

POISONED WEAPONS.

HOW SAVAGE NATIONS MAKE SURE OF DEALING DEATH.

Some of the Venomous Mixtures Used by the Barbarians Retain Their Life Destroying Properties For an Indefinite Time.

From the age of stone up to the time when the art of killing one's neighbor led to the discovery of powder and firearms primitive peoples, owing to the inefficiency of their weapons to cause prompt death, have invented means of giving them poisonous qualities. Poisoned weapons, whether they are arrows, knives, lances or what not, may get their fatal properties from either vegetable or animal poisons.

The South American Indians use curare, the natives of India, Indo-China, Borneo and the Moluccas employ, or rather did employ, the upas to poison their weapons; the negroes of the Sudan and the Kongo still make use of a poison extracted from different varieties of strophanthus called m'boussa or ine, according to the regions where it is employed; the people of South Africa, the Hottentots, the Bushmen, the Kafirs and the Akkas, poison their arrows with the venom of divers serpents, the cobra de capello among others; certain tribes of equatorial Africa, the N'Dris and the Banjaris, use their arrows after long burial in decomposing corpses, to communicate blood poisoning, which results in speedy death; in Oceania the natives of New Caledonia, the Hebrides and the Solomon group give their enemies spears by soaking their arrows in venoms containing large quantities of the bacillus of tetanus.

The first three kinds of poison are generally of vegetable origin, though the local medicines, men mix with their preparations red ants, snakes' venom, and other poisons. They are the characteristic of all kinds of plants, which serve as the basis of a deadly poisonous mixture. Curare, upas and m'boussa have their principal elements plants whose species vary with the tribe, and which all belong to the strychnine family. The three last named poisons, except that of the South African negroes, are of microbial origin.

What are the value, duration and activity of these poisons? Curare keeps indefinitely. In 1757 in the course of experiments in physiology made in France with curarized arrows brought in 1753 from equatorial America by La Condamine, a fowl scratched with one of these arrows died in seven minutes. Among the Oulites Indians, lumps of curare headed down from father to son have preserved all their poisonous activity, although covered with mold. The same may be said for the upas, which, kept in little sections of bamboo for seven or eight years, retains the active qualities as when freshly prepared. Malay weapons, even those of steel, always keep their poisonous properties.

The black races that use the claim that it will keep only a short time before it spoils. Now, in fact, it is an enormous mass of strophanthus seeds, to which is added the juice of a fig or of a euphorbi, and generally also viper's venom, becomes covered with mold at the end of a few weeks, but notwithstanding it has preserved all its toxic properties. Guinea pigs have been killed in a few minutes by being scratched with arrows whose points had moulded. In fact, the vegetable poisons used by primitive peoples for their arrows keep indefinitely and always make effective weapons.

This is not the case with poisons of animal or microbial origin. As we have seen above, the Bushmen, the Kafirs and the Akkas poison the points of their arrows with serpent venom, especially that of the cobra. At the end of two or three weeks their arms have almost all harmful quality. This is due to a single cause. The venom of snakes, which is preserved indefinitely in alcohol, becomes covered in air with a peculiar mold, which has not been studied hitherto and which removes all poisonous effect from the venom.

The poison used on the arrows of the D'ris of the Upper Ubanghi is nothing less than the septic vibrio (microbe of blood poisoning), which dies in the air if it is not in the presence of decomposition. Thus those arrows are harmful only during a very short time. As for the arrows of the New Caledonians, which infect their victim with tetanus, authorities do not agree about the duration of their harmful action, although it is proved that the bacillus of Nicolaier cannot live except in a very humid medium and together with other bacilli, harmless or otherwise, such as the septic bacillus, which, as we have seen, dies in a short time.

Thus in all cases the poisoned arrows of the races that make use of vegetable alkaloids are much more to be feared than those of the tribes that employ a poison of animal or microbial origin.

