A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

How Heads Are Chopped Off in the Flowery Kingdom.

EXECUTION OF FIFTEEN MEN IN CHINA.

Reader, be warned. I have looked upon men being cruelly tortured; I have stood in the shambles where human beings are slaughtered like pigs; my boots have dripped with the blood of my fellow-creatures; I must exorcise memory with my pen. Therefore, gentle reader, unless your nerves are fairly strong and your taste healthily gory, pass this letter by.

It was in Canton, a city like no other Chinese city I have seen, a colossal human ant hill, an endless labyrinth of streets a dozen feet wide and a score high, crowded from daylight to dark with a double stream of men and women, exactly like the double stream between an ant hill and a carcase. All this mass of humanity is presided over by the most foreigner-hating Viceroy in China, and, therefore, it may be imagined what is the temper of the populace, especially as the Cantonese are the most turbulent people of the Flowery Kingdom. During the day the streets of Canton are in semi-obscurity, as they are closed in at the top by broad strips of cloth and long advertising streamers, but at night they are as black as Tartarus. Public safety and order are supposed to be preserved by occasional posts of soldiers, with a collection of weapons and instruments of torture hung up outside to strike terror into the evilly disposed. But, as may be imagined, crime of every kind is rife in Canton, and so bad is the reputation of the place that very often a servant from another part of China, travelling with his master, will rather forfeit his situation than accompany him there. And where the crime is, there is the punishment, too. It by no means follows in China that the person punished is the criminal, but there is enough cruelty in Canton to glut an Alva. Respect for the presence of an occasional foreigner causes a good deal of it to be hid, and the spectacle of a man hung up in a cage to starve to death in public is not a common one there as it is in other parts. But I think I can describe enough to satisfy you.

It is, however, the last act of the drama of Chinese justice that is the great revelation. I am inclined to think that nobody can claim to have an adequate and accurate appreciation of Chinese character who has not witnessed a Chinese execution. This is not difficult to do at Canton, for the Canton River swarms with pirates, and when these gentry are caught they generally get short shrift. A few bamboo ings to begin with, then several months in prison—and it is not necessary to explain what a Chinese prison is—with little to eat and a stiff course of torture, and then one fine morning a "short, sharp shock" at the execution ground. If you care to accompany me there I will try to place the scene before you.

THE EXECUTION

is fixed for 4.30, so at 4 the guide comes for us at Shameen, the foreign quarter of Canton, and our chairs carry us rapidly through the noisy alleys of the native city. Until we get close to the spot there is no sign of anything unusual. There, suddenly we run into a jammed crowd at the end of a long and particularly narrow street. The chair coolies, however, plunge straight into it and it gives way before us till we are brought up by a huge pair of wooden gates guarded by a little group of soldiers. To hear these men talk you would suppose that they would die then and there rather than let us pass, but the production of a couple of ten-cent pieces works a miracle and they open the gates for us, vainly trying to stop the rush of natives that follows us in and carries us before it right into the middle of the open space. It is a bare piece of ground, 50 yards long by a dozen wide, between two houses, whose blank walls hem it in on three sides. To-day it is the execution ground; yesterday and to-morrow the drying ground of a potter who lives there. There is no platform, no roped-off space, nothing but this bare bit of dirty ground so crowded with Chinese that we are forced into the middle, not more than four feet from whatever is to take place. It is no use to try to get further off—here we are and here we must stop. Suddenly the gates are thrown open again, and, welcomed by a howl of delight from the crowd,

