

DEADLY INDIAN POISONS.

RED MEN AS EXPERTS IN THIS METHOD OF KILLING.

Fatal Poisons for Which Medical Men Have Not Been Able to Find Antidotes—Poisons Brewed with Much Mystery by Conjurers.

The wonderful poisons concocted and used with deadly effect by the Indian tribes of middle British Columbia have baffled the keenest medical experts for years. They can find no antidote, and no analysis have been able to throw the faintest light on their nature.

These words were spoken by Dr. Aaron Ripley of Winnipeg to a small circle of listeners. He went on to say that the medical fraternity is firm in the belief that no poison exists, or could exist, which cannot be positively identified after the victim's death, either by the lesions produced in the organs affected or by extracting from the corpse and testing the poison itself.

"No doubt this is true," he continued, "of the poisons that may be called staples on the market, from the painless morphia and similar narcotics, on through the series to hydrocyanic or prussic acid. Chemical tests are very effective and precise—so much so that no poisoner could ply his trade long without detection. There was really no mystery whatever about the poisoning perpetrated by the Borgias. Their crimes and methods were no secret, but their power protected them.

"Yet among the Cree and Salteaux Indians, 1,000 miles north of Winnipeg, the 'medicine men' juggle with poisonous drugs that

DEFY ANALYSIS

and achieve results unmatched and unheard of in any other part of the world.

"We first learned of the almost incredible particulars through missionaries who had passed many years among these tribes in making vain efforts to overthrow the power of these conjurers. We smiled at their stories in our self-confident, medical way until the proof came to stampede us. We had been told, for example, of one drug in use which caused a horrible eruption to break out upon the victim's body. The poison might be administered any time of the year, but no signs of its presence could be detected before spring, when the sores would appear. Later these would heal to all appearance, and scales would appear in their places. Then the scales dropped off and were replaced by an abnormal growth of hair. Shortly after this death always ensued.

"One day a missionary brought down one of the Indians thus poisoned for the army surgeons of Winnipeg to inspect. They did nothing but examine this poor doomed creature, day and night, for a week, noting each change up to the moment of death, and applying every conceivable test. They were finally forced to admit that no case of the kind had ever been reported to the medical profession, and that they were utterly unable to explain it. The deadly mixture used, whatever it may be, is quite unknown to science.

"The poisons used are brewed by the conjurers of these two tribes in the most mysterious and baffling manner. It is their main business, and the secret has been closely guarded. No remedy has ever been found. Death invariably follows, sometimes swiftly and with dreadful agonies, but usually after months of suffering almost unbearable, even to those rugged redskins, injured to pain and hardship from the cradle. The conjurer boasts of the number of victims, just as the Sioux boasts of the scalps of his enemies."

The doctor then proceeded to explain that the conditions of life among these two tribes, their peculiar habits and traits, create a demand for these conjurers and

THEIR DEADLY DRUGS

which is entirely unknown among Indians anywhere else on the globe.

"As a rule, although the Indian will occasionally resort to ambush and treachery, he delights to face his foe, and take the fortunes of war like a brave. But the Cree and the Salteaux, away on the borders of the Eskimo country, are cut from redskin cloth of a different texture. They are habitually peaceful; they never take the war-path at all, and the traditional scalping knife and tomahawk are unknown among them. They have, however, enough of savage nature to make enemies and to wish to get them out of the way; and as they are not accustomed to settle their disputes by open combat, they go to the conjurer with their feud. He promptly comes to their rescue with some kind of deadly decoction. It is then the Indian's business to see that this fatal fluid in some way reaches the stomach of his hated rival. After that his anxiety is over, for the drug can always be depended on to do the rest.

"When called upon to perform this death-dealing service, the conjurers steal off in the forests, where they collect various unknown herbs and barks. These are brewed with great care and plentiful incantations in their wigwams, no one but a fellow conjurer being allowed to witness the dread ceremony. So the secret is kept inviolate and the conjurer's power in the tribe is unbounded. Even the chiefs take a back seat when the conjurer appears on the scene."

"Do these conjurers constitute a sort of hereditary priesthood?" was asked.

"Not exactly hereditary," replied the doctor, "but the line is continuous and exclusive. It seems, from all I can

learn of these strangely murderous people, that a conjurer is held to act on some sort of inspiration when he takes his first steps to join the order. He goes through a singular and

SEVERE COURSE OF TRAINING.

