

A REVOLTING SIGHT.

SO SAYS PROFESSOR ANTHONY OF DEATH BY ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

He Says That the Chief Claim For This Method of Capital Punishment Has Been Disproved—Other Means That Are Far Superior to the Chair.

It is difficult to conceive of a much more revolting spectacle under the old regime than is presented at electrical executions. A number of eminent physicians are gathered in the death chamber not only to witness, but to take official part in the execution. The condemned man is brought in, strapped securely by strong leather straps into the death chair and the electrodes fitted to the head and legs. At a given signal the current is turned on, there is a most violent muscular contraction that would, except for the secure bindings, have thrown the man from the chair. Then follow a smoke and smell of burning flesh. The current is turned off, the body becomes limp, one of the physicians tears open the shirt and listens for the heart beats. He explains that the heart is still beating. The wires are again hastily connected, and the current turned on a second time. There is more muscular contraction, more burning flesh. This time the several physicians in turn listen for the heart beats and pronounce the man dead. The body is taken from the chair, laid on a rough table and cut up, according to law.

There are the details as given in the daily papers, in one of which the reporter writes over his own signature. They may be exaggerated, but there can be no doubt that death by electricity is anything but the calm and peaceful death that the authors of the law were seeking to provide for the condemned murderer.

Why was electricity chosen as the agent? Why not any one of several other means of causing death? I can conceive of no reason except that the effect of electricity was least understood and there was the least actual knowledge of how best to set about it to kill a man by this means. No one even now knows exactly how electricity kills. Recent experiments by Dr. Bielle of Columbus, O., remarkable for the calm and peaceful, thoroughly scientific methods by which all the effects have been studied, have thrown new light upon the subject, but even today we are very far from knowing, with the precision with which other causes of death are known, just how death is caused by the electric shock. Neither do we know how to apply the current. Certainly if there is no less cumbersome apparatus and no less clumsy method available than that in use at Sing Sing this of itself is sufficient reason for abandoning this mode of executing criminals.

It is often claimed in behalf of electrical executions that death is instantaneous and painless. In no report that I have ever seen is there any evidence of instantaneous death. All the evidence that can be gathered from reports of accidental shocks goes to show that resuscitation is possible if the exposure to the current is of short duration.

Painless no doubt it is, but so would be the effect of a pistol shot through the brain. And why not use a pistol shot for executing a criminal? He might be strapped to a mattress, a semicircle of pistols arranged around his head, and fired at the temples, and, if desirable, another group could be placed over the region of the heart. If electricity must be used, arrange to fire the pistols simultaneously by pressing a button. Why not? Would it be more uncertain? Would it be less humane? Would it be less blood curdling? Would it be less "instantaneous"? But perhaps there would be too little mystery about it and too little complicated apparatus required. There would be no need of cutting a man up to see what killed him or whether he was really dead.

If we must inflict the death penalty and wish to be really humane about it, there are surely many ways by which death can be brought swiftly and certainly without inducing muscular contractions, or burning the flesh, or mutilating the body. The criminal could be given a sleeping draft and then laid out on a glass case, which could then be filled with the fumes of burning charcoal. I see no reason why we should seek to make death particularly easy to the criminal. I look upon the whole scheme of capital punishment as a hideous blot upon our civilization, but if a man must be punished with death it is certainly not upon the theory that he must be put out of the way in the easiest possible manner for him. It is assumed that the dread of the death penalty will prevent crimes that otherwise might be committed. The penalty, if it is to be inflicted, should come in form to be dreaded, yet there is no excuse for torture or for the semblance of torture. The criminal should come to his fate with a full knowledge of what awaits him. The execution of the sentence should be by a method that is swift and sure, without mystery, and about the effect of which there is no uncertainty. There should be no opportunity for doubt as to the result, and no reason for excuse for a repetition of an operation. Electricity does not fulfill these requirements and never can until we know far more than we do at present of its effects in the human organism. If we knew all we ought to know to warrant its use, I believe an instrument that could be carried in the pocket would accomplish the results as surely as the hundred horse power engine and dynamo now employed.—Professor W. Anthony in Chicago Electrical Journal.

Austrian Crown Treasures.
Among the treasures of the Austrian crown are some religious relics that would make the fortune of a church. They include a nail from the cross, a fragment of the cross itself, a piece of wood from the manger at Bethlehem, fragments of the apron worn by the Virgin and a tooth of John the Baptist.

