

WORSE THAN MOSQUITOES

AN INSECT WHOSE STING IS FATAL TO ALL RUT NATIVES.

It is known as *Arge Persica*—Death Follows Its Bite as Medical Aid is Not Had at Once—An Austrian Inconvenience

Great as is the inconvenience which almost every one suffers from mosquitoes, it is indeed small compared to the risks which visitors to certain towns in Persia run from an insect but little larger than the "skeeter," but a sting from which is deadly in its results. This little animal is called by the natives the *garrig-gez*, which translated into plain English means "bite the stranger." It has a scientific name as well, being known to naturalists and entomologists by its Latin name of "*Arge Persica*."—Persian bug.

It is not much like a bug in shape however, being more like what is commonly known as the wood louse, but very much smaller. Persian naturalists say that it belongs to the arachnid or spider family, although it is distinguished from that family by having no division of the thorax or abdomen. It is silvery gray in color and has eight legs, four on each side; the legs, when examined under the microscope, are covered with hairy processes, which enable the insect to get a firm and tenacious foothold. It is not very large, the biggest variety not being quite one-third of an inch in length. The most important part of the insect, however, is the proboscis. This member is composed of six joints, the last being modified into an arched point, very sharp, and communicating with two poison glands in the base of the joint. With this weapon the *garrig-gez* strikes the innocent stranger sharply, by the same movement driving

SOME OF THE POISON.

into the wound. The effect of the poison varies much, according to the constitution of the person stung and the size of the *garrig-gez*. A bite from a big variety is productive of the very worst results. A small red point like that produced by the mosquito is at first seen. Then follows a large black spot, which subsequently suppurates, accompanied by high fever, identical, as far as external symptoms go, with intermittent fever. In this it is very much like the tarantula; the only difference, and it is a significant one, is that the fever produced by the sting of this insect, if neglected, ends fatally. It is accompanied by lassitude, loss of appetite and shooting pains, against which the remedies prescribed by European physicians have very little effect. A large dose of tannin seems to meet the case, however, and this aided by a good constitution, is the thing which decides.

Some Austrian officers on a journey to Teheran a few years ago happened to arrive at a small town which was infested by these insects. They were rather incredulous of the tales told by the guide and insisted on staying in the town over night. Each of the seven was bitten, but as the pain was not itchy, on the third day the fever reached such proportions as to cause them to summon medical aid, but it was then too late. All that could be done was done, but on the seventh day five had succumbed, and it was six weeks before the other two had recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed to Teheran.

The curious thing about this insect is the fact from which it derives its name. Though proving so deadly to strangers it never attacks the inhabitants of the place. They will take half a dozen in the

PALMS OF THEIR HANDS.

at one time and laugh at the fears of the traveller, who is well warned by the guide of the danger which he is running, and accordingly keeps aloof as much as possible.

The fact that the inhabitants of the place rarely experience any inconvenience from the sting may account for the belief which is prevalent in Persia that once a person has been stung and recovers, the *garrig-gez* is harmless against the same individual henceforth. This fact seems to be borne out by travellers, as they never complain of being bitten twice.

Speaking on the question to a Persian doctor, the writer was informed that it was the custom when any important personage was travelling through any district infested by these "Persian bugs" to administer, without his knowledge, one of the bugs concealed in a piece of bread during the early morning. It is a kind of inoculation and the local physicians believe that the poison taken through the stomach is administered with equally good effects as if received directly into the circulation.

GOLD MINING IN AFRICA.

The figures of gold mining in Africa are interesting just now to us in Canada. Recent statistics show that within a radius of three miles of Johannesburg there are 9,000 white men and 70,000 Kaffirs engaged in the industry. The wages of the former reach \$9,000,000, those of the latter \$12,500,000. Although the climate of the country is extremely fine the mortality among the workers is high, reaching 58 in 1,000 this year, a condition attributed to the insufficient supply of poor quality of the drinking-water. An expert opinion calculates that the field being operated will not be exhausted for thirty years to come. The central district of the Witwatersrand alone will produce to a vertical depth of 5,000 feet gold to the value of \$2,000,000,000. The estimated yield of the entire district approaches three billions. According to The Engineering and Mining Journal the present value of the world's output of gold is \$219,500,000. Towards this amount the Witwatersrand contributed 16 per cent, and still greater returns are looked for in the future.

