

## PLEASANT PRISONS.

THE SPECIAL ONES IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

They Are Intended Particularly For Members and Other Persons Who Violate Parliament's Own Dignity, Rules and Customs.

Few persons are aware that England's parliament has its own special prisons within its own precincts which are intended particularly for its own members and persons who violate its own dignity, rules and customs. Of course these prisons seldom are used now, but they have been in the past, and not so very long ago, and may be again. The house of commons has one set and the house of lords another.

The commons prison is a little way up in the Clock Tower. Here are two sets of prisons, intended only for the accommodation of one prisoner each, one set being a little higher up in the tower than the other. Each set consists of a sitting room and two bedrooms, the former being a nice, comfortable room about three by five yards, with a neat carpet and chairs good enough for anybody. The extra bedroom is not intended for the prisoner or for any friends whom he might desire to put up for the night, but is the sleeping apartment of the official who looks after him during his incarceration. This man is usually the supervisor of badge messengers, and, besides looking after his man, he is also his servant for the time being, and waits upon him just like any other. He never need worry himself much upon the question of the possibilities of the prisoner's escape, for the sergeant-at-arms is responsible, and inasmuch as the only way of getting to and from the prison is by way of this sergeant's house and through it, the risk of such a thing ever happening is practically prohibitive.

While he is there the prisoner really has a good time. No restrictions as to hours are placed upon him, and he may rouse himself from his slumbers just when he feels most inclined and return to them in the same way. Practically the only thing he cannot do is to walk about outside just as he pleases, but he is permitted to take an hour and a half's exercise each morning and an hour in the afternoon on the terrace of the house, and the terrace, broad and long and with its splendid outlook upon the river, is by no means a bad place to take exercise. If he were left entirely unguarded, the prisoner might dive into the river and swim away, or what would be simpler, hail a passing boat. So, just for precaution's sake, a couple of officers accompany him while he takes these breaths of fresh air.

He goes on Sunday to the church in Vincent square, and on these occasions also he has a couple of innocent looking attendants.

Moreover, there is no question of so many ounces of bread and meat, but if he has the money to pay for it he may feed himself upon the choicest viands that the most cultured palate could suggest. The house of commons has a first class restaurant, where the hungry M. P. may dine as well as he could anywhere in London. Each day the dishes which the kitchen has prepared are indicated on a menu which is brought up to the prisoner, and he ticks off anything for which he feels a fancy, and it is brought to him. The only drawback from his point of view is that the bill is presented to him just as it would be anywhere else, and in the event of his refusing to pay up he would eventually be served with a court summons.

Among the occupants of the Clock Tower have been the late Charles Bradlaugh, who found himself consigned thither on account of a little difference with Mr. Speaker on the subject of the parliamentary oath. When Northampton returned Mr. Bradlaugh to parliament, he was not allowed to take the oath nor the substituted process known as affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, secured a New Testament and took a self-administered oath, after which he proceeded to the next step of signing the roll. He refused to withdraw when the speaker requested him to do so, and consequently the sergeant-at-arms took charge of him, and to the Clock Tower prison he went.

When the erection of the Tower bridge was being considered, a statement was made that the Tower bridge bill committee was subject to bribery and corruption—a serious charge. Two men responsible for it were pronounced to have committed a breach of privilege, for the house is very sensitive upon such matters, and the speaker issued a summons for their appearance. One of them, Mr. Ward, gave himself up without delay, and he got seven days in the Clock Tower prison. The other offender, after a little delay, was captured and was for a brief period housed at Newgate.

The first M. P. imprisoned in the present house of commons was W. Smith O'Brien. One day in 1846 he committed contempt of the house by declining to sit upon a certain committee. Consequently he was sent to prison during the few weeks that the committee deliberated. This time, however, he was not sent to the Clock Tower prison, which was not finished, but did his durance in the cellar of the house.

**A Scotch Custom.**  
In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter, an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic, because indistinct.—Euripides.

## WHEN DOGS ARE SICK.

The Way to Give Medicine to These Highly Sensitive Patients.

In all treatment of a sick dog remember you are dealing with a highly sensitive and nervous patient. Be very gentle, avoid roughness or anything likely to alarm him. In giving him any liquid medicine do not open his mouth, but, placing him between your knees, with his face looking in the same direction as your own, gently raise his jaw and, pulling his lips away from his teeth on one side of his mouth, to form a cup or funnel, very slowly pour from bottle or spoon the quantity he is to have into it.

