

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1892.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITS

Spooks and Their Acts Considered By Investigating Minds.

IMMENSE AMOUNT OF WORK

What the Society for Psychical Research Has Accomplished Within the Ten Years of Its Existence.

“WHAT Psychological Research Has Accomplished”

is the subject of a paper in the Forum for August by William James. The conclusion cannot be reached in reading this criticism that the scientific minds engaged in wrestling with psychic problems are much nearer a satisfactory solution than they were before the society directing the researches was formed in England in 1882 by Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney and other co-laborers. But a vast amount of interesting material has been collected and a number of entertaining experiments have been gathered which are published as “Proceedings” of the society, in seven volumes. The purpose of the society, which at one time had an auxiliary society in this country, with its headquarters at Boston, is to (1) carry on systematic experiments with hypnotic subjects, mediums, clairvoyants and others; (2) to collect evidence concerning apparitions, haunted houses and similar phenomena.

Mr. James concludes that, as a sort of generalization, the society has done an immense amount of work. As an experimenting body he thinks it cannot be said to have completely fulfilled the hopes of its founders, because the clairvoyants and others will not subject themselves, except in rare instances, to be experimented upon. Still the function of the society is considered by him to be indispensable in the scientific organization. Why, indeed, may not science set itself the task of trying to catch ghosts and other occult phenomena that haunt the human mind and pervade the atmosphere? It is a remarkable degree of patience, tenacity of effort and power of experimenting with human subjects in these psychic researches have characterized the work of Professor Sedgwick and Mrs. Sedgwick and others is shown by the record so far made in the “Proceedings” of the society.

The first two years were taken up with experiments in “thought transference.” The experimenters were at first convinced that the suggestion of a certain dergery “had an inexplicable power of guessing names and objects thought of by other persons.” Two years later the same girls were detected signalling to each other; but we are left in doubt after a while whether “cheating” or not. It is here grafted itself on what was originally a genuine phenomenon. So, too, we get in other instances to realize how slippery is thought and how illusive may be our profoundest intuitions. Absolute evidence may be thrown in doubt by an agile suggestion such as the one above quoted, we may well ask ourselves what is the practical use, after all, of wrestling with dreams or attempting to look apparitions in the embrace of science?

What the “Proceedings” have brought out in regard to hypnotic influence is interesting. It is stated as authentic that an operator by hypnotic influence caused the finger of a subject to rise, without anesthetic, as the case may be. Another hypnotized subject responded or failed to respond to questions asked by a third party, according to the operator’s silent permission or refusal. A subject, under hypnotic trance was told that he will pick the fire in six minutes after waking. On being waked he has no memory of the order, but when he is engaged in conversation with his hand immediately writes the sentence: “P. you will pick the fire in six minutes.” Now, it is sagely concluded from such experiments as these that below the upper consciousness the hypnotic consciousness persists and grows with the suggestion and able to express itself through the involuntarily moving hand.” Mr. James puts it that the extra consciousness may be kept on tap, as it were, by the method of automatic writing, and that this discovery marks a new era in experimental psychology.

It is stated that Gurney discusses about 700 cases of apparitions which he collected. A large number of these, we are informed, were “veridical,” in the sense of coinciding with some calamity happening to the person who appeared. The explanation offered in these cases is that the mind of the person appearing in hallucination was at that moment able to impress the mind of the participant with an hallucination. Gurney obtained answers from 25,000 people who had been asked whether, when in good health and awake, they had ever heard a voice, seen a form, or felt a touch which no material presence could account for. The result was the conclusion that one person out of every 140 has had a veridical hallucination of some sort or other, vague or precise.

It is to be supposed that in work carried on so methodically as the investigations of the Psychical Research society, a good many humbugs were unmasked. It may be that some of these humbugs were deceiving themselves as well as others. Among the proceedings was a report adverse to the pretensions of Madam Blavatsky to physical mediumship. Although her friends make light of this report, it is stated to be a stroke from which her reputation will hardly recover. The “Crystal Vision,” however, is the latest thing physical research has experimented with—through the medium of a young lady who has remarkable susceptibility in this respect. She may look fixedly into a crystal or other vaguely luminous surface and will fall into a trance and see visions. She reports many visions, which can only be described as apparently clairvoyant and others which are described as “beautifully filling a vacant niche in our knowledge of subconscious mental operations.” Looking into the crystal before breakfast one morning she is said to have read in printed characters of the death of a lady acquaintance, the date and other circumstances usually attending such announcements. On immediately seeking the newspaper of the same morning she found a verification of the crystal vision in cold type in the obituary column and in identical phrasing—“No flowers” and all, it is to be presumed.