Mounting to the summit of the highest cliffs, he will sit there alone for hours through the night, communing in a low monotone with the clouds and hearing the messages borne to him by the winds. During the daytime he lies hidden in a cave, surrounded by great mystery. For months he will continue this programme, starving himself until he is little more than skin and bones. When the period of his spiritual probation is ended he returns to the tribe, and is then looked upon as qualified to practise the conjurer's art. Undoubtedly the secret recipe by which these mysterious drugs are brewed, and the ingredients as well, are communicated to him by some master of the craft, for the secret has been so carefully preserved for generations that none outside of the order has been able to fathom it.

"In addition to these deadly drugs the conjurer has a stock of milder avengers on hand. All the men of these tribes are remarkable long distance runners. Rivalries and animosities spring up among them over trials of endurance and speed, and it often happens that some over-matched young brave will feel moved to square rthings with a victorious buck. As the case is not thought extreme enough for mortal vengeance, the defeated redskin will be content with crippling his adversary so as to incapacitate him in the future. The obliging conjurer thereupon supplies a dose that will either permanently paralyze or stiffen the victim's limbs, but affect no other part of his body. These medicine men are undoubtedly the most expert and mysterious poisoners in the world."

DOGS AND BICYCLES.

How the Germans Will Fight the French Bicycle Riders.

The bicycle is becoming so prominent in military manoeuvres, especially abroad, that means of defense against these flying skirmishers are already being devised.

The French soldiers have become especially proficient in bicycle tactics, and seem by nature the best fitted to quickly learn the art of riding. These troops have scurried here and there along the frontier, covering immense distances in quick time without fatigue. Germany has carefully noted these movements and does not intend to be taken unawares. The military authorities are training a thousand large dogs to drag bicycle soldiers from their wheels and otherwise annoy them. They are taught to attack only riders dressed up in various military uniforms. Any mistake in assailing a friendly uniform is punished by a severe beating, and the animals soon learn whom to regard as enemies.

It is difficult enough to propel a wheel over a rough country, laden down with a gun and the other equipments of a soldier, but to have to face a pack of savage hounds in addition will at least cause disorder in the soldiers' column. The revolver and the magazine rifle will help to equalize the struggle, but they are hard to handle on a wheel when the rider is taken unawares. The bicycle scout who would have to make a single-handed fight would stand small chances of success.

The importance of a bicycle brigade in war times has been acknowledged by all of the leading military authorities. A troop of this kind can be easily wheeled a hundred miles a day, even on poor roads, while the marching limit is only fifty. As scouts soldier-wheelmen are invaluable. The bicycle will keep the commander of an entire army in touch with the movements of each division, and can forestall to a large degree any surprise on the part of the enemy. A distance that would mean death from exhaustion to a horse can be easily accomplished on this silent steed. There is no feeding or stabling necessary, and the dangers of being discovered by the neighing or untimely noise of a beast are avoided by the silence of rubber tires.

Whether the right defense to the insidious attacks of these noiseless enemies has been found in dogs must be proved by actual warfare. It is well known by experience that a pack of wolves are dangerous foes. They know only one desire, the extermination of their victims, and yet are filled with a contemptible fear. Dogs are of a better breed and still inherit such fierce instincts.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Col. Bibbles didn't stay long at the seashore, remarked one of the men who were sitting in front of the drug store.

No. He left the family there. But he got insulted and came home.

Didn't he like it there?

He says the place was very nice and comfortable. And he could have stood their habit of closing all the saloons on Sunday if they hadn't played a practical joke on him.

He always was a sensitive man. Yes. And this time his feelings are worse hurt than I ever knew them to be before. He says it was the meanest trick that ever was played on anybody. He was feeling quite thirsty and gloomy when some of the family chanced to say something about a bar that was located a little way out in the ocean. He went out and got a bathing suit and waded a quarter of a mile in the blistering sun, only to discover that it was a sandbar.

A GOOD CASE.

Lawyer A—What do you think of taking Snowden's case? He doesn't seem to have much chance to sustain his allegations, but he has lots of money he is willing to put into the trial. Come, what do you say? You have looked into the matter. Has he a good case?

Lawyer B.—I think we have. You say he has plenty of money.

FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

SOME REFRESHING DRINKS FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Cooling Beverages That May Be Prepared with the Aid of Fruit Juices.

When the mercury is not satisfied to remain at summer heat, but creeps up until almost out of sight, there arises a mighty desire for cold drinks—something cooling, refreshing and palatable. With the markets filled with tempting, juicy fruits, one need not be at a loss to have wholesome and refreshing beverages always at hand.

