

COULD NOT HANG THEM.

INSTANCES WHERE THE GALLOWES REFUSED TO WORK.

Queer Cases where Condemned Criminals Have Been Face to Face with Death and Escaped It—Some Remarkable Incidents of Escapes From the Gallows.

In the year 1767, as Major Arthur Griffiths tells us, a man who had been hanged outside Newgate for the space of twenty-eight minutes was operated upon by a surgeon, who made an incision in his wind-pipe. The result was says the author of those magnificent "Chronicles of Newgate," that in less than six hours the hanged man revived. This fellow unfortunately, left to us no account of his sensations when actually turned off from the scaffold, but of the fact of his recovery there seems to have been no doubt.

The records of the eighteenth century are full of similar cases, proving that even the rough methods of public execution were often unavailing to rob men of life.

In 1765, a man with the distinguishing name of Smith was condemned to death and duly brought to the rope. He protested his innocence to the last, but no one listened to him, and Jack Ketch duly pushed him off the ladder in the praiseworthy endeavour to launch him into eternity. What should happen, though, but directly the man was thus hanging a messenger came flying up to Newgate with a reprieve. The man's innocence had at length been established, but only when the rope was round his neck, and he was within a hand's breadth of death.

It is needless to state that, notwithstanding the vigorous protests of a crowd lusting for entertainment, Master Smith was cut down directly the messenger had made himself heard. And, what is more astonishing, he lived to describe accurately, and with a fine sense of realism, those sensations he had suffered.

"The weight of my body caused me great pain," said he. "My spirits forced their way up to my head and seemed to go out at the eyes with a great blaze of light, and then all pain left me." He confessed, at the same time, that the coming to was a dreadful process. The returning "spirits" were not to be treated that way with impunity. They gave him such pain when they flew back to their proper channels, that he could have wished those hanged who cut him down."

The clumsy method of execution and executioners prevailing in the last century, and in the first fifty years of this, naturally led to many bungled executions. Of the victims hanged wholesale outside Newgate, at least three per cent. were resuscitated subsequently. Anne Green, who came to when in the hands of the dissectors; Mrs. Cope, hanged at Oxford and revived when the rope let her drop; William Daell, executed in the year 1740 and brought round by Surgeon Hall, are well-authenticated instances of victims rejected by the scaffold.

In Ireland the administration of the last penalties of the law was often the veriest farce. While the sheriff considerably kept his eyes upon the heavens, as though overpowered by the discovery of some new planet, the friends of the condemned man deliberately held him up by the waistband lest the rope should hurt his poor throat. And when he had been hanging for a few minutes, they cut him down and carried him to a neighbouring shanty, literally to "wake" him. This process involved the pouring of some half a pint of whisky down his throat, and it was rarely ineffectual.

These cases, however, are history. They do not appeal to us with the strength of modern records, which are full of incidents of men snatched from the jaws of death by that which many people consider the hand of Providence. The most extraordinary case in our time has been that of John Lee, the Babbicombe murderer, who was sent out for execution on the morning of February 23rd, in the year 1885. Lee, as most people remember, was employed as a footman in the house of a Miss Keyse, of the Glen Babbicombe. As the jury found it, he murdered this lady in a peculiarly inhuman and dastardly manner, and the judge held out to him no hope whatever of a reprieve. So the morning came for his execution, but when the scaffold was reached, the drop refused to act, and Lee continued to stand groaning upon the trap.

It is not good to dilate upon the horror of a scene like this. Suffice it to say that the hangman immediately went below the scaffold to remedy, if possible, the defect of it. Twice again he pulled the lever, adding his own weight to that of the condemned man, but without avail. The woodwork refused to budge. A hundred men could not have forced the trap, swollen as it was with damp and rain. And the sheriff interposed at last, ordering the miserable man back to prison and appealing to Sir William Harcourt, who at once commuted the sentence to penal servitude for life.

Lee's own account of the tragedy has come out to us in spite of prison regulations. "I am an innocent man," said he. "The Lord would not permit them to execute me." There were hundreds in the country who read in this mishap the judgment of the Almighty overriding the judgment of man. Ridiculous statements, wild rumors have been made and heard throughout the country ever since the scaffold would not hang John Lee. Two years ago, as the talk went, another man confessed to the crime, and Lee was released secretly and sent abroad. But statement has never been warranted. Indeed, it is a farago of nonsense from beginning to end, since the monster who murdered Miss Keyse is still breaking stones in a convict prison.

In England they rarely bungle an execution. There are but two authentic cases

of mishaps since public penalties were abolished. One was the case of a rope breaking in Warwickshire; another, a case of a Manchester murderer sent to penal servitude after the executioner had made two efforts to hang him, the rope breaking twice in the endeavour.