But the paper abounds in numerous instances of mind-reading, hypnotic, mesmeric and other visionary experiences which will give the school of psychic philosophers ample food for thought, but whether we will ever get at the scientific basis of dreams or be able to tell what they are made of remains to be seen when we have found out what further has been accomplished by psychical research.

MANUELITO'S GHOST.

Written for the Standard. THE Yuma Indians of Arizona are firm believers in witchcraft and ghosts. They dispose of their dead by cremation, as they believe that if the corpse is interred in the earth by some mysterious process it becomes a ghost that walks over the parched and arid desert at night and in daytime hides in caves in the mountains. Should an Indian encounter one of these ghostly midnight strollers it is looked upon as a sure precursor of sudden death.

Fortunately, for the Yumas, these ghostly strollers are not numerous, and their walks are confined to remote localities, where the chances of encountering any living Indians are slight. But these supernatural pedestrians have been seen, the Yumas say, and with direful results, and as proof the Yumas recite the case of Manuelito:

Some years ago Manuelito, a petty chief, was alone one night on the desert, and encountered one of these ghostly strollers. Returning to camp he related the circumstances. The Indians believed his story, and were confident that Manuelito would die in less than a week, as it was impossible, according to their traditions, for a Yuma to live over a week after seeing or meeting one of these malignant spirits.

Manuelito believed it, also, and made preparations to bravely meet his impending fate. He disposed of his property, which consisted of a few goats and burros, and last, but not least, resigned the chieftainship over his small band, who immediately elected a new chief. Manuelito was then looked upon by the tribe as a dead man. Somehow or other Manuelito persisted in living. The fated week had passed, and he was a remarkably healthy looking man, showing no indication or inclination to become a corpse, as had been decreed by the ghost. Days and months passed, and Manuelito still lived. His persistence in living, in spite of his ghostly warning, irritated his tribe, and they became convinced that Manuelito was bewitched, and that his presence among them would bring evil on the tribe; so they determined to banish him. They gave him a burro and loaded it with water and provisions and told him to “go and live with the Cocopalps” (a tribe that dwelt on the other side of the desert). But Manuelito knew if he went there the Cocopalps would soon find out that he was a “bewitched” man, and would also banish him. If he went into the desert, in a few days he would die of thirst and hunger. Manuelito was of a stubborn disposition and manifested an intense desire to live. Though he knew he was a bewitched man, doomed by a ghost to meet a sudden death, and looked upon by his tribe as an object of aversion, he was determined to live and bid defiance to ghosts and Yuma traditions.

Manuelito soon made up his mind. He mounted his burro, and leaving his tribe forever, went to the town of Yuma. He left a squaw and a small family in the Indian village. The squaw got a new husband shortly after that, as Manuelito, though living only a few miles away, was, according to Yuma Indian customs, a “dead man,” he having been banished from the tribe. The Indians were glad when Manuelito was gone, as they were convinced that no evil would befall their tribe. Everything that had been said of him and Manuelito followed the precedents and traditions of the Yumas and died shortly after meeting the ghost. The tribe would have cremated his corpse and paid due honors to his memory.

Manuelito was a willing fellow and a good worker, and soon caught on “white man’s ways” in great shape. He got a job in a Yuma saloon of “swamping,” and soon acquired an abnormal appetite for whiskey. He was satisfied with his job and held on to it. True he received small wages, but there was lots of drink—and drink was coveted. A little money went a long way with him, as he had no aspiration to become a millionaire. He cared not for wealth. Had he not, six months previous, been the richest man in his tribe; and had he not voluntarily given away his possessions? All he desired was to hold his job and live and thus disappoint the ghost and bring confusion on his tribe. Manuelito never talked about his people; they had banished him, and in return he boycotted them. He would not even speak to any of his red brethren when they came into town. Manuelito held his job, was getting on, and often boasted to Americans that “he was not afraid of the ghost and was going to live as long as he wished to, whether the ghost was willing or not.”