For a fruit temperance cup, cut the yellow rinds from four lemons, very thin, and drop them in a large earthen bowl. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons onto the peel, and add two pounds of granulated sugar to the juice; cover and let it stand over night. Into another bowl put a peeled and shredded pineapple and one quart of small fruits, such as strawberries, cherries and raspberries, taking about an equal amount of each fruit. Cover the fruit with sugar and let it stand over night. In the morning crush thoroughly the fruits and strain the liquid into the lemon syrup. Add one pint of freshly made cold tea and put the mixture in a cold place for several hours. When it is desired for use add two quarts of iced water for this amount of fruit juices. Charged waters may be used in place of plain iced water if they are liked.

To make a refreshing summer drink, to two pints of water add one pint of granulated sugar. Place over the fire long enough to entirely dissolve the sugar; take it from the fire and add to the syrup the juice from three fine lemons and the grated peel of one, the inside of one orange and one pineapple peeled and picked into pieces. Let the liquid mixture stand until partly cooled and then strain through a coarse sieve, rubbing as much of the fruit through as possible; then place it where it will become perfectly cold. At serving time add to the liquid a pint of ice-cold apollinaris water.

An excellent drink is made from raspberry juice. To one quart of fresh, perfect fruit add the juice of one lemon and one tart orange. Bruise the fruit with a spoon and add one pint of water. Let it stand two or three hours. Meanwhile dissolve three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar in one quart of boiling water and let this become cold. Rub the fruit through a fine sieve and add it to the cold syrup and serve with shaved ice in the glasses. Strawberries and currants may be used in the same way, only with the latter fruit more sugar is required.

For a fruit lemonade put one and half pints of sugar into a saucepan with one quart of water. Place the pan over the fire and cook until the sugar is dissolved. Peel and grate one pineapple, and add to this one banana, sliced, half a cup of cherries, from which the stones have been taken, and the same quantity of grapes cut into halves and seeded. Add the prepared fruits to the syrup when it is taken from the fire, and when the mixture is cold add the strained juice of two oranges, half a pint of lemon juice and the same quantity of the juice from berries. When perfectly cold add shaved ice and some water. Serve in glasses with a spoon.

There are many desirable cold drinks that may be kept at hand which are not made of fruits. Iced chocolate is an especially good one. To prepare it put into a porcelain-lined or granite kettle four ounces of finely powdered, unsweetened chocolate and six ounces of granulated sugar. Add one quart of water and, when they are well mixed, place the kettle over a moderate fire and allow the contents to boil until the liquid is of the consistency of a thick syrup. Take it from the fire and stir the mixture frequently while it is cooling. When cold flavor it with vanilla extract and serve in tall tumblers partly filled with cracked ice, adding a couple of spoonfuls of whipped cream to each tumbler. This chocolate syrup can be kept in glass jars in a refrigerator and will remain good for a long time.

To make pineapple cheer, wash a pineapple, peel the fruit, and then with a silver fork begin at the stem end and pick it into small pieces. Put the pieces into an earthen dish and cover them with powdered sugar. Take the peels and put them in a saucepan with water enough to cover them and let them boil to extract the flavor. Then strain the liquid through a fine sieve over the picked fruit. Let this stand in a cold place several hours before adding a quarter of a pound of sugar and a bottle of hock. When these are well blended and it is time for serving add one bottle of seltzer. Serve cracked ice in the glasses.

Lemonades are best if the sugar is dissolved in the water by heating them together, thus making a syrup. This process seems to give more consistency to the drink. The white of an egg beaten light and added to lemonade gives the drink nutriment.

A refreshing drink is made thus: Beat the white of an egg light. Stir into it three teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. Beat well together and add a gill of rum with the same quantity of rich milk. Partly fill a pitcher, holding about a quart, with cracked ice, and pour the mixture over it. Add a small bottle of seltzer and it is ready for use.

A syrup may be conveniently kept at hand to use for sweetening punches, lemonade and other drinks. It will remain good a long time if kept where cool. To make it, extract the oil from the peel of half a dozen lemons by rubbing them with cut sugar. Squeeze the juice from the lemons and strain the juice over the lumps of sugar. Add the juice from six oranges and five pounds of cut sugar. Place these ingredients in an agate or porcelain lined kettle with two quarts of water, and add a couple of blades of mace, a small piece of stick cinnamon, and four cloves. Let this cook slowly over the fire about one-quarter of an hour. Skim out the spices and turn the syrup into bottles. When the syrup is cold cork the bottles.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN.

