

AT THE DAY'S DAWN.

Daylight dawns in the dappled sky— Joy that the new day be? 'Tis but a flash till the day goes by— What shall the new day see? Hopeful hearts that look for the best? Sorry souls in a mournful quest? With the sun in the east or the sun in the west? It's a choice for you and me!

Daylight dawns in the dimpled sky— Joy that the night is done! 'Tis but a breath till the day shall die— Get the good of the sun! For the little day is yours to make Bitter or sweet for your own life's sake. And your heart shall strengthen or your heart shall break. As you choose while the day doth run!—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

On a Cholera Ship.

Plague, Mutiny and Heroism on the High Seas.

Now came a most trying time. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water; the ship rolled gently on the oily swell, with all her sails—even to the royals—set, to catch the slightest stir. The deaths continued with alarming rapidity, and then, as Lampsey had said, there was actually nothing wherewith to weight the corpses. The steward, Ross, the Scotch sailor lad, and one or two of our own private native servants—under the stimulus of reward paid down on the nail at so much a head—their mouths and noses muffled in carbolic saturated towels, constituted the burial party. These men, penetrating 'tween decks, dragged the corpses up the hatchway, across the deck and pushed them through the gangway doors, just as they were, for there was little time and less inclination to sew them up in canvas, as had been done at the outset. Being unweighted, the bodies refused to sink; the sharks, moreover, did not appear to fancy them, and, being impelled by the same current, they kept by the ship's side, bobbing up and down, rolling over, now on their backs, now face up, in the most horribly greswome fashion. We in the cuddy were fast becoming demoralized as well; then the wretched Punjabis crowded at the doors and appealed to us in piteous strains, invoking Allah to grant us a wind, and imploring us to pray to God with the same object. What could we do? We told them that we should hail the first steamer and get her to tow us into a wind which would not only fill our sails, but blow the cholera out of the ship. In the mean time we exhorted them to be patient and obey the doctor in all things.

Several steamers passed, going in the same direction, but too far off to communicate. At last, on the tenth day of the calm, we sighted a two funnel steamer hull down in our wake. She came on slowly, and as she drew abreast of us about a mile away we hoisted our distress signal and anxiously awaited the result. In a few minutes she replied, whereupon we displayed a whole line of bunting; on reading which she altered her course and ranged up to within speaking distance. "Steamer ahoy!" shouted our skipper through his trumpet. "What steamer's that?" "West Indian," bellowed a voice from the other's bridge; "Jeddah to Bombay. What ship's that?" "Zenobia; Annesley Bay to Bombay."

"What's the matter?" "Cholera! Will you tow us through the straits?" "Sorry we can't. Port engine broken down; much as we can do to get along ourselves. Can we help you otherwise? Have you a doctor?" "Yes." "Want medicines?" "No, thanks; have lots. Goodby." "Goodby!"

In another minute she put up her helm and resumed her course. "There's no 'elp for't but to wait for next," said the skipper. "Well, there was no help for it, so we set on the best face possible and on our fortitude and patience to recently the crew again came aft, this time on their own initiative, their demeanor more truculent than before. Whether the disappointment had irritated them, or whether, owing to the existing dislocated state of affairs, they had managed to gain access to the spirit room, I do not know, but their bearing now was mutinous. "Captain Hutchinson" called Lampsey roughly from the main deck. "Well!" replied the skipper, going to the rail, whither we all followed him. "We ain't a-goin' to stand this here no furrer—we ain't!"

"Ain't yer? Suppose you think as that there steamboat with 'arf a lung could 'a' towed a twelve hundred ship—do yer?" "What we think or doesn't think ain't neither here nor there, but I tell yer what, this ship's a coffin—she is, and we ain't a-goin' to stop in her—we ain't! Jest yer come along to the fore-castle and take a whiff 'o' the stink as comes through the cracks in the bulkheads, and then say if Christian sailormen can stand it any longer!" "Ave patience, can't yer? Another

steambot'll be along presently, and we'll stop 'er." "We kalkilate as we've drifted pretty considerable out o' the course, and ne'er a craft'll be a-comin' this way, so we've made up our minds what ter do, and have come to give yer all a chanst in wid us." "Well, out with it! What 'ave yer made up yer minds to do?" "Take to the boats, and leave the tub and the heathen to themselves." "Yes?" "They'll all be dead afore a week, so will us if we stop here. The ship is sartin to be picked up by some darned salvager."