We must look abroad, however, for the most remarkable instances of rejection by the scaffold. Not three months ago, in Cuba, a Spaniard was sentenced to the garrote for the murder of a girl of fifteen. He protested his innocence loudly; but, although he bore a high character, the evidence was too strong for him. It was proved that he had always betrayed much affection for the girl, that he had given her presents repeatedly, and, more damning still, that he had been seen walking with her, half an hour before the supposed time of the murder, in the wood wherein her body was found. He admitted that he was fond of the victim and did not deny that he had met her as the prosecution stated. But, he urged, they exchanged only a word, and went their respective ways without any pause whatsoever. This the judges disbelieved—and the man was condemned.

Then came the tragedy of the condemnation. When the man was carried to the scaffold, the garrote refused to work. A great crowd had gathered to enjoy the spectacle; and it says much for its brutality when we learn that the living man's agony, while he sat waiting for the turn of the deadly screw which should break his neck, was a positive delight to it. Long was the agony protracted. The humanity, which in England sends a man back to his cell, is unknown in Cuba. The executioner there tried again and again to strangle his victim. He released him from the chair, oiled the screw, hammered it, tied the man up again, and repeated the process in all its hideousness. But the machine refused to act. Before a new one could be brought, a negro, who confessed to the crime, was in the hands of the police.

This amazing spectacle seems altogether to have been to the taste of the Spaniards. Nevertheless, the case is not without precedent. Once at Cadiz, twice at Madrid within the last twenty years, the executioner had been unable to garrote his victim until he has pulled the machine to pieces and oiled it. Mishaps of this sort are almost unknown with the guillotine. Only once has "Monsieur de Paris" afforded a spectacle of impotence. It was in the effort to execute a woman condemned for the murder of her father in a little town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Then the knife stuck and nothing could bring it down. They say that the wretched woman, when she found that the expected blow did not come, began to scream, and continued thus to rave during horrible minutes. She was relieved ultimately; but there is no record to show she was innocent of the crime imputed to her.—Cassell's Journal.

BECHAMEL'S DEATH OF LIFE.

He Found It in an Old Bottle of Wine That He Couldn't Bear to Leave.

Apropos of Louis XIV., one of the greatest gourmands the world has ever known, was the Count De Bechamel, who, in addition to having a handle to his name, enjoyed the distinction of presiding over that monarch's kitchen and table just as certain big-salaried individuals do now over the household of the Queen of England. But, having invented a delicious sauce, the Frenchman's name will be in everybody's mouth when that of others is forgotten. I think, however, that if you will go to Voison's the next time you are in Paris and ask for a dish which you will find mentioned on the menu as *ortolan a la Bechamel*, you will conclude that rather for it and not for the sauce the name of the Count should go down to history. But to fully appreciate the dish you should know something of its origin, so here is the story:

Bechamel in his youth made the acquaintance of a charming female named Valentine de Valmont. Struck with her exceptional appetite and rare qualifications as a cook, he courted and married her. For half a century they lived joyously together, eating the best of viands and drinking the finest of wine. The husband had an exceptionally well-stocked cellar, which he patronized freely. There was one superb bottle of Medoc sleeping on its side in the damp vault, however, that the old man resolved not to open until his golden wedding, an event which was rapidly approaching. It was a quart of Chateau Larose of a rare vintage and a fabulous value. At length the fiftieth anniversary of marriage came round and a select few were invited to celebrate it at the festive board. But scarcely had the fish been served than Valentine, who weighed 250 pounds, was struck with paralysis and had to be carried to her room. There she died a few moments later. The guests departed in silence, and the bottle of Chateau Larose, which was to have been the gem of the sumptuous repast, and for which a place of honor had been reserved on the table, was returned untouched to its former resting place.

After the death of his wife Bechamel lost his accustomed gaiety, but not his appetite. He became inconsolable over his loss, and the only way to smother his regret was by eating. He ate enough for three, for he possessed of the idea that his spouse was looking down upon him from heaven and smiling her encouragement and devotion. One day, at the age of 75, he fell ill, and a physician was hastily summoned. With a shake of the head the latter immediately despatched one of the attendants for a priest, convinced that nothing could be done for the sufferer but to soothe his last moments and prepare his soul for the hereafter.

"Then it is all over, doctor?" asked Bechamel.

