeal for mercy, but was told that it was too late; then he asked that he might be executed on the Kreuzberg, a well-known hill in the suburbs, associated with the revolutionary proceedings of 1848. He was told he might order for his comfort whatever he pleased, but he declined to avail himself of the privilege of "the headman's banquet," as it is called, though (for the first time since his incarceration) he asked for cigars; subsequently he took a bottle of wine and some beer.

At 6:30 P. M. the condemned man was removed in a prison-van to the penitentiary at Moabit, in the Northwestern suburbs, and lodged in a strong cell. The Lutheran Chaplain, Dr. Heinickes, accompanied and passed most of the night chatting with him. Chatting is the proper word, for whenever the pastor attempted to turn the conversation towards religious subjects Hoedel interrupted him rudely. The condemned man spoke quite freely while smoking. "Had I been placed under other circumstances," he said, "I might, perhaps, not have come to this; brought up differently I might have been another man." Then he added: "I must play out my part to the end, as I began it." Towards morning he fell asleep, and was sleeping soundly when, at 5:30, he was awakened—to die. Hardly was he prepared for the scaffold than he thrust his cigar in his mouth. "You are free to do so, if you wish," said the clergyman; "but I would rather you did not take the cigar with you." "Very well, I won't then," said Hoedel, "if it's any pleasure to you."

The scaffold was erected in the prison yard, where about fifty persons, magistrates and lawyers, municipal officials, military, and members of the police force, besides some reporters, were gathered. The prisoner, conducted by three wardens, walked with a firm step to the foot of the scaffold and stared impudently around at the assembly. Councillor Hollmann, who was charged with superintending the execution, took his place at a table, and read loudly the sentence of death and death warrant. At the conclusion, Hoedel spat upon the ground and cried, "Bravo!" The magistrate now turned to a tall, strongly built man, about thirty or thirty-five years of age, handsome, with a small mustache, and neatly, indeed elegantly, attired in a fine linen shirt, with waist-coat and trouser of black broadcloth. This was Herr Krantz, the executioner. The old headsman, W. Reindel, who had grown rich through the exercise of his minor function of dog-catcher to the city, was not longer equal to the serious labor of striking off a man's head at a blow, and so passed over his axe—or rather a duplicate of his axe—to the younger man. No such implement having been needed for more than a decade, the Department of Justice found itself compelled to resort to the Market Museum. An axe had been ordered a year ago by the Director of the Museum, an exact duplicate of that Reindel had employed, and which the Museum was unable to secure, owing to the fancy price the old headsman placed upon his weapon. This axe was borrowed, Herr Grossman, the cutler, of whom one had been ordered, being unable to get one ready in time; it is a large weapon, a good deal like a butcher's cleaver in its appearance, with a very keen, straight edge. It was ground to the sharpness of a razor the afternoon before the execution.

Holding up the warrant, that the headsman might see the Crown Prince's signature, Councillor Hollmann said to him:

"Note this document and now receive from me, the tinsmith, Emil Heinrich Max Hoedel, delivered to you to be beheaded."

"Come this way," said the headsman to Hoedel, who ran lightly up the three steps leading to the platform, and threw off his coat and waistcoat. At this moment the chapel bell began tolling; he gazed in its direction, then looked around upon those present with an ironical sneer. Throwing down his braces, Hoedel began to unbutton his shirt, but could not unfasten one of the buttons. One of the wardens went to his assistance and turned it down beneath his shoulders, leaving the neck and the upper part of the breast bare. Meanwhile two other keepers tied the condemned man's arms and ankles. They then carried him, pinioned and helpless, to the block, which was of stout, hard wood, with a hollow to receive the neck, and painted blood-red. Laying him on it, face downward, a strong leathern band was fastened over the back of the head, so that it could not be moved, and a clearly defined mark was offered for the headsman's axe.

Opening a leathern case, on which were in gold, the figures "1878," Krantz took out the glittering new axe, and taking his aim, with an almost imperceptible glance, swung the weapon aloft and brought it hissing down upon the band of flesh between the leathern fastening and the turned-back shirt. Only one blow was needed. The blood sprang out of the immense wound; the neck vanished (so it seemed) and there was left the trunk, which twitched spasmodically a few times, and the head, which looked as if it had been shorn off just at the chin. A very slight contraction or movement of the skin of the forehead was noticeable. The whole operation lasted about two minutes and a half. A coffin was brought out, into which the still bleeding remains were pitched; it was placed in a hole already dug in a corner of the prison yard; the earth was filled in and all was over.