IS CANCER CATCHING?

DR. BURNETTE'S CASE SAID TO PROVE THAT IT IS.

Sufficient Evidence Adduced by an Autopsy to Prove This Beyond Doubt, Dr. Curtis Says—Evidence That a Medical Treatment For Absorption Was Succeeding.

The physicians who have been engaged for some time upon an examination to determine whether Dr. Edward W. Burnette, who died of cancer in New York on Sept. 22, had contracted the disease by inoculation have come to the conclusion that he did so get it.

The patient from whom, it is said, Dr. Burnette became inoculated is still living. The doctor had shaved himself in the morning when he called on him and had accidentally cut his cheek. While he was applying nitrate of silver in the mouth of the patient he pushed the index finger of his other hand into the patient's mouth and held her cheek away from her tongue. Before finishing with the patient he thoughtlessly scratched the razor cut, thus bringing the finger that had been in the cancerous mouth into contact with an open wound. Within 20 minutes afterward the part became inflamed, and the poison had entered the physician's system, it is supposed.

Dr. Roland D. Jones and Dr. G. Lenox Curtis were in charge of Dr. Burnette's case after Dr. McBurney went out of town, and their statement at the time Dr. Burnette died that he probably had become inoculated from a patient immediately caused great interest, for it opened anew the controversy over the possibility of contagion from cancer, and under conditions favorable for careful observation. While the preponderance of medical authority here and in Europe has been against the theory that cancer can be so transmitted, it has been held by some medical men of France and Germany that it can be.

Dr. Curtis said recently that while the examination made possible by the autopsy was not completed, and he did not wish to talk until it was over, when a full technical report would be made for the benefit of scientific study, he would state that the case was one of malignant cancer, and the examination had shown it to be one of exceeding interest. "The details will be thoroughly dealt with," he added, "in the article soon to appear in a medical journal. There is sufficient evidence to prove beyond question that it was a case of inoculation."

The work of Dr. Curtis on the case is looked upon, it is said, as being of especial value because he has for seven years devoted himself particularly to the study of cancer and has pursued the work a part of the time at Berlin and Vienna, where he might have the benefit of Koch's and Virchow's researches. Contrary, however, to pursuing the lines of their study and taking up the accepted methods of treatment, he has worked upon a different hypothesis, and he has attained a number of cures, he believes, by means of medicine, and not the knife.

Dr. Curtis was in California when Dr. Jones telegraphed for him to come on as soon as he could and take up Dr. Burnette's case. Dr. Burnette had been treated by Dr. McBurney and knew at the time Dr. McBurney went away that his case was hopeless. Dr. McBurney had removed a cancerous gland from his jaw. Dr. Burnette asked Dr. Jones as a friend to do what he could for him, and he himself consulted with Drs. Jones and Curtis about his case. He knew the medicines he was receiving, the nature of the drugs and their action and approved of the treatment. "Only," he said to Dr. Curtis, "do not hesitate to use the knife if you believe it will be of use."

Dr. Curtis' belief is that he can cure cancer by causing the system to absorb it and eliminate it. The progress of Dr. Burnette's case for several weeks before he died and the examination of the organs since have convinced Dr. Curtis that his belief is founded on fact. He says that absorption was produced and that poison was eliminated. Dr. Burnette had cancer of the liver, and the swellings of his face were caused by it. During the weeks of his treatment by the medicines intended to produce absorption Dr. Curtis says he got better, that within ten days the external tumors and the swellings on his face diminished, and that the tumors of the liver diminished also, as is now found.

The doctor says that the immediate cause of the patient's death was exhaustion due to the heat, and that if those three days of extremely hot weather had not come on Dr. Burnette would have continued to progress toward recovery.

If the case is shown to have been one of inoculation the public will be concerned, for it will show that cancer is a contagious disease.—New York Sun.

Must Pay the Bill.
A curious case came up for trial at Sturgeon Bay the other day. A saloon keeper sued a patron for a liquor and cigar bill. The defendant put in a counterclaim, asking damages for impaired health, on the ground that the liquor contained all kinds of vile and unwholesome ingredients, and that cabbage leaves had been labeled by calling them tobacco. The court decided that inasmuch as the patient had voluntarily taken his medicine he must pay the doctor.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Truthful Epitaph.
A cook who had been with one Manayunk family for five years died last week, and the bereaved family has erected a tombstone over her grave with the inscription, "Bridget, who departed this life Oct. 1, in the fifth year of her reign."—Philadelphia Record.

