

OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty in Capital Cases.

IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

Thought to Be Too Bloodthirsty to Calmly Pass on the Taking of Human Life—Executioners Performed Operations and Acted as Doctors.

When Great Britain's statute book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offenses, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases.

It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on jurymen. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty.

This ought not perhaps surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. At any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe of Copenhagen published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and, although the case went steadily from bad to worse, the executioner received a fee of 200 rigsdalers and a large silver goblet—"rewards," says the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute or his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary.

It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties. He may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator and even an undertaker may be considered respectable.—British Medical Journal.

PREFERS DEATH TO ARREST

Minneapolis Man Accused of Embezzlement Ends His Life.

Preferring death to arrest on a charge of embezzlement Henry C. Dunham of the Minneapolis realty firm of Dunham & McMurray placed a revolver in his mouth and blew out his brains while a detective was awaiting him in his home.

Detective John Stavio was in the house to arrest Dunham, but was unable to prevent the tragedy. Apparently Dunham had deliberately planned to kill himself, as a sealed letter addressed to his wife and a copy of his father's will were found in his vest pocket.

Dunham had been intrusted by four Chicago people, it is said, with approximately \$9,000 to invest in real estate and had failed to give any accounting of the money.

Was a Native of Minnesota. Dr. Max West, a special examiner in the bureau of corporations of the department of commerce and labor at Washington and a well known economist, died of pneumonia at his home there at the age of thirty-eight years. His principal work with the bureau of corporations has been in connection with the Standard Oil investigations. Dr. West was a native of St. Cloud, this state.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL INTRUSION.

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No one, excepting the sick restored to health, has reason to feel more thankful for that wonderful advance science has made within the last ten or twenty years than I. But right here in the beginning I must break away from my subject to tell a story.

Margaret May charmed me by what I consider the higher traits. She was a sober girl of an intellectual type, with excellent principles and elevated ideals. I am not a man to be pleased with a gay, frolicsome girl, however kind hearted, however winning. It was, therefore, natural that I should yield to the characteristics of Margaret. We became engaged, and everything looked well for our future happiness when my fiancée began to show a succession of singular changes. One evening when I went to see her she bounded into the room like a holden, threw her arms about my neck, kissed me several times in rapid succession and, beginning with "You bad boy," upbraided me for not having come earlier. When I asked her for what she had wished me, she said that a circus had come to town, and she was "dying" to attend that evening's performance. Astonished, I asked her if the next night would not do as well. She said it would not, and when I pressed her for a reason the only one she could give was that she couldn't wait.

It was altogether too late to go to the circus that evening, so I spent the rest of it with her in the cozy library where we had passed so many happy hours, often taking book after book from the shelves, rambling in them together and calling each other's attention to favorite passages. But, alas, there was no such enjoyment for us tonight. Margaret spoke of the books as "musty, dusty things," in which she had no interest, and insisted in talking only upon the most frivolous topics.

It is needless to say that I was not only disappointed, but shocked. Could this be my steady, well balanced, intellectual Margaret? I was inclined to doubt it. Could it be her twin sister? I knew that she had no twin sister. I endured her prattle as long as I was able; then, telling her that I had some work to do before going to bed, I rose to go.

"And you will take me to the circus tomorrow night?" she asked, with a pout.

"Certainly if you wish it," I replied and when I could escape from an exuberance of caresses left her.

That night and the next day my brain was in a turmoil. I was like a man who had lost his love. I brooded instead of working till after office hours and in the evening called to take Margaret to the circus. The maid who received me at the door went upstairs to announce me and, returning, told me that Miss May was not feeling well and had gone to bed. There was no message of disappointment at missing the performance nor at not seeing me. Indeed, the maid told me that she thought her mistress had not expected me that evening. This would have been natural had it not been for the engagement, since it was an evening I seldom called.

The next of my usual weekly visits was Sunday, and I called, dreading to again find the holden. I was agreeably disappointed. Margaret was her usual self except that she showed signs of overstrained nerves. Something told me to refrain from mentioning her singular personality when I had last seen her, to wait and observe. During the visit and the next two visits she was her own sweet self, barring her altered health. Finally I referred to her desire to visit the circus. She seemed surprised, mystified, and when I told her the whole story said, with a nervous tremor, "Oh, she'll ruin me!"

