

SOME AWFUL DEATHS.

FEARFUL FORMS IN WHICH THE GRIM DESTROYER CALLS.

The Venom of a South Australian spider and the Frightful Agony it causes - A Grain That Makes its Victim a Raving Maniac.

What is the most awful shape in which death may come to mortal man? Not by fire, nor by water, nor by gunshot. These are mere pleasures to some of the deaths by which you may die.

The most agonizing of all is caused by an insect half the size of a pea - a small black spider. It lives in Peru and South Australia, but a few specimens have reached Europe and America in shipments of timber.

When a spider comes upon one in the Victoria docks while unloading a bark. The tiny 6th dealer dropped upon the back of his hand and dug his fingers into his flesh.

The bite itself was nothing, but as soon as the poison began to work the man fainted with pain. Soon afterward he came to and lived three days before the end came.

This spider's venom seizes upon the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear.

The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. This spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

Another fearful death is caused by eating a grain called "blat." This sometimes gets mixed with rice, which it resembles.

The plant grows in the east, and a few grains of it will drive one into a state of violent mania. The victim becomes drowsy at first and afterward hilarious, then he goes stark, staring mad and tears himself literally to pieces with his fingers, biting mouthfuls out of his limbs.

It is bad enough to see such a case, but as for experiencing it - This grain is only found in remote parts of the east, but both white men and natives are killed by it occasionally in the east, for the plant grows in with the rice crops and can scarcely be told apart, but that the dried grain is of a reddish color.

Of course falling into a vat of boiling metal, as unfortunate workmen sometimes do, sounds bad enough, but it is mercifully quick. There is a South American vine called the "knotter," which is far worse. It twines around any living thing that comes within reach, twisting its long tentacles about a man as a devilfish might.

These tentacles sear and burn into the flesh like white hot wires, and the victim is dragged into the heart of the foliage and his juices slowly drained, as a spider sucks the blood of a fly.

All say that the pain is worse than they could have believed it possible for a man to feel. The "knotter" is well known to scientists and is, in fact, a sort of huge flytrap plant. Those who have strong instincts of cruelty, coupled with curiosity, sometimes force a dog into the grip of the "knotter" to watch the effects, which are too horrible to describe in detail.

Again, there is nothing very much worse than hydrophobia, when genuine. The patient often lives for days in the acute stage and in his last hours is simply tied up in knots and bent backward and forward like a bow. It is a very rare disease with human beings, for most people bitten by rabid dogs, a small number at most, escape it.

In extreme cases the patient actually snarls and bays like any hound, and, next to experiencing it, the worst thing is to watch a case. It is as distressing a spectacle as any man could witness.

There is a snake called the "lancer," which lives in South America, and is very ready with its fangs. It is a small, brown, insignificant beast, but its bite induces a sort of imaginary swelling all over the victim's body. He feels as if every inch of him were being strained to breaking point, and the agony which results is too awful for words.

Generally, however, the excess of pain drives the bitten man mad before very long, and in four hours he dies - a senseless imbecile. But, all said and done, perhaps there is no death much worse than by the common disease of cancer, which gnaws at the patient's vitals through month after month of unceasing agony and slays its victim at last through sheer exhaustion. - London Spectator.

His Little Contribution. One of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M. P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the north asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on 'a light theological topic'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title "The Relations Between the Presbyterian Church and Modern Thought."

When set up the article made 40 columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got no leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon, just sneek off about a column and a quarter 'o' Wallace." In this way the contribution was used, first working down from the beginning, then upward from the end. - London Academy.

Touched. "I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair?" "Of course! How else do you imagine my wife could come by \$50?" - Detroit Journal.

In Belgium at 6 o'clock, evening, you hear from every cottage the voices of father, mother and children and servants saying their prayers, and it is much the same at noon.

Fat and Lean.

Scientists say that the government in Washington assert that American men are bulging in the middle because they eat wheat and oats in too large quantities. Men with large stomachs are frequently proud of the distinction. Often they stand with their hands on their hips and their coat tails pushed back. The side elevation may be startling to the beholder or may be entertaining or may engender covetousness. It all depends upon the point of view. But stomachs are largely a matter of food and drink.