An Imperial Journalist.
Emperor William is to have a newspaper of his own. He will now have an adequate field for his activities.—New York Telegram.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

The Astonishing Testimony of a Bicyclist.

"Went the brother in the corner speak?" A well built, seemingly prosperous gentleman arose. "Brethren," he said, "when I was a young man, I was a bicycle rider. I traveled all over this country, and naturally fell in with a great many bad young men. I finally learned to play poker and shoot craps, as many of the young men who are racing men do. I knew that I was doing wrong, but it seemed so easy that I was led on—and on and on. At last I became an inveterate gambler. You may say what you please, but that was what I did. As soon as the racing was over I would repair to my tent and there shoot craps with my evil companions until my next race was called. After supper I would sit up all night playing poker. I loved a beautiful and innocent girl, and my poor mother, I saw the evil of my way and determined to stop it. I had been playing now for nearly a year, and my employers heard of it. The climax was fast approaching. 'I will play no more,' I said to myself, 'after this season.' Again and again did I make up my mind to stop. At last the awful night came. I played until morning, and then left the table. I have never played a game of poker or shot craps since."

"My poor brother!" the deacon said sympathetically. "Did your gambling interests lead to the second year poor girl whom you loved when you? Did you lose your position on its account?"

"No," the speaker said, slowly rising. "I won enough money to buy my employer out, and I went out to start my own business."—American Wheelman.

Queens Up For Mr. Carroll.
Patrick Carroll, a sewer man, who lives at 142 West Fourteenth street, aided by his estimable wife, has done more than his share toward bringing Chicago up to first place in point of population when the next federal census shall be taken.

While Mr. Carroll was at work on a sewer at Leomin and Fourteenth streets the other day about 3:30 in the afternoon a messenger came from his house and said:

"Pat, it's a boy."
Mr. Carroll did not think it necessary to leave his work and go home to see the little stranger. Soon afterward another messenger arrived and said:

"It's twins, Pat—two boys."
"That's a good pair to draw to," Mr. Carroll remarked, with a smile. But his face assumed a more serious aspect when a third messenger came and announced that the two boys had a little brother. The complete birth of the twinning of the worthy father, word speedily came that there were two boys and two girls.

"What's that?" gasped Mr. Carroll. "Queens up! I most likely done, or I'll have a full house."
Patrick Carroll was married 13 years ago in County Mayo, Ireland, and with yesterday's addition he can boast of ten children. Mrs. Carroll is 52 years old.—Chicago Times Herald.

A Railroad Curiosity.
Mr. Stephen Salt, the veteran railroad man, who lives at 139 West Madison street, in front of his residence, 139 Fayette street, a section of a strap road made entirely of material used in and taken from the old Lockport and Niagara Falls (strap) railroad, with the exception of two ties, which are old New York Central ties, has boxed out the entire route for the horses. In this route are the original planks and stringers set in slots out in the ties, the wooden wedges or keys to hold the rails in place, and last, though not least, the iron strap rails spiked down to the wooden stringers. The Lockport and Niagara Falls road was built in the state of New York, having been completed in 1836. Mr. Salt was the superintendent of its construction and was connected with it during its entire life, or until 1852. Any one having the curiosity to know how railroads were originally built can go to the depot of ye olden times.—Lockport Journal.

It Was a Hoax.
Several scores of white men willing and anxious to marry a Chinese girl for \$5,000 cash down and an interest in a \$100,000 business, turned up in answer to the advertisement recently printed in a San Francisco newspaper that Hip Sing Lee of San Jose wanted to find such a man for his daughter. The story of the advertisement was telegraphed all over the country, and beginning the next morning, San Jose's Chinatown was besieged by hordes of messengers with bids and specifications for the offer. But it was a hoax. There is no such person in San Jose as Hip Sing Lee, and no such sale offering. The story ought to have carried evidence of its fictitious character on its face, for it didn't state that Hip wanted a title for his daughter and his cash.—New York Sun.

A Problem Solved.
The cute folks of Connecticut have solved a knotty problem in short order. While her stupid sister states have been trying for a century or so to stop the Sunday saloon business by punishing the saloon keepers, Connecticut has stopped it by punishing any person who goes into a saloon on Sunday.

This is a bright idea and it might be extended. Why not make it a penal offense for any person to be seen going to a gaming room, lottery office, or any place where an unlawful business is conducted on Sunday or any other day?