A "Sure Thing" Bet. Those who are sportsmanlike enough to bet on a sure thing might bet on this: A bet that B cannot endure a piece of ice on his arm for two minutes. A bet that A to select a place between the fingers and the elbow. B bares his arm, and A puts a lump of ice on the pulse that is at the wrist. In 41 seconds usually the bet becomes so great that B gives it up.

This catch originated on the London Stock Exchange. It is said that a certain Kikkala, the oarsman, is the only one who ever endured the pain two to a bet.

A Denial. "I don't," exclaimed Senator Sorghum indignantly, "that man told you my name was for sale."

"I don't see so many words," said the other, "you can go to him and refute his claim. It's for rent once in a while, but never for sale."—Washington.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

The Sad Case of the Young Woman Who Wanted to Talk.

A most embarrassing experience was that of a certain West Philadelphia young woman who a few evenings ago attended a reception, in which a number of well known clubwomen participated. It so happened that among these were several who had found the matrimonial yoke an unwelcome one for various reasons and had obtained legal separation from their husbands. To one of these women, quite unwittingly, having just been introduced, the young woman, who is nothing if not vivacious and conversational, addressed the question:

"By the way, Mrs. R., don't you think divorce is wrong?" The woman, reddening slightly, replied:

"My dear, there are two sides to that question. Perhaps you have not heard my story."

The questioner, embarrassed beyond measure, stammered an excuse and walked away. To the first woman she met she confided her trouble, saying: "Oh, dear! I have just made a most unfortunate remark. You know Mrs. R. Well, I spoke to her about divorce, and she's divorced, you know."

"So am I, my dear," was the smiling reply, and once again the young woman wished that the floor would open under her. She felt so bad that she went to one of the women in charge of the reception and, taking her aside, told her the whole story, asking her advice as to what she should do.

"Do nothing at all, Miss L.," was the reply. "I really don't think they have any horror of the subject so long as it's innocently called up. I know I haven't, and I, too, am a divorcee."

Whereat the conversational miss donned her hat, and, fearing to say another word, went home.—Exchange.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

Explanation of What Seems Precociousness in Imaginative Children.

"An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess," is the theory advanced by Florence Hill Winterburn, the well known radiologist, in The Woman's Home Companion.

"If we watch an intelligent child, four or five years old, who believes himself unnoticed by the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to dull, commonplace things and weave whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that means nothing more to us than what it plainly stands for. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way. It embroiders, paints, molds, but it must have its material, its basis in actual life.

"What we call creative ability is really nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original. The child is an artist who darts on his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well considered plan are really happy accidents, not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimentings."

A Much Abused Word.

The way certain words are misused and abused should appeal to one. It is a fact that if any word has tried to adapt itself to every possible and impossible situation "grand" is the one that has made the attempt. A person needs but walk about any city to be confronted with Grand hotels and Grand View houses. Sometimes it fits the house which it adorns, sometimes it seems but a sardonic attempt to make them seem the more forlorn. It rises to the sublime and describes the mountains. It descends to a descriptive term when the weather is mentioned. On the lips of the milliner it lures on to her doom the woman who without the support of a friend is selecting a hat, and the "doesn't she look grand in that!" causes her to depart with the hat in her possession. One hears about "grand" dinners and "grand" times, but the last straw is when the shopwoman says, "That coat fits you something grand."—New York Sun.

A Musical Snake.

The Pittsburg Times is responsible for this tale of black snakes who loved music not wisely but too well. One of the ophidians became so proficient in musical knowledge that he crawled into a church with a number of companions, wiggled up on the organ bench, pushed up the lid with their aid, grasped with his tail the lever that started the organ motor and proceeded to play the organ with his head, varying the performance by crawling over the keys. He scared the choir nearly into its one Sunday by entering during service time.

One Bad Turn Deserved Another.

"Your experience in vanduville, then, was not very pleasant?" He Tragedy was saying.

"No," replied Lowe Comerdy, "at Oshkosh they threw rocks at each one of us as we came on for our acts."