Three years passed since the ghost had made its appearance and foreshadowed Manuelito’s sudden death. Manuelito, so far, had shown no inclination to carry out his part of the programme by dying, but was getting fatter, and still holding his situation in the saloon. The Indians had almost forgotten him, and the story of his meeting a ghost, his bewitchment and banishment from the tribe had almost faded from their minds. One morning Manuelito failed to show up and scrub the saloon. The barkeeper went to a cabin, and on the floor laid Manuelito dead. The ghost had not appeared nearly four years before in vain. “Sudden death” had overtaken Manuelito, and the ghost had not borne false tidings.

A coroner’s inquest was held, and an American jury decided that “Manuelito died from the effects of alcoholism.” But the Yuma Indians knew better; they said “the ghost had revenged itself on Manuelito for not dying shortly after its first appearance, and had appeared a second time and caught Manuelito unawares.” The county buried Manuelito in a pauper’s grave. A few days later an embassy of his tribe came to town and asked for the body, as they desired to cremate it, according to the Yuma customs. But they were too late; Manuelito was planted, and the authorities would not allow him to be dug up.

Manuelito, the last four years of his life, had been an object of dread to the Yuma Indians; now, after his death and burial in the earth, he became an object of superstitious terror. As the body had not been cremated it might change into a ghost and serve the same trick on living Indians that the ghost had done to Manuelito when he was alive. Manuelito’s body still rests in a neglected grave at Yuma, and so far his ghost has not yet appeared. But the Indians confidently believe that the ghost of Manuelito will yet avenge the wrongs the tribe unwittingly done when they banished the living Manuelito from among them. SID.

Anaconda, Aug. 23.

NOVEL EXECUTIONS.

THE SULTAN of Keddah, in the Malay Peninsula, has a remarkable method of carrying out the sentence of death upon condemned convicts. It is doubtful if this method of execution is practiced in any other part of the world. The sultan is the ruler of a country containing about 60,000 people.

On the morning of the day fixed for the execution the sultan, followed by his ministers, goes about a mile and a half from the palace to a vacant space reserved for the execution of criminals. Nothing can be seen in this place except the graves of the condemned, and a large tree which is called the tree of execution. The sultan takes his seat in a chair at the foot of the tree, while his ministers group themselves around him on the ground. Then the condemned man is brought forward and is made to kneel at a distance of about forty feet. His arms are tied behind his back and he is naked to the waist.

The executioner places upon the left shoulder of the condemned man a piece of cotton cloth. He then takes in his hands a lance of justice, which is very richly ornamented with silver, puts the point upon the man’s left shoulder and grasps the handle firmly with both hands. When these preparations are made he looks at the sultan, who is holding the sword of justice in his lap. The sultan suddenly raises his hand, and this is the signal for the fatal blow.

At this moment the executioner, who is always a Hercules in strength, with one vigorous blow drives the lance through the man’s shoulder and into his heart. He dies as quickly as though he had been shot through his heart, and probably is not conscious of suffering any pain. The executioner then withdraws the weapon, and stanches the small amount of blood flowing from the wound with a cotton cloth, in conformity with the rites of Islam. Usually the body of the victim is turned over to his family, who purify it by ablution and hold elaborate funeral ceremonies. Jules Claine, who recently witnessed one of these executions, says that in his opinion the spectacle is not nearly so revolting as that of some other methods of inflicting capital punishment.—New York Star.

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

In Christ’s own town did I find of an old woman A staid maid to burn in the fire: She looked above; she speaks from out the fire: To skirt that made a star for Bethlehem. When to the flames touching her garment’s hem Blossomed to roses—wreathed like a wreath— Made every fragrant a scented brier: And crowned her with a rosebud diadem. Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong: Our heart of hearts hath conquered—conquered those Once to be of the world and Shelley wrong: Their pyre of hate now bourgeois wish the rose: Their every fagot now a sweet brier, through Love’s breath upon the breeze of Shelley’s song.—Magazine of Art.