"My dear old friend," replied the latter, "science has its limits, and—"

"Enough," interrupted the count, "I am quite ready to go. But before I die I want to empty the bottle of Chateau Larose which I had reserved for my golden wedding. When I enter the portal of heaven and have once again the pleasure of embracing my darling Valentine, I want to have her say: 'What perfume is that my dear, that exhales from your breath?' 'That my loved one, is the Chateau Larose which

I so piously kept for the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, and which death prevented you from enjoying. As it was impossible to bring wine with me, I resolved that I should at least bring its delightful aroma.' But," added the invalid, turning to a servant, "be quick, for I feel that I am—"

The bottle was brought and uncorked with religious care and attention. A large goblet was filled with its purple contents and given to the Count. He took it in his trembling hand, first admired its color, inhaled for a moment its delicate bouquet, and then emptied it, with an expression of gratification on his wrinkled face he heaved one great sigh, and his head fell heavily on the pillow.

He slept.

An hour later he awoke, and turning to his nephew said: "In an upper drawer of my writing desk you will find a key. Take it and unlock the closet close to my bed. On the third shelf you will find something. Bring it here."

The nephew like all good nephews, did as he was bid, assured that his affectionate uncle was about to leave him a valuable legacy. "But," he exclaimed, after having inspected every nook and corner of the closet. "I find nothing here but a game pie."

"That is precisely what I want," said the other. "My! how the truffles perfume the apartment. Bring it here," and he took the pie, cut off a tremendous slice, placed it upon a deep plate, and then bathed it in what remained of the Chateau Larose. This he ate with relish, and a week afterward was as well and strong as ever. Thenceforth, he resolved that the greater part of his cuisine should be composed of sauces made of wine, and so fully did he carry out his plan that it was some fifteen years later, at the age of 90, that he at last rejoined his spouse.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A WELL KNOWN NEWBURGH MAN.

By the Loss of a Finger Mr. Chas. Moore of that Village Nears Death's Door, but is Rescued after Doctors Have Failed.

(From the Napanee Beaver)

In the pleasant little village of Newburgh, on the Bay of Quinte Railway, seven miles from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favorably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburgh for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and vicinity heard of it, and the result was that The Beaver reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter. Mr. Moore is a carriage maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that caused him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous medicines, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physician seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbor urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after much persuasion he consented. After a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvellous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength, and new life, and after eight o'clock had been taken, he found himself again a well man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accustomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost no greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

Time and again it has been proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when physicians and other medicines fail. No other medicine has such a wonderful record and no other medicine gives such undoubted proofs of the genuineness of every cure published, and this accounts for the fact that go where you will you hear nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great reputation also accounts for the fact that unscrupulous dealers here and there try to impose a bad pill upon their customers with the claim that it "is just as good," while a host of imitators are putting up pills in packages somewhat similar in style in the hope that they will reap the reward earned by the merit of the genuine Pink Pills. No matter what any dealer says no pill is genuine unless it bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Always refuse substitutes which are worthless and may be dangerous.

What is Style.

What we call style is almost precisely synonymous with what the French call chic. Either word means much or little, anything and everything: is definite to the mind and indefinable to the tongue. No one expects to find what is chic outside of Paris. No New Yorker, at least, expects to find style much beyond the fifty-mile radius with Central Park as a centre. What the Parisienne is to the Old World the Manhattanite is to the New. The latter is rarely born where she makes her home. She comes from every part of the republic, from North, South, East and West, from city, village, and hamlet, to the great