THE FARM.

MOWING WHEAT STUBBLES.

Why should we mow the wheat stubbles? We can keep the weeds down and give the clover a good chance to grow. Why let weeds rob an angle and smother a clover crop any more than a corn or potato crop? You can cut them off with a six-foot mower for 20 cents an acre, counting time of man and team. Is it not practical, if weeds can be kept down at that price? Weeds are rank growers, and if they get started they will just about smother the clover out. Half the failures, says a writer, in seeding, comes from neglecting the clover after it is well started. And the mowing of wheat stubbles prevents the weeds from going to seed and stocking the ground for the future. Our land would grow a solid crop of ragweed, etc., if left alone. Now, some years you would hardly find any ragweeds in the wheat stubble when we mow. Again, weeds cannot grow without feeding on plant food in the soil. After your land has produced a wheat crop, there is usually little enough left for the clover or Timothy. If the weeds get half, or more, the clover is robbed of food it needs. Will you let it be robbed when you can stop the loss for 20 cents an acre, counting your time at \$3 a day? I can easily mow fifteen acres in a day. This food which the weeds eat, that the clover should have, would be worth many dollars to you ultimately. What business management not to invest 20 cents an acre to get back several dollars! But this is not the half of what you may gain. Some years it is dry after harvest, and gradually the clover burns out, although a good stand when the wheat was cut. What is the matter? Want of water. But you let the weeds grow. How much water do they use? Well, a crop that would make a ton of weed hay to the acre would take from the soil between 300 and 400 tons of water. This is evaporated from the leaves while they are growing. Just think, 300 tons of water, 600,000 pounds per acre! Might not the clover have done better if it could have had this? Is it business-like to let the weeds steal it and the clover die or suffer seriously when you could mow the stubbles for 20 cents an acre, and really for almost nothing by doing it some wet day? Oh, don't leave them to grow and do all this mischief, and then rake them and draw them off the next spring.

Those weeds drawn off are a loss of fertility to the field. If mowed as soon as they start well above the clover, the plant food is left right there, scattered on the land, and it has a double value. Every wheat stubble that you cut off, and every clipping of weed or clover that falls on the surface acts as a mulch. This helps the young clover, enriches the soil by shading it, and checks evaporation. This vegetable matter scattered over the surface, all around between the plants—this is where it will get as they push their way up through it,—will help wonderfully about carrying the young clover through a dry time. And all this comes in to pay that 20 cents over and over again. But I am not done yet. The clipping of top of clover has a tendency to thicken it, and it prevents its seeding, which injures it for next year. It increases root and top growth. And then you have clean hay the next year. There is no growth and weeds that are raked up and drawn off in the spring, or else be put up in the hay. Your field is all clean up in the spring. The clippings decay so they will not rake up, if the mowing is done on time, while the weeds are young and tender. Now, friends, I believe all this to be true in theory and from many years of practice. We began the practice because it seemed to promise good results, and we have not been disappointed. Think over these things. Is there not a good deal to be gained from 20 cents worth of work per acre?

LATE SUMMER WORK.

The fall which comes to the farmers after the hay and grain crops have been safely secured affords him a chance to rest up before the corn and potato harvest comes on. This is a good time for him to take the family and go away for a day or two to some quiet resort among the trees and by some stream where the boys can fish. Picnics which bring the entire neighborhood together, are full of value. This is a good time, also, to call upon old friends and neighbors. We may get many new and helpful ideas in this way if we keep our eyes open, writes E. L. Vincent.

But when our little holiday season is over, we may find the late summer a most excellent time to do some kinds of work about the farm which have been crowded aside during the busier season. For a number of years I have taken a few weeks just after haying and harvesting to clear up some odd pieces of land. One such piece had recently had its timber cut off when I came upon this farm which is now my home. The blackberry bush grew rank through the heaps of dead limbs and smaller branches which yet remained upon the slashing. In every direction old logs, relics of by-gone days. Of course I received very little return from such pasture as this.

