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A STRANGE SENTENCE.

Punishment For Murder That Was More Cruel Than Death.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701 and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, shunned by his neighbors and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and, according to the usages of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded.

Unable to endure any longer the raging temper of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence the man set off in an angry chase upon his horse and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder.

At the trial he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, run away, pitched him out of the saddle and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks, but the jury did not accept the defense, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold.

Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relatives. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be ninety-nine years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance and that, pending the final execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his neck and show himself before the judges of Catskill once a year to prove that he wore his badge of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruel decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Thus Ralph Sutherland lived. He always lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, imperious manner had gone. Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

At last his ninety-ninth year came, the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench, but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would accuse him or execute sentence. Indeed, the awful restriction that had bound his life so intimately to the expiation of his crime was now legally removed.

But the spirit of self punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three-quarters of a century before.

A Vacation.

A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the scientist is said to have unbent a trifle in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," said he, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not, sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."—Harper's Weekly.

One Gift She Missed.

Six-year-old Harry wanted to buy his sister a little birthday present. His heart throbbed with joy at the thought, though he had in his pocket only 10 cents. Nevertheless a week ahead of time he went around the shops and came back with a very satisfied look. His mother asked him what he had bought.

"I got her a cream puff," he said.

"Well, you know, Harry," said his mother, "that won't keep fresh for a week."

"That's what I thought after I bought it, mother," replied Harry calmly, "and so I ate it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

How Fast He Could Go.

A breeder and trainer of race horses who is known almost as well in England as he is here recently sold a horse to an Englishman. The Englishman before paying for the horse quibbled a bit about the price and then said:

"You know, I'd like to see the horse first just to see how fast he can go."

"Never mind about that," said the trainer. "He can't go any faster than I can tell it."—New York Sun.

Family Secret.

"That's papa's picture," explained the little girl to the caller who was looking at a framed photograph on the piano. "You wouldn't know it unless I told you 'cause it's got a smile on the face."—Chicago Tribune.

Dodging the Water.

Constable—Come along. You've got to have a bath. Tramp—A barf! What, wiv water? Constable—Yes, of course. Tramp—Couldn't you manage it wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners?—London Tit-Bits.

It is the common wonder of all men how among so many million of faces there should be none alike.—Browne.

THE MEXICAN BORDER

How Both Sides of the Line Are Watched and Guarded.

UNCLE SAM'S BRAVE RIDERS.

The Work That Is Performed by These Well Mounted, Well Armed and Courageous Patrols—The Mexican Rurales and Their Methods.

If business or recreation should take you down to that long line which forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico, you may by chance meet a well mounted rider, armed with rifle and pistols, pacing observantly along some bypath or canyon. He is one of the United States boundary riders appointed by the treasury department to patrol the border on the lookout for smugglers, cattle runners and other persons whose presence on the American side is generally undesirable.

For this position the man selected must possess courage, judgment and no little physical endurance, for his duties may call him forth at all hours and seasons, and he may be responsible for a stretch of border land many miles in length.

For example, between San Diego, on the Pacific coast of California, and Yuma, in Arizona, there is but one boundary rider to patrol a line of over 150 miles, and this is in part over a sparsely settled mountainous region and partly through the waste of the Colorado desert.

As opposite him, on the other side of the line, the Mexican government maintains from fifteen to twenty rurales for the same work, it is a good illustration of the trust reposed in a single American citizen by his government. It is probable there is no other man in the United States whom it would be harder to find at a given moment than the boundary rider of the San Diego-Yuma district.

He may be down on the Colorado desert, watching near some water holes for a venturesome band of cattle runners, or in some canyon of the mountains on the lookout for a wagon load of prohibited immigrant Chinamen; but, wherever he is, one may be fairly sure it is not where the transgressor of the customs laws expect him to be.

That he must possess both judgment and courage the following incident, which took place during the career of the former boundary rider in this district, will aptly illustrate:

For some time a band of cattle runners had been working successfully back and forth over the line in spite of the boundary rider's vigilance. They seemed to be able to divine his movements, so that while he was watching a trail through the mountains they were rushing a bunch of cattle over the desert.

But at last he managed to surprise the band and, rifle in hand, drove two of them into Campo.

Then, however, arose the question as to the method of taking them down to the coast. He hired a double seated vehicle, the only one in the place.

But at once another question presented itself. How was he to seat his prisoners, for either they must be placed together on the front or the back seat or separated, both seemingly a hazardous choice?

He finally decided to separate them, and so, with one on the front seat with him and the other behind, he started for the coast.

The cattle runners managed to communicate with each other by signs and at a rough part of the road made the boundary rider, in turn, their prisoner. Needless to say, they then made the best of their opportunity to escape over the border, but as they fell into the hands of the unsympathetic rurales they would have been better off if they had submitted to the law of their own country.

This brings one of the somewhat different methods pursued by the Mexican government in guarding their side of the border. From a cursory inspection of the line one might suppose that the Mexican side is not guarded at all. You may cross the line ten times at different places and never set eyes on a rurale, but it is well known that you have done so nevertheless, and on the eleventh excursion you are likely to find yourself surrounded by a picturesque group, who will carry you off to jail if your explanation is not satisfactory.