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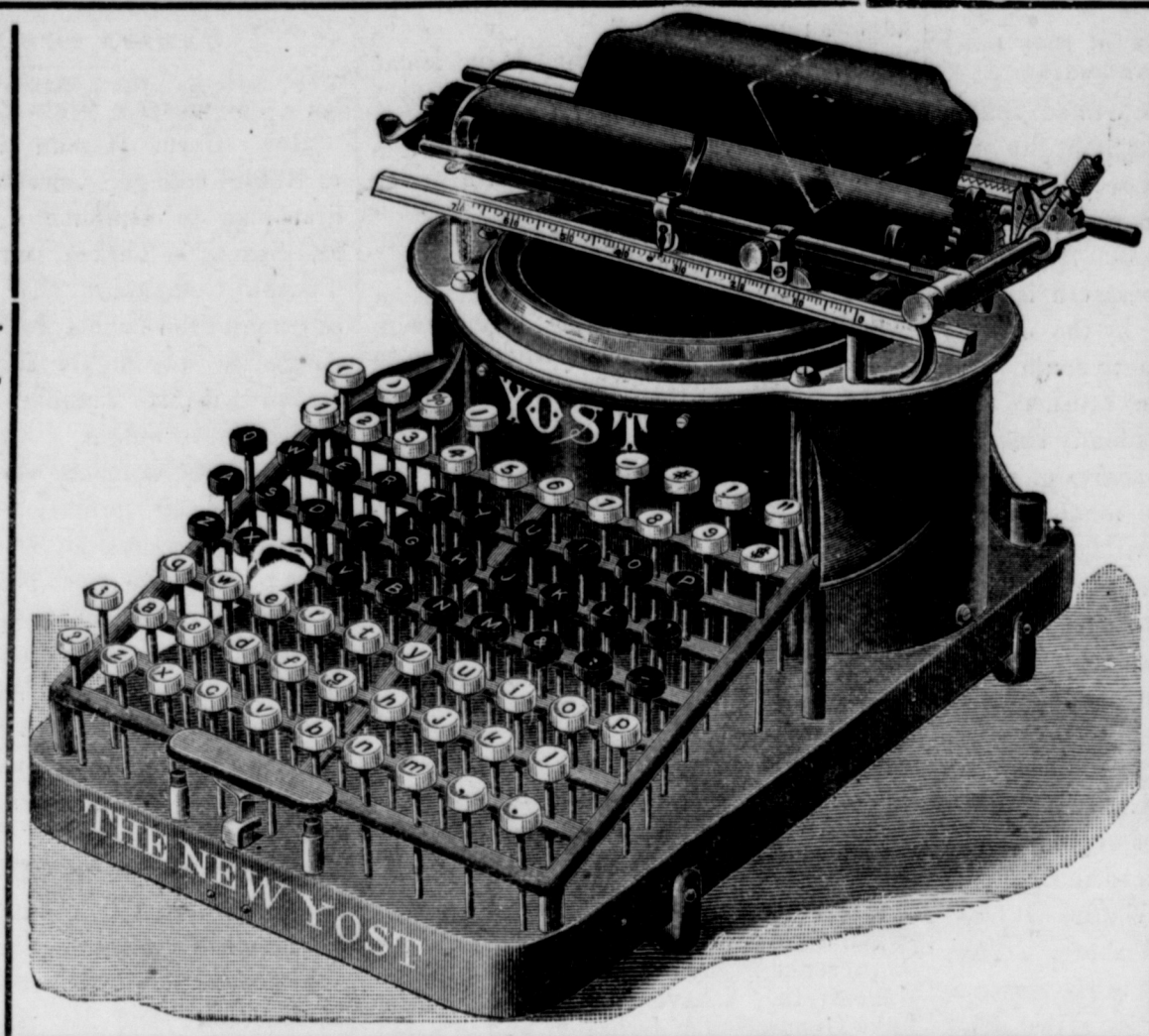
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municipal school of art, fashion, manners, receives there the coveted degree of M. S., Mistress of Style. So, if she reflects lustre upon herself she reflects lustre in a way on the whole country, showing what any American may become under properly plastic agencies and in aiming at her own. The mistress of style must be, in regard to the multitude, as one in a hundred; but she is a familiar figure in every cultured household, and a creature to be esteemed, to be admired, to be patterned after. She is not only the woman of the present, she is the woman of the future as well, for the future cannot eclipse her.—Harper's Bazaar.

DISINFECTING PERFUME.

Atmosphere Cleansed Without the Need of Offensive Odors.

M. Nilou, of Paris, has devised a method for disinfecting the sick room by perfumes. He prepares special sachets capable of diffusing the perfume with which they are charged in any kind of a receptacle; all that is needed is to place two of these sachets in a receptacle containing a little water.

The perfume (essence of violet, rose, jessamine, etc.) is mixed with oxalo-saccharic acid and enclosed in a sachet that is colored white; a second, colored blue, contains dry carbonate of soda. These substances when the sachets are soaked in water, liberating carbonic acid gas, which diffuses the perfume around the room. Sachets with oxygen as a basis can be prepared by placing powdered permanganate of potash in one and binovide of baryum in the other.

The process can be applied either in therapeutics or hygiene. The sachet has merely to be treated with medical essences or any volatile substance to set free a constant supply to saturate the atmosphere in which the patient lives.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news too all who locomote on the wheel. He says: Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago, I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would be compelled to forgo riding for a time. Nothing that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with itching skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during the sleep from too much clothing, he would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c.

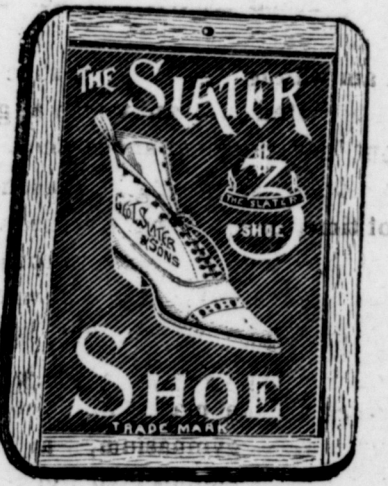
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