But, on the other hand, why not try the Atlanta plan, and have an efficient police regulation of the saloons? Nobody ever heard of a person entering a saloon on Sunday in Atlanta.—Atlanta Constitution.

SHE'S NO SASSENACH.

But Mrs. Coffey, Although 104 Years Old, Was in Her Hand.

A quaint little old woman, whose gray hair, thick as that of a girl, fell in confusion over her broad and wrinkled forehead from under the scalloped rim of an old fashioned cap, landed the other day at the large office pier from the Ellis Island boat. She was accompanied by her youngest daughter, Catherine Coffey of Plainfield, Conn., who is about 60 years old.

Detective Peter Groden saw the little old woman sitting on a part of her baggage mugging an apple. He heard her talking in Gaelic, and he went over and spoke to her. It is not often that Peter, who is fluent in Gaelic, gets a chance to exchange sentiments with a primitive Celt. He was surprised when the old woman, who is Mrs. Mary Coffey of County Kerry, said she had been made a widow when she was in the heyday of her youth, 50 years ago. She has four children living, and she is going up to Plainfield to live with her baby, the lass of 60, who went over to Ireland to bring her home.

"She is probably as old as the sage says she is," said Detective Groden. "She doesn't understand a word of English, like many of the other folk of County Kerry. Her Gaelic is not classical. It is what the Irish call 'crabbed'—more of a dialect of Gaelic than the pure language."

Mrs. Coffey does not look older than many women of 50. Her hands are wrinkled and somewhat boyish, but she knows how to use them in knitting. Her eyesight, she says, is as clear as it was when she was a young woman. She does not walk well without an arm to lean on. She is a part of the big crowd of 100,000 who are on their way up to the New Haven boat seated on her trunk in an express wagon.—New York Sun.

A PHENOMENAL CHILD.

Instead of Growing Larger It Becomes Increasingly Smaller.

The physicians at the Postgraduate hospital, New York, have their attention occupied just now by a remarkable baby, and extraordinary exertions have been made to keep this phenomenal child alive. When born, the baby was fully developed, but, strange to say, instead of increasing in weight and size the infant became perceptibly smaller every day.

A very novel method was then tried to revive him. The infant was wrapped in cotton wool and laid in an incubator, its cough being a tray that is actually one of the balances of a large pair of scales. The highest increase in weight is thus perceptible in a moment. At the child's head is a thermometer so adjusted as to record its temperature. Other instruments record its pulsations and respirations.

His food, consisting of one part sterilized milk and two parts barley water, is administered every hour, 240 drops being given drop by drop every time—a tedious process, but it would be a long time to fast him in the ordinary way. Other instruments record its pulsations and respirations.

He Worked His Way Up.
The proprietor of a factory on the South Side has a son who has had about everything there was going—a college education, with a degree, all the fun to be had on a liberal allowance and a European tour. When he got back, he told his father he wanted to settle down and get "and son" on the stump.

The next morning the proprietor brought him to the foreman, saying, "Got anything for this young man to do?"

"Sorting strap iron—\$1 a day."
"All right. Put him at that. I want to give him a chance for the sake of his mother. If he's any good, he'll work up."

In two years the young man had worked up to be manager and junior partner, and the proprietor began to have his turn at a good time.—Chicago Tribune.

Drowned Drunk at the Age of 108.
A famous Chippewa Indian chief, familiarly known as Little Pipe or Hunga Powagan, was drowned at Cumberland, Wis., in Beaver Dam lake. He is supposed to have been about 108 years old, but was still in robust health. He was out with his squaw in a canoe when it capsized. His squaw swam to shore, but he was too drunk to swim.—Chicago Times Herald.

A Lucious Melon.
John B. Bannon of Youngstown, O., recently found posted on a Georgia melon the name of Miss Agnes Hillman-Bannockburn (la). He at once wrote to the young lady. As the result of the correspondence the couple are engaged.

Mr. Bannon will visit the Atlanta exposition and may return with a southern bride.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Florida's Growing Industry.
Florida's possibilities as a tobacco growing state are exciting attention in Cuba. A number of cigar manufacturers came to Jacksonville from there about ten years ago and established factories, and these have been successful. New many of the planters have decided to transfer their operations from Cuba to Florida.—Jacksonville Citizen.