As a rule, the rurales patrol back and forth in detachments at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from the actual border. Many a headlong dash for the American side has been made by perfectly law abiding citizens, with the rurales at their heels, because they have been heedless in obtaining a permission to cross the border.

True, an American citizen may cross the border at will, as far as he himself is concerned, but as he is almost certain to carry some article liable to duty it is upon that charge that he may be arrested.—Michael White in Youth's Companion.

Rural Claims.

Through the influence of the daily press cities and their needs have come to absorb such an amount of daily attention that the importance of the country and its inhabitants to the welfare of the nation is largely overlooked; hence the call to do everything that can be done to enlarge, to refine, to purify and to strengthen the life of our country people. And one means to this end which has not hitherto been used as much as it might have been is the cultivation in the school and in the home of the habit of reading good books.—Bishop of Hereford in Nineteenth Century.

A STRENUOUS RULER.

Daring, Coolness and Bravery of James IV. of Scotland.

One of the interesting characters of history is James IV., king of Scotland from 1473 to 1513. He was athletic, courageous and fond of adventure. In putting down insurrections and improving the criminal administration of the country he was foremost in the ranks and did not shun a hand to hand contest. He married a daughter of Henry VII. of England and made a treaty which secured peace between the two countries. He labored to build up a navy and develop commerce and showed skillful diplomacy in dealing with other nations. He was killed in battle at Flodden, where his army was disastrously defeated by Henry VIII.

Those were strenuous times, when it was necessary for a king to be a fighter and to inspire his obstreperous subjects with some degree of terror. King James used often to go about the country in different disguises, not only because he loved adventure, but because he could thus secure information on the state of the nation at first hand.

It is related of the vigorous Scottish king that once when wandering through the hills during the night he was overtaken by a violent storm and was obliged to take shelter in a cavern near Wemys, which is one of the most remarkable antiquities of Scotland. Having advanced some way in, the king discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep for supper. From their appearance he suspected that he had fallen into evil company, but as it was then too late he asked hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it and invited the king, who was unknown to them, to sit down and join them at supper. They were a notorious band of robbers and cutthroats, and this fact soon dawned upon James.

As soon as they had finished their supper one of them presented a plate on which two daggers were laid in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the king that this was the dessert they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers and fight him whom the company selected as his antagonist. The king, realizing that he was to be murdered, instantly seized both daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers nearest to him. He then dashed out of the cave and made his escape, returning as soon as possible with a body of soldiers, by whom the whole band was arrested and publicly hanged.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

A BRAHMS ANECDOTE.

The Man Who Spoiled an Evening For the Great Composer.

Among the Brahms anecdotes which are popular in Germany this one was contributed by Frau Luise Pohl. Brahms liked Baden-Baden and took as much pleasure in a winter visit to the place as in the crowded summer time. The residents knew this when they invited him in 1876 to come and direct some of his works. After the concert the friends of the master assembled at Goldemen Kranz by invitation of the oberburgermeister ganner to "drink a glass of wine." The session lasted long, but gradually the company grew smaller. Presently they had all gone except Brahms and Cornelius Rubner. After awhile even Brahms suggested home, and his young companion eagerly agreed to adjourn the session. On the way home Brahms asked his companion, whose name he had not heard, "By the way, do you know this young director Rubner?"

"Are you interested in him?" he asked by way of answer.

"Certainly. Adolf Jensen thinks he is not only great, but genial. Don't you know him?"

"I know him very well. He is an arrogant, conceited fellow, who can do nothing and knows nothing."

The pleasure of the evening was spoiled by this harsh opinion as to a man whom Brahms had made up his mind to like. The next morning he attended, with some others, a breakfast at Jensen's, where he told the story. He had hardly finished when the door opened and Rubner walked in.

"That's the man who slandered your friend," said Brahms, and when everybody laughed he suspected what was told to him as soon as the first man recovered.

Using the Fire Buckets.

In many business offices fire buckets are placed, filled with water, in readiness for an emergency. It is seldom, says the Scientific American, that instructions for use are pinned near the supply. The wrong way to tackle an incipient fire is (usually) to hurl the whole contents of a bucket on the spot. Most of the water is wasted by this means. A heavy sprinkling is more effective. The water may be splashed on the blaze by hand, but a more useful sprinkler is a long haired whitewash brush. One of these should hang beside every nest of fire buckets.

A Doubtful Assertion.

Browne—They say that drowning men catch at straws.

Towne—Yes, but I doubt it. I've seen a number of men drown, and those of them who had any preference at all seemed in favor of a plank. In fact, I do not now recall ever having been asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning.—New York Journal.

Extravagant.

Kind Lady—If I give you this penny what will you do with it? Beggar—Hire a motor cab and show me friend Rigsby the town, ma'am.—Illustrated Bits.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never props him up.—Ruskin.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nervine. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeons' knife, would, it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

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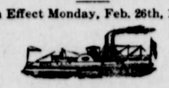
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