"Pretty severe way of showing their disapproval."

"Yes; in their efforts to impress us with their utter disgust they left no turn unstoned."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"There is nothing," says Seneca, "however difficult or arduous, which the human mind cannot conquer and assiduous meditation render familiar. Whatever the soul demands of itself it obtains."

MEASURING HAY.

How to Determine the Tonnage of a Mow Without Weighing.

Here are a few simple rules for determining the amount of hay in a mow, when it is not convenient to weigh it, which the Denver Field and Farm gives:

Selling by measurement is not always the most satisfactory method, but it is sometimes the most convenient. Sellers are disposed to insist that a cube of seven feet is a ton. This is entirely too small and will not weigh out. How many cubic feet will make a ton depends on so many conditions that no certain rule can be given. It depends on the kind of hay, whether timothy, alfalfa or prairie; on the character of the hay, whether fine or coarse; on the condition in which it was put in the rack, the length of time it has been there and particularly on the size, especially the depth of the stack or mow.

In a very large mow, well settled, 400 cubic feet of alfalfa or timothy may average a ton, but on top of the mow or in a small stack it requires 500 to 512 cubic feet, sometimes even more. It is not safe for the buyer to figure on less than 500 cubic feet, but in a well filled stack, in selling, it would be safer to weigh than to sell at that measurement.

To find the number of tons in a barn mow or hay shed multiply the length, depth and breadth together and divide by the number of cubic feet which, considering the quality of hay and the condition in which it was put up, will make a ton. For long stacks or ricks multiply the length in yards by the width in yards and this by half the altitude in yards and divide the product by 15, and this should give the tonnage.

Grinding Sorghum Cane.

"A ton of average sorghum cane may be made to yield 20 gallons of sirup; it usually yields from 10 to 12 gallons," says A. A. Denton of Medicine Lodge, Kan. "Where cane is cheap and abundant it is often considered inadvisable to greatly increase the extraction of juice by excessive pressure of the canes. Juice obtained by moderate pressing is purer than that obtained by extreme pressure, for this extracts not only more juice, but also more impurity from the shell and the joints of the canes. With limited power a larger quantity of sirup can be made in a given time from moderately pressed cane than from a less quantity of cane subjected to greater pressure. But there is generally much unnecessary waste of juice in grinding sorghum cane. The rolls often need to be 'turned'—that is, reduced to even diameter, the bearings need habitting and the rolls need to be properly adjusted to each other. The 'feed'—that is, the amount of cane in the mill at one time—should be light or heavy according to the adjustment of the rolls. When the rolls are set 'open,' the feed should be heavy; when they are set close together, the feed should be thin or light, but in both cases the feed should be regular and uniform. It is evident that when the rolls are set 'open' or apart, there is waste of juice when the feed is light and also that canes can be well pressed, though the rolls are not set close, provided the feed is heavy."

Straw Sheds and Shelters.

"There is little excuse for keeping the stock down on account of lack of stable room. Good, comfortable shelter, at small expense, may be provided anywhere in the northwest, where straw and wild hay is abundant and a few posts and poles to be had. It will pay to put up some kind of shelter. The farmer who has plenty of straw or coarse wild hay—and what farmer has not—never need lack for comfortable winter quarters for his stock. If he has a few more heads than he can find room for in the stable proper, let him put up a good warm pen with boards and straw. The straw may cover all but one side, which should be of boards, where a window and door may be located.

"Many of our German farmers keep large herds in this way before they are able to build the fine large barns for which they are justly noted.

"Don't be ashamed of a straw shed if it is comfortable and enables you to keep up the stock that the farm is capable of carrying, for it will surely lead to something better." This is the advice of a westerner to westerners, originally given in The Farm Journal.

Scientific Terms.