Uncle Sam's Exclusion Creators.
It is altogether likely that Great Britain will find a good many exclusion boats crowding upon her Venezuelan course.—Detroit Tribune.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Many a Firm Would Like to Know This Man.

A romantic tale is going the rounds among Chicago business men of a man who voluntarily resigned a \$25,000 salary. A business had got into bad shape through the owner being in Europe most of the time. The \$25,000 a year man was employed to put the business on its feet. For a year or two he worked like a steam engine, putting in 18 hours a day. When the manufactory was once more on a paying basis, the manager told the proprietor that, as there was nothing further for him to do, he proposed to retire and handed in his resignation to take effect at once.

"But we don't want you to go. You made the business what it is," said the proprietor.

"Yes, but you can take care of it yourself now, and there is no use in my staying and going to support a person who isn't needed."

"Well, at any rate, let it run till the first of the month. That's only three weeks longer."

"No, I won't take what I don't earn. I'm going to quit Saturday. I've been working hard and need a rest."

The man has had his rest and wants a job where he can get big pay and an chance to earn it.—Chicago Tribune.

Still Swearing.
One season I organized a party of wise men to go south in the winter and take some delightful southern trips. In one crowd were 15 or 20, and on the same steamer with us were an old couple—an old minister and his wife. During the trip a storm spring up, and for several hours we expected to feel the ship tossed and go under. We had some game fellows, though, and they made things as cheerful as possible by telling stories and singing songs. The old minister insisted that we were sacrilegious and begged us to pray. He also begged the captain to call all the passengers into the dining room and hold a prayer meeting. The captain told him that as long as the sailors below were swearing there was no danger. It seems to be one of the strongest sentiments on the sea.

The old minister seemed somewhat calmed, but both he and his wife were badly frightened. After about four hours of tossing the old man thought that he would feel better if he tied himself to his bed and put out the light, but he was afraid. His wife, however, was so sick that she could not stand, so she lay in her berth. The poor old man was gradually getting in the same condition, but before he succumbed he crawled to the head of the stairs and listened. Cautiously making his way back to the berth of his wife, we heard him say in the most sympathetic and yet grateful tone, "Mary, thank God they are swearing yet."—American Wheelman.

A Story of Zimmerman.
The story is told that when Zimmerman was abroad last year he received through an interpreter a very friendly message of congratulation from a well known French statesman, with the request that he dine with him that evening. Zimmerman was anxious to accept, so he determined to present himself in person and thank the gentleman for his invitation.

Following out his "French at a Glance," he built up a pretty little speech and made his way toward the apartment of the statesman.

"Monsieur," the American champion said after clearing his throat, and then he began his long speech. The Frenchman sat in his chair with the faintest smile on his countenance, and when Zimmerman had quite finished he turned, and in pure English said:

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Zimmerman, and I hope that you will be able to accept my invitation. I am sure I would like to hear something about America from an American. I am very fond of the country and have many friends there."

Zimmerman looked at his host for a moment and then ejaculated, as his face flushed, "Gosh darn, he can talk American as good as I can."—American Wheelman.

Said She Was Fifteen; Was Really Forty.
A suit for divorce was filed in the Louisville courts a few days since by a firm of Lawrenceburg attorneys. The plaintiff is C. H. Jelf, and the defendant is Malinda Jelf. The petition recites the fact that the couple were married in New Albany April 13, 1889. They lived together until last August, when the plaintiff left his wife.

Jelf charges that in August for the first time he ascertained he had been deceived by his wife as to her age. He says before his marriage to her she represented to him that she was about his own age. He says he was married when 15 years old and is now a little over 22. He alleges that at the time he married defendant she was 40 years of age and not 15, as she repeatedly had represented herself to be. He alleges that by reason of these facts the marriage was procured by fraud, and he therefore asks the court to grant him a divorce.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Cleveland Growing Temperate.
A piece of gossip that comes from a favorite visitor to the White House is that the president has been cutting down his allowance of beverages until now days his visitors have a very dry time of it. "Even at state dinners he permits but one glass to be filled, and that is charged with half and half proportions of water and claret," says this friend.

His German cronies from Buffalo—strangers to the old hall fellows—must wonder "rot has hubbened by der old man" when they escape from the White House, parched and dazed, to compare present experiences with the old days in Buffalo.—New York Sun.

And Now He's on Top.
It is to be observed of General Miles that he began at the foot.—Boston Herald.