Something About Lipton, the Merchant Prince of London.

Lipton's parents were poor. His father, though a wage worker, was thrifty, and at the age of fifteen the son sailed away to America, as many another Scotch-Irish lad has done, to seek fortune in a new land. He sought it in the rice swamps of South Carolina, where for two years he had experience of the maximum of work and the minimum of food and pay. He took passage as a stowaway on a steamer from Charleston for New York, and was allowed to shovel coal on the voyage. He sought work and found it, barely living until he went back to Scotland, a man grown, seasoned by adversity but undaunted.

Six months ago Lipton, while speaking of some of the new men in England said: "It's only eighteen years since I was standing behind the counter waiting on customers."

This was after the story had been circulated in London that he had sold out his tea business to a company for \$9,500,000. He said the only foundation for the story was the fact that an offer had been made him to sell at \$12,000,000. The offer he had refused because, as he said, the tea business was still in its infancy.

The capital with which Lipton started eighteen years ago was just £100, or \$500 furnished by his thrifty parents. Any man who has been able during the past eighteen years to increase a capital of \$500 into tens of millions in perfectly legitimate business and by honest methods is not an accident. He must be presumed to have brains—to be shrewd, quick in action, fertile in resources, farsighted, courageous, self-reliant, masterful; otherwise he could not do it. Lipton would probably protest against any such flattering attribution, but he would also probably admit that he was

A GOOD ADVERTISER.

For his first invoice of provisions he selected the two fattest hogs in the market—veritable monsters. These were carefully cleaned and decorated and made to waddle slowly through the streets to the shop with the banner, "Lipton's orphans," over them.

The joke had one merit—it succeeded. Other advertisements, backed by shrewdness and industry, helped it; and in a very few years Lipton's business called for the establishment of a packing plant in Chicago, and he was one of the founders of the great packing business of South Omaha.

It is less than ten years since he was invited to go into the Ceylon tea business by certain banks in London which had been forced to take over the plantations as a result of business depression. They named a figure they were willing to take. Lipton packed his grip and booked passage on a P. and O. steamer for Australia. All names of passengers are called forward, and he knew that he would be expected at Sydney.

When the steamer stopped at Colombo he walked ashore, and before any one knew he was in Ceylon he had bought out the banks, but not at their price. He looked over the property, called his terms and got the answer, "Can't you do any better for us than that?"

"When I got that message," said he, "I knew that I had the plantations on my own terms."

The growth of the Ceylon tea business has been in the line of British policy, and the plantations would now sell for ten times their cost ten years ago.

Lipton is not more than forty-one or forty-two years old. Like his tea business, he is in his infancy, and has his best years ahead of him. In person he is tall, straight and athletic-looking, always well dressed and well groomed, but in every way most unassuming.

THE FIRE-FLY.

How the Bright Light It Flashes Out Is Produced.

Hundreds of these common, but interesting beetles now may be seen every evening about 9 o'clock, as they leave their resting places in hedges and in vines, and flash their lights, which are brilliant as stars, twinkling in twilight.

"By what process do they produce the beautiful flashes of light?" That is a question frequently asked, and as entomological books fail to give a satisfactory reply, the following explanation may be interesting to our readers.

I have made a special study of the light, and carefully examined the mechanism of the illuminating segments in both male and female specimens. The light emitted, when tested by the spectroscope, gives a brilliant spectrum, which is continuous through all the colors from the red to the violet rays. The illuminating organs consist of distinct spherical cells, each one of which is about 1-2,000th part of an inch in diameter; and the beetle has power to illuminate one or many of these cells at will, producing light of corresponding intensity. The cells contain a fluid saturated with phosphorus; and the covering of the cell is so thin that atmosphere coming in contact with them may affect the contents.

It has been suggested that the beetle produces the flashes of light or renders the phosphorus suddenly luminous by electricity—by the injection of warm fluids or by friction. But it is certain that the flash of light is made in another way. We may clearly trace a connection between the spiracles and trachea (spiral air tubes) of the beetle and each of the illuminating cells, and find that the little creature renders the phosphorus contained in the cells luminous by forcing air upon them. The cells when thus excited emit light from their surface.

We may imitate the act of the beetle by dissecting one and placing the illuminating organ under a microscope, covered by a thin glass cover. When the cover is lifted so as to admit a little air, the cells become luminous.

We may add that the name "fire fly" is a misnomer, as the "lightning bug" is a true beetle, belonging in the natural order coleoptera, and in the family lampyridae.

FAREWELL TO TORNADOES.

