

A Bloodless Execution

Two friends were discussing the possibility of killing a perfectly well man without doing him the slightest bodily harm...

"That would be by shock," the other contended, "simply by going through the form of an execution."

"Not at all. He shall know beforehand that he is not to suffer the slightest bodily harm."

To illustrate the last speaker told the following true story:

Lang Ting Fung of San Francisco, washes-washie man, called Charlie Fung by his "Melican" acquaintances...

"Call the executioner," said the presiding officer in solemn tones that reverberated through the silent hall...

Now, in China, whether from the great power of these societies, from ineffective law, or what not...

The executioner after holding the sword upon the culprit's neck for a few moments removed it and, resting his point on the floor beside him...

Charlie Fung followed the others out into the street. There he saw a poster proclaiming to Chinatown that he had been executed that evening...

If he had had money, he might have returned to China, but would he have fared any better there? Would not an agent of the society he had betrayed follow him and do really the work that had been done figuratively...

If Charlie was not really dead, he was really dying—that is, he was getting into a condition where death would be preferable to life...

Not only is it possible to kill a person without doing any bodily harm, but death so inflicted may be made more cruel than any physical torture that has ever been invented.

ELEEN INGLEHART.

LAND SLID AS TRAIN FLEW BY

Burlington Mail on Rutland Road Nearly Engulfed

WHEN ROADBED SANK

Rails Dropped 20 Feet Near Middlebury—A Section of the Road 200 Feet in Length Collapsed Behind the Train.

Middlebury, July 6.—The Burlington mail and passenger train from Boston on the Rutland railroad had a narrow escape from wreck by the collapse of a long section of track a short distance south of the village Saturday afternoon.

The train, which was heavily loaded, reached here on time at 3:19 o'clock, and a few minutes after it departed word was received that a section of the roadbed 200 feet long and 50 feet wide, over which it had passed in entering the village, had slid into Otter Creek...

The collapse of the railroad was witnessed by two boys, who were sitting in the creek, and they notified the railroad men.

FOUR KILLED, FIFTEEN HURT.

Utica Flyer Collides Head-on With Freight Train.

Utica, N. Y., July 6.—The Utica flyer on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg was wrecked near Boonville N. Y. Saturday morning. Four were killed and 15 hurt.

Eleven injured were carried by a special train to Utica, and placed in St. Luke's hospital. The other passengers were sent to their destination by way of Rome.

The passenger train carried more than the usual complement of passengers owing to its being the Fourth of July.

FOUR DROWNED AT SEBAGO.

Sail Boat Captured by Squall and All Passengers Lost Their Lives.

Portland, Me., July 6.—Four young people were drowned when a sail boat in which they were enjoying an outing on Sebago lake, near Portland, Me., was capsized by a squall Saturday.

All the young people were from Windham Center and had gone to the lake to attend a picnic. George Moses, who was in charge of the boat, saved himself by clinging to the bottom of the craft.

BLEACHERS GIVE AWAY.

Eighteen Seriously Hurt at New Bedford Game.

New Bedford, Mass., July 6.—The first base bleacher at the New England league grounds at New Bedford collapsed at the morning game between the New Bedford and the Fall River teams Saturday, and 1,500 cheering base ball enthusiasts were tumbled together in a struggling heap.

George P. Brock of New Bedford, is at the point of death at the emergency hospital. Four others were taken to the hospital in a serious condition, and 12 were removed to their homes in ambulances and carriages that were hurried to the scene.

SIX DEAD, 30 INJURED SO FAR.

Collision of Trains at Oakland, Cal.—Smoking Car Demolished.

Oakland, Cal., July 6.—The narrow-gauge local, bound from the Alameda mole for Oakland, Cal., struck a Santa Cruz train at First and Webster streets Oakland, Saturday evening. The smoker of the Santa Cruz train was demolished and all its occupants were either

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Dr. Hallock's Elvita Pills for all weak, worn out and nervous people, nervous weakness, nervous exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia, stops all wasting. A blood producer and a body builder, gives strength, vitality and reserve nerve power.

