

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHTS."—Thomas Jefferson.

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v. 3, 21, 17.

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Select Story.

THE STORY OF NOSES.

The following story is taken from Edward Laboulaye's "Fairy Book of All Nations."

At Dewitz, in the neighborhood of Prague, there once lived a rich and whimsical old farmer, who had a beautiful daughter. The students of Prague of whom there were at that time twenty-five thousand, often walked in the direction of Dewitz, and more than one of them offered to follow the plow in hopes of becoming the son-in-law of the farmer. The first condition that the cunning peasant set on each new servant was this: "I engage you," he would say, "for a year, that is, till the cuckoo sings the return of spring, but if from now till then, you say once that you are not satisfied, I will cut off the end of your nose. I give you the same right over me," he added, laughing. And he did as he said. Prague was full of students with their noses glued on, which did not prevent an ugly scur, and still less, bad jokes. To return from the farm disfigured and ridiculed was well calculated to cool the warmest passion.

A young man by the name of Coranda, somewhat ungainly in manner, but cool, adroit and cunning, (which are not bad aids in making one's fortune,) took it in his head to try the adventure. The farmer received him with his usual good nature, and the bargain made, sent him to the field to work. At breakfast time the other servants were called, but good care was taken to forget Coranda. At dinner it was the same. Coranda gave himself no trouble about it. He went back to the house, and while the farmer's wife was feeding the chickens, unhooked an enormous ham from the rafters, took a huge loaf from the cupboard, and back to the fields to dine and take a nap.

"Are you satisfied?" cried the farmer, when he returned at night.

"Perfectly satisfied," said Coranda; I have dined better than you have."

At that instant the farmer's wife came rushing in, crying that her ham was gone. Coranda laughed, and the farmer turned pale.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Coranda.

"A ham is only a ham," answered his master. "Such a trifle does not trouble me." But after that time he took good care not to leave the student fast.

Sunday came. The farmer and his wife seated themselves in the wagon to go to church saying to Coranda, "It is your business to cook the dinner. Cut up the piece of meat you see yonder, with onions, carrots, leeks and parsley, and boil them all together in the great pot over the kitchen fire. When the farmer's wife returned she called her favorite; but alas! she saw nothing but a bloody skin hanging by the window.

What have you done? said she to Coranda.

"What you ordered me, mistress; I have boiled the meat, onions, carrots and leeks and parsley in the bargain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried the farmer, "had you the heart to kill the innocent creature that was the joy of our house?"

"Are you not satisfied?" said Coranda, taking his knife from his pocket.

"I did not say that," returned the farmer. "A dead dog is nothing but a dead dog." But he sighed.

A few days after the farmer and his wife went to market. Fearing their terrible servant, they said to him, "Stay at home and do exactly what you see others do."

"Very well," said Coranda.

There was an old shed in the yard, the roof of which was falling to pieces. The carpenters came to repair it and began as usual, by tearing down the roof. Coranda took a ladder, and mounted the roof of the house, which was quite new. Shingles, laths, nails, and tiles, he tore off everything, and scattered them all to the winds. When the farmer returned, the house was open to the sky. "Villain," said he, "what new trick have you played me?"

"I have obeyed you, master," answered Coranda. "You told me to do exactly what I saw others do. Are you not satisfied?" And he took out his knife.

"Satisfied?" returned the farmer, "why should I not be satisfied? A few shingles more or less, will not ruin me." But he sighed.

Night came, the farmer and his wife said to each other that it was high time to get rid of this incarnate demon. As it is always the case with sensible people, they never did anything without consulting their daughter, it being the custom in Bohemia to think that children always have more wit than their parents.

"Father," said Helen, "I will hide in the great pear tree early in the morning, and call like the cuckoo. You can tell Coranda that the year is up, since the cuckoo is singing; pay him and send him away."

Early in the morning the plaintive cry of the cuckoo was heard through the fields. The farmer seemed surprised. "Well, my boy, spring is come," said he. "Do you hear the cuckoo singing yonder? I will pay you, and we will part good friends."

"A cuckoo?" said Coranda; "that is a bird which I have always wanted to see."

He ran to the tree and shook it with all his might, when behold! a young girl fell from the branches fortunately more frightened than hurt.

"Villain!" cried the farmer.