My first work was to cut the brush—no small task I assure you; but cutting it at this season of the year seemed to practically put an end to it. The next year I had far less work to do with the brush sythe. When the brush comes fairly dry, I set fire to the heaps. What a change a few hours made in the appearance of that lot! Following this up I cut the logs into

convenient lengths for drawing with the team, and skidded them into heaps, which, too, were burned still thoroughly dry. Some stumps which remain on the piece, but most of them may be easily removed with a team. Now that field affords an abundance of rich pasturage.

On my farm was also a lot covering several acres which had once been cleared up, but had been allowed to grow to brush until some of the saplings were good sized trees. For the past two seasons it has been my late summer work to cut these small trees. The trunks and larger limbs make good wood. The smaller branches I piled and burned clean. It is wonderful how quickly such land will come into fine clover and other sweet grasses.

HOGS IN SUMMER.

The hog may be kept growing and thrifty through August as well as May, provided the May conditions are furnished, and this is possible on most farms. One of the most important of these is pasture. It is possible to grow hogs successfully by soiling, says a writer in National Stockman, but it requires more attention and work than most farmers are willing to bestow. A grass run affords the growing pig that exercise so necessary for his proper development, and the succulent grasses are rich in the muscle and bone-forming material. Grass and clover are loosening to the system, and are just suited to his wants in dry, hot weather. It matters not how well cared for in other respects, the pig will never be thrifty in summer unless he has plenty of pure fresh water. This important point is, perhaps, more often neglected than any other. Slop will not answer the purpose of drinking water entirely, though it is, of course, a partial substitute. The man who has never had the job of carrying water in a pail to a bunch of hogs has no idea of the amount they will drink on a dry, hot day. The man who will pen or hog, or any other animal, in a lot or field quiet destitute of shade ought to receive the attention of the humane society. Such protection from the sun as wire fence affords is hardly sufficient. Shade trees, here and there will do fairly well, but nothing is equal to a wood lot. If the ground is low and damp, and is covered by a dense undergrowth through which the sun never penetrates so much the better, but shade of some kind hogs must have in order to thrive and grow. Some good hog growers believe that hog baths are unnecessary. Others are just as sure that a wallow of mud is better than none. I know from long experience that any bath except rain, provided the hog has damp earth and dense shade. He will do still better if he can have a bath of clean water at will. But rather than allow him access to a foul wallow of thick mud I would prefer that he never see water except to drink. In these times we must look carefully to these little details if we grow hogs at a reasonable profit.

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

No Long Waiting for It Now in These Modern Days of Steam.

"I don't see," said Mr. Billtops, "but what we shall have to alter or amend the familiar phrase: 'When my ship comes in.' We are all going to be rich when our ship comes in. It has been delayed by wind and tide, by various adverse circumstances, for it is a sailing vessel, one of the old, old kind, with lofty spars and widespread wings. But its cargo is all right, and it will come into port some day.

"But what are we going to do about this steamship business? There's mighty few sailing ships nowadays, 'most everything is steamers, and our fortune, like the rest of the folks', must be on some steamer. Maybe it's only a small fortune and on a slow boat. But the slowest of the tramps pass through somehow, in about so long, whatever the weather may be, and if our fortune doesn't come on that boat then what is the fair presumption? That it isn't coming that way at all.

"And what does that mean? Why, it means that if we really want a fortune we must give up waiting for our ship to come in, and pitch in and earn it."

PRETTY FAST.

It was in a negligence case recently, and a good humor Irishman was a witness.

The judge, lawyers, and everybody else were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a train.

Was it going fast? asked the Judge.

Aw, yis, it were, answered the witness.

How fast?

Oh, purty fasht, Yer Honor.

Well, how fast?

Aw, purty fasht.

Was it as fast as a man can run?

Aw, yis, said the Irishman, glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied. As fast as two men kin run.

SETTLED LONG AGO.

Some syndicate has started the old question, What is woman's greatest charm?

I thought that was settled long ago. I didn't know it. What was the answer? Money.

DOOR THAT NEVER OPENS

AT THE SAME TIME IT IS PRACTICALLY NEVER CLOSED.

Can Never Be Quite Shut—A Revolving Cylinder With a Door Inside a Cylinder With Two Passages—Its Value on Steamships.

The invention is just announced of a door that is never closed and never open. It is the only door on earth that a person is forced to shut behind him under any and all circumstances. Water cannot pass through it or around the casing. It is the invention of Alexander Kircaldy, of Glasgow, Scotland, and he has labored to bring it to its present state of perfection for ten years.