A STRANGE AND GHASTLY PROCESSION

comes tumbling in. First, a few ragamuffin soldiers, making a fine pretence of clearing the way. Then a file of coolies carrying the victims in small shallow baskets slung to bamboo poles. As soon as each pair reach the middle of the space they stoop and pitch their living burden out and run off. The prisoners are chained hand and foot an are perfectly helpless. The executioner stands by and points out where each load is to be dumped. He is dressed exactly like any other coolie present, without any badge of office whatever. The condemned men have each a long folded piece of paper in a split bamboo, stuck into their pigtails; upon which is written their crime and the warrant of execution. One after another they arv and are slung out. Will the procession never end? How many can there be? This is more than we bargained for. At last over the heads of the crowd we see the hats of two pretty mandarins, and behind them the gates are shut. The number of men is fifteen, and the executioner has arranged them in two rows, about two yards apart, and all facing one way. All except one seem perfectly callous, and he had probably been drugged with opium, a last privilege which the prisoner's friends can always obtain by bribery. They exchange remarks, some of them evidently chaff, with the spectators, and one man was carried in singing and kept up his strain almost to the last. The executioners—there are now two of them—step forward. The younger tucks up his trousers and sleeves and deliberately selects a sword from several lying close by, while the other, an older man, collects the strips of paper into a sheaf and lays them on one side. Then he places himself behind the front man of the nearest row and takes him by the shoulders. The younger man walks forward and stands at the left of the kneeling man. The fatal moment has come. There is an instant's hush and every one of the two rows of condemned men behind, twists his head round and

CRANES HIS NECK TO SEE.

I will not attempt to describe the emotions of such a moment—the horror, the awful repulsion, the wish that you had never come, the sickening fear that you will be splashed with the blood, and yet the helpless fascination that keeps your eyes glued to every detail. The knife is raised. It is a short, broad-bladed, two-handled sword, weighted at the back and evidently as sharp as a razor.

For a second it is poised in the air, as the executioner takes aim. Then it falls. There is no great apparent effort. It simply falls, and moreover seems to fall slowly. But when it comes to the man's neck it does not stop; it keeps falling. With ghastly slowness it passes right through the flesh and you are only recalled from your momentary stupor when the head springs forward and rolls over and over, while for a fraction of a second two dazzling jets of scarlet blood burst out and fall in a graceful curve to the ground. Then the great rush of blood comes and floods the spot. As soon as the blow has fallen the second executioner pitches the body forward with a "Hough," it tumbles in a shapeless heap, and from every throat goes up a loud "Ho!" expressive of pleasure and approval of the stroke.

But there is no pause; the executioner steps over the corpse to the front man in the second rank, the knife rises again, it falls, another head rolls away, another double burst of blood follows it, the headless body is shoved forward, the assistant shouts "Hough!" and the crowd shouts "Ho!" Two men are dead. Then the headsman steps back to the second man of the front row, and the operation is repeated.

Two things strike you; the brutal matter-of-factness of the whole performance, and the extraordinary ease with which a human head can be chopped off. As a whole it is precisely like a drove of pigs driven into the shambles and stuck; and in detail it is—or seems—no more difficult than splitting a turnip with a carving knife or lopping off a thistle with a cane.

CHOP, CHOP, CHOP, THE HEADS ROLL OFF

one after the other in as many seconds. When the seventh man is reached, either because the knife is blunted or the executioner misses his blow, the neck is only cut half through. But still he does not stop. He comes quickly back, takes another knife, passes on to the next man, and only comes back to finish the wretched seventh when all the other heads are lying in bloody pools in front of the shoulders which carried them a few moments before. And every man has watched the death of all those in front of him with a horrid animal like curiosity, and then bent his own neck to the knife. The place is ankle deep in blood, the spectators are yelling with delight and frenzy, the heads are like bowls on a green, the horrible headless bodies are lying all about in ghastly grotesque attitudes, the executioner is scarlet to the knees and his hands are dripping. Take my word for it that by this time you are feeling very sick.

Fortunately you are not detained long. The moment the last head is off the crowd is gone with a rush, except a score of urchins who begin skylarking with the bodies and pushing each other into the blood. The bodies are thrown into a pond and the heads are plastered up in big earthenware jars and stacked up with those already round the wall of this potter's field. I had a few minutes' conversation with the executioner afterward. Decapitation, he told me, was not the occupation of his family; it is only a perquisite. But the business is not what it was. Formerly he used to get $2 a head for all he cut off; now he only gets 50 cents. It is hardly worth while chopping men's heads off at that rate. But then it doesn't take very long. Would I buy his sword? Certainly. Nine dollars.

HENRY NORMAN.

A Sinking City.