"Well, all I 'ave to say is," replied the captain, leaning over the rail and speaking impressively, "that the first as touches life or tackle I'll put a bullet through 'im as sure as God made little apples!" "I guess more nor one can play at that game!" exclaimed Lampsey, shaking his fist at the captain. "Come on, mates!" he added to his fellows, and the whole crowd made off to the fore-castle. A storm was brewing, and we unanimously ranged ourselves on the side of law and order. I and the other passengers fished out our revolvers, loaded them, and stuck them in our belts; the skipper similarly armed himself and the officers, and several of us descending the poop ladder cast loose the two small brass guns which the ship carried, and trundled them into the cuddy. Rob, Cory, the steward and the lad Ross all came aft, while the crew, gathered in clusters on the fore-castle head, appeared to be deep in consultation. Thus there ensued a lull. We were in the cuddy, talking over the state of affairs, Ross at the wheel, and O'Kelly, the chief mate, on deck looking out for steamers. The poor plague stricken Punjabis frequently came to the door and asked if there were any signs of a wind, for they had evidently become imbued with the truth of what we had told them earlier in the day—that a breeze in all probability would rid them of the scourge. The atmosphere was dense and hot, without the slightest breath of air, and we sat anxious and watchful, expecting at any moment to come to open oggerheads with the crew.

"Below there," suddenly called O'Kelly through the skylight. "Ulo!" responded the skipper. "Sure, sir, it looks black and threatening to the west, it's a breeze of wind, I'm thinking." At the welcome words we all followed the captain, and rushed on deck. The mate pointed to the west, and, true enough, the horizon in that direction presented a dark brown aspect. There was something in the air, too—in the oppressive stillness—that presaged an atmospheric disturbance of some sort, and we eagerly waited to hear the captain's opinion.

"A sand squall, by thunder!" exclaimed he. "I'll be down on us in no time! All hands taken in sail!" he roared, in the direction of the fore-castle. "Be smart, lads; 'tis one o' them confounded tornadoes." "Stow yer slack as well as yer sails yourselves!" retorted Lampsey, with his hand to his mouth. "We ain't a going to budge!"

I don't know what may have passed through the captain's mind at this terrible juncture, for every sail was set, and a squall fast bearing down on his ship—a full rigged ship, fitted with the more cumbersome and old fashioned tackle of that day—carrying quite five hundred souls all told, allowing for the deaths, and a valuable Government cargo. I know not what he contemplated, I say; but at that moment an unwonted commotion was observable among the hither-to-pathetic Punjabis. They, too, had noticed the change in the sky's aspect, and, following our glances, had heard the short altercation between poop and fore-castle, had seen the threatening gestures of the disputants, and, without understanding what was being said, guessed its purport. Then scores of them, suddenly shaking off their lethargy, and ignorant of marine etiquette, swarmed up the poop ladders and asked what was the matter. Was a breeze coming at last? If so, why did not the sailors do what had been ordered? They knew enough to tell them that the canvas ought to be taken in. Devine and I, who were the only men on board conversant with Punjabi Hindustani, hastily explained the danger to the ship, clothed as she was to the mastheads, and the refusal of the crew to do their duty.

The Mahometan mule drivers at once realized the situation. "We will make them!" they shouted, their blood now thoroughly up. "God has sent the wind to drive away the cholera, and shall we go to another death because your men are untrue to their salt? No! we will aid you! You are our protectors! After Allah, we look to you, and will stand by you! On, then, in the name of God! We will force these men to do their duty!"

Before we could stay them, some two hundred Punjabis rushed along the main deck and mounted the fore-castle. The crew was ready to receive them. There ensued a fierce battle; knives were freely used against the now infuriated natives, who were, however, entirely unarmed, their cutlasses being in chests below decks. Shrieks and groans assailed our ears, and we were about charging forward, revolvers in hand, to quell the disturbance, when, numbers having gained the day, we saw the sailors driven along with kicks and cuffs by the victorious Punjabis; we saw them ascend

the ratlins, followed by the swarms of mule drivers, who threatened by gestures to throw them into the sea if they did not immediately furl sail. The seamen, not daring to disobey, worked in fear of their lives, and in a few minutes the Zenobia floated under bare poles. With a low rumble the squall came on. Sand was in the air; it invaded our eyes, nostrils and mouths; the hurricane struck the ship with terrific force, and swept on, leaving us well nigh on our beam ends, but safe! The gust proving to be a precursor of a stiff but favorable breeze, sail was speedily made on the ship, and in due course we bowled along toward our destination, thankful for our deliverance from a combination of perils that once seemed to threaten us with annihilation.