Alkali Soils.—Soils found in arid or semiarid regions which contain an unusual amount of soluble material salts (alkali) which effloresce or bloom on the surface of the soil in the form of a powder or crust in dry weather following rains or irrigation. Two distinct classes of alkali are known—black alkali, composed largely of carbonate of soda, which is highly corrosive and destructive to vegetation, and white alkali, the characteristic constituent of which is sodium sulphate and which is much less injurious than black alkali.

Duty of Water.—As applied in irrigation this term means the area which a definite volume of a continuous flow of water will irrigate. The duty of a cubic foot per second may be taken as the number of acres of land which a continuous discharge of that volume during the growing season will irrigate.

When to Cut Lucern.

The Utah station has held this conclusion to be right—that, to insure a large yield of dry matter and the largest amount of albuminoids, lucerna should be cut not earlier than the period of medium bloom and not much later than the period of first full flower. This in most cases will be two or three weeks after the flower buds begin to appear. It will be a more serious error to cut too early than to cut too late.

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THE DOCTRINE OF FORCE.

(Continued from page 7.)

submit his cause to the arbitrament of reason and discussion, who plants himself squarely on the creed of might and tramples on the rights of others, not he who demands that all things shall be submitted to the arbitrament of justice and love. The day has gone by when any man could separate himself from his fellow. Your interests are my interests, and my interests are yours. You cannot lift your hand today, you cannot launch your life into the world of industry, without taking the destinies of other men into your keeping. You are answerable not just to your own conscience but to the conscience of all your fellows. No man can with safety wield power of any sort, unless he is under the sway of love.

History's pages but record One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word; Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne— Yet the scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

For humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands, On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands; Far in front the cross stands ready and the cracking fagots burn, While the hooding mob of yesterday in silent awe return To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Storing Squashes For Winter.

"I prefer to leave the squashes where they have grown until a light frost has killed the leaves," says an Iowa correspondent of Orange Judd Farmer. "Select, if possible, a good, dry day, go through the patch and sever the squashes from the vines without cutting or breaking them. Then place some hay or straw in the bottom of the wagon or wheelbarrow, and place each squash carefully in the same, handling them like eggs, so as not to bruise. Take them to a dry, cool shed or upper room, and there leave them as long as safe from freezing. After this they should be taken to a dry, cool cellar or pit and laid, not over two deep, one deep preferred, on shelves, the lowest of which should not be less than one foot from the bottom of the cellar. The cooler they can be kept without freezing the better."

To Stop Nosebleed.

To stop nosebleed cut some blotting paper about an inch square, roll it about the size of a lead pencil and put it up the nostril that is bleeding. The hollow in it will fill the space between the tube and the nose and will very soon congeal and thereby stop the flow of blood.—New York Times.

A FIENDISH WEAPON.

It Would Kill and Leave No Mark to Tell the Tale.

"I have handled a good many orientalish weapons," said a New Orleans curio dealer, "but here is a little instrument that for pure diabolism beats anything I ever saw in my life. I bought it the other day from a Norwegian sailor, who tells me it was given to him by a Jap at Yokohama—a story that you may take for what it is worth."

As he spoke he opened a show case and took out what seemed to be an ordinary Chinese marking brush of rather large size. The handle was some ten inches long and the diameter of a lead pencil. By giving it a sharp twist it separated about a hand's breadth from the end, after the manner of a sword cane, and attached to the smaller piece was a slender glass rod with a needle point. The rod was not much bigger than a knitting needle, and with the handle it had the effect of a very small and delicate stiletto.