"Are you not satisfied?" said Coranda,

opening his knife.

"Wretch! you will kill my daughter, and you think I ought to be satisfied? I am furious. Begone, if you would not die by hand!"

"I will go when I cut off your nose," said Coranda. "I have kept my words and do you keep yours?"

"Stop!" cried the farmer, putting his hand before his face; "you will surely let me redeem my nose?"

"It depends on what you offer," said Coranda.

"Will you take ten sheep for it?"

"No! I would rather cut off your nose," and he sharpened his knife on the door-step.

"Father," said Helen the fault is mine; it belongs to me to repair it. Coranda, will you take my hand instead of my father's nose?"

"I will!"

"I make one condition," said the young girl. "We will make the same bargain; the first of us that is not satisfied after marriage shall have their nose cut off by the other."

"Good!" replied Coranda. "I would rather it was the tongue; but that will come next."

Never was a finer wedding seen at Prague, and never was there a happier household. Coranda and the beautiful Helen were a model pair. The husband and wife were never heard to complain of each other, they loved with drawn swords; and, thanks to their ingenious bargain, they kept for long years their love and their noses.

GREAT EXHIBITION.

Stevens, Sumner & Co. Mammoth Circus and Menagerie!

Opened in the Capitol Building, at Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, March 5th, 1867. Ring Master—Thad. Stevens. Clown—Charley Sumner.

The Circus Troupe comprises many first class acrobatic performers, vaulters, tight-rope dancers, and professors of ground and lofty tumbling. The Menagerie contains a number of wild beasts and trained monkeys, besides the Great Beast and some of the fiercest blood-hounds in the world. There are also many mineral and other curiosities.

The performance will commence as usual, at the crack of the whip of the great RING MASTER, THAD. STEVENS. This famous individual was imported into Pennsylvania from Vermont and was procured for this Circus at a great expense to Uncle Sam, (who is the real owner of the establishment, though only a silent partner in the concern). The Ringmaster will perform on the tight rope, a part for which he is so eminently fitted, that all who appreciate him as he deserves, hope he may end his days on it. He is considered a shining light in "the ring."

The famous CLOWNS, CHARLEY SUMNER, will represent "The Colored Man" and will sing his original Comic Song—"I Wish I was in Andy's Place!"

The TWO-FACED MONKEY, HENRI LAMOND, will show his astonishing agility by leaping from one side of the fence to the other so rapidly that very few persons can tell on which side he really is. This wonderful animal was caught in one of the "elbows of the Mincio," in Italy. He has but one body and head, and apparently but two brains—but he has two distinct faces, one black, the other white, looking in opposite directions.

The other Trained Monkeys, some of which have been taught to pronounce the words "Mr. Speaker," and "Impeachment," quite distinctly, will perform many wonderful and laughable antics.

Some of the animals are very disorderly, but the audience need feel no alarm, as they are all very cowardly, especially the blood-hounds. All the beasts are designated by fanciful and appropriate names.

The following named curiosities will be exhibited:

The GREAT BEAST BIG BETHLEHEM FISH-EATER DOG BUTLER. This immense brute, after being several times unsuccessfully pursued in the Southern States, was finally captured in Massachusetts, and sent to the Menagerie. He feeds on gold plate, silver spoons and New Orleans coin, and while in Norfolk, Va., he flourished upon a diet of dog-tails. His favorite drink is women's tears. He has a horror of blood, except at a safe distance. He was once nearly choked in trying to swallow a Wisconsin Brick. Having been born in the middle of the week, he has looked both ways for Sunday so long that he has acquired the singular faculty of looking in several directions at the same time. He was once so small as to be put into a bottle, but is now swelling to an enormous size.

The GREAT CAKE, from Schuylkill Co., Pa. Though very soft and flat, this Cake is in a good state of preservation. It is so large and heavy that it was only raised to its present elevated position by means of Guys. The Guys were broken in the operation.

A small kettle of ASH LEY, from Ohio.—This Ley, though very weak, and utterly unfit for any good or useful purpose, is remarkable for its extreme bitterness. Small doses of it are sometimes administered to the animals to make them jump around and roar.

The WHITE-WASH BRUSH, used for many years in Congress. It is almost worn out, and looks black and smells badly.