AN ARIZONA FEUD.

THE recent killing of Tom Graham, which records another chapter of blood in the history of Toowo Basin, makes a history of that country and the terrible Graham-Tewkesbury feud a matter of general interest, says a Phoenix, A. T., correspondent of the Chicago Times. The feud has only lasted eight years, but during that time the five Graham brothers have been killed and Ed Tewkesbury is the last one left of a family of six. In addition to this many of their adherents have been slain, so that the violent deaths of 44 men are directly attributable to this quarrel.

The Tewkesburys came from California and took possession of the basin. The father was a Scotchman and his wife a Welsh one, and with their family of six sons they settled on Cherry creek and engaged in raising stock. A few years later the Grahams came from Texas and settled on the opposite side of the creek. They were subjected alike to the oft-repeated attacks of hostile Indians, but they made common headway against them, and their herds grew and prospered. In a few years they were all wealthy, and to protect themselves from thieving redskins they kept a band of 30 or 40 of the most daring men in the territory as retainers, and this was the way matters stood in 1884 when the feud began.

In that year John Stinson, a man who had failed in business in Chicago, came out to this country with what remnants of his fortune he could scrape together, and went into the stock business. He contemplated going into Toowo basin, but the Tewkesburys and Grahams had held exclusive possession so long that they looked upon the entire valley as their own. They were, however, willing for Stinson to come in, provided he would buy a ranch from John Tewkesbury.

He concluded not to do it, but settled on Cherry Creek on government land. From this the Tewkesburys and Grahams determined to make it warm for him and they began killing and branding his cattle. Bad blood followed, but no one was killed for some time. Finally a new brand was started, and at the rounding about half of Stinson’s cattle were found with that brand. At first nobody would claim it, but finally Bill Blevins, one of the Tewkesbury gang, said it was his. The matter led to a long lawsuit in the court at Prescott, which was decided by dividing the cattle between the two claimants.

Of course to bring about such a decision there was much perjured testimony and both sides were in worse humor than ever. In the meantime the Grahams said that the Tewkesburys were giving them the worst of the bargain, so they turned to the other side. Stinson’s foreman knew his business, and he made it very warm for the Blevins crowd, so they finally decided that he must leave the country. One day Blevins rode up to the Stinson ranch, and calling him out, told him he must go, and proceeded to abuse him shamefully. The foreman had brought his Winchester outside with him, but, not desiring to be the first to draw, he did not shoot, and he told the Blevins to go away that he wanted no trouble with him. Blevins, who was on horseback, turned as if to leave, but wheeled his horse again and drew his pistol, hoping to have thrown his antagonist off his guard. He was mistaken, however, and the Stinson man sent a Winchester ball crashing through his skull.

Soon after this the Grahams bought Stinson out and the feud raged with much bitterness. In one year more than 20 men were killed and all of them from ambush. The fight was conducted from ambush all the way through, and not one except Blevins was ever killed openly when he had any show for his life. When they were killed down to a brother and a few adherents on each side the matter seemed to rest.

Tom Graham, the survivor of his family, left the basin and came down to Phoenix, where he lived himself. Nothing can be seen in this place except the graves of the condemned, and a large tree which is called the tree of execution. The sultan takes his seat in a chair at the foot of the tree, while his ministers group themselves around him on the ground. Then the condemned man is brought forward and is made to kneel at a distance of about forty feet. His arms are tied behind his back and he is naked to the waist.

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FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.

AT BISMARCK GROVE, near Lawrence, Kan., after a series of desperate encounters, an old buffalo bull was slain the other day by his grandson.

There have been many fights before in this park, where is kept the only herd of buffalo in Kansas. The Old Man, as his black cooper always called the leader of the herd, was captured when but a year old, and had been in captivity 18 years. The victor in the last fight of the Old Man was his grandson. This battle commenced at 10 o’clock in the morning. The Old Man had succeeded in breaking down the heavy plank fence of his enclosure at sunrise, while his keeper was at work some distance away. When free he made directly for the lot in which his grandson was feeding, bellowing defiance as he ran. The keeper, Black Charlie, made an ineffectual attempt to drive the maddened bull back to his enclosure, but was himself nearly caught between the animals as they came together with a fearful clash. Then Charlie ran to the nearest telephone, half a mile distant, and summoned assistance. Information was thus spread among the townspeople, all of whom have regarded the Old Man much as the children did Jumbo. The summons for aid was answered by many who desired to witness the battle.