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Office located 60 years at the same old stand, corner Court and Stoddard Sts. Oldest in the country.

FOODS OF ITALY.

Specialties of the Friggitrici in Naples and Genoa. Huge meaty chestnuts are found everywhere in Italy. Peeled and boiled in a reddish broth seasoned with laurel leaves and caraway seeds, the nuts are palatable.

The golden balls are artichokes. They are boiled in salted water until tender and are put in a pan over steam to keep them hot until a customer appears.

Some musical notes are low and solemn and others high and quick because the vibration of musical strings varies from thirty-two vibrations per second, which produce a soft and deep base, to 15,000 vibrations per second, which yield a sharp treble.

The Dragons. The original regiment of dragons is said to have been organized in England in 1051.

Rusticus in Urbe. [Impressions of a provincial on one of his rare visits to the metropolis.] I stood in London in the roaring Strand.

Thus, then, does London welcome me! I cried (Missing a hansom by an inch or so): "Beneath those grinding wheels I might have died."

And London lets me go As callously as if she didn't know.

That there is something rotten in her state All thoughtful individuals must agree. This noisy rush of traffic ought to wait, Not like a reckless sea, Career along, and pay no heed to me.

London, in fact, is too conceited; there I put my finger on her weakest spot; She seems to fancy that she needn't care Whether I come or not; She tries to think it nothing—it's a lot.

Yes, London's too conceited. She is boarse With shouting boastfully of what she's done; She thinks herself the emperer, but, of course, England has many a son Who rarely shines in London—me, for one.

She wants a teacher who would make her learn To know her proper place (it's time she knew). But where, for such a type, is she to turn? Great men are very few, And I am leaving in a day or two.

—Punch.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

Try JELL-O, the dainty, appetizing, economical dessert. Can be prepared instantly—simply add boiling water and stir when cool. Flavored just right, sweetened just right; perfect in every way. A package makes enough dessert for a large family. A 10-cent tin will do for a small family. J. & W. O. complies with all Pure Food Laws. J. & W. O. is sold by Druggists, Grocers, and Confectioners.

FOUND DEAD IN BATHTUB

Charles H. Bond, Well Known Boston man

DIES AT HIS SUMMER HOME

Last Message Left in Note Adds to the Mystery—"Killed by Friends and Enemies," He Wrote.

Boston, July 6.—Charles H. Bond, one of the best known business men in Boston was found dead Saturday afternoon in a bathtub in his home on Puritan road, Swampscott.

Mr. Bond died at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, but his body was not discovered until two hours later, when the Japanese butler came upon it. An unfinished note written by Mr. Bond was found on a table in his bedroom. It read: "I have been killed by my friends and enemies. I leave everything to my wife."

The family called in Dr. H. C. Lowe, who in turn notified Medical Examiner Pinkham of Lynn. Dr. Pinkham gave a ruling as the cause of death, but would not say whether he thought it was a case of accident or of suicide.

Mr. Bond was president of the cigar manufacturing firm of Wait & Bond, incorporated, of this city. His city residence was on Commonwealth avenue, where he entertained lavishly, the prominent actors being frequent guests at his home.

Mr. Bond had recently been a heavy purchaser of real estate in Boston and Washington, D. C., and it is said that he has been worried of late over the outcome of some of his ventures. At the present time a new theatre, to be called the Lyric, is being constructed on Tremont street. Mr. Bond was the builder, and it was understood that the Shuberts were to have it. The hotel property on Boylston street, formerly known as the Reynolds, later as the Lexington and still later as the Netherland, was purchased not long ago by Mr. Bond and the work of reconstructing it is almost completed. Mr. Bond is survived by his wife and two daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond had been liberal in their charities and had aided many young women in securing musical educations. Among those whom they aided were Geraldine Farrar, Ada Chambers and May Pennington.