Keep his head raised for a minute or two and if he does not swallow the dose insert a spoon between his front teeth. This will have the effect of drawing off his attention from the medicine and he will usually swallow at once. If the dose is a pill, bolus or anything solid, hold his head the same way as before mentioned, but with the left hand under lower jaw, press firmly on each side with thumb and finger at the junction of upper and lower jaws.

This will usually cause him to open his mouth, when the dose should be put into the mouth as far back as possible over the tongue (or he will spit it out) and close the jaws somewhat sharply, and in most cases the deed is done. If any trouble arises with the action of his front paws this may be got over by wrapping him round with a shawl or coarse apron.

When once you have got into the way of it, you will be surprised how simple it is. I am quite sure a practiced owner or kennelsman would dose a dozen dogs while a novice was making a bungle over one.—"All About Dogs," by Charles Henry Lane.

## THE COLLAR BUTTON.

Its Blessings Realized Only by Those Who Have Lived Without It.

"In looking over a trunk full of old truck the other day," said the elderly man, "I came across a lot of old shirts with the buttons sewed on, and as I looked at them I realized anew what the collar button means to humanity. There have been greater inventions, surely, but not many that have conferred a more unmixed blessing on mankind."

"The younger person of today, accustomed to the collar button always, cannot realize what it was to be without it. He can never know what it was to have shirts with the buttons sewed on—or not, as the case might be. Not so very many years ago, when the collar button was yet comparatively new, before persons had come to keep, as everybody commonly does now, a lot of buttons on hand, the man who had lost his collar button thought himself entitled to the sympathy of his fellows, but wrung as he might be by that loss he could not even guess at the anguish that in the sewed on button days filled the heart of the man who, when he came to put on his last clean shirt, found that key button, the one on the collar band, most important of all, gone entirely or only just hanging by a thread!"

"I knew a man once who had this happen to him and didn't swear. That was the only great thing he ever did, but I have always thought that that alone was enough to stamp him as a most extraordinary man."—New York Sun.

## Ditched the Bishop.

"I remember once driving across the country with Bishop —," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of "A Missionary in the Great West" in the Ladies' Home Journal, "while discussing the nature of the soul. That is, the bishop was discussing. I was only prompting by a question now and then. We were on the rear seat of a wagon, with the driver on the front seat. It was a very dark night. In the middle of the bishop's exposition the wagon took a wild plunge, there was a crash, and over we went into the muddy ditch."

"I beg your pardon, gents," said the driver, who had retained control of the horses as we scrambled to our feet. "I was so interested in hearing the man discuss my immortal soul, which I hardly ever knowed that I had one before, that I clean forgot where we was and drove you plump into the ditch."

## Better to Have Waited.

The other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones' first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately and said to Jones, very sternly indeed, "Jones, this will not do!"

"No, sir," replied Jones gently, drawing off his coat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have entered McKurken's order in the wrong book. Far better to have waited till I came!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## A Thief's Trick.

A mastiff was trained to assist thieves in Paris. It was in the habit of bounding against old gentlemen and knocking them over in the street. A "lady" and "gentleman"—owners of the dog—would then step forward to assist the unfortunate pedestrian to rise, and while doing so would ease him of his watch and purse.

## Leisure Class.

Lord Sayvan-De Livrus—Ah, but your leisure class in this country have no titles.

Miss Sharpe—Nonsense! What's the matter with "hobo," "Weary Willie," "Dusty Roads," and so on?—Philadelphia Press.

## Nearer at Hand.

"Did you ever reflect on the immensity of the solar system?"

"No. I've got my mind full reflecting on the size of the note I have to pay next week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Speech That Made a Hit.

Edward Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, related a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech composed for him by a newspaper friend neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket.

When the crowd outside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner, he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and held there by the coat tails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudible mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with a generous applause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge.

"You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him. "What did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes. Give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their notebooks.

Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said. "Do you want it all?"

"Well, rather," they answered. "That speech made a hit."—Argonaut.

## Why He Carries a Can.

"You wonder why I always carry a cane except when I am carrying an umbrella," remarked a well known Philadelphiaan the other afternoon. "Well, I don't mind telling you. It's all on account of umbrellas."

"Can't see the connection," rejoined the friend to whom he was talking.

"Didn't suppose you could. But you will when I have explained. You lose an umbrella every once in awhile, don't you? Put it down somewhere and walk off and leave it?"

"Yes; I have had that happen to me frequently."