Primarily, this door is intended for vessels, for its chief claim to distinction is that it is water tight. To the bulkhead, where the door is fitted, is bolted a hollow, cylindrical casing. In this casing are two doors, but they are not opposite one another, rather being located on two sides of the casing. Within this hollow casing revolves a hollow cylinder, and there is a doorway to this cylinder.

IN THE REVOLVING CYLINDER.

Now, when it is desired to pass through this novel door, the cylinder referred to within the casing is turned so that the door therein is opposite one of the doors in the casing. When the ingress doorway is in a line with the bulkhead doorway the passenger enters and stands on the bottom of the casing, and revolves the hollow cylinder by hand until he brings the ingress doorway into line with the second bulkhead doorway, which permits of egress from the casing.

The remarkable feature of this double door, is as stated, that it is absolutely impossible to leave it open, as one door must of necessity be effectively closed before the other opens. The revolving cylinder is hung on ball bearings, and is easily brought into the position desired for ingress or egress. At the same time, no gear, which is so familiar to other types of watertight doors, is required.

ITS VALUE ON STEAMSHIPS.

The importance of this doorway to the modern vessel is hard to overestimate. Any one familiar with the construction of the modern ocean liner knows that the various compartments are connected by doors. It often happens that the sailors, in closing the water tight compartments, are careless about leaving the doors open. It may be remembered that the loss of the steamship Elbe off the English coast several years ago is supposed to have been due to the fact that the compartments of the vessel were not closed properly. Had this door spoken of been in use such an event would have been impossible.

Let the sailors pass from one compartment to another as much as they may, it is not in their power to leave the connecting ways in such a condition as to be a menace to the vessel. Therefore this new invention removes a tremendous menace to the ocean traveller, provided it is, as it is stated it will be, generally adopted.

For many years inventors have been endeavoring to evolve just such a door as this, because the demand therefor has been very great and urgent. Mr. Kircaldy is the first to succeed of the many who have attempted.

AN ELECTRIC MAGNET.

A Pleasant Girl in Germany Who Puzzles the Savants.

In the little town of Kuhls, in Northern Franconia, lives Barbara Roeschlau, a plain peasant girl, who has never been twenty miles from home and who has puzzled the German savants beyond measure.

They know about Barbara through Dr. Wolfram, whose long and detailed notes have made the scientists gasp. The girl has a remarkable power. Without reason or warning it develops itself. She attracts all manner of things as a strong magnet attracts filings.

Knives, pots, pans and even stones come hurling at her, while every small article in her vicinity dances and rattles about in the most extraordinary fashion as they come. The first one occurred just two months ago. They have appeared at irregular but frequent intervals ever since.

Before the power developed itself Barbara was in no wise distinguished from others of her class. She has hair like flax that she wears in braids down her back. Her eyes are blue, her face heavy. She is strong and sturdy and has never been sick a day in her life.

There is nothing in the slightest degree theatrical about her. She never heard about spiritualism or trance mediums. Psychological phenomena are beyond her grasp. Her surroundings have always been primitive, and her education is very limited.

When the first attack came Barbara was in the kitchen talking to a friend and knitting the while. Suddenly a knife jumped from a table and struck Barbara's companion in the face.

Both girls jumped up, thinking that some one had thrown the knife. In a few seconds every metal object in the room began to clatter. At first they began hopping about in an uncanny dance.

The young women clutched each other in terror, while the household things grew noisier and more active. Knives, spoons, forks and small pans.

LEAPED INTO THE AIR as if forced by a spring. They travelled towards Barbara. They hopped her from all directions. They assailed about in a witches' dance at her feet.

Barbara and her companion ran shrieking into the street. The disturbance ceased directly. The young woman was much frightened. Her mistress put her to bed. In the morning she went about her work as usual and nothing happened out of the ordinary run of events.

Day after day passed and Barbara had almost forgotten her fright. It was nearly a week after the first attack before she experienced the second one. She was lighting the fire one morning, when a stone flew toward her and struck her on the forehead. Again the kitchen utensils began dancing and flying.

Barbara's screams brought the Hoffmanns to her side. They found her lying on the floor in a paroxysm of fright. The explosion following this experience kept Barbara in bed for two days.

