

SLICING CRIMINALS IN CHINA.

An Atrocious Law that is Happily Coming Into Disrepute.

The horrible means used for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law by the Chinese has been the subject of many articles all over the civilized world, but of late little has been heard of these cold-blooded executions.

It seems, however, that, although the inexorable indiscretionary law has passed out of existence in the more civilized portion of the empire, it is still in effect in other localities, where the condemned is put to death by the slicing process. A case has recently come to light in the northern part of China, and although efforts were made to save the offender, they were unsuccessful and he was killed in the old time way—literally butchered alive.

The victim was a boy 11 years old, who while playing with a piece of metal attached to a cord, accidentally struck his mother on the head, her injury proving fatal. By a peculiar Chinese law the child who kills a parent willfully or by accident, must pay for the act with his life. The child in this case was accordingly taken into custody at once, a mere form of trial was gone through, and a verdict of guilty found and sentence of death by the knife passed.

The condemned is tied upon a table similar to those used for surgical operations in this country. The feet and hands are firmly tied together and he is strapped to the board in such a manner that only a slight movement can be made. He is hooded nor gagged, his persecutors listening to his cries and watching the horrible facial contortions until death comes. A keen edged knife is used, the executioner first cutting away the fleshy parts of the body, beginning with the sides of the trunk from which large steaks are cut. The abdomen is next slashed, but in such a manner that it there is still life in the body the cutting will not prove fatal at once, the great object being to produce as much suffering as possible. The lower limbs are now stripped of flesh, followed by the arms. Few live after the first few slices have been taken away, but that makes no difference to the executioner, who finishes his fiendish work until only the skeleton remains.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF SINGING.

It Develops Lungs, Chest and Many Other Bodily Organs.

When one considers how many thousands of young men and women are studying the art of singing, and how very few of them ever learn it well enough to earn their living by it, or to give anybody much pleasure, one feels inclined to look on the vast amount of time spent on vocal exercises as so many hours wasted. But there is another point of view which is not often enough emphasized. In a recent number of a German journal devoted to daryngology, Dr. Barth has an article discussing with German thoroughness the utility of singing from a hygienic point of view. Every bodily organ is strengthened by exercise, singers exercise their lungs more than other people; therefore, he says, we find that singers have the strongest and soundest lungs. The average German takes into his lungs 3,200 cubic centimeters of air at a breath, while professional singers take in 4,000 to 5,000. The tenor Gunz was able to fill his lungs at one gasp with air enough to suffice for the singing of the whole of Schumann's song, 'The Rose, the Lily,' and one of the old Italian sopranists was able to thrill up and down the chromatic scale two octaves in one breath.

The singer not only supplies his lungs with more vitalizing oxygen than other persons do, but he subjects the muscles of his breathing apparatus for several hours a day to a course of most beneficial gymnastics. Almost all the muscles of the neck and chest are directly involved in these gymnastics. The habit of deep breathing cultivated by singers enlarges the chest capacity, and gives to singers that erect and imposing attitude, which is so desirable and so much admired. The ribs, too, are rendered more elastic, and singers do not in old age suffer from the breathing difficulties to which others are so much subject. By exercising so many muscles singing furthermore improves the appetite, most vocalists being noted for their inclination to good meals. The nose of a singer is kept in a healthy condition by being imperatively and constantly needed for breathing purposes, the injurious mouth breathing so much indulged in by others being impossible in this case. That the ear, too, is cultivated, need not be added. In short, there is hardly any

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kind of gymnastics that exercises and benefits so many organs as singing does.—New York Home Journal.

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Thousands dye this month. The vast majority make the work profitable and pleasant, while others are confronted with disappointment, despair and ruin.

The happy and successful dyers are those who always use the Diamond Dyes that produce the brightest, fastest and most lasting colors. The discontented and unhappy ones are the few that use the common and crude package and soap grease dyes, giving muddy and blotchy colors.

If you desire to make your costumes, dresses, capes, jackets, blouses, etc., look like new garments, buy some fashionable dark color of the Diamond Dyes, and you will be astonished with the results. Now is the time to look out the men's and boys' light colored and faded clothing and make them ready for another season's wear. Fast Diamond Black, Seal Brown, Indigo or Navy Blue will give magnificent shades on all garments. Insist upon your dealer giving you the Diamond Dyes every time you buy; then, and only then, is success assured.

Not Flattering.

Some people have a faculty for taking off the edge of a neighbor's pleasure. A writer in the Temple Magazine lately gave a case in point. It happened to a doctor of divinity who was preaching some special sermons. He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a well-dressed man, who greeted him most effusively.

'Delighted to see you, doctor,' he said. 'You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all.'

The doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons looked up and remarked:

'You must not take any notice of him, doctor—he's got softening of the brain.' The feelings of the doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rochdale. The morning was fine, and the congregation large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

'We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown,' remarked the preacher.

'Yes, sir, replied the guileless and outspoken brother, a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning.'

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove it Quickly—A Lady of Highgate Tells What It Did for Her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective. Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: 'I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me.'

What was Broken.

A recent issue of Life contains a short dialogue which will be appreciated by knights of the wheel. It is opened by a young man called Hobkins.

'My brother brought a wheel here last week,' he says, 'and you said if anything broke you would supply a new part.'

'That's right,' says the dealer. 'What do you want?'

'I want two deltoid muscles, a new set of knuckles, and a kneecap.'

The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

Here is a picture

that women will wonder at, one of these days. They won't understand what the woman is doing. Even now it looks queer to the users of Pearlina to see a woman doubling herself up over a wash-tub.

