noon, Ned approached him in a genial, affable way.

"I say, Nicholas," he began, "sit down and chat with a fellow for a few minutes, can't you? I tell you it is no fun being shut up here day after day with no one to speak a friendly word to you."

"Can't, sir; my orders is to serve yer an' keep num," laconically responded the sallor.

"Well. of course, you'd have to keep.

"Well, of course, you'd have to keep mum upon certain subjects," Ned said, in a matter of fact tone; "but sate least you can tell me something about the boat and your duties: I'm wonderfully fond of yachting myself, only, of course"—with a slight smile—"I don't exactly relish taking my pleasure in this way. This is a fine vessel, though."

"Indeed she is, sir," answered the man, with a satisfied look and drawn out in spite of himself by Ned's praise of the dainty craft. "She's a beauty, an' no mistake, as trig as can be, rides the water like a bird."

"Yes. I see she's a fast sailer, and she must have cost a round sum. Been aboard her long?" Ned inquired.

"No, only 'lout three months, or a leetle more; one of the old hands died, ami I took his place."

"Um—how many hands does it require to sail her?"

"Elgibt, sir, besides the steward."

"Nine men against two," was Ned's inward comment and for expenses. least you can tell me something

"Nine men against two," was Ned's inward comment, and for a moment his heart almost failed him. But he remarked with a smile and apparent carelessness:
"And a pretty soft snap, too, isn't

Yes, sir; except when we make

long voyages, then we have to stan' round purty sharp."
"Long voyages,' repeated Ned, trying hard to coaceal the intense inerest he felt regarding his point: what do you mean by that?"

"What do you mean by that?"
"Well, sir, I've never made a special
long voyage on this 'ere craft: but
they do say she came from Californy
last fall, an'—an'"—letting his voice
fall as if fearful of being overheard
—"we're waitin' for the loss now to
make the trip to t'other side of the To Europe?" Ned questioned, with

is heart in his mouth.

"Ay, ay, sir; but I've no business tellin' you the affoirs of my boss," the man said, flushing guiltily.

"What's the harm, since I suppose

I've got to go along, too, and nobody

I've got to go along, too, and nobody can be the wiser for it, while I'm shut up here?" Ned sakl, confidentially. "When do you expect Mr. Gould?" "Can't say, sir; I heard the mate say he'd telegraph the captain the time he'd arrive in Halifax. But this won't do for me, sir, I must be off to my work, for me and the first mate are goin' ashore on a leetle lark to night," and the man, having really thawed out, gave Ned a sly wink as he turned to leave the room.

Again Ned's heart leaped into his throat, for this arrangement would materially reduce the force to be contended against.

But he gave a little laugh and remarked:
"A lord of the same and the garden and remarked:"

A lark, eh? Are you allowed to be gone all night?"
"No, sir; we've got to be on board again some time afore mornin'; but I reckon it'll be purty nigh daylight," and with another wink the man went out, locking the door carefully after him.

Ned's face was very pale and grave as he crept under his berth and called to Mr. Hunting.

"We've got to take our fate in our hands to-night," he said, as his friend's face appeared at the aperture.

"So soon?" the man exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"Yes for we may not soon have

"Yes, for we may not soon have another opportunity," Ned replied, and then related the conversation just

ecorded.

They conversed a long time and They conversed a long time and with great earnestness, maping out their plan of action with exceeding care; then schooled themselves to wait, with that patience they could command, until darkness should settle down on land

Ned, watching from his window, saw te and Nicholas row away e yacht, in one of the boats before the support ittle before the supper hour, and his great joy he saw a third man

with them.

Then he called to Hunting to join him in his state-room, which he did, entering through the aperture under the berth. They then arranged their ropes and gag in readiness for their victim, and about five minutes before it was time for their supper to be served. Mr. Hunting stationed him self helping the door went for eits. served, Mr. Hunting stationed him self behind the door, ready for action. He was a powerfully built man, and Ned, as he marked his attitude, and the stern, resolute lines about his mouth, felt assured that he would not fail to do his part in the coming trial.

They had not long to wait, for steps and the clutter of dishes were soon heard approaching Ned's door—for his meals were always served first.