"I should think that would break if it were used to stab with," remarked a visitor after examining the contrivance. "Certainly it would," replied the dealer, "and that is where the fiendishness of the thing comes in. Look closely at the glass rod and you will see a tiny groove filed around it about two inches from the hilt. Suppose that it was driven into the body of a man, it would be certain to break at the groove and would leave at least three inches of glass buried in his vitals. The puncture would be so small that it would close when the stump was drawn out, and I don't doubt exceedingly whether a single drop of blood would follow. In other words, the victim could receive his deathblow without knowing exactly what had happened to him. He would feel a shock and a pang, but find no wound, and meanwhile the assassin would stick his brush together and go about his business.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOW TO STOP WORRYING. There is a Sure Way if You Will Only Make Yourself Think So. "The usual way people set about stopping worry is a wrong one," writes Mary Boardman Page in The Ladies' Home Journal. "That is why it is so unsuccessful. If a doctor tells a patient he must stop worrying, the patient is likely to say impatiently: 'Oh, doctor, don't I wish that I could! But I can't. If I could have stopped worrying a year ago, I would not be ill now!' All of which is probably perfectly true. And the doctor does not always know how to help him, because both doctor and patient have an idea that it is possible to repress worry through an effort of the will. This is a mistake. It is not possible to repress worry. You have got to replace it with something else.

"Let me illustrate this by a figure. Suppose you were to go into a completely dark room, wishing it to be light. How would you set about the work? Would you try to scoop the darkness up in buckets and carry it out at the door? Not at all. You would just open the windows and shutters and let in the blessed sunlight. You would replace the darkness with light.

"Gur-ruls are never satisfied," mused the janitor philosopher. "When they are in short skirts, they are crying for long wans, an when they git long wans they have to hold them up."—Chicago News.

Blew Him Good. Arkansas—It's an ill wind blows nobody some good. Easterner—How about a cyclone? Arkansas—Same thing applies. Last one went through here brought me a horse and wagon, a cow stable and a good, steady farm hand, things I've needed for two years.—Ohio State Journal.

The opportunity of a lifetime must be seized during the lifetime of the opportunity.—Albany Argus.

AN INCIDENT IN HAITI.

Illustrating the Peculiar Treatment Custom in Vogue There.

Of course there is in Haiti a small circle of native born creoles, who are naturally born ladies and gentlemen, exquisite in their courtly manners and most desirable as friends. Then the white men who are living there, as I have already mentioned, are characters. If they take a liking to you, all they have or can capture is yours. The following will illustrate this characteristic:

Mine host and a friend were walking through the leading thoroughfare of one of the towns when the friend suddenly came to a standstill and, placing his long nervous index finger on mine host's breast, remarked:

"My dear boy, in here they make the best cocktails in Haiti. I have spent three fortunes in assuring myself of the truth of this. Let's go in and try one."

There was a prompt adjournment from the pathway to the interior of the building, a few minutes of delightful, expectant silence as the ingredients were shaken together, a mutual bow, followed by disappearance of the liquids.

Friend—How do you like that? Mine Host—Delicious! Friend—Let us have another. Mine Host—Certainly, only this second one is on me.

Friend—Make no mistake, my boy; they are both on you. I've no money. It is the unexpected that happens, especially in Haiti the unknown.—Henry Sandham in Harper's Magazine.

Chickens In Haiti.

The natives call the island "Eye-te." Nearly every one I have met who can speak English at all drops the "h" and picks it up after the manner of the London costermonger and his cousins, the cockneys and 'Arry boys. Apples in Eye-te are apples. It is a great chicken country, the variety of poultry depending entirely on the color of the complexion of the incoming president. If he be yellow, the "yaller legged" Dominique is permitted to thrive alone in his glory. Every black legged chicken is killed, and any person caught harboring one is bound to suffer. On the other hand, if the president be black only black legged poultry is in the fashion. The "yaller legs" are destroyed. Similar conditions prevail in Santo Domingo.—Victor Smith in New York Press.

Smelling a Railway.

Do you know that a railway track has an odor? The fact was learned from a blind man who was walking with a friend amid strange surroundings in Westchester county last week. "Is a train coming?" he asked. "Why do you ask?" his friend inquired, for, though there was a railway track a few hundred feet ahead of them there was not the slightest sound to indicate its presence.

"I smell the rails," he answered. He did smell them, and though his friend's nose was not nearly so sensitive, he could with his head within an inch of the rails detect an odor like that from slightly heated iron filings.—New York Herald.