

## KILLED BY ELECTRICITY

Doctors Say the First Shock Killed Buchanan.

### SECOND SHOCK PRECAUTIONARY.

Review of the Dead Man's Crime and His Long and Remarkable Fight For Life—Opinions of the Doctors Present on the Execution.

SING SING, July 2.—With two electric contacts consuming not over a minute, Dr. Buchanan was put to death in Sing Sing prison.

Like all the others who have preceded him he went to death calmly and did not say a word in the death chamber. The only appearance of fright or weakness was the fact that he closed his eyes when he entered and did not open them again.

Two contacts were made, but all the physicians and electricians claim that the second was merely precautionary and that the victim died instantly.

There were no burns and no unpleasant features, and every physician present declared the execution a success.

The body had been claimed by friends and the case will go down into history as a cause celebre.

His trial, which was a very sensational one, was begun on March 20, 1893. It cost the county about \$30,000. Expert medical men were pitted against each other and no stone was left unturned by the prosecution or defense in their preparations for the medico-legal battle.

Lawyers Burke, O'Sullivan and Brooks, Davidson and Knight defended the

should not be produced for resistance on a day so named by the court.

Lawyer Gibbons, who was present, was granted two days to submit a brief, but he claims that Assistant District Attorney Lindsay handed him a printed order (not written nor typewritten) half an hour later granting the motion and ordering the production of Buchanan on May 27 for resistance.

Gibbons submitted his brief on the 22d. On May 27 Buchanan was taken from the prison to Albany, and on that day he was sentenced to die during the week beginning July 1.

Opinions of Physicians.

SING SING, July 2.—In view of the fact that sensational reports of the second contact were sent out, the opinion of all the physicians present, except Dr. Van Gieson, was obtained.

The autopsy revealed that all the blood had been driven from the heart by the contact and the air from the lungs. The following are the interviews:

Dr. Sheehan, health officer of Catskill.—In my opinion death was instantaneous and painless. There was no blunder and the first shock killed. The second was for precaution.

Dr. O'Sullivan, New York—I agree with that statement.

Dr. Kelly, Mount Vernon.—The first contact killed.

Dr. Irvine, Sing Sing.—The execution was a success.

Dr. Sullivan, Passaic, N. J.—I believe death was instantaneous.

Dr. Morrell, Yonkers.—Death was instantaneous.

The body of Buchanan was taken from Sing Sing by New York undertakers to be prepared for burial. They said they came at the request of friends in New York.

KING OF BANK BURGLARS.

New York Police Succeeded in Nabbing a Very Big Rogue.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Maximilian Shimburn, a venerable but well preserved man, was arrested at Thirty-fifth street and Seventh avenue by some Pinkerton detectives.

The technical charge upon which the arrest was made was that of attempted burglary on the First National bank at Middleburg, N. Y., on April 16, but this is one of the most insignificant crimes perpetrated by the prisoner during an unparalleled record.

In the attempt on the Middleburg bank four men were detected in the act of forcing an entrance. Three escaped under heavy fire, but William Brown fell into the hands of the police. He is now awaiting trial at Albany.

Shimburn has for 30 years been recognized by his own police and by the authorities of every European city as "King of Bank Burglars."

He is an American product, in the criminal sense, having begun his "professional" work here early in the "sixties," as leader of that great galaxy of safe breaking stars all of whom are now either dead or imprisoned under virtually life sentences.

Shimburn had 30 years ago from this country, carrying away half a million dollars in plunder. It now appears that three years ago he quietly returned to his original field of operations, organized a new band of burglars and went to work.

Under a dozen aliases and over a period of 30 years he has stolen millions, evaded countless pursuits, broken out of a dozen prisons, lived in luxury, purchased a foreign title, engineered the greatest robberies of the age and fairly won the title of the century's greatest thief.

YALE DEFEATS HARVARD.

Thirteenth Victory For the Varsity Team Wearing the Blue.

NEW LONDON, June 29.—The caravan of Yale defeated the men of Harvard for the 13th time since the annual contests were inaugurated between the colleges at Springfield on June 30, 1876.

The race was rowed under favorable conditions and was a fair test of merit, in which Harvard was beaten by 25 seconds, or nearly 10 lengths. The distance was four miles on the Thames river, down stream, from a point below Gales Ferry, and extending to the big railroad bridge at New London. The official time was: Yale, 21:30; Harvard, 22:05.

A Chautauque Lake Romance.