The key was turned, the door opened back against Mr. Hunting, and a

strange face appeared in view.
"Ere's your supper, sir," gruffly
said the newcomer, a great burly
fellow, nearly as large as two of Thank you," courteously return-

"Thank you," courteously returned the young man: who was apparently engaged in writing by the side of his berth. "just set the tray down, please, and I'll be ready for it presently." and he motioned toward a stool which stood near him. m. The man went forward unsuspl-

cious of any trap. deposited the tray on the stool, and was about to retrace his steps when Hunting, who had noiselessly closed the door behind him, sprang upon him and dealt him. him a stunning blow directly behind the ear.

It was very deftly done.

The man swayed dizzily for an instant. staggered, but before he could recover himself in the least degree Ned was upon him, his strong lithe hands around his throat to stant, staggerel, but before he could recover himself in the least degree Ned was upon him, his strong lithe hands around his throat to prevent any call for help, while another blow from Mr. Hunting's fist completed the work so well begun, and the two men eased their victim to the floor, where he lay limp and still, entirely at their mercy.

It was a comparatively easy matter then to bind and gag him, which they did most effectually, and then lifted him into the berth and covered him with a blanket.

Then the two confederates, pale

Accordingly when the man came at and somewhat unnerved from excite and somewhat unwerved from excitement, sat down and quietly waited further developments, and an opportunity to go on with their work. They expected as the moments went by, to hear inquiries made for the missing man; but as no one appeared to notice his absence, they finally concluded that he was off duty for a time, and congratulated themselves upon the rare good luck of the circumstance. When it grew quite dark Mr. Hunting, who, as we know, had made a long voyage in the yacht, and knew every inch of the ground thoroughly, ventured out into the cabin, to reconnoiter and ascertain if further aggressive movements would be practicable, while Ned kept guard in the

traction, while Ned kept guard in the state-room.

The place was empty.

Nothing was stirring; not a sound was to be heard, but the regular pacing of the man on duty overhead.

Moving with great caution, he ventured to penetrate to the steward's quarters, where he found the man fast asleep in his bunk leading from the pantry, while opposite him slept another sallor—the engineer, who was also off duty, and judging from the sums which arose from their breath, one or both of the men had imbibled very freely of some potent beverage.

beverage.

A gleam of triumph shot over Mr.

Hunting's face, as he looked upon

The first mate and Nicholas, with another man, were ashore; three men were thus well out of the way. A fourth was helpless in Ned's stateroom, and one was keeping watch above. But where were the other four? He skipped out of the pantry, drew the door softly to, locked it, and pocketed the key.

Then he next sought the place where the common sallors lunched, and found two more sleeping there; they were probably expected to go on duty during the night, and were getting what rest they could be The first mate and Nicholas, with

on duty during the night, and getting what rest they could The door to this place he also

The door to this place he also closed, locked and took possession of the key and counted seven men as conquered with scarcely an effort, for he felt that he and Ned could could easily master the watch on deck.

But where were the captain and

But where were the captain and second mate?

They might be in their state-rooms or they were liable to be in the smoking-room, and toward this place Mr. Hunting now stole.

The door was partly open and as he approached the place he smelled the smoke from a cigar.

Cautiously drawing nearer, he saw the second mate reading a novel and enjoying his smoke, while on the table, by his side, there stood a bottle and a glass.

The run dared not attempt to fasten him in the room, for he feared he would make a disturbance and arouse every one else; so he sped back to the saloon, crossed it, and softly opened the door of the captain's state-room.

tain's state-room.

It was empty, but his quick eye caught sight of a black leather case aught sight of a black leather case lying upon a table near his berth. In another moment he had it open and, with a smothered exclamation of joy, seized the two handsomely mounted revolvers which lay within it. Both were loaded, and with a heart beating high with hope, he hastened back to Ned's state-room. He felt that the game was now all in their hands.

He felt that the game was now all in their hands.
It did not matter much where the captain was, now that he was armed with these formidable weapons; he and Ned could conquer six unarmed men with them.
He tapped gently upon the door, which was instantly opened by the young man.

which was instantly opened by the young man.