Facts brought to light since Mr. Bond's death show that for the past two months he had been mentally unbalanced, and that his immense fortune was in the care of two trustees, Arthur W. Newell, president of the Fourth National bank of Boston and John C. Slayton of 19 Blackstone street, Boston.

Because the trustees and Mr. Bond had different views on investment, and the latter was compelled to forego many of his fondest hobbies, it is thought to have driven the millionaire to end his life.

SEVEN FATALITIES IN BAY STATE

Death Toll is Heavy For the Fourth—One Man Killed by Boys.

Boston, July 6.—There were seven fatalities throughout the state Saturday, three of which were directly the result of the celebration of the holiday.

The most tragic accident of them all was that which occurred at Leominster, where Edward McLaughlin was shot down in the hallway of his own house by boys fooling with a small cannon on his front door step.

John D. Malcom of Harrison avenue, was shot through the lung and instantly killed by a stray bullet, and James Misasales of Lawrence was shot through the heart by some Italian, it is believed.

Edward McLaughlin, 40, of Leominster killed by shot from a cannon discharged by boys in front of his door. John Donaldson Malcolm, 249 Harrison avenue, shot through right lung. James Misasales, 21, of Lawrence, shot through heart by bullet supposed to have been fired by one of crowd of passing Italians.

John Calhoun, jr., 2, of 95 Sydney street, Dorchester, climbed over veranda railing and fell 30 feet.

Nelson McLeod, 9, of Somerville, struck by locomotive and died on the way to the hospital.

Francis Powell, 18, of Valden, son of Water Department Superintendent Thomas J. Powell, dived into river near his home, was taken from water unconscious, and died later.

Myron Beau, 14, years old, of Quincy, instantly killed by explosion of cannon of his own manufacture.

A Tragedy. I lately bought a summer suit. The clerk, a person most astute, Declared that it was stunning. The cut was strictly up-to-date, The fit, I thought, was simply great. The cuffs were joys to contemplate, The pocket flaps were cunning.

I went to call on Mary dear, said, "I certainly appear As fine as anybody." The finish I recall with pain. I presently began to rain. I shiver sought, and sought in vain. Alas! Those clothes were shoddy!

They shrunk to half their former size. My anguish I could not disguise. And now, for that bad rainment That looked so swagger and so smart, Although it wrings my very heart, For months I'll have to set apart To make the weekly payment.

—Chicago News.

WON ON A BLUFF.

The Way One Prosperous Merchant Got His Start in Business.

There is a prosperous merchant in Chicago today who owes his success to his donation of a \$5,000 organ to a church at a time when he didn't have money enough to buy a hand organ. This donation was a case of bluff pure and simple, but the bluff worked and resulted in the subsequent wealth of the lucky bluffer.

John Smith was seeking capital to start in business for himself, but as he had no security worth speaking of he could not borrow the money he needed.

When he had tried every person he could think of who would be likely to have the necessary cash and the inclination to lend it and had been turned down, he conceived the idea of presenting his church with an organ.

Young Napoleon John Smith therefore ordered his organ and allowed the future to look out for itself. The manufacturers of the organ never thought of questioning the financial standing of the philanthropist who was handing out \$5,000 organs and agreed to have the instrument set up in the church on time.

Of course J. Smith was not a bud that was born to blush unseen, nor did he hide his beneficence under a bush. He managed to bring in at least the flute stops no matter what the subject of conversation. Not only did the young Napoleon advertise himself by means of the church organ, but the pleased minister and the equally pleased congregation spread the news of his gift.

During this time John did not allow any alfalfa to grow under his feet. On the pretense of consulting some wealthy member of the congregation about some minor details of the organ he would drop into an office and before he left casually would mention the subject of the company that he was forming. Most of the men that he thus saw thought that it would be a good thing to be associated with a man who was making so much money that he was able to hand out \$5,000 without taking stock in it, so that all were anxious to take stock in J. Smith's company.