Only two deaths occurred after that terrible day. Next morning the crew expressed contrition for their behavior; the Punjabis, now full of renewed spirits, came aft in a body and interceded for their late antagonists; cuts and bruises were forgotten, and both parties shook hands in token of amity and absence of illwill. The skipper, nothing loath, accorded his forgiveness, and so, without further adventure or misadventure, we arrived safely in Bombay Harbor on the twenty-eighth day after weighing anchor off the Abyssinian coast.—Chambers's Journal.

YOUNG NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

One Town Where Flies Have a Market Yalue.

When Jonson started from his home on Saturday evening to order the provisions for Sunday's meals the last thing his wife said was: "Don't hold that door open and let the flies in." She always said that whenever he was going out or coming in, and Jonson was used to it. All the women of Hackensack, whence this story comes, wage relentless warfare upon flies from the time of their arrival until they disappear at the approach of cold weather, and many a doorway, at frequent intervals in the day, presents a picture of an overheated woman frantically waving a towel in either hand, driving the troublesome pests from her house.

Jonson nearly had completed his purchases at the grocery, when a youngster darted in and hurriedly gasped: "Gimmie a penn's worth of flies." Jonson was surprised at the request, but he was still more surprised when the clerk accepted the boy's cent and handed him one of the old-fashioned wire fly catchers with the remark, "You'll have to count 'em out yerself; I'm too busy."

Jonson's surprise rapidly developed into genuine interest. "What in the world do you want with dead flies?" he asked of the boy, "and why don't they give you the entire lot and get rid of them, if you want the blame things?" The boy was counting dead flies and didn't answer until he had counted out fifty. Then he looked up and said: "Mamma gives me a cent for every twenty flies I catch in the house."

A light broke in on Jonson. "What do you pay for them at wholesale?" he asked. "They give us fifty for a cent," the boy responded, "and they let us count 'em ourselves." The glad tone in which this was said led Jonson to believe that permission to count out their own purchases materially lowered the rate on dead flies.

"Well, don't your mother know that you can't kill so many flies as you have there in the house in one day?" "Oh, I kill a few when she's around, and then when she's sewing upstairs I take a newspaper and slap it on the table, and she thinks I'm killing a lot." "How many boys in town are in this line of work?" asked Jonson reflectively. "Oh, about a dozen," replied the boy. "We don't want too many to get on to it, or there won't be enough flies for all."

Jonson picked up his packages and went home. His wife was at the door driving out the flies. "Be careful and don't bring any flies in with you," she said. "Say, maw," said Jonson's eight-year-old son, "will you give me a penny for every twenty flies I catch in the house? George Ray's mother does, and they don't have hardly any flies there now." Jonson looked his youngster in the face, and a smile played about his mouth. The boy returned his gaze for a moment, and then his eyes fell, and he shuffled his feet nervously. "He's on to it, too," said Jonson.—New York Press.

He Was Suspicious.

"Dear Sue," he whispered, "do you think, if I married you, your father would ever forgive us?" "I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly. "And would he give us enough to live sumptuously on?" "I am sure of it, Harry." "And would he take me into the firm?" "Certainly he would." "And let me run the business to suit myself?" "Of course he would, darling." She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly. "I can never marry you," he said, harshly. "Your father is too eager to get you off his hands."

THE CHINESE HADES.

A QUEER CONCEPTION OF THE FUTURE STATE OF MORTALS.

The Yu-Li, or Precious Records, Leave Nothing to Chinese Sinners' Imaginations—Rewards and Punishments Allocated With Scrupulous Care.

