

THE INQUISITION.

AN INSTITUTION THAT EXISTED IN SPAIN FOR GENERATIONS.

Its Victims Are Numbered by Hundreds of Thousands—First Directed Against Jews, Afterward Heretic Christians Were Tortured and Killed.

Perhaps those who have accused Christopher Columbus of narrow, sectarian bigotry and of cruelty have not sufficiently taken into account the spirit of the age in which he lived. The intolerance, the bigotry and the merciless cruelty of that time are sufficiently illustrated in that most monstrous of institutions, the Spanish inquisition.

What is called the modern inquisition was established in Spain under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—sovereigns who possessed many of the elements of greatness, and who certainly brought Spain to a high position among the nations of the world. Yet it was under the reign of these two sovereigns that the monstrous inquisition was established.

This inquisition consisted of a commission consisting of several judges, whose duty it was to hunt out heretics and punish them. The primary object of the inquisition was to extirpate every trace of heterodoxy, and make a land where none but the orthodox could live. It succeeded in its attempt, but the history of its proceedings furnishes one of the most bloody narratives to which the race has ever listened.

The attention of the inquisition was first directed against the Jews. This thrifty race of people then, as now, were conspicuous for their financial importance. In the course of time many Christians became their debtors, and it is probable that the desire to escape these just debts frequently occasioned the seizure of these unfortunate Jews for heresy. The Christian not only did not feel it incumbent upon himself to pay his debts to heretics, but even all their property was confiscated.

These heretics could be accused anonymously, and it was not considered necessary to bring the accused and the accuser face to face. The accused heretic was seized without warning, conveyed to the chambers of the inquisition and rigidly kept from all intercourse with the outside world. No relative or friend was permitted to come into his presence. He was kept in ignorance of the charge upon which he was incarcerated. Counsel was allowed him, but this was a mere formality, for this counsel was not allowed to confer with him.

If the prisoner refused to confess his guilt, or was caught in evasions or contradictions, he was conveyed to the torture chamber, where he was submitted to the intensest agony which it is possible for human nerves to sustain. Doubtless many innocent men declared themselves guilty under this exquisite torture in order to escape the terrible agony. Indeed death was preferable to the torment.

The evidence upon which the heretics were convicted seems to us entirely insufficient. "The presumptive proofs," says Prescott, "by which the charge of Judaism was established against the accused are so curious that a few of them may deserve notice. It was considered a good evidence of the fact if the prisoner wore better clothes or cleaner linen on the Jewish Sabbath than on other days of the week; if he had no fire in his house the preceding evening; if he sat at table with Jews, or ate the meat of animals slaughtered by their hands, or drank a certain beverage held in much estimation by them; if he washed a corpse in warm water, or when dying turned his face to the wall; or, finally, if he gave Hebrew names to his children—a provision most whimsically cruel, since, by a law of Henry II, he was prohibited under severe penalties from giving them Christian names. He must have found it difficult to extricate himself from the horns of this dilemma."

If the accused was found guilty, as he usually was, he was led forth in great ceremonial state, accompanied by a procession of high ecclesiastics, submitted to revolting insults and ignominiously burned at the stake.

While Torquemada was inquisitor general, a period of eighteen years, over 10,000 heretics were burned at the stake, nearly 7,000 burned in effigy and almost 100,000 subjected to heavy and ignominious penalties. This makes an average of over 6,000 persons annually.

The inquisition was at first directed against Jews, but afterward against heretic Christians themselves. It continued its awful work through many generations, and its unfortunate victims were numbered by the hundred thousand.

The present degradation and degeneracy of Spain is due to this cause more than any other. Wherever fetters are put upon the human mind the race decays, shrivels and degenerates. Wherever freedom of thought is prohibited a race of intellectual pygmies must necessarily result. Humanity progresses through the influence of original minds, which do not think along the accepted lines of thought. This order of men it is which leads the world up to ever higher and higher conceptions, to higher and higher planes of living. It was this kind of men that the Spanish inquisition could find no better use for than burning at the stake.