The GREAT WINNEBAGO CHIEF, CYREN KAMEREN. This mighty warrior was captured in Pennsylvania. His name, translated, signifies "The Gobbler of Greenbacks," his favorite diet consisting of bank notes belonging to other people. And old Curtin, from the Executive Mansion at Harrisburg, which was intended for exhibition in this collection, was demolished by this great warrior before he started on the war path against the white man, with whom he had declared eternal enmity. He is supposed to have swallowed the Curtin on account of its having been soaked in whisky for preservation. He also tore up "two newspapers, both daily."

The MAMMOTH SWINE, JAMEZARLAN, from Iowa. A fine specimen of a regular Grunter. He grunts constantly—in church, in the menagerie, at political meetings and elsewhere, and his grunt is echoed by all the swine of the same species in the country.

The RING TAILED MONKEY, ROSEKONKLING, from New York. This animal is very playful, and is a great favorite with the children in his native place, many of whom look up to him as a father!

The BLACK TWINS, BILL KELLEY and NEGRO SUFFRAGE BILL. These inseparable companions are as great a curiosity as the Siamese Twins, Bill Kelly and his friends have worked for years to bring his brother into the Menagerie with him.

Some POISONOUS FROTH from the BOUWELL of Massachusetts. This singular "well" is supposed to be volcanic. It is constantly emitting deep mutterings, froth, and poisonous effluvia. The latter is supposed to have taken effect upon the blood-hounds in the Menagerie, several of them having shown marked symptoms of hydrophobia (or dread of water) since inhaling the gas from the Bouw Well.

A PROTESTED NOTE, being the last of the Missouri LOAN which was used in the effort to impeach one Andy Johnson.

ORNS and SCULLS, belonging to the Ship of State. One of the sculls was broken some years ago in rowing up South Carolina Brooks (since dried up). The scull was being used by Charley Sumner at the time. It was sent to Europe for repairs, but it is still so badly cracked as to be unfit for use, and is only preserved as a curiosity.

The GREAT BLACK IDOL, SAMBO—the Juggernaut of the North. This idol is worshipped by the sect called the Radikle-parce who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of men in his worship and crushed the hearts of millions of widows and orphans under the wheels of his car. He is not remarkable for beauty or utility, but only for his cost, which has been enormous.

A MOSQUITO'S BLADDER, containing the effects of Benny Bannan's petition to Congress and the editorial entitled "Let Congress Listen." The bladder is not quite one-third full.

Tickets to this Great Exhibition may be obtained at any office of the Freedmen's Bureau. Doors open two or three times during the week. From seats reserved for American citizens of African descent.

An extra price must be paid by all who wish to see THE ELEPHANT. He is not kept in the building, but at a private place in the City.

[N. B.—The Managers hereby give notice that they will pay a high price for the greatest curiosity in the world to wit: A Radical Newspaper Editor who has served four years as a private in the Federal Army, without bounty. It is feared, however, that no such animal can be found in this country.

The "COOL OF THE EVENING."—Sydney Smith was complaining of a gentleman, who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege, which, as Sydney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentlemen in question entered the room, and familiarly addressed Smith as "Sydney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury, (the then Dr. Howley), has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall ride down and return in the cool of the evening."

"Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a piece of advice; I know something of the Archbishop; he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him William, he might not like it."

A roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and as the discomfited youth left the room, Sydney Smith turned around and quietly remarked, "I think I have set that 'cool of the evening' at last."

A Western Judge full of fun and frolic, and a widower with five children was lately bantered by a pretty miss of five and twenty for not taking a wife. The Judge confessed his remissness, and ended in offering himself to the lady who had so handsomely pointed out his short comings. She was willing, but there was one—to her serious obstacle.

"Well," said the Judge, "have it. My profession is to surmount such obstacles."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your power; I have vowed if ever I married a widower he must have ten children."

"Ten children! O, that's nothing," said the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in yearly instalments, for the balance."

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

EXECUTION OF Alexander B. Wiley, for the MURDER OF ALICE McELWEE.

HISTORY.