(He beckoned him to come forth, which he instantly did, locking the door after him.

Mr. Hunting put one of the revolvers into his hand, and with his lips close to his ear whispered:

"Every man on board, except the captain, second mate and the watch, is under lock and key. The second mate is in the smoking room. The captain, I imagine, is on deck with the watch, and we shall have to tackle them hand to hand, after which we will pounce upon the second mate, if all goes well. Are your nerves strong and steady?"

Ned simply nodded, but the look in his eye plainly told that he meant business.

"We must creen softly up the com."

"We must creep softly up the con-"We must creep softly up the companionway, where you must pick your man and I mine," Hunting continued. "At the muzzle of these revolvers we will drive them down here and lock them up, then go for the mate, after which we shall have full swing. Does the plan suit you?"

Yes: it is well thought out." said it is well thought out," said

Ned, briefly. "Are you ready?"
"All ready."

"All ready."
Stealthily, with the tread of a cat, they crept up the hatchway, pausing on every stair to listen.
Ned, with the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, went first, but stopped the moment his head was above deek to recompltra.

to reconnoitre.

'The captain is sitting by a ventilator, smoking—the watch is pacing the quarterdeck," he whispered to his companion. "You go for the mate—I will take the captain."
"All right," Mr. Hunting responded, then added, cautiously: "Be sure you do not flinch, Heatherton; the least mistake on our sure results."

do not flinch, Heatherton; the least mistake on our part will spoil every-thing."

'Don't you fear. I've something dearer than life at stake," Ned breathed, but with a suppressed fierceness which betray was indeed a desperate

was indeed a desperation of the was farther end of was on deck, apprevolver, I was while

The captain are sprang to his feet, Ned smiled with some

The captain and sprang to his feet, tossing his cigar overboard in the act, to find confronting him, with resolute mien and a cocked revolver in his hand, the young man whom he believed to be safely locked within his state room below.

"Thunder and lightning!" he ejaculated, and for once startled out of his habitual composure.

abitual composure.
"If you make the slightest disturb-"If you make the slightest disturbince or resistance, I will shoot, as sure
as I stand here." Ned said, in a low,
stern tone, and with a look on his
white, set face which told that he
meant every word that he uttered.

"This beats the deuce!" growled the
disconcerted captain. "You've stolen a
fine march on us, for sure, young man;
what does it mean?"

"It means that we two men have
made a bold stroke for our freedom

"You two men!" repeated the cap

made a bold stroke for our freedom

"You two men!" repeated the captain, amazed.

Then as he glanced over toward the quarterdeck and saw Mr. Hunting driving the watch toward the companionway, before the muzzle of his weapon, he comprehended that they had indeed gained the upper hand; but how they had accomplished it was more than he could understand.

"I have no wish to do you any violence, sir," Ned continued, in a repectful tone; "and I will not if you do not resist me; but, I assure you, I am in no trifling mood, and I shall be obliged to invite you to go below at once."

"What for?" questioned the man, sharply.

sharply.

"To occupy your state-room."

"And be locked in?" the proud offleer demanded, in a voice that trembled with anger.

"Yes, sir."

"And desert my post!" he continued
flushing hotly.

"For the present—yee."

"And desert my post." he continued flushing hotly.

"For the present—yes."

"But I may have a message from the owner of this yacht at any moment, commanding me to steam up and be ready to sail."

"I cannot help that; my will must be paramount to the owner's for a time. Take care, sir!" Ned interposed in a warning tone, as the man appeared about to spring upon him. "I should regret to have your blood upon my hands, but I am desperate, I tell you, and I will bore a hole through you in a twinkling, as sure as fate, if you show fight."

"What, ho—" the really brave man began and determined that he would not yield without a struggle; but

began and determined that he would not yield without a struggle; but the gleam of the revolver's muzzle just before his eyes warned him to stop, while Ned quietly remarked:
"Every man below is at our mercy—we took good care of them before we ventured on deck, so no one can come to your assistance. Now, right about face, and march."