"Was some one else than you with me that evening?" I asked.

"Yes—no. I was with you, but she dominated me." And she hurried out of the room.

I was not admitted to see Margaret—indeed, I did not care to see her; I was dissatisfied—for a month. Then I called on her. What was my surprise to find her a different person from either of the two I had known. From the moment we met she talked of women's rights, women's voting, women's superiority to men and finally told me that if I interfered with her in any of these objects to which she proposed to devote her life we must proceed by separate paths.

I left her maddened. Had I not been puzzled as well I would have broken my engagement then and there, but curiosity prevented. Several months passed in which I continued to visit her, hoping that she would settle down into her old personality resolutely. When she was another I would turn away from her; when she was my own Margaret I loved her still the same. As the holden I found it possible to be amused with her; as the "strong minded" woman I could not endure her. I was not able to get the real Margaret to talk of the other two, but from hints she dropped I inferred that she knew of their existence, and she hated them.

One day I received a call from a psychological specialist. He informed me that Margaret was under his care; that two other personalities besides her own appeared to inhabit her body and at times dominated her. By psychic methods of his own invention he was trying to enable her to dominate them and thus return to a normal condition.

He succeeded, the intruders were driven out, and Margaret is my wife. LAWRENCE FOSTER CHURCH.

A Nightmare Yankee

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Bill Meacham, private—th Pennsylvania Infantry, escaped prisoner of war, stood at the edge of a wood looking at a house standing in the center of a plantation. Bill's stomach was as empty as a haversack at the end of a two weeks' campaign, and he was wondering if he dare go to the house and ask for something to eat. Would he rather starve or run the risk of going back to that frightful prison pen? Then he looked himself over. He had no head covering whatever, and the last time his hair had been combed was before the fight in which he had been captured three months ago. Half a leg of his trousers was missing as well as the right sleeve of his coat and a part of the left sleeve. As to the coat's skirt, it hung in rag festoons. One old rubber shoe and a bit of blanket constituted his foot covering. It was not danger alone that caused him to hesitate. It was pride.

However, hunger conquered both pride and prudence, and he went to the house. Passing through a flower garden, he suddenly came upon a girl making up a bouquet. On seeing Bill she dropped a pair of big scissors, giving a slight scream at the same time. Bill's hand naturally went up to his head; but, not finding any hat there to doff deferentially, he attempted to propitiate the girl with an admiring smile. It produced an effect similar to that of a dirty faced grinning skeleton. The girl shrank back.

"Don't be afraid of me," pleaded Bill. "I'm harmless, quite harmless." He paused a moment to arrest the ravage of a grayback. "I might as well own up that I'm an escaped prisoner of war."

"A Yankee!"

"Yes, a Yankee, but not a dangerous one just now unless for vermin, and I'd be ever so obliged if you'd give me a bit of corn pone or something to keep me from starving."

Bill's tone was sad, and by this time the girl began to take in the pitiful situation. She was very young and her sympathies easily touched. She stood for a moment thinking, then said:

"We're all loyal to the south up at the house, and if you go under there we'd have to give you up. Get under that rosebush, where you will not be seen, and I'll bring you something."

Bill gave her a grateful look, which, though grieved, didn't frighten her so much this time. She went toward the house, and he crawled under the bush. Presently she came back with some scraps she had gathered from the breakfast table rolled in a napkin, gave them to Bill and told him he'd better be off. Bill, in his gratitude forgetting himself, advanced to clasp her hand, but she darted back with a bit of a shriek, then, seeing that she had hurt his feelings, said:

"It isn't you I'm afraid of; it's the vermin."

Well, Bill backed away from her so as not to show the remains of his protruding shirt tail and went on his way. When the war ended Bill got a commission in the regular army. During the administration of President Grant he was on duty in Washington, which meant that he lounged most of the day and attended social functions in the evening. It was not long before he married the daughter of a southern congressman, and a very happy match he made.

