

He Made Up His Mind That He Would Sleep in the House

The farmers throughout the region of Pulaski Pa. have long been the victims

on high posts near their houses, to be used as dinner signals to summon

aid in case of fire on the premises, or to give other signals to their neighbors. J. H. Davidson, a farmer living near there, has a big bell on a twelve-foot post. He also has a shepherd-dog named Jim. Jim is forced to sleep out of doors and in cold weather, he does not relish it. A rope hangs down from Davidson's bell, so that it can be easily reached. The night was a very cold one, and also a bright one. Somewhere about midnight Davidson was awakened by the ringing of his big bell.

Three times loudly and unmistakably, was heard again. Davidson sprang out of bed, and hurried down the stairs again. No one was to be seen. The dog again came in the house, and lay down by the stove.

If others in the house hadn't heard the bell the farmer would have thought he must be mistaken. No one in the house is superstitious, but this mysterious ringing of the bell by unseen hands made them all feel uncomfortable.

the dog would have barked. Jim was driven from the house again, and the family went back upstairs, but not to bed. They sat by the windows and looked out upon the bell post with unquestionable awe. As they looked they saw the dog Jim trot deliberately from the house to the bell post. He raised up on his hind feet, seized the iron rope in his teeth, and gave it three or four vigorous jerks. The bell rang and the porter came.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries our method of executions, was most brutal. There was the long cart with the criminal in an open cart with his coffin by his side, either to be burned or to the spot where he committed the murder; the cart was stopped under the gallows, the rope was fastened round the criminal's neck, the executioner gave the horse a lash, and the wretch was left swaying to and

gling on to his legs, and beating his
least, a shocking sight. But
nging then was looked upon
a holiday spectacle, in which we
d the lower class took great inter-
er, and evinced much sympathy with
a deceased. For instance, Claudedu
l, the celebrated highwayman, lay
state at the "Tangier" Tavern in
Gilles's in a room hung with black
th, the bier covered with scrutch-
ns, and with eight wax candles

...rning around. He was buried by torch light, and was followed to Cove Garden Church by a numerous train of mourners, mostly women. A French writer, who visited England in the reign of William III., says: "He that is hanged or otherwise executed, first takes care to get himself shav'd and handsomely drest, whether in mourning or in the dress of a bridegroom. This done, he sets his friends at work to get him leave to be buried, and to carry his coffin with

n, which is easily obtain'd.
 men his suit of cloths, or night gown,
 gloves, hat, perriwig, nosegay, cof-
 fained dress for his corps, and all
 se things are bought and prepar'd,
 main point is taken care of—his
 is at peace, and then he thinks
 his conscience. Generally, he stud-
 a speech, which he pronounces un-
 the gallows and gives in writing to
 Sheriff or the minister that attends
 in his last moments, desiring that

may be printed. Sometimes the dress is in white, with great silk leaves, and carry baskets full of flowers and oranges, scattering these far and all the way they go. But to represent things as they really are, I must needs own that, if a pretty many of these people dress thus gaily and go about with such an air of indifference, there are many others that go slovenly enough, and with very dismal ap-

"I remember, one day, I saw in a park a handsome girl, very well used, that was then in mourning for her father, who had been hanged a month before at Tyburn for false age. So many countries so many lions."—John Ashton, in the *German's Magazine*.

Southern Landscapes.

ne never hears of a tourist going a second time to bask in the splendor of a tropical scenery. The reason for this is because, not to put too much point upon it, there is no tropical scenery. The south has its magnificent magnolias, with their dark, glossy leaves and dazzling white flowers, its pines and its palmettos, its

of moonlight turning night into day and the phosphorescent sea into a blazing mirror; but it has no scenery. The general aspect of every southern landscape upon which my eyes have rested, from Charleston, S. C., to Pernambuco, in Brazil, is that of a gray, lifeless dead, and dying waste of vegetation, in which there is nothing attractive or even tolerable. The massive

separated from its natural associates of dead moss and dead creepers transplanted to the lawn, becomes a splendid tree with the land-gardener's care; but a single tree in its natural state, in the scenery. Considered singly there are many beautiful flowers, shrubs, trees in hot latitudes; but collected in its natural state, the south-western forest is a dreary, sun-burned jun-

to the brightness and freshness
of northern deciduous trees, or
our perennial pines.—Detroit Free