

# A REVOLVING SIGHT.

DO SAYS PROFESSOR ANTHONY OF DEATH BY ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

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

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

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

Why was electricity chosen as the agent? Why not one of several other means of causing death? I can conceive of no reason except that the effects of electricity were least understood and there was the least actual knowledge of how best to set about it. To kill a man by this means. No one ever more lucidly exactly how electricity kills. Recent experiments by Dr. Bielsch of Columbia, Co., remarkable for the ingenious and thoroughly scientific methods by which all the effects have been studied, have thrown new light upon the subject, but even today we are very far from knowing, with the precision with which other causes of death are known, just how death is caused by the electric shock.

Neither do we know how to apply the current. Certainly if there is no less cumbersome apparatus and no less clumsy method available than that in use at this time, no one ever more lucidly exactly how electricity kills. Recent experiments by Dr. Bielsch of Columbia, Co., remarkable for the ingenious and thoroughly scientific methods by which all the effects have been studied, have thrown new light upon the subject, but even today we are very far from knowing, with the precision with which other causes of death are known, just how death is caused by the electric shock.

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

Painless no doubt it is, but so would

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

If we must inflict the death penalty and wish to be really humane about it, there are several ways by which death can be brought about, and certainly without inflicting muscular contractions, or burning the body, or anything of the kind. The criminal could be given a sleeping draft and then laid out in a glass case, which could then be filled with the fumes of burning charcoal.

I ask in reason why we should seek to make death particularly easy to the criminal. I ask upon the whole scheme of capital punishment as a scheme that upon our civilization, but if a man must be punished with death it is certainly not upon the theory that he must be put out of the way in the simplest possible manner for him. It is assumed that the death of the death penalty will prevent crime that otherwise might be committed. The penalty, if it is to be inflicted, should cause in a firm to be deterred, yet this is no reason for torturing or for the weakness of justice. The criminal should come to his fate with a full knowledge of what awaits him. The execution of the sentence should be by a method that is swift and sure, without mystery, and about the effect of which there is no uncertainty. These should be an opportunity to think as to the result, and no reason for excuse for a repetition of an operation. Electricity does not fulfill these requirements and never can until we have far more than we do at present of its effects in the human organism. If we knew all we ought to know to warrant its use, I believe an instrument that could be carried in the pocket would accomplish the results as surely as the hundred horse power engine and dynamo now employed.—Professor W. A. Anthony in Chicago Electrical Journal.

**The Matter.**  
We must bring this matter into a row in order that we may give a flow of milk at 2 years of age and in order to get her into the habit of giving milk. The average man does not understand that a heifer must eat so as to furnish nutrition out of her food, for her own sustenance first. Here are 600 or 700 pounds that she must keep up to a temperature of 98 degrees or 100 degrees, or else die. You see how difficult it was to keep comfortable in this room when our stove had little coal. Imagine heifers placed in such difficult conditions, where the owner does not build a fire to aid them in doing up energy. What else can he do? He consumes more fuel in order to keep her temperature up to the proper

point. In 1886 Dr. W. H. Russell was a teacher, engaged as the staff of the London Times as a leader writer, a consistent connection with journalism much less common in this country than in England, where most of such work is done out of the office, and makes a controversial string for young professional men who have not yet become used to the more profitable practice of the law. One evening in February he was called to the office of the editor, Mr. Deane, and told that a very agreeable exchange had been arranged, "to go to Malta with the governor." At this time Deane was no active thought of war. Then came the expedition to Turkey, which even then no one thought would result in a peace war. His trouble began here, the general in charge of the expedition not being able to carry a newspaper man should be in the front. And he had landed and pitched his tent in a quiet place it was immediately put down. The idea of giving a correspondent official recognition was regarded as absurd, and in spite of order from the government at home, Dr. Russell had great difficulty in getting a grudging allowance of transportation and rations, without which he could not have remained in the field. Yet in spite of this he thinks the correspondence was true. He died there, when they were under military command with thick and badger. Later in the campaign some friends of his sent him a handsome portable cottage—which served, however, to house the life of the officers in charge, who did not wish having a journalist so housed.—Exchange.

# SLAVE OR FREE?

It was on the Mississippi in 1838. The "subject" had just lost a dollar or so.

Being the girl and boy here that I brought up before, I'll give you the story, one thing, gentlemen, and I'll make a man.

The boy was not far from 10 years of age, with a face like a boy in other words was his mother's, his father's only weakness. "Look here, gentlemen," spoke the planter rising, "there's a likely pair, for a girl and her boy, as you can see up. I paid \$200 for them. Give me your opinion."