In less than an hour more than a hundred people were watching the contest between their long-time favorite and his sprightly 5-year-old grandson Colmel.

Every effort having failed to separate the combatants, nothing was left to do but to wait the result of the struggle. By 2 p. m. the audience had swelled to 300 or more, among whom were students of the university and several ladies. The old bull led off each time, but toward the last became groggy. The colmel, being younger and quicker, kept digging the old man in the ribs with his short horns. Half an hour before the duel ended the bulls backed away from each other and, watching every motion, rested from the fray as if gathering strength for the final rush. Walking in a circle, their heads always toward each other, pawing the earth and bellowing, they made the distance between them greater, until it seemed as if they would separate. Soon they stopped as if of one accord, eyeing each other savagely. The onlookers by this time were so excited that they mounted the fence and began to yell.

While the clamor was at its greatest the bulls lowered their heads, and giving forth deep-throated bellows, started on a run growl each other, meeting with a crash. The old fellow withstood the shock, although he staggered, while the younger was thrown fully four yards. He regained his feet and buried his horns in the Old Man’s side. This was his favorite method of attack. Backing up he came again, and then again, while his grandfather stood helplessly. Suddenly, and with heroic strength, the Old Man turned on his antagonist. Making a lunge he caught the Colmel between the front legs and upset him. The young bull was up in an instant, and the Old Man turned as if on a pivot and caught him head on. With a fierce labored bellow, he made a last effort to impale the Colmel, but as he turned he fell dead. For the Colmel had thrust a horn in the Old Man’s eye, piercing his brain.

The Colmel is the last male pure blood in the herd, and there will be no more fights to maintain his supremacy. These animals have long been the property of Colonel H. H. Stanton. Wild Bill 15 years ago presented him with the then favorite method of attack. Backing up he came again, and then again, while his grandfather stood helplessly. Suddenly, and with heroic strength, the Old Man turned on his antagonist. Making a lunge he caught the Colmel between the front legs and upset him. The young bull was up in an instant, and the Old Man turned as if on a pivot and caught him head on. With a fierce labored bellow, he made a last effort to impale the Colmel, but as he turned he fell dead. For the Colmel had thrust a horn in the Old Man’s eye, piercing his brain. The Colmel is the last male pure blood in the herd, and there will be no more fights to maintain his supremacy. These animals have long been the property of Colonel H. H. Stanton. Wild Bill 15 years ago presented him with the then favorite method of attack. Backing up he came again, and then again, while his grandfather stood helplessly. Suddenly, and with heroic strength, the Old Man turned on his antagonist. Making a lunge he caught the Colmel between the front legs and upset him. The young bull was up in an instant, and the Old Man turned as if on a pivot and caught him head on. With a fierce labored bellow, he made a last effort to impale the Colmel, but as he turned he fell dead. For the Colmel had thrust a horn in the Old Man’s eye, piercing his brain.—Chicago Journal.

HOW A LIFE WAS SAVED.

THE closest call I ever had for my life,” said the old engineer, “was when I was running a gravel train on the C. & St. P., up in Dakota.” “Indians?” “Oh, no. I came very near getting mobbed. If it had not been for my fireman having more sense than I did, I should have been a gone cone.” “Tell us about it.”

“Well, you see, there was an election coming off on that day. I had a load of about 200 Irishmen on this train. I was running every last one of them democrats. ‘About 4 o’clock we knocked off work so as to let the boys get into town in time to vote. Just at that time I discovered that there was not a drop of water in the tender. The very first conclusion them Micks came to was that I had left the water out a-purpose, in order to keep ‘em from gittin’ into town to vote. Next minute they had a rope around my neck. I’d just about give up when Bob—that’s my fireman—the hollers to ‘em to hold on. Says he: ‘What’s the use of wasting the chance of casting 200 good straight votes by foolin’ your time away on a damned election? If you fellers wants to get into town in time to vote I’ll show you how it can be did.’