So all the noblest thinkers of Spain were burned, all her original thinkers were either killed or suppressed and only commonplace minds, which accepted existing standards without investigation and without thought, were spared. It is no wonder that Spain dropped into an intellectual lethargy from which she has never revived. The inquisition was one of the most colossal mistakes in all history.—S. Wattersworth Ford in Yankee Blade.

LIVING ON AIR.

The Remarkable Survival of Three Entombed Miners in Bohemia.

The teaching of experience as illustrated by several instances of prolonged abstinence, though it may afford some idea of human endurance in this particular under special conditions, has yet provided no certain criterion of the vital resistance possessed by the average man when suddenly deprived of every form of sustenance. The measure of this force may nevertheless be gauged with approximate correctness from the history of recurrent instances of prolonged and accidental privation. As an example, the following is remarkable even in this category:

It is the narrative of three Bohemian miners, who, after being entombed by a fall of sand in the pit where they were working, were finally rescued alive, though of course in an utterly prostrate condition, seventeen days later. During the period of their live burial air was pumped down to them by bore holes. On this they may be said to have lived, without food and without water. The total want of the latter is what makes their survival so remarkable. But for this essential the longer fasts of professional fasting men would have been quite impossible.

We can have no difficulty in understanding generally why this holds true if we bear in mind the fact that not only does water constitute by far the greater constituent of every tissue, but that without its due proportion the circulation and nutrition of the blood and that needful if costly chemical change upon which all tissue repair depends would be alike impossible.

In endeavoring to trace the rationale of a life persisting, as in the case of the buried miners, in spite of the absence of every natural condition, we must notice one or two significant points. In the first place, their condition was that of rest, their functional metabolism being proportionally less active, their waste tissue diminished and their output of carbonic acid not so likely to overcharge the surrounding atmosphere. Further, we may take it for granted that a robust physique had no small share in the conservation of vital energy.

Much depends in such cases on the amount of nitrogenous matter stored up, for the most part in the muscular tissue, and available for destructive changes. We may safely assume that the amount of reserve nitrogen in the case of these men was not meager. It is mainly, no doubt, to this circumstance that we must attribute not only the fact of their existence, but the still more remarkable prospect of their convalescence and ultimate recovery.—London Lancet.

An Interesting Question.

A very interesting question is before congress and the American Bar association arising out of the unfortunate massacre of the Italians in New Orleans. The relations between this country and Italy were strained nearly to the point of war. Diplomatic intercourse was not discontinued, but Baron Fava, the Italian minister, was recalled.

The issue in the controversy arose from the conduct of the mob that broke into the New Orleans jail and killed the Italians who had been arrested for the murder of the chief of police. For everything done by the people of the city, and for everything done or left undone by the government and courts of the state of Louisiana, the federal government was responsible to Italy. The men engaged in the outrage were acquitted, and this government recognized its moral responsibility at least by paying a small sum of money to surviving sufferers.

The question before congress and the Bar association's international law committee is clear. What remedy is there for a condition of law, international and domestic, under which the United States is responsible to a foreign government, even to the point of war, for the acts of the people and courts of a single state? It is an interesting and important question and one in which the whole country is concerned.—Harper's Weekly.

A Natural Incubator.

The officers and men of the United States cutter Rush relate marvelous tales of wondrous discoveries made by them during their 1890 cruise. They dredged for deep sea oddities in the almost fathomless "sinks" of the Pacific's bed. They collected marine algae so delicate in figure that it took the finest microscopes to bring out even the coarsest outlines, leaving the minute fibers as a hazy mist on the vision, and finally outdid themselves by getting a fine photographic view of a creature sporting in the sand of one of the low lying islands which leads their paleontologist to the belief that some of the supposed antediluvian monsters are still in existence.

But the feat of which they seem proudest was the discovery of a natural incubator on the sides of the volcano Bogoslov, where millions of awks, gulls and other sea birds deposit their eggs and leave them to be hatched by volcanic heat. Who says that birds are devoid of intelligence?—St. Louis Republic.

Not Looking for a Job.