Real estate appears to have a downward tendency in Northwich, a town of England, wherein a small excitement is always prevalent as to whose house will sink or topple over next. The footpath on both sides of the road opposite the old Wheatsheaf Inn has begun to crack and sink rapidly. The Local Board officials are keenly watching the footpath, which has already sunk a foot. It is estimated that Northwich loses £1,400 yearly from this dislocation of gas and water-mains alone, and keen disappointment is felt at the refusal of the Goverment to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the subsidences, perhaps to learn their cause, which is not stated, though the phenomena may be due to the salt mines and brine springs in the neighborhood.

Quaint Advertisements.

Here are some advertisements which have recently appeared in the London papers: "A young lady most earnestly wishes to become acquainted with thorough believers in spiritualism. No trifler need answer." "A smart young novelist wanted at once. Salary about £4, increase to £6. Good hours. Good connection." "Agents wanted to sell beautiful portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, printed upon wood cut down by himself." "Young man wants secretarial engagements with literary man. Qualifications: Considerable ignorance, fair capacity for labor, some literary enthusiasm and ability to write shorthand."

An All-Around Favorite.

Mrs. Batts—What a delightful conversationalist Mr. Jabberbox is! It just does me good to hear him talk.

Miss Minnie Ball—Yes, indeed; but how restful it is to hear the silence while he listens to somebody else!

Nobody There.

Dudy (insinuating himself into a railroad seat alongside a pretty Miss)—Nobody occupying the seat with you, Miss?

Miss (looking at him disdainfully)—Nobody yet!

TREATMENT OF COUGHS.

Hints for the Allaying of a Very Unpleasant Habit.

In a recent discussion concerning coughs and their treatment by the Clinical Society of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, Dr. W. A. Shufelt said that he would like to say a word in regard to the habit of coughing which he thought had been lost sight of. He believed that a cough was in every case a reflex paroxysm, and that the more one coughed the more likely it was to be repeated. After the patient had had a cough for several days it required much less irritation to bring on this paroxysm than at first. He thought many patients got this habit, and by exciting the nerves irritated the cough. He had seen many cases in which the patients, having been directed to refrain from coughing as much as possible, had improved rapidly. It was a subject worthy of a great deal of investigation. It was well known that whiskey or brandy or a similar stimulant would relieve a cough, and the speaker thought that could only be explained on the theory that the stimulant excited the nerve centres in the brain, and in that way the paroxysm was reduced. He had seen some cases in which a galvanic battery, using the positive pole below the angle of the jaw, would also relieve a cough. The theory of counter-irritants accorded with this view; that was, he stated, that counter-irritants, blisters upon the chest, acted more upon the central nervous system than by relieving the arterial pressure by drawing blood to the surface. In regard to the treatment of cough, of recent years he had given up cough medicines of all kinds. He believed we could do more with such remedies as cresote and alum and turpentine. Turpentine and iodoform combined were excellent. Two drams of creosote, two drams of terebene and two drams of tincture of iodine in an ounce of refined spirits; 15 drops of this, to be inhaled whenever the paroxysm came on, he considered far superior to the nauseous mixtures that were often given. In acute bronchitis, instead of using medicines he was in the habit of using a tablespoonful of terebene in a pint of boiling water, and directing the patient to inhale this three or four times during the day.

BABBLE AT PARIS.

Police Unable to Handle the Crowd of Criminals at the Exposition.

The recent terrible murders reported at Paris are the natural outcome of assemblance of a horde of criminals gathered there from all parts of France attracted by the exposition. The Paris correspondent of the London *World* writes: "The crowds that you see wandering about the exposition seem happy and peaceful enough, but look at the crowd outside the exhibition. Take your seat at a table at the Cafe de la Paix, for instance, and watch the crowd. Go to the law courts and listen to the remarks of the heroes of the crime of Auteuil. Go to the races and examine the formidable army of petty book-makers and adventurers of both sexes, who have no regular means of existence. Talk with the chief of the police. All these sources of information will convince you that Paris, at the present moment, swarms with dangerous characters, whose audacity is increasing all the time. The police are even powerless to keep the boulevards in decent order, and to preserve the public from the annoyance and importunity of the hideous *voyons* who howl their wares from morning until night in front of the cafes, ready with insult and foul grimaces. As for the waiters and inspectors of the cafes, they dare not interfere with these scoundrels for fear of their vengeance; the police do not molest them, except in extreme cases, because the prisons are not big enough to hold them, or the laws practical enough to punish them; hence the ever-growing strength of an army of scoundrels, prostitutes, thieves and assassins."