This old-fashioned, back-breaking way of washing clothes by rubbing them to pieces over a

Cheating a Bull

A Connecticut sportsman relates in Forest and Stream an adventure which must have been exciting enough to save his day from monotony:

I was hauling my boat across Eleys meadow to the creek—a hard pull, with decoys, gun and ammunition. I was about half way across and had sat down to rest when I noticed that one of a large herd of cattle was coming my way. I looked again. It was a big bull, and evidently meant business.

I knew he would overtake me if I ran so I turned over my boat and crawled under it. The bull seemed surprised that I had disappeared, and after sniffing around a while went off. I waited until he was nearly up with the cattle, and then started again. But the old fellow was no fool; he had his eye on me, and I had hardly started before he came back on the run.

To do my best I couldn't make the creek, so under the boat I went again. This time the bull was mad. He bellowed and pawed, and tore up the sod around the boat with his horns; but I held the boat down.

Finally, when I was getting tired, he got tired himself, and went so far away that this time I made the creek and launched my boat.

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WHAT VICTORIA READS.

The Queen's Literary Tastes Described by Her Lectrices.

Now that the Queen of England, like her grandfather, George III., suffers from failing eyesight, two persons in her household have come to possess more and more importance. These are the "lectrices," or readers, employed by the nation to save what remains of her Majesty's vision. The last Lord Beaconsfield once humorously described the two lectrices as "the Queen's pair of spectacles." For many years Fraulein Bouer and Mlle. Norele have held these places, the Queen only needing their services for German and French, as her English is read to her by her ladies in waiting or maids of honor.

Through the courtesy of the Queen's private secretary, a chat was recently obtained by the London Queen with both these ladies regarding the tastes of their mistress in literature. Mlle. Norele, a sprightly and charming Frenchwoman, was easily enough induced to speak.

'Her Majesty,' she declared, 'reads very little of the lighter side of our literature, unless, indeed, one excepts the various periodicals which are sent marked for perusal from the secretary's office. She is especially fond of the older authors works, Xavier de Maistre's, Victor Hugo's and portions of Balzac's, for instance. I think that the story she likes best in all French literature is De Maistre's touching 'Leprux de la Cite d'Aoste.' I have read it to her times without number, the beautiful pathos of the tale appearing to soothe her in a remarkable manner.'

'Of all the moderns, I really believe that her Majesty holds M. Alphonse Daudet alone admirable. She thinks his satire too too mordant, though, and prefers the delicious 'Letters from My Mill in Provence' and 'Trente Auz de Paris' to the better known books. You will be, perhaps, astonished to learn that the Queen likes Henri Murger; and many a time have we lugged together over the graceless scamps of the 'Vie de Boheme.' Last year we read Fenelon's 'Telmaque' from cover to cover. Her Majesty declared that the work brought back her life's happiest periods—her own childhood's days in Kensington Palace, and the days in which she taught her children their French.'

'A very important branch of my work consists in reading the many letters received daily by the Queen from members of her family and intimate friends. Nearly all of these are either in German or French. Many of the Queen's juvenile descendants are accustomed to send her long weekly accounts—perfect diaries in fact—of their doings and opinions.'

Fraulein Bauer was less communicative than her colleague. She comes of a family which has served the Queen's German ancestors in many capacities for generations back.

'The Queen,' she says, 'reads considerably in modern German literature. She is even fond of the humorous journals, and subscribes to all the principal magazines. Her German secretary, Herr Maurice Muther, carefully watches for all newspaper articles which may interest her, and sends them marked for reading. I think that Schiller is her Majesty's favorite poet but she is also very fond of Goethe, Heine she dislikes intensely. I have heard her quote the Prince Consort to the effect that 'Heine's genius had the phosphorescent light of decay.'

'She likes historical novels, particularly Laube's 'Der Deutsche Krieg,' and Schell's 'Eckehard.' This taste for historical fiction, I believe, follows the Queen into other languages. She admires Walter Scott. Felix Dahn and Freytag are two more favorites.'

'Reading her Majesty's voluminous German correspondence forms a very large portion of my duty.'

The Hon. Emily McNeill, who in her capacity of maid of honor to the Queen has read extensively to her Majesty in English, was kind enough to add a few words to those of the lectrices. 'The Queen's tastes in English literature,' she said are catholic. She reads almost every new book which is described to her as possessing real merit. For years the Queen took Lord Beaconsfield's opinion largely on the subject, but since the great Premier's death her advisers are many.'

'The Queen is never tired of re-reading Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens. Recently she has shown a sympathetic feeling for Milton, and has been perusing the blind poet's works. Lord Tennyson is, however, her favorite. There is an utterly erroneous opinion abroad that she greatly dislikes Mr. Swinburne. On the contrary, she has a remarkable liking for 'Atlanta' in Calydon and others of Swinburne's poems. Of late she has been reading Mr. Kipling and expresses admiration for his vigor and keen insight into human nature. 'She told a friend that Kipling had shown her empire to her in the most realistic manner.'

'With her fondness for historical fiction, she evinces much interest in the new school of historical fiction. The Celtic Renaissance also attracts her, for she sympathizes with the Gael to a remarkable extent, and is prouder, I verily believe, of her kinship to the Stuarts than of her descent from the Guelphs.'



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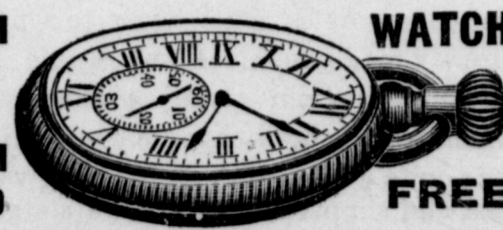
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