PITTSBURGH, July 1.—The Pittsburgh Press club took a trip to Lake Chautauque. Miss Esther Gill went along as chaperone for a younger sister, who was the guest of one of the members of the club. When the party boarded the steamer City of Chicago for a tour of the lake, Oliver Higbee appeared suddenly as one of the guests. On reaching Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. Higbee and Miss Gill disappeared long enough to find a minister. They sent their marriage certificate home and the younger sister had lost her chaperone. The elder Higbee wired his son at Niagara Falls his forgiveness.

Hackman Towed Indicted.

BUFFALO, June 29.—An indictment against James Towe, the hackman, was reported by the grand jury, charging him with murder in the first degree in the killing of Josephine Bennett. The woman was strangled on her back some months ago. Hiberto the police had been unable to find testimony to secure an indictment. Towe was brought before the court, pleaded not guilty and was remanded to jail for trial.

Some of Veterans Meet.

SYRACUSE, July 2.—The Sons of Veterans state encampment began a three days' session here today. A public reception will be held this evening and a military ball on Wednesday night, with a parade on July 4.

Blaze in New York.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Fire in the 7-story drug storage building occupied by McKesson & Robbins damaged the stock and building to the extent of \$50,000; fully covered by insurance.

Warden Sage appealed to the attorney general for instructions, and was directed to defer the execution until the appeal claimed to have been taken should be dismissed or determined. Governor Morton granted another respite of one week, until May 8.

District Attorney Fellows and the attorney general had a conference as to the best method of disposing of the legal tangle, and the attorney general said that in order not to delay the execution of justice any longer the master should be taken to the court of appeals on the application of the district attorney.

This course was adopted, and on May 30 Mr. Fellows made a motion before the court of appeals at Albany, that Buchanan's lawyers should show cause why he

## HEAR AN ASSESSOR.

HE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE AND GIVES A BIT OF ADVICE.

His Piano and Poverty Problem—A Parrot That Was Cheap at Any Price—A Scene in Upper Tendon—An Appeal For Courtesy to the Assessor.

When by telling the truth an evil is perpetrated, then it is wrong to tell the truth. I suppose that is the reason so many people are doing good by telling falsehoods to personal property assessors.

The writer is a deputy assessor in the west town, and at present he is compiling a book that is full of names and figures. The names are all right, but the man who said "figures can't lie" never assessed personal property.

There are about 50 assessors, who form in a line at 9 a. m., move up to a window in Assessor Jacob M. Horn's west town office, Haymarket Theater building, and get our books and blank schedules. These callipers covered books contain a little map of some particular district in the great West Side.

We move out to these districts and go to work. The town clerk registers our oaths to "faithfully perform the duties of an assessor," and the people we assess do the rest of the swearing. That isn't all. Sometimes they set the dog on us and otherwise treat us as though we were book agents. That makes the assessor warm, and then he interviews a neighbor regarding property that is not assessable. And the consequence is people who "bonused" the assessor will find a valuation placed upon their property that will cause them to think there is nothing certain but death and taxes.

Occasionally we find poverty and a piano together. The piano is assessable, and the poverty isn't. If you assess the piano, you increase the poverty, and there you are.

These incongruities come up, and unless you have the wisdom of a board of equalization there is trouble. Speaking about this board, I have an idea that they will just about double the poor assessors' figures when they get down to work. A keen assessor can locate every piano in his district. If he doesn't hear it, everybody else in the neighborhood has, and they tell him about it. I asked a real nice looking lady the other day if she had a piano, and she said "No."

"Why, yes, mamma, we have," said her little girl.

The mother said: "Go into the house this minute, you naughty girl. How dare you!" And then the child knew she had done something wrong. She had told the truth to a nasty, mean assessor.

I went into a little candy store on the same street. To the woman behind the counter I stated my business.

She replied: "I am a poor widow. My God, what will I do?" Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she sobbed as though her heart would break. The assessor felt so mean that he sneaked out without asking her name.

Even the parrots are down on assessors. A Latin street bird told the assessor to go to—any number of times while he was conducting the inquisitorial ceremony.

"That bird speaks very plainly," said the writer.

"Just hear the dear fellow. He can say—just as plainly as I can. I will sell him for \$15. There's a bargain." And the lady meant every word she said. A parrot that can assess is dirt cheap at any price.

This is how they do it on Ashland boulevard.

Scene, front stoop of a stone mansion. Dramatic personae, lady with large diamonds in her ears. Negligee attire. Assessor with book and an official smile.

Lady—We are cleaning house today, all topsy turvy, and you cannot come in.

Assessor—Not at all necessary, my dear madam, that I should go in. I have brought this book and my imagination along, and I can see all that is necessary. I see that this is a beautiful house, and the eye of my imagination penetrates these walls. I see grand piano, statuary by Thewlaster, paintings by the old and new masters, tapestries from India, carpets from Turkey, china from Dresden, bric-a-brac from all parts of the world—in short, everything that a lady of your exceptional judgment would use in embellishing such a noble mansion.