A young woman, whose distinguished carriage was hidden beneath her mackintosh, and whose well kept locks were crowned with a soft felt cap, came in to engage a cook. An elderly woman with a lorgnette had come for the same purpose. The latter became a little impatient over the delay to which she was subjected and began a little investigation on her own account. She advanced to the lady in the mackintosh, whose head happened to be turned away, and inquired tersely:

"Can you cook?"

The young woman turned her astonished gaze upon her of the lorgnette. Then she said politely:

"I can cook. But I am not looking for a situation."—New York World.

A Desirable Creature.

He that would have fine guests let him have a fine wife.—Ben Jonson.

OLD TIME FUNERALS.

WHEN LEADVILLE DID THE "PROPER THING" FOR DEAD MEN.

When "Texas Jack" Was Buried the Whole Town Turned Out—There Was a Brass Band, a Chorus from an Opera Company and a Long Procession.

To one who passes along the streets of Leadville now there is just one feature in particular which serves as a mark of comparison of the Leadville of today with the mining camp of thirteen years ago. Leadville now is respectable, staid and as solemn as a mining city can be, but it isn't the solemnity in the abstract which strikes one now. It is a specific solemnity which concerns itself with funerals.

To one who has lived in the past, when every funeral was an occasion for as much celebration as a circus, the quiet and sedate cortege moving along Chestnut street today is something not to be considered. It is too gloomy to suit the old timer; but, alas! the old timer is no more.

In 1879 the town was wild. Everybody carried a "gun"—not in his pocket, mind you, only the natural born fool did, and he rarely lived to repent of it. The weapon was stuck in his belt right handy for immediate action. As a consequence rarely a day passed without a violent death. Added to this the work of pneumonia kept the gravedigger over in the valley at work night and day. This may sound like exaggeration, but it isn't. The twinkling lights in the valley presented a gruesome appearance at night and more so when their purpose was known. They lit the gravediggers at work. Pneumonia was a fearful enemy. Men were strong, fearless, healthy in the morning, and when evening came with it was the physician and the next day the undertaker. No accommodations fit to be called such were obtainable, and men after days of hard work in the mines were obliged to sleep in that frosted atmosphere wherever they could.

Rev. T. J. Mackey was the most popular clergyman in town at that time. He was loved by the good people and respected, almost venerated, by the gamblers and the miners, which doesn't imply that miners were not in themselves reputable people. Whenever a miner or a sporting man or woman died it was Parson Mackey who was called in. There was one day in particular when the parson held four funerals, and that was the record. Four was frequently equaled, but it stood as the top notch for one clergyman.

Mr. Mackey, who was an Episcopal clergyman, held services in the Tabor opera house. Fifty dollars a day was the rent, and the collection never fell short. It was necessary to close the doors then long before the time for the beginning of the service to keep back the crowds. This four funeral day episode of was the day on which J. B. Omohundro, known all over the world as "Texas Jack," was buried.

Leadville never did funerals by halves. A brass band was a regular thing. No funeral was held without one. The band attending upon Jack was made up of fifty pieces, being a combination of several. Fay Templeton's opera company was playing an engagement in Leadville then, and Fay agreed to supply her company to act as choir. The coffin was set upon the stage loaded with flowers, and flowers were rarer than mines in Leadville, and Rev. Mackey appeared in his regimentals as chaplain of the Tabor Light Guards to preach the funeral sermon. As he proceeded, whenever he made an allusion to any good quality in Jack the congregation applauded as vociferously as though they were approving a fine feature of a play. There was no disorder—these people meant it all. They wept at the preacher's words and stamped their feet in approval of his hope for Jack's chances over there.

Before the services Mr. Mackey had been waited upon by the Tabor Light Guards. They recited to him the fact that all the senior officers but the chaplain were absent from the city, and told him that as he was ranking officer of the day he must don his regimentals and lead the company. At first he demurred vigorously, but finally, equipped with blue and gold and a sword that knew not its place and the propriety of keeping it, he marched upon the stage to help Jack along. When the services were over he found they had provided a horse for him to lead the column.