The axe with which Hoedel was beheaded has been replaced in the Museum, in its old place, above the block on which the head of the Burgomaster Tschech (executed about thirty years ago for an attempt upon the life of Frederick William IV.) was struck off, and beneath the thong with which his head was fastened to the block. An inscription has been placed beside it, as follows:

"May 11, 1878, Hoedel, journeyman tinsmith fired, Unter den Linden, a revolver at H. M., William, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia; July 10, Hoedel was condemned to death by the Court of Appeals at Berlin; this judgment confirmed by Imperial decree August 8, and, August 16, Hoedel's head was struck off with the axe by the headsman, Krantz, in the yard of the cellular prison of Moabit."

The police authorities at Leipsic communicated the news of Hoedel's death to his parents—or rather his mother and step-father—on the day it occurred, and the correspondent of a Berlin paper "interviewed" the old people immediately afterwards. The mother is overcome by the news, and cannot believe that her son is dead. She insists on coming to Berlin to see for herself. The step-father takes the whole business very coolly, and cobbles his customer's shoes and puffs his pipe while discussing with stoical indifference his stepson's crime and its atonement. In the last letter but one which Hoedel sent home he wrote: "I eat and drink well, and hope you are as light-hearted as I am. What matters it if they lop off my head? My career is over."

Nobbiling's turn will come in due course, I suppose. And talking of Nobbiling, when Becker, the student made his memorable attempt at assassination at Baden-Baden, a merchant at Cologne who bore the would-be murderer's name had it changed by law to that of his wife, which happened to be Nobiling! He is going to change it again, but to what, does not appear.—*Cor. New York World.*

ELECTION DAY LIQUOR LAW.

AN APPEAL TO THE SUPREME COURT BY A PERSON CONVICTED FOR SELLING LIQUOR AT NIGHT.

In the case of the Commonwealth against Francis M. Kane, which is attracting general interest in Montgomery county, this State, Judge Sharswood, of the Supreme Court, recently allowed a special allocatur to the Court of Quarter Sessions of that county, to bring up the record, sentence, and all the proceedings. This case which will come up for argument in March next, before a full Bench, is the first of the kind brought before the Supreme Court since the adoption of the new Constitution. The main question that the defense wish to have decided is whether the jury are now, as they were under the old Constitution, the "judges of the law and the fact" in criminal prosecutions.

It appears that some months ago Mr. Kane, who is the proprietor of a hotel in Norristown, was tried and convicted of violating the law by opening his house on the evening of election day, nearly two years ago, after the polls had been closed. He testified in Court that he believed he had a right to open his hotel at the time mentioned. His counsel, the Hon. Geo. N. Corson, made the point that as it was not clear by the law whether the defendant might or might not open his house after the closing of the polls, and that the jury were the judges of the law and the fact, the whole case, as to whether or not there had been a wilful violation of the law, should be submitted to the jury. Judge Ross overruled this point, and charged the jury that they would have to convict the defendant or be guilty of stultification. The jury found the defendant guilty, but a motion for a new trial was granted. In the second trial, a few weeks ago, Mr. Corson again asked the Court to charge that the jury were the judges of the law and the fact, and that if they should find that the defendant had not knowingly violated the law, the verdict must be "Not guilty." Judge Ross charged that under the new Constitution the jury are no longer the judges of the law and the fact. He based this opinion on the clause which gives the defendant in a criminal prosecution the right to a writ of error, as in civil cases.

There are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone. They are the flails of occupied people.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

HOW SHOULD I STUDY ELOCUTION?

BY PROF. C. WALTER DALE.

The following article we clip from the *Educational Weekly*, a journal published in Chicago. The author, Mr. Dale, is remembered by nearly all as one of Clearfield county's best teachers some four years ago. He is now doing good work in the West. Read what he says:

Among the ancients the study of elocution was a work of great moment, embracing long and tedious processes. The pupil was passed from this to that instructor to receive