“Says they: ‘Show us and be mighty quick about it, too.’ “I remember now. Fact is, I was so glad to get that rope off my neck that I was not paying much attention to small matters.”—Indianapolis Journal.

THE DAY THAT NELLIE DIED.

The day that Nellie died the sun jes’ kind o’ paled out: The birds cut short their toons o’ joy, an’ Ez felt the weight o’ woe ‘at ever where about. Jes’ sort o’ made the sky look black, an’ twisted at the strings. O’ this one heart wad’ peared to beat with such a sluggish lide. Ez felt the world waz stoppin’ short, the day that Nellie died. I know the Lord is remain’ things to kind o’ still His mind. An’ don’t want, probly, no advice from any mortal man. But, heeps to me, ez he’d looked round he’d ought o’ sort o’ find Jes’ lots o’ tough cases ez had lived beyond their span. They was, first, young truly, ez Ez Zeb Watson, ez Ez Nabe. Peckin, ez lots more that I needn’t noominate. You see, ther wadn’t much to keep us ole chaps top o’ ground. We’d sort o’ kind o’ had our fling an’ blame Jes’ how soon he should hear the blas’ o’ Gabriel’s trumpet sound. Ez jes’ how soon these weary bones should in the rickles be laid. But Nellie—she wuz jes’ a child, ez fair an’ pure an’ sweet. Ez ezv’r enlived from this ole world up to the judgment seat. Jes’ seventeen year ole lass, Joo, ith eyes so sparkin’ bright. An’ with a wealth o’ sun-kissed hair, jits’ framing so like a face. Wat seemed to me, ez flashin’ back the beams o’ God’s own azil! An’ when she’d turn an’ smile at you, you’d see the dimples fade. An’ close each other ‘long her cheeks an’ ‘round them lips o’ her’n. That aims kind o’ made this month jus’ fairly ache an’ yearn!

So when they eum an’ took my han’ and told me Unto the will o’ Him on high, an’ that the change’n years. ‘Ed soft’n like, the heavy blow, I shot my eyes The trolen bin’ lip, an’ tried to stop the flood o’ his’n’ tears. The rickles down these furried cheeks, an’ somehow, splashin’ an’ dried. Themselves in on two frozen hands, the day that Nellie died!—New York World.

WHO KNOWS.

Who knows we have not lived before In forms that felt delight and pain? If death is not the open door Through which we pass to life again! The fruitful seed beneath the sod In infant bud and bloom may rise; But by the eternal laws of God, It is not quiescent till it dies. The leaves that tremble on the tree Fall and the storms of autumn’s storms; But by some mighty mystery, With spring return in other forms. As currents of the surging sea From undiscovered sources flow, So what we were and yet may be, In this brief life we may not know. But oft some unexpected gleams Of past and unremembered years Break through the doorway of our dreams And some familiar face appears. A gentle spirit, lost awhile, Amid the change from death to birth, Whose beaming eye and loving smile Recall some former scenes of earth. And thus unconscious of the tie, The mystic link that love creates, Perhaps we see our own old days, In newer forms and other days. Perhaps with every eye passed In the ages yet to come, Our joyed will come to us at last, As parted waters find the sea. Not wholly dead as they were seen When death unbound their robes of clay; But with serene face and mien, And souls that cannot pass away.—New York Sun.

SALTIMBANQUE.

Dead in the caravan she lies. The ghastly chalk set on her face, The rouge-pod o’er her closed eyes, Her faded bouquet in its place. Two emptied bottles at her feet. Hold candles, dimly flickering low; The crane who sews the windings-sheet Dreams of the debut long ago. Que! she still waits the prompter’s call. The cry across the gateway falls. She moves not, for the three knocks fall. With echoing sound on coffin nails.—London World.

IS IT PLEASANT TO DIE

According to All Knowledge Obtainable It’s an Agreeable Sensation.

A RELIEF AND A LUXURY

But You Can’t Be Quite Certain About It Until You Get There and Try It Personally.