DAY OF AWFUL PERIL.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF BALLOONISTS CLOSES LOWELL CELEBRATION.

Body of Unconscious Ascension Held on Swaying Poach by Fellow Passengers. Many Hours of Remarkable Adventure. Overcome by Escaping Gas.

The balloon trip of "merchants' week" at Lowell, Mass., will always be remembered by the three men who made the ascension, Professor James K. Allen of Providence, Dennis A. Sullivan and Dr. William L. Rombough of Lowell.

They are safe at home, but ten minutes after leaving the common they never expected to see their homes again. When two miles in the air and over Chelmsford street in Lowell, Professor Allen, who had six carrier pigeons, suggested that one of the birds be let loose. One of the men reached toward Professor Allen to take the bird when he discovered that the professor was lifeless apparently in his perch.

The excited men in the basket only had time to grab Professor Allen's legs for they dangled on one side of the perch in season to save him from going headlong through space.

A minute or two before, in answer to an inquiry, Professor Allen informed one of the men that they were then two miles in the air. The men expected when they left the earth that they would suffer from the cold somewhat when they reached a height lower than they were when they discovered that the professor was insensible, but to their surprise the air was as mild as upon the earth.

They had occasion to remember it, as their exertions for the next hour in keeping the professor in his perch made them wish they were on earth again, and also that they were not so thickly clothed.

The men shouted to Professor Allen repeatedly, in the hope of arousing him from his stupor. It was a hopeless effort, and the men for a time thought Professor Allen might die without being able to render him any assistance. They held him in place for the purpose of eventually restoring him to consciousness and to get also the benefit of his weight in keeping the balloon from going higher in the air.

Strange to relate, the only man in the vicinity who appears to have noticed from the earth was Professor Walcott, an aeronaut, who was on a train from Boston, where he saw the balloon.

Mr. Sullivan and Dr. Rombough continued their efforts to restore Professor Allen. Each could use but one hand, and the swinging of the professor's body, together with their uncertain footing in the basket, made their position extremely hazardous.

It was gas from the balloon, it is thought, which partially suffocated Professor Allen. It came upon him gradually, and the report is that a nearly empty stomach made Professor Allen an easy victim to the vapor.

In his desire to make an ascension on time and to please the people of Lowell, who have repeatedly engaged him for ascensions, he had but little appetite for the breakfast hour. The balloon in the meantime with its freight dret passed over Andover and when over Haggatt's pond the men, who were watching every opportunity to save their lives, were somewhat alarmed lest the balloon might drop into the water.

This would have made it hard work for one of the men, as the other man who was conscious could not swim. The wind changed the course of the balloon, and it passed over Bedford and toward Lexington at a lively pace. It is not known by the men what made the balloon descend. They believe that Professor Allen in his struggles in the air may have touched the valve which allowed the gas to escape. They noticed the descent only when the trees and people came again in plain sight.

When they saw people on the earth, they yelled and only wished that their lungs would give them the power to bring the many strong men they saw working in the fields to their assistance. Boys in the fields first saw the balloon. They called the attention of their parents to the balloon. Girls in North Lexington said when the balloon was safe with its occupants that they easily followed its course for two miles. As it descended Professor Allen began to regain consciousness, but not enough to be of any assistance to his companions. He muttered incoherently, but the only intelligible words understood by his companions were not to throw out any ballast.

As the balloon approached the last apple tree before reaching an open field Dr. Rombough leaped to the earth.

With the assistance of men of Lexington the rope was passed twice about the trunk of the apple tree. The men and women piled rocks into the basket to make up the weight lost by Dr. Rombough leaping to the earth. The weight of the balloon caused the rope to cut off the branches of the tree. The balloon went up in the air about 100 feet, and the strain upon the rope was terrible. It held, however. The people on the earth were greatly alarmed by the struggle which was going on in the basket.

Professor Allen recovered consciousness, and getting into the basket caught Mr. Sullivan by the neck. It was a terrible sight to witness. Professor Allen's cravat had been torn off by his companions to aid respiration, and he had the appearance of being momentarily insane. The struggle lasted but a moment, as Professor Allen again became unconscious. The basket was then drawn to the earth. Mr. Sullivan landed, and Professor Allen, with the assistance of people who assembled, was removed from the basket.

It required some effort to restore him to consciousness. He was told of the incidents of the remarkable trip. After securing his balloon Professor Allen was taken to the house of a Lexington resident.—Boston Globe.