"Why not put 'em up together?" asked one.  
"There's no use in my saying," the girl here says that she will herself if her boy is sold away from her, and her old mother says she'll be sure to keep her word. But she'll see the woman, in worth more to I ask for the pair. Now, what do you say? Will you take 'em as I am?"

The owner waited a few moments without receiving an answer and then said: "I must have the money, so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars a share and 20 shares for the pair."

The children, all but two, were quickly taken by those at the table.  
"Two more chances, gentlemen!"  
A man, who had spoken to the judge and then made his way to the table and threw down two gold pieces.  
"Give it to the woman!"  
"The girl and her boy!"  
"Yes, give her a chance!"  
"What chance?"  
"Before the planter could call again Judge Underwood had placed \$10 upon the table, saying as he did so:

"This is for the boy."  
"Good!" cried the owner of the property. "Here's a chance for Tommy, and that's the last. Where's the clerk?"  
"Here!"  
"Have you got blanks for this sort of business?"  
"Yes!"  
"Then won't you fill up a bill of sale of these two—Ninette and Tommy—and leave a place to put in the name of the winner?"  
"Now for the draw, gentlemen!"

The draw was brought on, and the shaking commenced. Of the first ten numbers it was the biggest number—red. The clerk then turned up 42. Then the owner held again the ivory first throw, when one of the gamblers threw out 49.

The crowd were now all excitement. Forty-nine was a hot point to beat. The lowest number that could be thrown was 8 and the highest (white stars) was 34, making what is called an average throw about 21. Of 100 throws the majority will fall below 31.

Again the dice rattled. In the box at the second gambler took his turn, but his throw was a bad one. The twenty-eighth throw belonged to the clerk of the box, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw 45, tying the gambler.  
"Come, Ninette, it's your turn!"  
The woman started and quivered, and pressed her hand over her heart. Only the counting and pulling of the eagle broke the stillness of the place.  
"Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?" she said in a low, quivering voice, and imploring and of quiet moment.  
"Let your boy throw for you," murmured the man. "His luck should be better than mine."  
Tommy came forward and took the box. His mother's hand was clasped, and her

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My mother's claim. Now throw for Tommy—throw for the chance I gave you—now up and take your seat, and may heaven help you!"

"Now again, Tommy," said the planter.  
"It's no use, mother, I can't get 49!"  
"But you've got your seat at the table, my boy!"

"Now," cried the judge, "that was your mother's chance. Now throw for Tommy—throw for the chance I gave you—now up and take your seat, and may heaven help you!"

That was not an assembly of religiously hushed persons by any means, but the fervent position of the judge met with a stern and respectful response of "Amen" from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. The dice were rapidly shot, and the clicking of the dice was heard. The only sound in that silent, above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the dice cubes. Presently the dice showed two sixes.  
"Five, six, six, six, six!" murmured the planter, sitting down the dice.  
The dice were gathered up and thrown again.  
"Six, six and a five, good! That's 17!"

The boy was pale as death as he took the box for the last time, and his mother looked again a shivering for support. At length—not the least was moved.  
"There comes—17 and that's all! My boy, put in a trump! Now, Mr. Clerk, fill up the bill of sale, and I'll sign it before these witnesses."

The move that followed was, in better language than described. The last time I heard of my father-in-law he was alive and well, though long retired from active life. Ninette was his housekeeper, and Tommy his most trusted and trusted henchman.—New York Times.

**Leaves and the Weather.**  
If you follow the movements of a leaf in a bottle containing about a pint of water covered with a piece of muslin, you can have a pretty good forecast. The leaf lies rolled together at the bottom of the bottle—fair, or variable or rainy. It rubs rapidly about the bottle—strong wind. It rolls over and over convulsively—storm.—Journal of Hygiene.

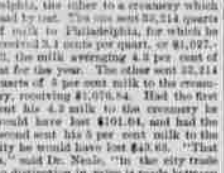
**Which Pays Best?**  
To prove which is the more profitable market, the creamery or a milk association, in Philadelphia two dairymen reported to Dr. A. T. Neale, monthly by month, one sending his milk to Philadelphia, the other to a creamery which paid by test. The one sent 22,214 quarts of milk to Philadelphia, for which he received 2.1 cents per quart, or \$4,672.24, the milk averaging 4.4 per cent of fat for the year. The other sent 22,214 quarts of 5 per cent milk to the creamery, receiving \$1,076.84. Had the first sent his 4.2 milk to the creamery he would have lost \$101.44, and had the second sent his 5 per cent milk to the city he would have lost \$43.65. "That is," said Dr. Neale, "in the city trade no distinction in price is made between a product with 5 per cent and one with 4.2 per cent of butter, yet in 22,214 quarts of milk this difference on a creamery basis represents \$150.67."



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