Killed by a Bee.

A remarkable fatality from the sting of a bee is reported from Dorsetshire, England. A farmer who was attempting to hive a swarm of bees was so careless as to allow his mouth to stand wide open. Into this more or less inviting retreat a bee flew in search of a new home. The insect lodged in the farmer's throat, and being unable to go further it used the weapon provided by nature. The man's throat immediately began to swell, and despite all efforts at assistance, in a very short time he died from suffocation.

The Princess' Thimble.

The thimble presented to the Princess Louise at the wedding last week by the Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey is described as one of the most exquisite demonstrations of the goldsmith's art. It is of gold enamelled with rosebuds and thistles, and the top is composed of a huge diamond. It is pleasant to feel that if the Princess should ever have to apply for a job in an overall factory she would have something to begin work with.—*Washington Post.*

Not the Cat She Knew.

Uncle George was asking little Florence if she knew how to spell. "Can you spell cat" he said.

"Oh, yes, I can spell that," she replied.

"Well, why don't you spell it, then?"

She looked very wise, but shook her head—"I don't know what kind of a cat you mean."

His Shocking Taste.

Miss Caustique—I suppose I'll have to congratulate you, Harriet, on your engagement to Harry, but—

Harriet—But! But what?

Miss Caustique—Well, I must say Harry has shocking taste in everything. I never knew him to show good taste in the selection of a single thing.

A bachelor of forty he,
A man of culture, pride and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she,
With sparkling eyes and glowing health

He wooed, but not as others have,
With loving words more sweet than true.
He laid his bank-book in her hand,
And merely turned to "Balance due."

—A Western newspaper recently contained this advertisement: "A middle-aged woman who is capable, honest and industrious, but as homely as a stone-fence wants work.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

The Royal Wedding Feast—The Dresses Worn—The Trousseau—The Honeymoon.

A London cable, describing the Royal wedding, says: Soon after 11 o'clock the State coach and liveries of the newly-created Duke of Fife were seen coming up the Royal Mews towards the "entre" portico of the Palace. His handsome figure and well-favored face was set off to perfection by his full Highland costume, with a kilt of the famous Duff tartan and the broad green ribbon of the Thistle across his breast. In addition to the Star of the latter Order he also wore that of the Order of Albert of Saxony, conferred upon him when he visited Dresden as the chief of the special embassy sent to convey the Order of the Garter to King Albert. The Duke was accompanied by his friend, *factotum* and *alter ego*, Horace Farquhar, one of the most popular men in London, and who was to act as his groomsman during the ceremony.

DRESSES.