The man saw that it would be rea-

one to some the control of the contr The man saw that it would be useless to resist, particularly as Mr. Hunting, having secured his own prisoner below, now made his appearance on deck, with the evident intention of assisting Ned, if necessary.

With a sullen and dejected air, therefore, he turned about and walked quietly downstairs to his own state-room, which he entered, while Mr. Hunting closed and locked the door after him.

The moment this was achieved the two men sprang swiftly and noise.

The moment this was achieved the two men sprang swiftly and noise-lessly toward the smoking-room, where they made short work of overcoming and binding the second mate, who, having taken a glass too much, was almost on the verge of a drunken stupor.

When this was accomplished, Ned's hands fell weakly by his side, and, for a moment, it seemed as if all his strength would desert him.

"We are saved," he said, with a long drawn breath of relief.

"Yes, I hope so, but come above, where the air will revive you, for we have yet much to do, and no time to lose," returned his companion, who was scarcely loss unnerved. They locked the door of the smoking-room, then once more hastened on deck, where they soon regained their composure and strength, as the cool refreshing sait air blew-over them.

"We must fasten down the come."

the cool refreshing save and them.

"We must fasten down the companion hatch," Ned remarked, after a few moments, "then we need have no fear of any of the men below even though they should succeed in getting out of their rooms," and together they closed and secured it, "Now you will remain here to guard it everything while I take a boat and go ashore to report what we have go ashore to report what we have done to some officer and telegraph to Boston," remarked Ned, referring to the plan which they had previous-ly discussed

ly discussed.

"Yes, but in case the other men should return—" Mr. Hunting began in a doubtful tone, for now that he was about to be left alone in such a responsible position, he feared unforeseen difficulties against which he might not be able to cope single-banded.

"They will not-they are sure to remain away until long after mid-night, and before that time I will be back with officers, who will take the back with officers, who will take the vessel into their custody and relieve us of all responsibility. You may be very sure, Mr. Hunting, that I will let no grass grow under my feet." Ned replied, all his native energy returning to him in view of the duties before him. Then he added, as he sprang to the davits, "Now, help me to lower this boat and I will be off." This was quickly done, and Ned, hastily descending the steps which had been left down for the return of the absent sailors, sprang nimbly into the boat, seized the oars and began to pull vigorously toward the shore, while Mr. Hunting went back to his lonely vigil on deck.

An hour leten Ned extended the vessel the contract of the contr nely vigil on deck

An hour later Ned entered the head nuarters of the police in Halifax and asked to see the Chief, privately, on

asked to see the Chief, privately, on important business.

His request was granted, and he was immediately conducted to the private office of that dignitary.

"Mr. Officer," Ned began, in his frank, straightforward way, "you will doubtless be greatly surprised by the communication which I am about to make to you, and, to come to the point at once, you have probably heard of the recent roberry of the Third National Bank in ry of the Third National Bank in

n merely nodded but his stantly began to glow re of a sleuth hound after

Well: I am Edward Heatherton, "Well, I am Edward Heatherton,"
Ned continued; "of course my name
has been blazoned throughout the
land in connection with it."
"Zounds!" interrupted the amazed officer, and springing to his feet
he took his stand by the door, as if
he feared that Ned would vanish by
magic through it, while he regarded
the young man with undisguised
astonishment, for he, with hosts of

weapon in the hands of William Hunt-ing. others, firmly believed that Edward Heatherton had robbed the Boston

Heatherton had robbed the Boston bank.

Ned smiled with some amusement.

"Pray, do not fear, sir," he quiet"Pray, do not fear, sir," he quiet"I have no intention of leaving the room on the standard of leaving the room of leaving the room of leaving the room of leaving the room of leaving me to be one. Please sit down, as I have quite a long tale to relate and I must be as brief as possible."

He took a chair and placed it against the door, to prove his assertion that he had no desire to leave the place; then dropping upon a chair opposite the man, he related all that had occurred to him since leaving the bank on that memorable Saturday, nearly two weeks previous.

The chief Estened attentively throughout the recital, never once removing his sharp eyes from Ned's face, never once interrupting him.