"Well, I used to, but not since I took to carrying a cane. An acquaintance in Chicago put me on to the scheme. 'Get a cane of some kind,' he said to me one day, 'and carry it every day and every night that it doesn't rain. By that means you become so accustomed to having something in your hand you are lost without it. Then when a rainy day or evening comes and you are compelled to carry an umbrella about with you the benefit comes in. Say you have gone into a restaurant and when you come out the rain has stopped. You walk out into the street without your umbrella. Presto! After you have taken perhaps a dozen steps you miss something. Your cane carrying hand is minus the burden it usually bears. Back go your thoughts to your umbrella and back go your steps to get it. Simple? Of course it is, but the simple things oftentimes prove the most valuable.'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Four Legged Weather Prophets.

Though the tortoise is an excellent weather prophet, the fact is known to comparatively few people. Tortoise farmers on the African coast notice that even 24 hours before rain falls these curious animals prepare for it by seeking the convenient shelter of overhanging rocks. It may be a bright, clear, sunny morning, but the farmers believe implicitly in the tactics of the tortoise, who is seldom mistaken, for the downpour is certain to come within the time stated.

A pet tortoise would be a practical present to bestow on one's friends. This curious premonition of the approach of rain is shared by many other animals and birds and may be explained partially by the fact that while rain is forming the atmosphere is increasing in weight, but there may also be some need of moisture which makes them aware of its approach or some habits of life which make them thus sensitive.—Chicago Record.

## Cool and Methodical.

A lawyer who worthily bears a distinguished name occupies an old fashioned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story, which is reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method. Recently his sister tiptoed into his room some time after midnight and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs.

In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard. The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling at it with all his might. The lawyer, seeing the robber's predicament, called to him:

"It does not open that way, you idiot! It slides back!"

## The Blue Pencil.

"This," said the man who was showing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy readers' room. It is the place where the matter sent in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women.

"No," he replied. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."—Chicago Tribune.

## His Advice.

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart.

"Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."

## STICK TO SIMPLE FOOD.

The American Business Man's Pace Demands Easily Digested Dishes.

"There was in the old days far less wear and tear upon the nerves, and, under such conditions, digestion was more completely performed," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer of "Why I Am Opposed to Pies," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The mothers of today must look more carefully to the building of their bodies and brains than their mothers and grandmothers did. Indeed at the pace at which we Americans are going we use our brains at full speed nearly all the time. What man can build brain and brawn on pies, layer cakes or preserves or any other mass of material which from its very complexity requires labor and time for digestion, drawing the blood from the brain to the stomach during his working hours? Observe those who eat their complex foods carelessly and hastily and you will see at a glance the conditions that necessitate a complete rest every now and then, or an early nervous breakdown."

"In my close observation in the last 20 years I find very few people in our common struggle for existence who can for any length of time eat carelessly of complex foods. At 40 or 50 a man may perhaps have accumulated wealth, but not health, and of what earthly use is the first without the second? Many persons in the generation gone before have eaten pies at least once a day, but they have not had meat three times a day, nor have they rushed at our pace. They gave more time to the digestion of the pie. People who recommend these rich foods rarely know anything of their complex conditions and still less of the complexity of digestion."

## HAM SMELLING A BUSINESS.

Peculiar Occupation For Which Only Few Are Qualified.

The ham smeller's only tools are a long steel trier and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him, and he plunges his sharp pointed trier into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint.

In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells. The slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor, he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or inexact or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as tea testing is supposed to be, but the ham smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck.—Kansas City Star.

## A Test of Accuracy.

Drawing from memory is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. Even professional artists find that they must rely largely upon hasty jottings made upon the spot as suggestions for their pictures. Those who are not artists need to look keenly and closely at what they wish to recollect, for they must depend upon their memory to bring details back to them. It is an excellent corrective of superficial observation to sketch a scene as we think we saw it and afterward return to the scene and take another view. It is a training both in accuracy and humility, for we learn how easy it is to deceive ourselves as to what we have remarked.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

## She Got a New Pair.

Sarcastious and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcastious. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcastious, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar—what do you want with all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working it up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—London Fun.

## Dress Well.

It is not enough that people shall be clad; they must be dressed. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," was the advice of Polonius to his son; "rich, but not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man," and the advice is just as good today as it was 300 years ago.

## In Luck.

"It's no fun being married. My wife is coming to me all the time and asking for money!"

"You're lucky! I have to ask my wife always for money when I want any!"—Heitere Welt.

## He Crushed the Hecklers.

The man who asks questions and insists on their being answered is a familiar presence at all party meetings. He is known as the heckler. The speaker is not allowed to disregard him. If a statement is disputed, it is the orator's place to make it good. Any member of the audience may rise to his feet and shout out a contradiction whenever he feels like it, and by the custom of English public life the speaker is expected to make some reply on the spot.