If you want flesh about the hips and abdomen eat sugar and starch - wheat, oats, fresh bread, cake, pie, preserves, candy, ice cream, potatoes, heavy soups, fat meat, nuts, butter, cream, cyster patties, goose livers, beans and bananas.

If you are already too large, diet, diet, diet, and then begin all over again. Crucify your appetite; go into a strait jacket; array yourself in sackcloth and ashes. Live on lean meat, eggs, fish and raw cabbage. Drink hot water. Walk five miles before dinner. Starve in the land of plenty. Become irritable. Watch the hungry and fierce look grown into your face. Go to the scales every day. Dream of banquets. In three months your clothing will not fit you. Oh, it's great fun for the tailor and the doctor. - Cleveland Leader.

His Modest Luncheon. "The ordering of my luncheon used to be a great nuisance," said a lawyer yesterday. "I would go into a cafe, perhaps pretty hungry, but two or three minutes' study of the huge menu would put me in an uncertain, irritable mood, and no matter what I'd order I wouldn't enjoy it on account of the thought that I might have ordered something different and better. It was like going into a public library to read. With so many books there, it is impossible to sit down and read one book contentedly, as you can at home. But now I have an arrangement that makes my luncheon a joy. I said to my waiter one day:

"What I eat here at noon costs me, on the average, \$1.25. Now you ought to know what a nice luncheon is better than I do, so I make you this proposal: Serve me every day a lunch of my usual number of courses, and whatever under \$1.25 it costs you can keep."

"The waiter jumped at that. He brings me every day now a better meal than I would think of ordering myself, and he makes from 20 to 30 cents by keeping down the price. It is a splendid scheme, and I wonder why I never thought of it before." - Philadelphia Record.

They Don't Know Nerves. Those who know the Chinese best have been particularly struck with their absence of nerves. The foreigner fidgets, the native sits still; balmy sweat, especially in hot weather, will resist the foreigner's sweetest wooing, while to the native lying on a heap of stones or across the bars of a wheelbarrow she comes as a matter of course; we need constant change and variety; they would find contentment and rest on the treadmill.

"It would be easy," says Mr. Smith, "to raise in China an army of 1,000,000 men - nay, 10,000,000 - tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with heads downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside."

From which it is evident, says The North China Herald, that in a crusade against noise we can hope for no assistance from our native fellow townsmen, but instead a great amount of vis laertina, if not positive opposition.

A Chinese Dooley. Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pat?" "Where?" "There. Don't ye say it?" "Oh, O! do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's first name is his last name. Do ye blame it, Pat?" "Yes."

"Then rade it backward."

"But rade it furrud furst, an it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backward, man." "De-w, Do; Lee, Le - Dooley."

"Right ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the first toime in me loife O' lver heerd of a Chinese with an Irish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen." - New York Press.

His Style. "I have been considering your application for an editorial position," said the managing editor, "and I sent for you today that I might get some idea of your style."

"Just so," replied the bright young man. "Well, you will observe, I am wearing a blue suit, plain, but well cut, and a brown soft hat; quite the proper thing for this time of the year. Will I do?"

In Cuba. In Cuba the kitchens are always on the roof or in the courtyard back of the house. Only twice a day does the Cuban housewife or servant prepare meals - at 10 o'clock, when she enters the kitchen to make ready 11 o'clock breakfast, and at 6 o'clock to cook the dinner, which is served at 8.

Those Loving Girls. Tody - Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night.

Viola - I don't think I know him. Is he well off? Tody - He certainly is. She refused him. - Chicago News.

One Woman's Rolling Passion.

"There goes a woman," said the girl, "who hasn't a thought on earth except dress. I know that superior man attributes this particular weakness to all women - but it's a canard, as of course are nine out of ten of male estimates of women."

She conquered a refractory button on her glove before she continued: "But that woman who passed us is, without doubt, the most dress crazy woman I have ever met. She knows no topic save dress - can't speak of another subject. She spends one half of her time at her dressmaker's, and the other half is used in exploiting the handicraft of the modiste. Goodness only knows when she manages to get anything to eat. She's dead to every feeling, I believe, except that which has to do with dress. And what do you think she said Saturday? I met her as we were going out of a house of mourning. A young woman whom we both knew had died, and we had been at the funeral. Coming down the steps I noticed my friend, but the feeling of sorrow was too fresh upon me to permit anything more than a nod of recognition. For half a square we walked side by side. Then I said, 'Poor, dear Clara - alive and well one week ago, and now - and she's gone!'"