A NARRATION from personal experience of how it feels to die, is an interesting addition to the little we know on a matter of pre-eminent interest, says the New York Sun. People who have suffered what virtually was death by drowning, have described the sensations of the struggle and the surrender; and a few who have been hanged into insensibility have come back to life to tell how it feels to die. A European scientist, too, has lately collected much evidence about the sensation felt by persons falling from lofty places. The testimony from all these sources is practically unanimous that the passing from life to death is painless, peaceful and unusually pleasurable. The return to consciousness is usually the reverse of these conditions, being often exceedingly painful, a fact which might be taken by the pessimistic as an indication that it is better to die than to live.

An interesting case of a man who has come back from death to life is that of Michael Blume, who, some weeks ago, was twice strung up to a beam by a rope around his neck by a mob of lynchers near Fresno, Cal. Blume was in jail at Sanger, near Fresno, on a charge of being implicated in a murder. Feeling against him ran high, and one night a mob of people took him from the poorly-guarded jail and endeavored to extort a confession from him. His hands were tied, he was made to stand on a barrel, and a rope was passed over a convenient beam and fastened in a noose around his neck. He declared he had nothing to confess, and after some parley the barrel was knocked from under him, and at the same time he was jerked up toward the beam by the lynchers pulling on the rope.

A few days later Blume described his sensations at the end of the rope: “I expected to die. They pushed me off, and I felt my neck crack. Then I heard a harsh, grating sound, which I now suppose was caused by the rope being drawn over the beam as the men were hauling me up. Consciousness was of very short duration. There was no pain after my neck cracked. I seemed to be swimming in air that was intensely dark, but I thought I was in some familiar place. It was like a dream. I seemed to be floating away faster and faster, and lighter and lighter, until I passed into nothingness.

“I did not know when I was let down, and as painlessly as I had passed away. It was like a vision, very strange and wonderful, and gradually I thought I was returning from some place, I did not know where, and by some means, I knew not what. The first thing I remember was seeing the eyes of the men who were standing around me. I saw nothing but their eyes at first, but gradually I could see their forms, and knew that they were men; but still it seemed like some dream. At last I came to myself, and was able to get upon my feet. The rope had been loosened.

Another attempt was made to extort a confession, but the dazed and half-dead man declared he had nothing to confess, and after a few minutes spent in this way the lynchers again stood Blume on the barrel and again hauled him up. “I think I did not drop so far as before. At any rate my experience was not quite the same. I was conscious of a painful and somewhat long struggle. But as I grew weak and exhausted I quit struggling and experienced the same almost enjoyable sensations. I passed painlessly into nothingness. My return to consciousness was about the same as before, except that acute sense of distress was associated with my other feelings of dimly seeing and hearing things.”

We ourselves have heard similar testimony from a gentleman of intelligence and education, who practically experienced the sensations that attend dissolution. He had been sick with fever, and to all appearances died. He thought he was dying, and his friends thought he was dead. If he really passed into death instead of into the corpse-like trance from which he subsequently revived, he would have suffered no additional pang. His report was that the sensation of dying was physically pleasurable, a relief and a luxury; and all of the physical pain and mortal distress that attended his remarkable experience was the sensation that accompanied the struggle back to life. Such cases confirm the evidence already accumulated that the actual grip of death is a friendly, kindly clasp, that the pains of death are like the pleasures of life, greatest in the anticipation, and however severe the struggle may seem to an on-looker, dying is as painless, because as natural, as falling asleep.

EXECUTIONS IN KANSAS.

THE matter of capital punishment in Kansas, is in a peculiar state, owing to the action or rather non-action of Kansas governors. No execution has taken place in that state since 1872, and 49 persons under sentence of death are now confined in the penitentiary. The law provides that whenever any person shall be sentenced to death, he shall be delivered to the warden of the penitentiary to be kept till such time as the executive shall fix a day for his execution, which shall not be less than one year from the time of his conviction. As no governor has fixed a day for executing a criminal, the number is constantly increasing, and will soon fill the entire prison.—Boston Traveller.

Hanged by the Neck. CAMDEN, N. J., Aug. 26.—James R. Morton was hanged today. He confessed his crime, which was the murder of Mrs. Lydia Newby, an old colored woman, on May 9. He had been living with the woman and killed her for her money, \$800.