Mr. Chamberlain was always a dangerous man to cross in debate, but the personal feeling against him was so bitter for years after his withdrawal from the ranks of the separatists that many an unhappy man was driven to tilt against his shield. It was delicious to watch Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the situation. He would pause when the interruption grew serious and give the heckler a chance to make himself well heard. "Now if you will allow me I will ask that gentleman to get upon a chair that we may all have the pleasure of seeing him." A dozen anxious hands would hoist the objector in to unenviable prominence. "Now, sir," came the clear, passionless voice, "will you kindly speak up? I should be sorry if any one missed what you have to say."

The heckler, now quite unmoved, would stammer out something, and Mr. Chamberlain, listening with a malicious smile, would quietly readjust his eyeglasses, and turning to the audience, fling out a reply—cool, cutting and decisive.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

## How Twain Introduced Hawley.

"Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker," says Will M. Clemens in Ainslee's. "As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences Mr. Clemens took an active interest in the presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said:

"General Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow' he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so beautiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

## When a Kiss Was Valuable.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of concession or distinction for officers of high rank.

Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters. Then, too, only the nearest relatives were allowed to kiss their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, for in those days, as now, kissing was not a mere arbitrary sign, but it was the spontaneous language of the affections, especially that of love.

Under the Romans if a lover kissed his betrothed before marriage she inherited half of his worldly goods in the event of his death before the marriage ceremony, and if she died her heritage descended to her nearest relatives.—Frank H. Vizetelly in Woman's Home Companion.

## Easy Remedy.

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lover. What can I do for you?

Mr. Lover—I-I called, sir, to—to ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

"Humph! Appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when—when I am with her, very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully when I think of her."

"Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. One guinea, please."—Pearson's Weekly.

## Chinese as Cooks.

Second only to the French are the Chinese when it comes to culinary skill and with simple materials they will contrive to put together a meal which would shame an ordinary American cook. In peasant families the wife or daughter does the cooking, but in all large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of custom, but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the miraculous by simple repetition ceases to be miraculous.—Carlyle.

Bangkok is a city of waters. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating houses on the Menam, "the Nile of Siam," and the many canals than in permanent buildings.

## THE HEDGE.

Fair neighbor of the thatched cot,  
With gloire de Dijon clustered gable,  
So star sweet, on from plot to plot  
Thou trippiest, like a nymph of fable.

So blithe thy smile, so soft thy tone,  
Thou love so good a life to lead in,  
I'd fain the hedge were overthrown  
And our two gardens made one Eden!

But "Not!" cries Wisdom. "Spare the fence,  
The thorn, the ivy blackbirds nest in;  
Leave something for the finer sense,  
Some dream of joy to hope and rest in,

"Some glad surprise, some mystery  
Of inconceivably sweet meaning!"  
Wisdom is wise, My friend and I  
Scarce press the topmost twigs by leaning

—G. D. C. in Good Words.

## NIGHTMARE.

The Sensation That Always Makes a Man a Coward.

"Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark, downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self respect, dread of ridicule and even the instinct of self defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe, honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall."

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the fact that the dream is almost invariably accompanied by a sense of suffocation. It is well established that choking—the 'shutting off of one's wind,' to use a homely phrase—has an effect upon the mind which is entirely distinct and different from that produced by any other form of pain or peril. It fills the victim with such horror and distraction that he is for the moment insane. He will do anything to get relief. This has been brought out on more than one occasion in the defense of men who have been choked and killed their assailants, and judges have held that the circumstances of such an attack should be given special consideration as extenuating the deed. In dreams the entire nervous system is relaxed, and it is natural to suppose that the mental effect of suffocation would be intensified. At least, that is the best apology I have to offer for my sprits through nightmare land."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Habit in a Horse's Work.

"When I retired from the contracting business a short time ago," said a well known man, "I had a number of horses that I was anxious to dispose of. Among them was one named Jerry, which for several years had been used to working on a drum. In such work a horse becomes accustomed to lifting his feet high to avoid striking the hoisting ropes. When the horses were put under the hammer, Jerry went to a Harlem grocer."

"About a week later the purchaser of Jerry called at my house and told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse. He said that Jerry would go a short distance, when he would stop short and lift his feet high, and after doing this would go a little farther, only to repeat it again. I told the grocer why the horse stopped short and lifted his feet and also advised him to look up some contractor and sell the animal to him for hoisting purposes. He did so, notifying me that he received a larger price than he paid me for the horse."—New York Sun.

## How He Got It.

In one of Chauncey M. Depew's stories he told of meeting a man as funny as himself.

"One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured."

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or so, I was hit in the face."

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Among the aborigines of Australia the most common form of punishment less than death is the sparing of the offender through different parts of the body.