The bridal dress of the Princess was of the richest white satin Duchesse, very long, and with a flowing train fastened to the corsage. The skirt was entirely draped with volants of the most magnificent fine point De Gaze, intermixed with garlands of orange flowers. The bodice was of the same kind of satin, cut open in V shape, with a high Medici collar and elbow sleeves of lace. Volants of the latter were also arranged on either side of the V to the waist so as to entirely cover the satin, and were carried over the shoulder, forming a V behind. A train of orange flowers was arranged to fall from the left shoulder to below the right side of the waist. On her head she wore a wreath of orange flowers, with a point DeGaze veil, her coiffure and dress being sprinkled with a quantity of magnificent diamonds. Supporting the bride were eight bridesmaids, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the Princess Victoria of Teck, the Countesses Feodore and Victoria, and Helene of Gleichen. They were all dressed in a lovely shade of blush pink faille, with demi trains of draped crepe de chine, over which were arranged broad moire sashes. The bodices were cut V-shaped, with elbow sleeves, and trimmed with crepe de chine, with bouquets of pink roses at the throat. Each bridesmaid also wore pink roses in her hair. The bridesmaids' eight bracelets were designed by the Princess Louise herself, and consisted of narrow gold bands not much more than a quarter of an inch wide, set with the monogram "L. F." in diamonds, surmounted by a royal crown and an earl's coronet. These are in diamonds, too.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The guests took luncheon in the supper-room. This spacious apartment, with its dark, highly-polished floor, with the outer wall a glowing mass of solid gold plate, had an entirely royal appearance. A table was arranged around three sides, at which the guests took a champagne luncheon, standing. The bridal party sat down to a wedding breakfast in the main dining-room. The long table had seats for forty. In accordance with custom, two toasts were offered: "Her Majesty the Queen," and the "Bride and Bridegroom." In the absence of the Earl of Latham, the Lord Chamberlain, this duty fell on the Lord Steward, Lord Mount Edgecombe. There were no speeches, but when the second toast was proposed Her Majesty, to the surprise of everybody, rose in her seat at the head of the table, and under the magnificent ceiling of gray and gold, with the portraits of her kingly and queenly predecessors gazing down at her from the north wall, lifted her glass to join in honoring the toast. Her Majesty seemed in a remarkably happy humor throughout all the ceremonies.

GONE TO SHEEN HOUSE.

Between the heavy showers which marked the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, for so they are gazetted to-day, got into a close carriage and were driven to Sheen House. The Duchess wore a travelling dress white sicilienne of bold outstanding cord, the sides of the skirt very flat and straight, simulating somewhat the directoire coat and trimmed with lace and ostrich feathers. Over this was thrown a magnificent mantle of cream cloth, lined with pink surah. This had a high Medici collar of white and gold passementerie. The bride wore a bonnet of orange blossoms. The newly-wedded couple had an ovation all along the route to their house, near Richmond. On arriving they were enthusiastically welcomed. They passed between files of Venetian masts, decorated with floral festoons. The path was covered with carpet, upon which wild flowers were strewn by girls dressed in white. To-night Mortlake and Richmond, in the vicinity of the Earl of Fife's house, were brilliantly illuminated.

THE TROUSSEAU.

Much parade is made of the claim that this is a very simple wedding, for the reason that both the Queen and the bride wished to avoid ostentation, yet the cost of the bride's trousseau is estimated at $30,000. To make a possible political point this had been ordered from London, Dublin and Edinburgh impartially. Ireland is said to have sent the finest lace ever made in Ireland, while the manufacturers of Scotland laid themselves out to send some of the daintiest of underwear imaginable.

Death of An Admiral.

A London cable says: Admiral Thomas Bailie, of Wyburgh, died yesterday morning at Kelso. The Admiral joined the naval service shortly before the battle of Navarino, in which he took part, being then a lad of 16 years, and for which he received the Navarino medal. During the Crimean war the Admiral commanded the British fleet in the White Sea, and successfully blocaded the Russian fleet. He was an uncle of the present Earl of Haddington, and of Lord Polwarth.

Mrs. Wabash—Did you read about the Stimson scandal in the *Bugle* this morning? Mrs Lakefront—No; I never read such things. But Mr. Lakefront told me about it. Mrs. Wabash—Some of it was pretty bad, wasn't it? Mrs. Lakefront—Yes, indeed; especially that at the bottom of the third column on the first page.

Dr. McGlynn.

"Base ye call us," cry the people,
Worshippers of ease and gold,
Sordid need, and gross ambition,
Like the base-born slaves of old;
But our hearts have thrilled within us
Hearing of the great and free
Of past ages—holy, just ones—
Sons of light and liberty.

"Give us back Savonarola,
Italy's great priest who died—
Saviour of a slavish people—
He who tyranny defied!
O the flames that wrapped his body
Lightens up the night of Time!
One more herald of the sunrise
In the darkness glows sublime.

"Give them back, those sons of freedom,
Baseness from our midst will flee,
Give Mazzini, Gracchus, Danton,—
We will hear, rise up, be free.
But now is the reign of Mammon,
Only gold is gain;
And we sigh for life's past greatness,
Sigh for it in vain."