When the young man concluded, ever, he observed with evident satisfaction:

"Well, well, youngster, if what you tell me is true, you have put a fine job into my hands, as well as made a pretty penny on your own account; for there is a big reward offered for the recovery of the stolen property."

"I don't care anything about the greard, if I can but regain the confidence of my employers and clear my name, before the world, of the stain which now rests upon it." Ned said, with great earnestness. "And now," he continued, "if you will come with me I will convince you of the truth of what I have told you. I trust, too, that you will be as expeditious in your arrangements as possible, for my companion is alone on the Bald Eagle, and if the other sailors should return, he would probably be overpowered, the captain and crew liberated, and all would coverne.

as possible, for my companion is alone on the Bald Eagle, and if the other sailors should return, he would probably be overpowered, the captain and crew liberated, and all would escape with the booty."

"All right; we will be on board the Bald Eagle inside of an hour," the chief remarked, in a business-like tone, as he arose and touched an electric button, whereupon another officer immediately entered the room.

The two consulted together for a few minutes, then the late comer departed to attend to the orders he had received, while the superior officer

received, while the superior officer sat down at his desk and wrote rapidly for a while.

When he had finished, folded and addressed his expirite, he coulded a

addressed his epistle, he called a messenger and sent it off, then aroso and began his preparations to accompany Ned back to the yacht.

"If you please, I should like to send a messenger.

a message to my late employers before we leave the city," Med observed,
after watching the man's movements
for a while.
"Hum!" said the man, reflectively,
as he glanced keenly at him. "I think
we'll wait a little; your friends could
not get your message until to mean. not get your message until to-morrov morning even if you should send it morning even if you should send it. There will be time enough after my duties have been attended to, and given hours won't make much difference to you."

Ned saw that he was regarded with some suspicion in cells.

some suspicion, in spite of the re-velation he had made, therefore he resolved to wait until the chief should give him permission to send a tele-gram to Mr. Cranston, although he was very anxious to promptly report himself and clear his name from sus-

himself and clear his name from supplicion.

A little later the messenger who had been despatched with the letter returned, whereupon the chief signified his readiness to start for the

Ned sprang to his feet with alacrity, and the three men left the room together.

In the outer room they were joined by two others, and then Ned ied the way to the wharf where his boat was moored.

PRESENCE OF MIND. How One Man Escaped a Wifely Dressing Down. When a wife is just starting down town to do some errands and leaves her husband at home, she invariably gives him from one to a dozen orders, couched in the language of re-

(To be Continued.)

This one said: "Don't you think dear, that it would be a good scheme to get out the hose drench the lawn, drown out the heat on the lawn, drown out the neat on the stone walks, and wet down the roof of the portico. That tin just steams. But be sure to put down the windows dear."

He muttered things to himself while carrying the home snoke

He muttered things to himself while carrying the hose, spoke louder when a stream from a break banged him in the eye, lit on the back of his head, when he missed an intruding dog at which he kicked and then was dead ripe for a stratagem or crime. Of course he forgot to close the windows, the result heing that he deligred the way result being that he deluged the up-per floor, with the subsequent re-sult of spoiling the ceiling beneath and injuring a good deal of the par-lor furniture.

His first conclusion on discovering

His first conclusion on discovering this ruin and devastation was that his wife would make the fur fly, compel things to jingle, and raise the roof. But he is a man of resources. He gathered newspapers right and left as he ran, piled them In-the, upper room, made a bonfire, drowned it out in time and then ran like mad to the fire alarm. The department responded gallantly. He met the boys with a smile, told them that he had conquered the flames, gave a written order for cigars and sent them away happy. The wife never removed her hat, but went to the insurance office, secured a compromise adjustment for \$50, and then went about boasting about her husband's wonderful presence of mind. Next day the company got an anonymous communication enclosing \$50 in conscience anoney.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clock Full of Swallows.

General Thibaudin, a former French Minister of War, lives now at Mont-fermell, near Rainey, and he there finds a rovel way of entertaining his numerous visitors. According to the Gaulois, he takes them into an adjacent wood, where stands the house of a master mason, Delavier by name. a master mason, Delavier by name Here they are shown the singular sight of swallows nesting in the chimsight of swallows nesting in the chimney clock that ornaments the dining room, and inhabiting it to such au extent that the owner does not wind it up during that period for fear of disturbing the process of hatching. The presence of the family at meals is in no way disconcerting to the scallows, At 4 o'clock each morning they strike against the windows as a small to the master of the house to open the casement of the windows.