The papers of the Royal Asiatic Society contain interesting illustrations of the Chinese conception of a future state. Some years ago the society published the Rev. George Clark's translation of "The Yu-Li or Precious Records," a work that came into existence at some indefinite date about the tenth century, and was supposed to supplement the teachings of Confucius, who had left the transactions of another world in some uncertainty. There is no uncertainty in the "Precious Records," for they give in full detail everything the Celestial sinner may expect to happen to him when his soul arrives in Hades in a sedan chair, and is formally received there by the "God of Fate." Hades is conducted like a State Department, and is divided into so many Halls of Judgment, each with its President, staff of officials, and specified number of bells. The decrees of every President and the penalties in every hell are so minutely set down that there is small possibility of a mistaken address for any soul, although it is recorded that one virtuous man was cut off in the prime of sanctity, and his soul conducted to the Hall of Judgment by the blunder of a demon who was severely reprimanded. There is no red tape in this administration, and rewards and punishments are allotted with scrupulous care. It sometimes happens that the merits of an accused soul exactly balance his offenses, and he is then allowed another chance, and begins life again with excellent opportunities of well doing. If his account does not stand to his credit, he may be born again to deformity or incurable disease. People thus afflicted in China are believed to have misconducted themselves in a previous life. There are inducements to virtue as well as punishments for vice. If a woman should please the gods in one stage of existence she may be born a man in the next. According to Chinese philosophy the principle of good is male, (Yang), and the principle of evil is female (Yin). The lady who has the privilege of changing her sex in a new life must, therefore, feel highly flattered by the favor of the immortals.

There is no litigation in the Halls of Judgment, for no soul dreams of disputing the "Precious Records." The ledgers of Hades are kept most punctiliously, and, as the sacred text remarks impressively, "there is no deception." By way, however, of preventing any cantankerously litigious soul from raising difficulties and wasting the President's time, there is a simple but effectual ceremony at the door. When received by the "God of Fate," the soul is offered a cup of tea, which induces "forgetfulness." Dr. Clark says that when the missionaries offer tea to Chinese visitors it is usually declined, the Chinese believing that "we put something in the tea which will cause them to involuntarily join the Church." The Halls of Judgment are very severe on suicides, unless the suicide has been committed for some virtuous reason. A debtor sometimes takes his life to spite an importunate creditor, who has to defray the funeral expenses and compensate the family of the deceased. The Hall of Judgment will decide whether the suicide was due to oppression or to a mean spirit of revenge. Unfilial conduct is about the worst offense with which a soul can be laden; but the most dutiful son cannot escape if he has defrauded the Government or neglected to pay taxes. Fraud on the Government seems to be limited to a very small sum, and therefore the exact moral position of a highly placed Mandarin in a Hall of Judgment is not clear. Quacks are sternly treated, but the worst fate of all befalls the scoffers—people who openly mock the "Precious Records." There is a terrible story of what befell certain priests who ordered copies of the "Yu-Li" to be burned. Liars have a very disagreeable portion in this world as well as others. There is a certain temple where an idol devotes itself to the function of striking liars dead. Dr. Clark asked a young priest whether he had ever seen any liars struck dead. "Yes, two," said the priest. "My young friend, take care that you are not the third," said Dr. Clark.

To escape the various hells, which are like the circles of Dante's "Inferno" without the poetry, it seems to be a good place to turn vegetarian. "It is believed that animals, birds, fishes, and insects are possessed by some one's spirit; if their death is prevented the spirit obtains some mitigation of the pains of hell; therefore, much merit is obtained by setting at liberty living creatures." The greatest merit of all is not to eat a flesh diet. Mr. Pao killed Mr. Wan San, whose soul thirsted for revenge. Wan San met Pao, who was willing to submit to the forfeiture of his life, but because he was a vegetarian "Wan San had pity on him, and only cut off his pigtail."

New Mexico has had a territorial organization since September, 1850.

RICH INDIANS WED.

Dog Soup Among the Delicacies at Marriage Feast.

Two of the richest Indians in the world were married in grand style at Pawhuska, Oklahoma recently. It was the society event of the Indian world. Hundreds of the select were there. Miss Mary Red Eagle, the daughter of Chief Red Eagle, and Tall Elk, a government clerk and heir to a fortune of over \$1,000,000, were married according to the old Indian custom. Both are full blood Osages.