Alexander B. Wiley, according to his own statement, was born on the 1st day of January, 1841, in the township of Dallas, in this county, and was twenty-six years of age last January. The family were known by the name of Waldron. The father died in the poor-house about four weeks since, and the mother can be seen daily wandering about the streets of the borough of Wilkes-Barre, haggard, ragged, filthy and apparently insane, an object, at least, of pity and disgust. Young Wiley spent most of his time in idleness and dissipation, did not like to work, and would not, any more than he could avoid. In 1862 he enlisted in Co. A of the 138d Regiment of Pa. Volunteers, deserted several times from his regiment, was court martialled, and sentenced to be shot, but managed in some way to escape confinement and came home with the regiment at the time of its return, after the war was closed.

Before he enlisted in the 143d Regiment he had made the acquaintance of Alice Gardner and had paid some attention to her, and an intimacy sprang up between them. He went to the war, and John McElwee made her acquaintance, and on the 17th day of February, 1866, they were married. Wiley was at the wedding, appearing apparently the most of the time unconcerned about the matter, but at one time during the evening he said to McElwee, "Damn you, you shall get my girl away from me, but you shall not live with her a year or nine months."

The expression was made in a jocular manner and not much notice was taken of it at the time. At a subsequent time Mrs. McElwee was complaining about her clothing being scanty, she was wearing her wedding dress, because she had no other fit to wear, and Wiley said to her "she would not live to wear that out." These expressions, like many others uttered by him were apparently spoken in a frolicsome and waggish manner. McElwee and wife lived in a small house with Mr. Miller, up on the mountain back of Plymouth, there were only two rooms on the lower floor, one used as a kitchen and the other as a bed-room, both families occupied the same sleeping apartment. Wiley had been suffered to go and come to that house when he pleased,—he seemed to be a privileged one there, coming and going by day or night as he chose. His business was that of a highwayman. He admits that on the night of the 17th of March, he in company with others entered the house of Samuel Hungerford, in the lower end of this county, and robbed him of \$327 in money and various other articles of value. Mr. Hungerford and wife were quite aged and infirm people—one of the party stood by the side of the bed with a revolver threatening to kill them if they resisted. On the morning of the 16th of May, 1866, about four o'clock Wiley entered the house of McElwee and Miller by unfastening the door in some way which he understood and lay down on the floor and went to sleep; about five o'clock Miller and McElwee got up and woke up Wiley and he jumped into their bed—they got their breakfasts and went to the mines to work as usual. About nine o'clock Wiley got up and eat his breakfast, cut some oven-wood and did some other small chores about the house. About ten o'clock a young woman by the name of Mary Frace came along and called at the house. She was on her way home in Lehman township. She was acquainted with the families. She staid there some time, and it appears that they were having some fun and frolic. Miss Frace had put on her hat and scarf and was on the point of leaving when Mrs. McElwee asked her to wait a minute, she had something that she wished to tell her. At this point Mrs. McElwee was washing the cook-stove with a wash-rag, stooping over with her back toward Miss Frace and Wiley, Wiley sitting in his chair. Miss Frace asked Wiley if he was not the young man that wrote a letter to her, to be given to an other young lady. That instant, and without any reply, Wiley rose from his chair, drew his revolver and pointed it at Miss Frace, who screamed and sprang to the door, he then turned, cocked it, held it within two feet of the back of Mrs. McElwee's head and fired, the ball passing through the head, she falling upon her back on the floor, wash rag in hand, and died instantly without a struggle, not even unclosing the hand that held the wash-rag. Wiley ran out of the back door and into the woods, with revolver in hand, and was not again heard of until the 9th day of October following, when he was arrested and lodged in jail.

During that morning Wiley asked Mrs. Miller to mend his coat, he had torn it the night before. She mended it for him, and while doing so she discovered his revolver, took it out of his pocket and saw that it was loaded. She said to him that she would shoot it off. He said no "you do not know what I may want to do with it, Oh! I forgot to tell you that I had a talk with the Devil last night, and what he tells me to do I always do it."

Wiley was arraigned for the offence of which he has been committed and sentenced to the Luzerne County Court of Oyer and Terminer, which convened in the latter part of November last, before his Honor John N. Coughlin, Presi-

dent Judge, assisted by the Hon. George P. Steele and Thomas Collings, Associate Judges.

The attorneys engaged in the trial on the part of the prisoner were Harry Hakes and H. W. Palmer, Esqrs. On the part of the Commonwealth, D. R. Raudall, District Attorney, and Chas. Pike, Esq.