The preacher wasn't the most remarkable horseman in the world, but he was game, and he mounted and started away. Directly the band struck up the "Dead March in Saul" the preacher and his steed became almost as prominent as the corpse—or they would have been elsewhere than in Leadville. Here everything went. The dominie waltzed to the graveyard on his fiery charger—actually waltzed, but nobody noticed that. That was a regular thing, or at least not a striking innovation.

At Omohundro's funeral, as at all funerals in Leadville, work of all kinds was suspended. Men and women thronged upon the sidewalks—packed them. One could really have walked on the heads of the people and nobody would have noticed it. In those days the undertaker took great pride in the turning out. Riding in the carriage with the preacher he would look back lovingly and say:

"Ah, now, this is a funeral that is a funeral. This is something like. Look at the crowds, parson, and we've got seven more pieces in the band than attended the Swede that McCloskey buried yesterday."—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

Due to Carelessness.

By being a little careful and thoughtful you can preserve the beauty of form in your shoes; running them over at the sides and heels is a matter of pure carelessness only and a habit that is a rather expensive one, as it makes the shoes look worn and old long before they would if properly cared for.—Detroit Free Press.

A Laughable Superstition.

"A curious illustration of the value of superstitions," said Mr. Kunz, the diamond expert for Tiffany & Co., "was afforded the other day by a lady who brought a set of opals here for the purpose of selling them. She felt obliged to part with them on account of a series of misfortunes in her family which she feared were attributable to the gems, so notoriously unlucky. On examining them I found that they were merely imitations. A few weeks ago I had in my possession three seashells which had been transformed into opal. Their original limy material had been dissolved out of the rock by which they were enclosed, and the precious substance was deposited by water in place of the lime, retaining the form of the shells. A graduate of Harvard college bought the curiosity and presented it to that institution."—New York Sun.

An Absentminded Journalist.

Jim Faberpusher is one of the most industrious journalists in New York. He thinks of nothing but his professional duties.

One day his wife (to whom he was recently married) said to him:

"You don't speak to me any more. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Oh, no, but I just can't find time. I'm pressed for time."

"Yes, but I don't get pressed at all," responded the neglected wife. This well merited rebuke reminded the journalist of his obligations to his better half.—Texas Siftings.

Perfecting His Italian.

Mrs. McClough—Is your son going to school now, Mrs. McGooghan?
Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure, he's 'trowid the English branches. He's perfecting his Italian now.

"Where?"

"Helpin dig a sewer down on the road beyant."—New York Weekly.

A Shrewd Investment.

The investment of £4,500,000 made by the British government in the Suez canal shares will in a year or two, according to Mr. Goschen, be worth £19,000,000, which proves it to have been an excellent stroke of business as well as of diplomacy.—New York Times.

Saving a Stamp.

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy—One of the stamps was torn, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Oskrupa, Cleveland, O.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



\$1,000 TO THE MAN

That breaks this record. This is June 6, and I have received since May 15, 16 patients that were afflicted with tape worm. I removed eight of them and have two preparing for treatment. Now, some of the supposed bright lights of Allegheny, Pittsburg and suburbs say I buy the tape worms, cats, mice, etc., that I exhibit in my windows, from the hospitals. In answer I simply offer to give \$1,000 to any of these all-wise beings if they will produce a man or set of men that will meet and compete with me before the public on cures of tape worm, cancer, catarrh, scrofula, or all the so-called incurable ailments of the human family. Further, I will take my system renovator and go on public exhibition with any or all such all-wise people, all patent medicine men and all advertising quacks in the land and take like cases as they come and beat them and prove to the public that they do not know what the human body is composed of, or if they do, they do not know how to treat it in sickness. I treat through the blood with nature's remedies, roots and herbs. System Renovator is a non-secret, honest preparation, composed of dandelion, Mayapple, buchu, quassia, cinchona, cascara sagrada, gentian, snosafra, boneset, kidney wort and sarsaparilla. System Renovator costs \$1.00 per bottle; or 6 bottles for \$5.00, at H. Alex. McKee's or Dr. J. A. BURGON, 47 Ohio St., Allegheny City, Pa. Office Hours—A. M. to 9 P. M. Hours for Consultation—A. M. to 12 P. M. Hours of hours and for consultation—A. M. to 12 M.

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