The ceremony was unique, as was the courting. Tall Elk was forced to get around some pretty hard propositions before he could make terms with the father of the girl, but he at last succeeded and the old man has given his blessing, but he has not returned the price the young buck had to pay for his squaw.

Tall Elk is a graduate of an eastern college, and he only lately came back to live among his people. When he did he gave up his college clothes and put on the regalia of his people. He was the clerk in the government office of the tribe, and his business cares were supposed to be many. But he found time and eyes for the daughter of the old chief and he made love to her in white-man fashion with a fury that, had it become public, would have forever disgraced them both. It is the custom among these Indians that a young couple who love each other should not be seen together until their engagement was publicly announced. But Tall Elk persuaded the maid of his heart to wander in the woodland with him alone, and there he was happy. She must have enjoyed it, too, or else she would not have taken the risk of banishment from her father's tepee if she should be discovered holding quiet sessions with the son of the most hated enemy of her father.

This courting was kept up for several weeks and then the young man found a way by which he could bring her father to time. He discovered, it is said, that Red Eagle had been fixing the laws to fit his own case to make money and that if the sensation was unearthed it would mean official disgrace. He went to the father about it and told him. The old man gave his consent to the wedding immediately, but insisted that he should be paid forty-five ponies for his daughter. A little thing like the purchase of the girl did not stand between the young man and his love, so he paid over the ponies and went to courting the girl in the presence of the parents, which is the right way for the Osages. They soon tired of this and Monday the ceremony was performed with all the pomp and dignity of a swell wedding among this tribe. At 4 o'clock in the morning six bucks appeared at the outside of the public square at Pawhuska. Later six squaws came. Then the visitors came and sat around the outside of the square. Just as the sun arose the bride, clad in dazzling robes of many colors, came from her tepee on the north side of the square. She rode a pony and her mother followed on foot. They advanced to the center of the square and the pony was turned loose and the bucks ran for it. Her mother then commenced to undress the bride and as her clothes were flung to the winds the squaws ran and gathered them up as mementos of the event. Finally the bride commenced to sing the wedding song of the tribe and her lover came from his wigwam on the south side of the square and taking her in his arms carried her to his tepee. The visitors clapped their hands and later the couple ate from the same plate at the wedding breakfast, which consisted of dog soup and sacred medicine tea. By these acts they were legally married. It is probably the last marriage of the kind that will ever be celebrated. There were no presents from any of the relatives, but then the couple do not need them.—Chicago Record.

Cool Tunnel Riding.

When the underground railroad is completed we probably shall have the coolest riding in the world right here under our feet. The Paris tunnel road, which was opened without ostentation the other day, carried 30,000 passengers through the heart of the city on the first day, from the Porte Vincennes to the Porte Maillot, and the temperature throughout was 55 degrees, while on the streets the mercury was 97. Think of that, O ye doubters! Think of our sun-beaten, weather-blistered elevated cars where the thermometer registers 100 degrees. Compare the situation with the future underground, without smoke or smell, sunshine or moon. Happy millions will enjoy riding from the Battery to Harlem in fifteen minutes of coolth—say, 60 degrees—while the city above sweaters. The only possible objection to tunnel travel hitherto has been smoke and darkness. Now these annoying features have been abolished. We shall have the most brilliant lights and the air will be as pure as a prairie zephyr. The constant and rapid passing of trains will keep the air in circulation, while the withdrawal of the sun will permit it to remain cool.—New York Press.

Not Old Enough to Marry.

"No," said a fond mother speaking of her twenty-five-year-old daughter; "no, May isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to reply vigorously she isn't fit for a wife."—Ohio State Journal.

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

COSTS THE STATE \$100,000

That Amount Will Now Go to Mrs. Alice Mullin, of Columbia, Sister of Robert W. Sinclair, Who was Murdered by His Wife at Greentree—Fierce Fight Between Workmen and Serpents.

Through the finding of an old family Bible at the suburban home of Robert W. Sinclair, at Green Tree, Mrs. Alice Mullin, of Columbia, will be transferred from poverty to wealth, and will come into possession of an estate now said to aggregate \$100,000. At the same time Auditor-General McCauley falls to collect this sum for the State, as, under the circumstances, it will certainly not escheat.