Long before the time came for the first payment on the organ Smith had gathered enough money to start his business and was doing so well he had no difficulty in borrowing the amount needed to make the payment. From that time he has made money so fast that now he could give away several \$5,000 organs and pay for them as well.—Chicago Tribune.

MEXICAN POLITENESS.

In the State of Michoacan Chivalry is Compulsory.

"If any man epais that the days of chivalry and the true knight errant spirit have gone forever, let him start forth with on a far southward journey, not halt his steps until he brings up in the town of Morelia, which is the capital of the Mexican state of Michoacan," remarked a travelling man.

"Having arrived in Morelia, he will at once see that the chivalrous spirit still survives. I was down there not long ago, and the gallantry of the men and their extreme readiness to extend courtesies to the fair sex pleased and surprised me. When I noticed the alacrity with which the native males jumped up on the crowded street car to offer their seats to the first senorita that entered, I thought to myself how much more gentlemanly are these Mexicans than many of my own countrymen. They do not wait to see if some other man is going to get up, but each tries to beat the other in courteous proffering his seat to the lady."

"I spoke about the matter to the proprietor of the hotel and immediately he began to laugh. 'You must understand, senor,' said the innkeeper, 'that the governor of our state issued a decree that if any man keep his seat in a street car, thereby compelling a woman to stand, he is liable to arrest and a fine. The police have been instructed to execute this order severely, and I think this has much to do with the prompt politeness of which you speak, since none of our population wishes to become involved with the police and to be publicly branded as lacking in gentility.'

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SAYS.

Newspapers Are More Useful Than Police in Detecting Crimes.

In the July American Magazine Lincoln Steffens says that the first thing the victim of a robbery should do is to telephone to the newspapers, rather than to the police.

Following is his advice, given in a story called "Mickey Sweeney, Detective of Detectives."

"The police everywhere warn citizens not to let anybody but the police know of such troubles. They say that if the newspapers get hold of the news they will publish it; this will frighten away the thieves and prevent the police from recovering the stolen property. This is only a police trick to avoid criticism. They give to the press all their successes; they suppress their failures, and thus keep up the appearance of efficient service. As a matter of fact, the first thing that the victim of a robbery should do is to telephone to the newspapers—all of them. That would soon show what a small proportion of the reported cases a detective bureau like that of New York detects and—it will make the police work on your case."

A Poultry "Cure-All."

A writer in Suburban Life for July says: "We bought a bottle of 'cure-all' for fowls (I will call it that as it would not do to give the name it is known by), many years ago, and found it to be a solution of potassium of potash, about a teaspoonful of the crystals to a pint of water. We paid fifty cents for it. We have used it ever since, but have compounded it ourselves. By its use we have saved numbers of chickens that had swollen heads, and some were pretty far gone before we noticed their condition. For a chicken in this condition, a teaspoonful of the liquid is diluted with a little water in a small cup or glass, and applied to the throat and head, with a little absorbent cotton twisted tightly on a skewer of wood. I often soak bread in the diluted liquid and give it to the fowls, instead of putting it in the drinking water, as a cure for and preventative of summer diseases."

STRANGE FACT ABOUT TAPEWORMS

Their Source Had Long Puzzled Scientists Until Von Siebold Discovered It.

A German named Von Siebold made himself a specialist on tapeworms, and in the course of his researches discovered that cats and owls were infested with exactly the same kind of tapeworms. He then cogitated on what the bird and the cat could have in common, and concluded that it could be only in the single matter of diet, namely, that both ate mice. He proceeded then to investigate mice, and found in some of them not minute bag-shaped creatures now called cysticerci, which had burrowed into their flesh. These had a little resemblance as possible to tapeworms, which may be twenty feet long. He then fed the meat of such unfortunate mice to dogs, pigs, and chickens, and in due time, lo! all three grew the same tapeworms with those of cats and owls. The commonest kind among our tapeworms comes from eating beef not sufficiently cooked to kill the cysticerci in it.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the July Everybody's.