M. TURPIN HAS FIXED UP A SCHEME TO ANNIHILATE THEM.

The Farmers of the Western States Can Now Rejoice for the Hour of Their Deliverance Is Now at Hand—Just Built a Few Towers.

If we are to believe M. Turpin, of Paris, France, and as an inventor one has a greater reputation, we need in future dread little danger from cyclones, tornadoes, hurricanes, or similar atmospheric disturbances. For years M. Turpin has made this matter a special study with the object of devising some safeguard against these destroyers, and now at last he claims to have attained this desirable end.

To Americans his discovery will prove of special importance, as will be seen from his own words on the subject:—

"This subject has occupied my attention a long time," he says, "and whenever I read in the American papers about the frightful disasters wrought by cyclones my desire to discover an antidote of safeguard was redoubled. Well, I discovered one day the principle of what I may style the 'paratornado.' I at once submitted it to M. Faye, who is versed in such matters, and he said that it was highly ingenious. So I went ahead, and in due time I constructed the necessary apparatus. Right here let me say that my chief claim was to provide America with some reliable weapon against these frightful scourges. In Europe we occasionally have hurricanes and waterspouts, but they are of trifling moment when compared with the cyclones and the tornadoes of America. An American town in the path of a tornado is doomed. I have heard of a tornado which killed 750 persons, wounded 2,500, and which, at the same time, overthrew thousands of houses.

FACTS ABOUT CYCLONES.

"Now, this inevitable scourge comes at the same annual epochs and usually at the time of the equinoxes. During certain years and notably between 1888 and 1889, there have been as many as forty-four tornadoes. Yet, though their regular reappearance has been clearly established, no practical steps have been taken to avoid them. True, watchers have been appointed in dangerous seasons to signal the approach of cyclones, and when they give warning the people went with their cattle into subterranean grottos and thus escaped the fury of the tempest. Their dwellings, however, were wholly destroyed. Now any one using my system of defence can combat and overcome these enemies. I claim, too, that any town using this system can effectually protect itself against all future cyclones.

To understand my system, we must bear in mind that a cyclone is a formidable wind of surprising swiftness which is born in the Gulf of Mexico, and which goes in an absolutely invariable direction, from the southwest to the northeast. The route of cyclones has never changed. It is not, however, the cyclone itself which kills the people, tears up trees and destroys houses. These disasters are really caused by what may be called the epiphenomena which are produced in the heart of this blast of wind. Such are the waterspouts or tornadoes—that is to say, funnel shaped masses of water, the giratory movement of which has an unheard of swiftness of 200 metres a second. They are the real danger.

TOWERS AS GUARDIANS.

"Well, let us assume that a town or city wishes to protect itself against these cyclones or tornadoes. What it must do is to build on the side from which cyclones approach—remember they always move in the same direction—a certain number of small metal towers about forty metres in height and having on top cylinders filled with some extremely explosive material, such as melinite. Each of these cylinders must have six arms, at the end of which are to be fitted disks similar to those used on railroads. These arms are controlled by bell springs, the resistance of which is superior to all other pressure except the terrible shock produced by tornadoes.

"When a tornado comes it pushes the arms violently, and they, being displaced, bring into motion a little chain, the tractive power of which, located in the interior of the cylinder shatters a fragment or primum of fulminate, after the fashion of a piece of artillery. The explosive lights and bursts, producing an enormous development of gas, which destroys and dispels everything around it, including the tornado. The waterspout is destroyed and dispersed, at least for the moment. It may form again further off, but at any rate the town will be saved.

CAT THAT DIVES FOR FISH.

Most cats are afraid of water, but the tabby mascot that sails the seas on board Her Majesty's ship Pallas, a cruiser now at anchor in Boston Harbor, is an exception. This cat has more of the habits of a muskrat than of the animals of its own kind. From kittenhood it has had a marked fondness for water, and improves nearly every opportunity to swim and dive. Like all cats it likes the flesh of fish, and does not wait for the cook to serve it. It has contracted the unique habit of diving off the side of the vessel whenever it wishes a fish dinner, and seldom comes to the surface without a good-sized fish in its mouth. It hunts its water game in much the same way that an ordinary cat hunts mice. Crouching on the deck it peers over the side, ready to spring when its prey swims along, and then dives with surprising accuracy. This distinctively salt-water cat is the pet of the officers and crew and is regarded as the ship's mascot. Its fame has spread throughout Her Majesty's realm, and crowds collect to watch her antics wherever the ship goes into port.