Mr. Sinclair was a prosperous Philadelphia fruit merchant, and it is a week ago since the community was horrified by the double crime of his erring wife, who shot her husband down as he entered the gateway of his suburban home and then took her own life by firing a ball into her brain.

The dead man had been raised in an orphanage in Philadelphia, and, inasmuch as he was supposed to have no living relatives, Auditor-General McCauley directed Register of Wills Prier to issue his letters on the estate, he being of the opinion that it would escheat.

A claimant for Sinclair's fortune, however, put in an appearance in the person of Mrs. Alice Mullin, the wife of Hugh Mullin, of Columbia, Pa., who declared herself to be a sister of the dead man. She has employed counsel and has taken steps toward settling up the estate.

"Look for the family Bible," advised Mrs. Mullin, when doubt was expressed as to her relationship to the dead man. The Sinclair house at Green Tree, which has been in charge of the Coroner since the tragedy, was thereupon searched. In a bureau drawer of one of the bedrooms the old Bible was found, giving the record of the Sinclair family as far back as 1700, and proving that Mrs. Mullin is the only survivor of the last Sinclair family of four brothers and sisters.

Counsel for the Auditor-General has therefore recommended that the contest be dropped, and Mrs. Mullin will likely take possession of the estate without encountering further trouble of this character.

Killed 109 Battlers.

In Cuyler Brothers' stripping, at Eckley, the huge steam shovel unearthed a den of rattlesnakes. The snakes, about 150 in number, charged on the workmen with a loud rattling that could be heard a hundred yards away. The laborers fled panic-stricken, but later returned to the spot with picks and shovels and made war on the rattlers. Their thick boots saved them fatal bites, some of the snakes wrapping themselves around their legs. Exactly 109 rattlers were killed and the others escaped.

The largest was six feet long and had fourteen rattles. Many of them were less than a foot, but there were several scores that measured over three feet.

Brave Girl Badly Burned.

Brave 16-year-old Maggie Day saved her 4-year-old niece from death and was severely burned in a gallant effort to rescue her 6-year-old niece, who was burned to death. Miss Day was asleep with the two little ones at the farmhouse of her sister at Hughesville, when the dwelling caught fire.

Escape by the stairs was cut off, but she wrapped the child in her room in a blanket and dashed into the adjoining room where the other little one was sleeping.

The flames drove her back, however, and she had to jump from the window with the child she held.

Big Deal in Burst Sugar.

The American Caramel Company, of which Daniel F. Lafean, of York, is president, has secured the plants of the Lancaster Caramel Company, operating plants at Lancaster and Reading, for \$1,000,000.

This gives the new company absolute control of 85 per cent of the caramel business, not only of this country, but of the world. With the acquisition of these two mammoth plants, and especially that of the Lancaster Company, the American Caramel Company will control all of the export business, furnishing practically all the trade in England, France and Germany.

Water Famine Threatens Washington.

Washington is threatened with a water famine. The water company there is working its pumps day and night and has prohibited the use of water for all purposes except those absolutely necessary.

Probably Murdered by Tramp.

The mangled remains of H. B. Brown were found along the railroad track at Palauki by two section hands. The pockets were turned inside out and it is suspected Brown was robbed on a train by tramps and then thrown off.

State News in Brief.

While visiting at the home of her grandfather, in Mount Pleasant Town-ship, Anna, the small daughter of Roland Keiler, of Bloomsburg, ran under a horse and was trampled, sustaining serious, is not fatal, injuries.

Two more incendiary fires at Plymouth have aroused the authorities to make a determined effort to capture the guilty parties. In the last two weeks about twelve houses and barns have been fired. A big barn owned by Henry Jenkins was burned down and fire was discovered in William Evans barn, but was extinguished.

Coroner Goheen held an inquest at Allentown on the body of Silas Shoemaker, who was killed at the Hazel Dell slate quarry by the explosion of a blast which Shoemaker and two men were drilling out. The jury found that Shoemaker's death was due to his own carelessness, as he violated a strict rule of the company when he tried to drill out the blast.

A Miner Instantly Killed.

Midland, Md. (Special).—Patrick Joseph McKenna, aged 27 years, was instantly killed in Ocean mine by the falling of a piece of top coal weighing about 500 pounds, which fell on his head, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.