Mr. Hoffmann could not explain the demonstration. He thought it possible that Barbara might be shamming in order to escape working. He talked to his brother about it, and they decided to watch Barbara.

This demonstration startled Mr. Hoffmann as much as it did Barbara. It drove her into a painful state. Dr. Wolfram, the family physician, was consulted. He gave it really scientific investigation and study.

The physician could not solve the problem, nor has any one been able to do so. Dr. Wolfram found that when the girl visited at different houses nothing unusual happened. He suggested that this might be accounted for on the theory that the Hoffmann house is invested with a current of natural electricity, and that the animal electricity of the girl produces a positive and negative current under certain atmospheric conditions.

Altogether she appears a much more wonderful creature than the famous Paladina, whose strange powers have defied scientific investigation for twenty years. Mlle. Paladina can operate the keys of a piano in another room, but she first goes into a trance in a darkened place.

PERSECUTION OF THE STUNDIST.

Russian Non-conformists Flogged and Tortured for the Good of Their Souls.

The Anglo-Russian, printed in London because it could not be printed in Russia, is publishing a series of articles, based upon official documents, which clearly enough explain why the Stundists, or Russian Protestant dissenters from the Greek Church, prefer death and self-immolation to life under existing circumstances. They also illustrate the invincible opposition of the Russian Government and church to religious liberty in any form.

The Stundists are the Russian evangelic nonconformists, and they were persecuted during the last as well as the present reign by the Government. And this notwithstanding the official documents which have passed between the central Government and the authorities of southern Russian districts show that even the Government agents have paid a high tribute to the moral character of the Stundists and presented their movements in a most favorable light. Stundism first made its appearance in the period between 1860 and 1870 and, says the Anglo-Russian, met with a hearty welcome from educated society and the progressive press. Later developments, however, reveal the inhuman cruelties which have been perpetrated upon these unfortunate Protestants by their fanatical Orthodox brethren with the connivance of the authorities. The Novoe Slovo recently printed a letter from a Russian lady who thus describes a scene she witnessed:

The village authorities take particular delight in passing sentences of flogging on the heretics. I shall never forget the most distressing sight which presented itself to me—the person of a moujik of the Village Komissarokva in the Upper Dnieper district, by name Potap Goll. He looked emaciated to the extreme, tortured indeed almost to death. His legs were wrapped in rags, but the wounds on them could be easily seen putrifying with matter. This man has been flogged numerous times, whether by formal sentences of the Orthodox Commune or simply by consent of some of the villagers. His tormentors themselves wonder how he can survive all the continued torture. On one occasion they watched his return for a secret meeting of his brethren, and decided to arrange a little entertainment. It was an awful frost, and first of all they took off his boots and led him barefooted over the frozen mole hills, forcing him to count how many such holes there were over the vast field. This potyeko enjoyment, lasted wholly two hours. The legs of the victim finally got quite numb, and he fell to the ground unable to move any further. The villagers then dragged him a long distance and threw him in a hole, watching whether he would move and get out by himself, but he did not move, and lay in an unconscious condition. The miserable creature was then taken out from the hollow, and bleeding from several wounds he was dragged into a cottage, where the favourite "cigarette" was applied to him. This consisted of a big sheet of paper rolled up like a cigarette, one end of which they put into his nostrils, igniting the other end. This remedy proved effective. The blazing flame caught the moustache and nostrils of the victim, and he began to move and groan to the great amusement of the barbarians around him.

CITIES OF INDIA.

India has 2,035 towns with a aggregate population of 27,251,176, about one tenth of the total population. Of these towns there are over 150,000 inhabitants, 48 more over 50,000, and 556 more over 10,000. The largest are Bombay, 821,764; Calcutta, 771,144; Madras, 452,518; Hyderabad, 415,039; Lucknow, 273,028; Benares, 219,467; Delhi, 192,579; Mandalay, 188,815; Cawnpore, 188,712; Bangalore, 186,360; Raopore, 183,324; Lahore, 176,854; Allahabad, 175,246.

AN EPICURE.

Customer—What is this tough, tasteless substance in this custard pie?
Waiter—That's coconout, sah—custard topped with coconout.
Customer—Hum! Well, take it out and bring me the custard topped with rich juicy white pine sawdust.