One morning he kissed his wife and went to his office in the war department, as usual. About 11 o'clock Mrs. Meacham was informed by a maid that there was a tramp at the door who insisted on seeing the lady of the house. "But I wouldn't advise you to go down; he's the worst looking beast I ever saw." Mrs. Meacham sent the maid back to tell the man that she was busy, and the maid returned with the information that the man was bound to see the lady, and if she didn't come down he would go up. If there had been telephones in those days Mrs. Meacham would have called the police. But telephones had not yet been invented, and there was no man in the house. Mrs. Meacham finally determined to go down. There in the hall stood the tramp. He wore no hat on his uncombed hair, but little more than half of his clothing was available, one foot was incased in a piece of blanket, the other in a rubber shoe. Mrs. Meacham's terror was somewhat mollified by seeing one or two brass buttons on his coat.

"My husband is in the war department," she gasped. "Go to him. He'll provide for you and see that you are taken care of by the government."

The man suddenly put his hand to his hair and clinched something.

"For heaven's sake," cried the lady, "don't bring vermin into this house! Go away! Call on my major Meacham. He'll attend to your case."

"It's hard lines," whined the tramp, "when a man can't get a crust in his own house."

"Good gracious, ma'am," exclaimed the maid, "he's mad!"

The tramp looked at Mrs. Meacham and smiled, a horrible grin which, once seen, would never be forgotten. "Don't you remember the Yankee you fed one day in the flower garden down in Dixie?"

Yes, Mrs. Meacham remembered him. She had never forgotten him.

"Oh, heavens," she wailed, "have I married that horrible nightmare of a Yankee? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you! How would I have ever got you if I had?"

Major Meacham did not kiss his wife again till he had had a Turkish bath. ELBERT T. BENTLEY.

Partners to the End

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)

One day when Colonel Day came back to his top story room at Mrs. Wilkins' rooming house he found the room next to his occupied. It had been vacant for a year, and the colonel was not only curious, but nettled. The garret of the house was divided into two rooms, and his was one, and he had never even looked into the other, but as he had so long been the sole tenant of the top story he felt that he ought to have been consulted as to a newcomer. When he heard a person moving around in the other half of his domain he went down to Mrs. Wilkins.

The colonel was a man of sixty. He had threadbare garments and an empty purse. While he occupied the cheapest room in the house, it was well known that he was often hard put to pay his rent, while his meals were always taken at the cheapest restaurants. He was a man of dignity and education, and that he had once occupied a place in the world could not be doubted.

"Mrs. Wilkins," began the colonel as he entered the landlady's presence, "I take it that you have rented the other room, and to a female at that?"

"Yes, colonel, but it is to a young woman who is trying hard to make a living."

"But you should have consulted me. I have been with you for a year, and I should hate to remove to other quarters, but please remember that I have certain rights and privileges, and they are not to be abrogated without my consent. I will think it over and consider what steps to take."

Five minutes later he knocked on the door of the other room, and it was opened to him by a young woman of about twenty-five. He bowed stiffly, and she drew aside as an invitation for him to enter. As he looked around the room he saw a cheap old trunk on the door and a few poor articles of wearing apparel hanging up on the nails driven into the wall. A second glance into the young woman's face told him that she had consumption.

"I came here to ask you why you rented this room," he said as his face softened a little, "but I can see without asking. Miss, let us shake hands."

"For why?" she asked.

"Because I occupy the next room; because we are both victims of fickle fortune; because we should feel sorry for each other; because I feel more sorry for you than you can for me."

"I hardly understand you, sir," she said as she slowly put out her hand.

"You are trying to make a living, I take it?"

"Yes."

"And I am fighting poverty in hopes to live a few years longer, though why I should care to live another week I do not know. The bond of poverty is between us. Let us be friends."

That night, instead of taking his meal at a cheap restaurant, he brought home a loaf of bread and some sausage. Instead of going out to hunt up a cheap place, she went out for a bit of butter and a jar of marmalade. They had dinner together in her room. It was the first of many meals.