Lady—Sir!

Assessor—While I can hardly venture to place a valuation upon such treasures I will be moderate and say \$10,000.

Lady—Do it if you dare! Come in and see.

The assessor went in and found his mental picture scarcely overdrawn, but the final courtesy caused a slump in the valuation.

Here is a bit of advice to persons who are inclined to resent the intrusion of an assessor. The advice does not cost a cent, but if you do not act upon it you may be caused no end of trouble and money also. Throw your door wide open to the assessor, invite him in, give him to understand that you are the obliged party and give him the information he seeks, and it is 10 to 1 that you will be treated fairly, and a point or two may be stretched in your favor. Shut him out, and he will make a record of the fact, and in fixing the valuation of your property find nothing in your favor. If you go to the office with your schedule, the fact that you refused admittance to the deputy is noted, and in that event you will pay all the law demands.—West Side Assessor in Chicago Times-Herald.

Diplomatic.

"Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you'd decide a bet between me and Mr. Barrows. He says it is only 500 feet from here to the hotel, and I say it is 1,000 feet."

"Well," said Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It's about 500 of Barrows's feet and 1,000 of yours."—London Tit-Bits.

## THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes at me, and spoke in quiet, grown up voice. Having my law the seventh time deciphered, I struck him and dismissed him.

With his mother's hand. His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his gift should hinder sleep, I visited his bed.

But found him slumbering deep. With darkness on his face and his eyes shut. From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with mean. Kissing away his tears, left others of my own. For on a table drawn beside his head.

He had put, within his reach. A box of counters and dice and what stones. A piece of glass abraded by the beach.

And six or seven shells. And two French copper coins, rang'd there. With careful art.

To comfort his sad heart. So when that night I prayed. To God and wept and said:

"Ah, when at last we lie with tranquil breath. Not vexing thee in death. From this remembrance of what toys We make our joys.

How weakly understood. Thy great commanded good. Then, father, not less. I know I shall be freed from the clay. Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say: 'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

—Coventry Patmore in Church Standard.

HE WAS VERY HUNGRY.

How a Texas Got a Good Meal at a Restaurant's Expense.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," quotes the remarks of a Confederate about two famous leaders under whom he had fought. This man said of Stonewall Jackson, "If you was had some good general like him, I reckon you could lick me."

When asked whether he had ever seen General Lee, he replied: "Yes; I was a sort of orderly for Uncle Robert for awhile. He's a mighty calmlike man when a fight is going on."

This story is told of General John B. Magruder:

"Our General Magruder thinks a powerful sap of what he eats and wears. He allers has a right smart of truck."

"There was a Texas feller one time who had struggled from his brigade, and he was a pert one, he was, stranger. He was hungry enough to eat a general, buttons and all—that Texas feller were. He saw Magruder's table all spread, with a heap of good fixins' in it, and I'll be hanged if he didn't walk in, part as you please, grabbed a knife and fork and opened fire all along the line on them fixins'."

"Magruder heard something in his tent and hurried in and asked that Texas chap what brought him there. The Texas 'lowed he were hungry. Then the general, stiff and grandlike, said, 'Do you know, sir, at whose table you are eatin'?"

"The Texas chap, he kept drivin in the pickets on them chickens, and he said to the gen'l, said he, 'No, old hoss, and I ain't no ways partick'lar, neither, since I've come soldierin'."

"What did Magruder do?" asked a Yankee listener.

"Do? Why, he saw them chicken fixins' were spilled, and he jest put his arm under his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out. And that Texas hoss didn't leave anything on that table 'cept the plates—not even his compliments."

"Who were he? Well, no matter. He hadn't no manners, he hadn't. He were powerful hungry, stranger, that chap were."

A Fortunate Accident.

"I am lost!" the prima donna sobbed. "My years of hard study have gone for nothing."

"Alas, what is the matter?" asked her maid.

"My prospects are ruined, all through a wretched accident. Just as I was approaching the end of my aria a horrid bug flew on the stage and lit on my neck."

"And you screamed?"

"I did. What else could I do? It was my last scene and I had no chance to redeem myself."

The bell sounded and the maid announced a man from the theater.

"Show him in," said the prima donna. "I may as well meet my fate at once. It is my dismissal from the company."

"Sense me, ma'am, for disturbin' you," said the visitor, "but de manager wants to know did you run away from your curtain recall 'cause you was took sick."

"No. I am perfectly well."

"All right. That'll ease his mind. He says that scream you let out at the wind up was the finest high C he's heard in years and you've got the town crazy over you."—Washington Star.

Modesty.