To the charge preferred against him in the bill of indictment, charging the prisoner with the murder of Alice McElwee, he pleaded not guilty.

The following named gentlemen were empaneled as the jury for the trial of the case:

Geo. BUCKINGHAM, A. J. FINCH, Jos. F. SHALES, DAVID ALBRIGHT, N. WASHBURN, JOS. LOCKHART, G. J. LILLIBRIDGE, ANDREW PHILLIPS, PATRICK WALKER, PATRICK CAWLEY, WM. HESSLER, M. HANCOCK.

Who on the evening of the 6th of December rendered the following verdict, viz:—"That we find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree as he stands charged in the indictment."

The counsel for the prisoner filed reasons and moved for a new trial. The principal ground for a new trial was an alleged separation of the jury while they had the prisoner in charge. This motion was overruled by the Court.

A RESPITE.

Even after the death warrant of the Governor had been read to the prisoner, he continued persistently to repulse every effort of the clergy to consult with and counsel him, until the Saturday preceding the day fixed for his execution. On that day Father Fitzsimmons, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of this place, visited him and was sufficiently successful in softening his obdurate nature as to feel constrained to apply to the Executive for a respite. On the 13th, two days before the time for his execution, Governor Geary stayed the execution of the sentence of the Court and respited the prisoner from the 15th day of March until Thursday, the 21st, during which time the R. V. Father was unremitting in his attention to the spiritual wants of the doomed criminal.

THE EXECUTION.

On the morning of the 21st the gallows were erected in the centre of the jail yard, and every preparation had been completed for carrying into execution the sentence of the Court. As early as nine o'clock the streets of the town were perceptibly filling up, and by noon were thronged by a crowd of human beings of every class, attracted here through a morbid curiosity, in the hope of seeing the wretched criminal pay his last debt to the law. The arrangements of the Sheriff to prevent any confusion or disturbance were most admirable. He had made a requisition on the Wyoming Veterans, a new military organization, and had appointed an ample force of deputies, all of whom were under the immediate command of a Chief Marshal, E. B. Collings, Esq.

At one o'clock and forty minutes the gate of the jail-yard was thrown open for the admission of all who had received permits from the Sheriff. The pressure of the throng was great but excellent order was preserved by the military, and Capt. Ellis, Lieut. Marcy and other officers of the company, were indefatigable in their exertions for the preservation of order. The only trouble was occasioned by an irresponsible and low lived rowdy by the name of Daly, who at one time ran his bayonet through the clothing of one citizen, and with characteristic rudeness placed it against the breast of a number of others, with threats to "run them through" if they did not keep back. The Veterans would save their credit by expelling such an overbearing ruffian from their ranks.

Those entitled to admission were soon within the enclosure and awaiting with fearful anxiety the final scene in the legal tragedy. At precisely ten minutes to two o'clock the prisoner emerged from the jail into the yard, leaning upon the arms of Sheriff Vanleer and Ex Sheriff Stark, and accompanied by Father Fitzsimmons, his spiritual adviser, and Father Nagle and Fennan, the latter of Pittston. His countenance was blanched, but he approached the steps of the scaffold with a firm step, his eyes resting upon a cross which he held in his hand. He ascended the scaffold without placing either hand upon the balustrade and took his position upon the platform, with his back to the jail and facing south. On his left stood Father Fitzsimmons, and on his right Sheriff Vanleer, Fathers Nagle and Fennan, and Ex Sheriff Stark. The religious exercises, which commenced at the foot of the steps of the scaffold, were conducted by Rev. Fenner, after the conclusion of which the Sheriff read to the culprit and asked him if he had anything to say. He turned to his spiritual adviser, and after some conversation in an undertone, Father Fitzsimmons, in behalf of the prisoner, addressed those as follows:

"He says he is sorry for all that he has done—not particularly for the present, or the immediate past, but for all his sins—that he was thankful for all favors from the Sheriff and his officers during his confinement; that he did not mean to take the life of the woman; that he forgave all, especially his prosecutor. That was all he had to say.

Those upon the scaffold then kneeled down while Father Nagle repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they severally shook hands with him and left the platform, except the Sheriff, who proceeded to adjust the noose about the neck of the doomed