The colonel and the young lady got to be very good friends. They counseled with each other; they cheered and encouraged each other; they deceived each other, or tried to, as to what the future had in store. The woman suffered most, and yet she was the bravest hearted. From almost the first day of their meeting they looked forward to certain things. Some day the last of his friends would disappear and his precarious income would cease altogether. He would die before asking a stranger for charity. Some day the disease eating at her lungs would demand the penalty, and there would be no avoiding it. They talked the matter over for an hour and then dropped it and never referred to it again. It was the black shadow in their path, and yet they fought it away. One night, a year later, the colonel came home and found the young woman in bed. The doctor had been there, and the landlady had done all she could do. It was the beginning of the end. The colonel sat down with a softer light on his face than his partner had seen there for weeks, and there was a touch of the exultant in his voice as he said:

"I have come home penniless. The last of my friends has turned his back on me. I am no beggar of alms."

"I am so sorry," she sighed.

"Say rather that you are so glad. You may linger for a month, but you have no hope of getting well."

"None whatever."

"You remember our talk of long ago? The time seemed far off then, but it is here tonight. Why should you be a month in dying? Why should I seek to live for three or four years more?"

"Yes, we had a talk," she quietly said.

"Have you any money?"

"A dime. Take it and buy you something to eat."

"Partners to the last," he said as he smiled and rubbed his hands together. "It makes it far easier where we are to go together. I will be back soon."

"And it is going to happen?" she asked as he returned with a bulky package.

"It must. Why should it not?"

"Yes—why not?"

Half an hour later the colonel sat down beside the bed and kindly said: "We have been partners—true partners. I will sit here and hold your hand while you sleep."

They found them thus—the police—the tearful landlady—the bustling coroner—the reporters.

"They simply fell asleep," said the coroner. "The fumes of charcoal always leave that peaceful, restful look on the human face." M. QUAD.

CHARGED WITH EXTORTION

Minneapolis Private Detective Under Arrest.

Harry G. Blanchard was arrested at Minneapolis on a charge of extortion, it being alleged that he compelled Herman Rhines, a saloonkeeper, to pay him money for the suppression of evidence that the saloonman had violated the sanctity of the lid.

Blanchard is a private detective and is said to have been in the employ of an agency whose services were retained by the Minneapolis Civic federation in its war on blind piggers. It is asserted that Blanchard was caught in the act.

The Minneapolis police profess to believe that Blanchard is one of a group of men who, it is alleged, have been making a business of grafting under the pretense of protecting their victims from the wrath of the Civic federation.

WILL SETTLE NEAR HIBBING

Advance Guard of Iowa Colonists Arrives.

A party of five families from near Cedar Rapids, Ia., have arrived this week at Stewart, about twelve miles south of Hibbing on the Great Northern, where they will settle permanently and engage in farming and dairying. They brought their household goods and farming effects with them.

The party composed the advance members of a colony of about sixty families who will settle near Stewart. They state that the region is ideal for dairying and that the colony expects to establish a creamery and devote much attention to dairying.

The colony will be tributary to Hibbing commercially and will be another argument in favor of the establishment of the county experiment farm in Hibbing.

Hiccoughs Kill Minnesotan.

Seized early last June with violent spells of hiccoughing J. E. Zackmeyer of Winona, seventy-six years of age, an insurance agent, hiccoughed almost continuously until death ended his sufferings. Zackmeyer was unable to take nourishment except during brief periods when the hiccoughing released its grip only to come back after a few hours. Mr. Zackmeyer's strength and vitality failed gradually until he died, still hiccoughing.

Clerk Gets Infernal Machine.

City Clerk A. E. Bickford of Virginia, this state, received an infernal machine containing half a pound of dynamite and a mechanism which fortunately failed to work when the package was opened. Mr. Bickford was a witness in the case against George Hamilton, who was recently convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for sending an infernal machine to Sheriff Beck of Houghton county, Mich.

Mysterious Case at Bagley.

John Bartholomew, a laborer who had been living alone in a little shack on the outskirts of Bagley, was found dead by one of the neighbors. The coroner was notified and upon investigation found the body frozen, with some marks which indicated that he might have been killed. An inquest was thereupon ordered. There was a little money in his pockets and a motive for the crime seems to be lacking.

Several Hurt in Train Wreck.