CHINESE TORTURES

How Savage Celestial Executioners Add to the Agenies of Death

. What will add particular horror to war with China, as it already has added horro to the story of the fate of the envoys and their guards, is the fact that of all nations and tribes and races on the face of the earth to day the Chinese are the most cruel, the most devoted to fearful torture of those in their power, and the most adept in devising ever new forms of martyrdom for the objects of their

martyrdom for the objects of their hatred.

The mildest punishment that is known to the simple and kindly official Chinese soul is the cage or cangue, says the New York Press. Its principle is that of all Chinese punishments—slow torture. A Chinaman would take no artistic pleasure in anything that killed quickly or that reached its culmination of pain quickly. His victim must suffer a little more and then a little more each hour. In that way he makes his delight last long and can keep a whole string of wretches to charm him by their slow dying for months. If he killed them at once, his fun would be over too soon. The cangue, then, is formed to keep the agony of the penitent up for months, till madness or death end his sufferings. It is a delightfully simple thing—so simple that there is nothing at all terrifying about it at first sight. It merely is a large frame of wood, with a collar in the middle. It weighs about 50 pounds, and is so made that it can be locked around a man's neck. When it is so locked, it rests directly on the muscles of the shoulder, and it is so constructed that it cannot be shifted even a tenth of an inch, nor can the weight be relieved with the hands. In addition the collar has a sharp rim underneath. At first the victim does not suffer

ir has a sharp rim underneath.
At first the victim does not suffer At first the victim does not suffer much, except from inconvenience. He is turned loose as soon as the cangue is locked on him, and for an hour or two he waddles around in fair comfort. But gradually, as the sharp edge of the collar cuts deeply into the flesh of his neck, and all his muscles are drawn more and more terms pair by of the collar cuts deeply into the flesh of his neck, and all his muscles are drawn more and more tense, pain begins to conquer him, and in a week the torturers have the felicity of seeing sa maddened wretch stumble and fall around blindly, weeping and yelling with anguish. Remember, in addition that the cangue is so made that the man in it cannot feed himself or drink, but must depend on others, which gives his jaliers the chance to add the torture of hunger and thirst to his other sufferings, and the extent of this "easy" jurishment may be estimated.

to his other sufferings, and the extent of this "easy" I unishment may be estimated.

Impalement is a popular amuse ment. A sharpened bamboo stake is used for this pleasing diversion. The sufferer is plnioned and laid on the ground. Then the executioner either drives the stake through him, as an insect would be impuled on a pin, carefully avoiding any immediately mortal injury, or the stake is forced along the whole length of the body, providing a ceath somewhat more swift, but even more hideous to contemplate. In one unspeakable form of impalement the yellow wretches do not carry it far enough to kill the victim at once, but stop just so that he will live in incredible agony for days and days and sometimes even weeks, during which time he is placed on public exhibition.

Cruc fixion is a common form of Crucifixion is a common form of punishment, but usually it is only a mere accompanying detail of other tortures. Thus a man may be crucified and left in the sun to die from thirst, or he may be nailed to a cross with his head shaven and covered with sweet sirup to attract insects that will bite him to death after days of suffering.

still, dies before he has suffered all

still, dies before he has suffered all the sizing that has been decreed, would blacken the executioner's name forever and might even make him the next subject for Ting-chee.

The executioner is received with a little murmur of approbation, for his record is as well kept in mind as is the record is as well kept in mind as is the record is as well kept in mind as is the record of an athlete in America or England. He bows to the high dignitaries and then takes one of his swords from the sword carrier who has followed him. They are wonderful swords that are used by the ling-chee executioners. Sometimes they are hundreds of years oid, and have records so long and bloody that a person with nerves might well under to touch them. The executioner does not shudden. nerves might well dudder to touch them. The executioner does not shudder. He knows what depends on his delicacy of touch. Stilly he swings the great weapon rough his head till it whistles. Satisfied it is ready for tusiness, he appears the steedy for tusiness, he appears to the victime the poor wretch in been starling at the assemblage, as he executioner appears the executioner appears him he does not begin at once to fee him. First he feints at him and windraws. Then he makes believe again done by the sword shoots in wickedly, and one of the victim's cyclrows is sheed off so neatly that it scarcely draws blood.

on so nearly that it scarcely draws blood.