The confidence of musicians in their own accomplishments is often a matter of merriment to other people. A certain pianist had performed several novelties, to the not too great delight of a private company, when the hostess thought proper to compliment him moderately.

"Your playing is remarkably fine, Mr. Keys," she said.

The pianist waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Really, madam," he said, "the credit does not belong to me, if I am endowed with genius by a higher power!"—Youth's Companion.

Too Funny by Half.

"Do you keep bloomers to rent?" she asked as she sailed into a fashionable dressmaker's on Fulton street.

"No," said the polite salesman, "but we keep materials for repairing rents in bloomers. Have you?"

But she was gone.—Brooklyn Eagle.

In 1400 the cold was so severe in Russia that the Baltic sea was frozen over. In 1400 this occurred again, and horse men rode from Denmark to Sweden.

A mean landlord raised the rent of one of his houses because the walls have been out, and therefore made the house larger.

The total immigration from France to this country has slightly exceeded 113,000.

## A GREAT BLOWHOLE.

The Singular Rock Formation on the Australian Coast.

One of the most pleasant as well as famous tourist resorts in New South Wales, is situated on the coast some 70 miles south of Sydney. The center of this district is Kiama, a picturesque and thriving town surrounded by rich agricultural country, and which has been built upon an old igneous flow of basalt, that has solidified and crystallized into huge columns of what is popularly called "bluestone."

This formation is seen to perfection on the west coast of Scotland and north of Ireland at St. Fingal's cave and other places, and those who are acquainted with the rugged appearance of the coast in these places can form a good idea of the appearance of the New South Wales coast at this point. Kiama, unlike other tourist resorts, can be thoroughly enjoyed in either fair or stormy weather, and those who visit the town when a good gale is blowing have an opportunity of witnessing a sight the like of which does not exist elsewhere on our globe.

The famous "Blowhole" here situated, in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea, forms a truly wonderful sight. With each successive breaking of the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air sometimes as high as from 300 to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower and accompanied by a rattling noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for many miles around.

This "Blowhole" is a singular natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about 100 yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to St. Fingal's cave on the west coast of Scotland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave, towering waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance farther into the rock than the "Blowhole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tandon becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up to the perpendicular opening.—Photographic Journal.

HANDICUFFS STOP TALK.

And Breaking a Prisoner's Jaw Keeps Him From Running Away.

A police officer was under cross examination in the police court. The defendant was charged with using vulgar language, battery, disturbing the peace, drunkenness and resisting an officer.

"You put the handcuffs on this man, didn't you?" asked the attorney for the defense.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do that? Was he resisting or attempting to escape at that time?"

"No, sir."

"He was walking along quietly enough, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you handcuff him?"

"He was using vulgar language."

"But why did you put those things on his wrists?"

"I couldn't put them on his mouth."

"What did he do then?"

"He tried to run."

"And what did you do?"

"I broke his jaw for him."

"Why did you break his jaw?"

"Well, I couldn't break his leg, could I?"

"Then, as I understand it, you put handcuffs on him to keep him from using vulgar language and broke his jaw to keep him from running?"

"Yes, sir; that's right; that's what I did."

"Did the handcuffs stop his vulgar language?"

"That's what they did."

"How?"

"Well, he's deaf and dumb, and he was swearing with his fingers."

"Did breaking his jaw stop his running?"

"Yes, sir. When he came to he was where he couldn't run."—San Francisco Post.

Citizen Train.

George Francis Train sat in state in Madison Square park the other day, and as he lolled on a bench munching peanuts a man came along who had been drinking. There are few persons on earth who think the sage of the square an easy mark for their shafts of wit.

"Kin you tell me," asked the lurching chap, "why you are crazy?"

George Francis looked at him for a moment. "Yes," he answered. "I am, I'm pained by so many fools who ask questions."

"Don't sensible folks ever talk to you?" went on the man.

"Never," replied the philosopher. "You have answered your own question, 'If you asked the information really, you put yourself down as a silly person. If you're not bright enough to see the point, you are convicted of being one of the class you mention. In any event you're a fool. Now go home and reason it out.' And the half-dazed individual sauntered away."—New York World.

Ten It to the Marries.

Miss Inland (to old salt, who is showing the party over the flagship)—And what are all those soldiers on board ship for?

Bo'sun's Mate—Thim? Oh, thim's the marines, sa'm.

Miss Inland—Marines? And what are they for?

Papa Inland—Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Every body knows those gentlemen are employed by the government for the sailors to tell stories to.—Pearson's Weekly.

From Force of Habit.

Annie—I wonder what makes Mr. Droopley down in the month tonight?

Gaybelle—Force of habit, I suppose. He's a dentist, you know.—Boston Courier.

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