A passenger train running between Spruce Junction, Eveleth and Biwabik on the Mesaba road was wrecked about a mile and a half from Eveleth, three coaches overturning and several people are reported seriously injured. Mayor Haenke of Sparta, Superintendent A. J. Sullivan of the Gilbert mine and wife and Joe Kroll of Sparta were the worst hurt.

Boy Burned to Death.

Alone in a big house at St. Paul and with his nightgown on fire, ignited by coming in contact with a red hot poker, Orny Evans, ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Evans, ran wildly through the house and finally crawled into his bed, where he was found several hours later by his brother. His little body was badly burned and he died at Luther hospital.

St. Paul Brokers Suspend.

Geraghty & Co., one of the oldest commission brokerage firms of St. Paul, has suspended business. The cause assigned for the suspension is the dullness of the grain market for several months past. The firm opened up a line of country offices about a year ago and these proved unprofitable owing to the heavy expense involved in the maintenance and operation.

Had Been Dead Two Weeks.

William Zabel, fifty-five years of age, living on a farm near Woodbury, between St. Paul and Stillwater, was found dead in his house by neighbors who called to inquire concerning Mr. Zabel's condition. From the appearance of the body it is thought that he had been dead for nearly two weeks.

St. Paul Man Killed by Cars.

Otto Becker of St. Paul, a clerk in the office of the superintendent of the Northern Pacific roundhouse in the Mississippi street yards, was run down and killed in the yards. His body was horribly mutilated by the three cars which passed over it.

"An Unexpected Disgrace."

Washington, Jan. 2.—Minister Rockhill, at Peking, has telegraphed the state department confirming the press reports concerning the dismissal of Yuan Shi Kai, but making no comment on the matter except to refer to it as "an unexpected disgrace."

THIRD TERM AS GOVERNOR

John A. Johnson Again Installed as State Executive.

John A. Johnson was installed on Jan. 6 as the chief executive of the state of Minnesota for the third time. The ceremonies attending the inauguration were simple. Chief Justice Start administered the oath of office. The galleries of the house chamber, where the inauguration took place, were filled with visitors.

In a message of 30,000 words Governor Johnson presented the needs of the state and the recommendations of its executive officers. The governor reviewed the progress of the state the past two years and touched upon a number of subjects which have occupied the attention of the people and which are expected to occupy the attention of the legislature.

Kills His Younger Brother.

Last Christmas ten-year-old George Beck of St. Paul received a 22-caliber rifle as a holiday gift and his seven-year-old brother, Stanley, accidentally received a bullet from that same rifle in the top of his head which plowed its way downward through the neck in such a manner that when the surgeons at the city hospital tried to remove it in order to save the little fellow's life they were unable to do so and the victim died.

One Killed, Several Injured.

William Duffy, a Minneapolis switchman, was killed and several other switchmen were severely injured in a collision between a Northern Pacific freight train and a switch engine at Park Junction. The switch engine was "sideswiped" by the freight engine, which was hauling several empty freight cars. Six injured men were placed on a freight car and hurried to Minneapolis, Duffy dying before the hospital was reached.

5,000 Rifles

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Turner Hall

Program of Classes in Gymnastics. Boys' class, ages 6 to 11: Wednesday afternoon, 4:30 to 5:30; Saturday forenoon, 9:00 to 10:15.

Boys' class, ages 11 to 14: Monday and Thursday afternoons, 4:30 to 5:30. Youths' class, ages 14 to 17: Monday evening, 7:30 to 8:45 and Friday evening, 7:30 to 8:30.

Girls' class, ages 6 to 11: Tuesday afternoon, 4:30 to 5:30, and Saturday forenoon, 10:15 to 11:30.

Girls' class, ages 11 to 15: Tuesday and Friday afternoons, 4:30 to 5:30. Misses' class, age over 15: Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 8:30. Ladies' class: Thursday evening, 8:00 to 9:00.

Men's class: Tuesday and Friday evenings, 8:30 to 9:45. Peching class: Sunday forenoon, 10:00 to 11:30.

Sunday School: Sunday forenoon, 10:30 to 11:45.

HERMAN HEIN, Instructor.