Now begins wonderful work—wonderful and devilish. It may be that the condemned man has been the subject of great Imperial mercy. In that case he may have been blessed beyond compare by having his sentence commuted so that he is to be killed in only twenty slicings, whereas hardened offenders might have been sentenced to die only after seventy-five cuts or even more. If the victim is very lucky, the sword will be at him so swiftly that the eye scarcely can follow it. At each stroke some part of the poor bound body will fall to tollow it. At each stroke some part of the poor bound body will fall to the ground. Now it may be a shoulder, now a piece of the breast, now an arm. Suddenly the last cut is made. It is straight at the heart, and the weapon cuts it out and ends the sufferings of the wretched man.

spectacle is not ended. The tioner now has to dismember corpse, and this he does with of the sword, each carefully and done according to regular out rules, until there is at nothing left on the cross and pile of terrible fragments lies base.

pile of terrible languages.

When ling-chee is to be a long operation, and the victim is to die only, after long torture, the slicing sometimes is done so slowly that day elapses before the condemned manual dies. The executioner knows just what to cut without killing, and he goes to, work as carefully as would's what to cut without killing, and he goes to, work as carefully as would a surgeon. Muscles and tendons and flesh are stripped from the body with the razor blade of the sword until only a dreadful framework remains that still has awful life in it. And at this terrible spectacle the Chinese gaze stoldly, without an expression either of pleasure or loathing.

Another ingenious torture that is much used is to suspend the condemned man with his head down in a pit.

Allother ingenious torture that is much used is to suspend the condemned man with his head down in a pit. At the bottom are snakes, tonds and all kinds of loathsome reptiles, which writhe within a few inches of the victim's face. Here he is left until the torture of the position, hunger, thirst and reptile bites kill him.

Love in Michigan.

Farm hands in the west must be in great demand, julging by the following anecdote which the New. York Tribune attributes to a wellwith sweet sirup to attract insects that will bite him to death after days of suffering.

Of all punishments that involve crucifixion, however, the one that delights the official Chinese heart the most is ling-chee. Ling-chee is such a brilliant result of ingenious thought that the executioners rarely nail the man who is to suffer this form of punishment to the cross. They fear that the pain from that might interfere with his enjoyment of the real performance, which is othing less than slicing him to be the with dabolical skill. Therefore the man who is to suffer ling-chee generally is bound to the cross. Then there arrives the executioner. An executioner skillful at ling-chee is viewed with high respect in the empire, much as a successful bullfighter is viewed in spain. To bungle in ling-chee and to since so much from the victim early in the game that he faints or, worse lowing anecdote York Tribune at

SOME EARNEST LETTERS

By Plain, Everyday People who Believe in Doctor Chase's Remedies Because They Have Been Actually Cured by Using Them.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss. Berlin, Ont., writes: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but bould not cure it. We tried many remedles recommended, but they had no effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it, and am happy to say that she was completely cured before the first box was all used."

CONSTIPATION. Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., tates: "I can recommend Dr. states: "I can recommend Di Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for con stipation. I was tracked for ab

ine year

The persons who wrote the following letters did so in order that you might profit by their experience. If you want further particulars regarding any case here mentioned the writers will gladly answer your inquiries. A test of any of Dr. Chase's Remedies will convince you of their merit.

ITCHING BODY SORES.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ontwrites: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We tried many remedies recommended, but they had no effect. Haveneded, but they had no effect. Haveneded to the sufferer from the body that I ever unerves were exhausted, and nerves were exhausted, and too weak to do a day's work began using it, and now ar and healthy, and feel real wo perfectly sure that anyone Dr. Chase's Nerves