O ye deaf ones, O ye blind ones!
Like your sires of old.
Dreamers crying Light has perished,
Freedom's fires grown cold.
Rouse ye from your heavy slumbers
See! the dawn is here,
Heralds of the coming sunrise
On all sides appear.

Look around you, see the great ones
Throng on every side;
Martyrs in your midst have perished,
Whom ye scorn—deride.
Heroes in your midst have suffered,
Champions of the truth,
Scorning scorn, and hating hatred—
Mammon's reign forsooth.

Hear the great Savonarola,
He has come to earth once more,
And his thrilling voice has echoed
Round the world from shore to shore.
Stronger than all superstitious
Titans in the darkness born—
Strong as life and death, he withers
Baseness with his holy scorn.

Though they hate him, tyrants fear him,
Cower beneath his grave, calm gaze
From his eyes looks forth undaunted
The great soul of olden days.
Hebrew Daniel and Isaiah,
Sons of God, of Light and Truth;
Rome's unconquerable Gracchi,
Dying for her in their youth;

Earth's strong heroes earth's pure martyrs,
Born to suffer and to save,
Champions ever of the helpless
Sons of toil or hopeless slave;
Leaders in the van of progress—
(Greatness ever is akin),
Room ye giant sons of freedom
For our priest McGlynn!

E. JOHNSON.

Picton, Ont.

The Festive Fly.

How are you, friends and fellows, all?
I'm back again, you see;
Come back to pay my summer call,
And frisk awhile with glee.

The music of my vibrant wing
Is heard on every side,
From morn till dewy eve I sing,
And round about I glide.

I love to take my morning stroll
On some bald-headed pate;
I love to jump from mole to mole,
And round and round to skate.

But if perchance my drowsy friend
Has hair upon his head
It makes no matter, I attend
Upon his ear instead.

Oh, what a joy profound it
Is to hear you toss and swear,
While around your head I softly flit
And buzz with not a care.

I love to perch upon your toes,
Half peeping from the sheet;
Upon your nose I love to pose
And fiddle with my feet.

I love to kiss the nectar lips
Of every maiden meek;
I love, between those honeyed sips,
To daily on her cheek.

I love—but I shall have to go,
A furtive hand is nigh.
I'll see you later, as you know,
Until that time good-by!

CURRENT TOPICS

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth, and, assuming that condensation takes place at an average of 3,000 feet, scientists conclude that the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 332,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000 horse-power constantly exerted. Of this prodigious amount of energy thus created, a very small proportion is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

In an interesting letter to *Science* H. A. Hasen, of Washington, gives some interesting and valuable particulars respecting the properties and nature of fog. He says it is admitted that fog is simply cloud composed of water, dust or solid minute spheres of water from 1-7000 to 1-1000 of an inch in diameter. Many have supposed that a dust particle must be a nucleus for each sphere, but an examination under the microscope of evaporated fog has proved that such is not the case. Briefly stated, the cause of fog is as follows: It is essential that there be no wind. The sky must be saturated, or nearly so. The formation of fog is a purely mechanical process, unaccompanied by heat.

The journalists who feed the English end of the Atlantic cable have put in a particularly busy week or so. Ordinary gossip has been switched off the wires and nothing below a golden wedding or Royal nuptials has been good enough for these young men to handle. They have fed the public with angel cake and lady fingers until they are getting tired of it. But a rather pretty story about the newly-wedded Princess and her sweetheart will bear repeating. It is said this shy Royal maiden had been soft on the Earl for years; in fact, even before she came out, but she had never told her love. And during these five years the Princess always bought a birthday present for the man she loved, but as she never dared give it to him, the little gift was laid away in a drawer and carefully locked up. This was only a bit of girlish sentiment, but it shows that love—like death—levels all, and shows the Princess is a woman with a heart.

It Walked.

"Have you any second-hand type-writers you'd like to sell?" asked the peddler.

"No," replied the merchant, "but I've one I'll give away."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Chews gum and spells dozen 'uzz.'"

It is a sign that a woman is getting old when she stops crying over trouble and begins to think.