"'Yes,' answered my friend blandly, 'but wasn't she dressed beautifully? Really, it was a treat to see her!'" - Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Temperature. The little one's mother had said, "Now, doctor, if there is any rise of temperature" - she was great on temperature, by the way - "I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose." Just as I was going to bed I was startled by a violent ring at the bell and, hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped: "Oh, sir, please, sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 108 and is rising fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient and discovered the whole family assembled in the sickroom awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation. "Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since! My poor darling! It was 108, and they say that 105 is always fatal." And she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time I turned down the blanket and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice! - Chambers' Journal.

On the Menu in Chile. For several days I noticed the word "panqueque" upon the bill of fare at the hotel and did not know what it was. There is a brand of wine from one of the Chilean vineyards with that name, and I supposed it was perhaps the same thing referred to, although it was difficult to understand why it should appear among the desserts on the menu at the dinner table and on the bills of fare for breakfast.

The best way to find out about such things is to try them, and the next morning, being in an experimental mood, I ordered a "panqueque," which, to my amazement, was an ordinary griddle-pancake. Then it dawned upon my dull perceptions that "panqueque" spelled panache. I called the attention of the head waiter to the discovery, and he seemed quite astonished. He could speak English well and claimed to be familiar with the cuisine of America. Therefore he did not see anything unusual in my discovery, and I rather think he wrote the bill of fare himself, for he remarked in a surprised tone: "What do you call a panache in America?" - Cor. Chicago Record.

She Did Die Quick. Miss Jennie Lee, the famous English actress, was once playing "Jo" in Scotland. She was in the midst of the long and harrowing death scene of poor Jo. The stage was darkened, and the limelight illuminated the pale features of the death stricken boy. People were sobbing all over the house.

Suddenly, to her consternation, Miss Lee heard the limelight man addressing her in a brawny Scotch whisper, audible to half the house: "Dee quick, Miss Lee; dee quick!" he roared softly. "The limelight's gin out!"

She did die quick, but it was for the purpose of making a speech to that limelight man which he said he would never forget.

The Butler Bible. One of the interesting articles that each governor of Massachusetts transmits to his successor is the Butler Bible, the history of which General Butler wrote on the fly leaf as follows:

When I came into the executive chamber a year ago, I could not find a copy of the Holy Scriptures. I suppose each governor took his away with him. A friend gave me this. I leave it as a needed transmission to my successor in office to be read by him and his successor, each in turn. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Governor.

Possitivism Checked. "No," he complained, "I have never succeeded in getting anything for nothing. I have always had to strive hard for everything that has come to me."

"What about the mumps you had last winter?" his wife interrupted. - Chicago Times-Herald.

Soap has been in use for 3,000 years and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years.

PARAFFINE WAX advertisement with illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for hair and skin.

An Ancient Military Devotion. The eating of three blades of grass - "in token of the holy communion" - was a recognized form of military devotion in the middle ages. On the eve of battle one knight would make his confession to another, and then partake of this symbolical communion. It would not, however, be correct to speak of either ceremony as "an efficacious substitute" for the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist respectively.

They were simple devotions in honor of the blessed Eucharist - pious and formal expressions of the individual's desire to communicate sacramentally, had the means been present. It may be, however, that in popular estimation these practices were in some sort considered "substitutes" for the sacraments which were for the time being unobtainable. - Notes and Queries.

Showed Her Teeth. One of the last things people like to admit usually is that their teeth are not their own in the sense of not having grown in their mouths. A single member from a porcelain factory is not objectionable. The need of it might be caused by an accident or for a good many reasons, but when it comes to several and a plate, then the subject becomes a delicate one.

But there was a woman in the street cars the other day who apparently had a brand new set of teeth and she was strangely proud of them. She first attracted the attention of passengers by the smiles that she lavished upon them indiscriminately. Every smile brought the new teeth into view more prominently and the evidence that they were false and the people began to smile quietly themselves. But even then the woman was not sure that her new treasures were properly observed, and drawing in her lower lip, she brought her upper teeth down upon it and tapped them carefully with her finger, looking off into vacancy meanwhile with a conscious air of unconcern. - New York Times.

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