\$1,000,000 Saved by Forest Hunters.

An important feature of the work of the forestry bureau is the killing of wild animals that destroy stock. Will C. Barnes in an article in the July McClure's, says:

"In the year 1907, according to records kept of all predatory animals killed upon the various national forests, or on lands adjoining them, no fewer than 1,600 wolves, 19,469 coyotes, 265 mountain lions, 368 bears, and 2,285 wild cats and lynxes were killed by the various hunters and settlers. Of these, it is probably fair to credit the hunters employed by the forest service with at least one-fourth.

"Now, any well-posted stockman will tell you that, on an average, a full-grown wolf will destroy one thousand dollars' worth of stock every year of its life. Mountain lions prefer horses to any other food, but still they will put up with calves and sheep. They, too, are easily chargeable with a thousand dollars' worth of damage each year. The coyotes, bob-cats, and lynxes do less harm, and that mostly to sheep. Yet I think it is a very conservative estimate to say that each coyote or lynx annually destroys stock to the value of fully one hundred dollars.

"Taking these figures as a basis for comparison, it is very easily seen that the value of the animals killed by the forest service men, is more than \$1,000,000. Hence, so far as return for their \$836,920 in grazing fees is concerned, the stockmen get it back in full and with some to spare."

The "God-With-Us" Cure For Human Ills.

Rev. Dr. Robert MacDonald tells in the July Woman's Home Companion how the church is once more becoming active in the cure of human ills. Through the "Emmanuel Movement," started at Emmanuel Episcopal church in Boston, and taken up by Doctor MacDonald in his own church in Brooklyn, the church is again saying, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."

"The complaint is going up from everywhere," says Doctor MacDonald. "The church is losing its hold on practical men and women. The reason is not that the church is not faithful to its duty, but that the world has increased its facilities to satisfy man. But here is a new way of reaching the man of the world. His modern way of living, with all his hurry and worry, has gotten onto his nerves. He sleeps poorly, is depressed and melancholy, has nervous breakdowns, is dyspeptic and sluggish and miserable. The same man who will not listen to a purely spiritual appeal wants help, and wants it bodily. The church that can promise him health with which to do his work, wins him. His bodily pain is very real to him, for it is so much nearer than a cramped and dormant spirit of which he is not conscious.

"Where does the Emmanuel Movement differ from Christian Science? There can be said to be only one point of similarity. It is that both are desirous of getting rid of disease. But they no sooner join issue than they disagree. The point of separation is in what constitutes curable and incurable malady. The Emmanuel Movement treats only functional disorders of the nervous system. Christian Science does not distinguish between functional and organic diseases. Then, again, the Emmanuel Movement works hand in hand with physicians, taking only such cases as they recommend, cases that are beyond the reach of drugs and the ordinary medical prescription."

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His Statesmanly Qualities.

We have a statesman in our midst at Pohlkonk the creek. We think that he's a wonder and we've stunk through thin and thick, A votin' for him reg'lar. He's not much for legislation, But he's wonderfully able when it comes to conversation. He isn't very active underneath the great white dome, Where intellects assemble, but he's mighty fine at home. It's not till Congress has adjourned that work for him commences, An' then they say it's marvellous to see him mendin' fences. An' that's the kind of man we like; a neighbor and a friend With simple homely duties that he likes to superintend. It ain't his fault if we all find his talk so mighty charmin' He slights his work an' has to hire some one to do his farmin' Nobody ever saw him set a post or drive a nail. His record shows how good intentions frequently prevail. For all our votes his pleasant words completely recompense us. A place he's won as favorite son, an' jes' by mendin' fences! —Washington Star.