

A FRIGHTFUL FOE.

"THE DEVIL'S SOLDIER," YUCATAN'S DEADLY SPIDER.

It is a Monster of Its Kind, and Annually Kills a Great Many Natives.

"If there is a fiercer or more deadly animal on earth than the one that makes life precarious in certain districts in Yucatan I wouldn't take the country it lives in as a gift if I had to spend my days there, not if there was a gold mine to every acre," said a Chicago man, who returned recently from a prospecting tour in Yucatan. "This animal is small for an animal, but for the family to which it belongs it is a monster. It is a spider, and the natives know it by the cheerful name of the 'devil's soldier.' If his Satanic Majesty really had warriors of this kind in his service, he wouldn't need more than one company of them to march forth and gather in the world. I suppose this spider is a great thing for the country at large down there, though, for it keeps the native Indian population within bounds. I have seen estimates of the average number of these interesting people from whom the devil's soldier burdens the State during each year, but I don't remember the exact figure now. It is not so large as the number of natives the cobra and other warm-toothed snakes relieve India of annually, but I know it is quite a respectable amount.

"This giant spider doesn't weave a web to deter its victims from proceeding further. It scorches such tricks, and salutes forth boldly and takes its victim by the neck openly and above board. It likes parrots, monkeys, snakes, all kinds of birds, and dots on Indians. The way one of these big spiders can glide up a native and cling him in the jugular would make a red squirrel ashamed of the way he can climb a tree. If an Indian sees the spider in time, and has good wind, he can get away from it, for a devil's soldier won't chase an Indian more than a mile. If Indians were scarce, the spider might keep on, and run its victim down, but they are abundant, and the spider doesn't see any use in making itself tired just chasing an Indian when there will be another one coming its way pretty soon. The devil's soldier will tackle a white man just the same as he will an Indian, but white men seldom go into the interior where the interesting animal lives. I ventured about forty miles inland once, having heard dazzling rumors of a rich gold mine that was lying helpless in there, waiting for some one to come and take it away. Stories of this spider increased in interest as I went further into the country, and I kept my eye out for the monster.

"One day I was surprised to see what I at first supposed was an animated but miniature American flag coming swiftly from a bunch of gayly colored vines to greet me. My half-breed guide saw it at the same time, and yelling something about the devil's soldier, drew his bow up and stood erect on his heels. The supposed American flag was one of these spiders, and it was at the horn of my saddle before I could draw my revolver and put a hole through its variegated body. After I had shot six of these ferocious spiders, and we had overtaken three Indians carrying another Indian who was dead, having been tapped by a devil's soldier an hour before, my guide mutinied. He would go no further, and turned his mule's head in the direction we had come. I agreed with him. I guess there's no doubt about that gold mine being in there somewhere. I'll give it to any one who will go and get it.

"The devil's soldier has a scope of body seven inches wide and about the same in length. This is, among spiders we are used to seeing, just about the same as a fifty-foot bear would be among bears. Its head is an inch and a half across and is fitted with a frightful pair of lateral jaws. It has two rows of legs. The legs are two inches long and as big around as a lead pencil. Two big, bright eyes stand out on each side of the head, and even when the spider is dead these eyes glare like a rattlesnake's. The devil's soldier climbs trees and catches parrots and monkeys, or he can run like a hound and overtake his prey. The most curious thing about this spider is the marking of its body. Narrow red bands extend diagonally in both directions across the body, crossing each other in the center and so on around the under side of the body. The rest of the spider is exactly the color of the ground where it may be domiciled. The purpose of the red stripes is to counterfeit the colored vines that creep and cross each other on the ground and in the trees of that country, so that the spider may lurk among them and almost defy detection. This formidable and deadly creature abounds in great numbers in the interior and the Indians live in constant terror of it. It is on record down there that only one person ever—~~was~~ the bite of a devil's soldier, and he was a raving maniac all his life. I may as well say that I was actually scared out of Yucatan by that spider. It was a country of too much terror for me."—[New York Sun.

A Curious Chinese Legend.

When the bell tower of Pekin was built the Emperor Yung-lo, of the Ming dynasty, ordered a great mandarin, named Kuan-yu, to cast a bell big enough for such a noble edifice, says Pearson's Weekly. Time after time Kuan-yu and the expert workmen in the country tried to cast a bell and failed; the casting was always honeycombed, and the Emperor said that if there was one more failure Kuan-yu's head should pay the forfeit for it. Now, Kuan-yu had a daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, named Ko-ai; she went to a certain astrologer and asked the cause of her father's failure. Some demon, she was informed, required the blood of a maiden to be mixed with

the metal, and unless this was done the next casting would fail, like the previous ones.

Ko-ai got permission from her father to be present at the casting, and amid the dead silence which prevailed when the taps were drawn and the molten stream poured down into the mold a shriek was heard, and, crying out "For my father!" Ko-ai threw herself into the scorching metal. One of the workmen tried to seize her, but succeeded in getting hold only of a shoe. The father was taken home a raving madman, but the bell was perfect in make and tone, and, when struck, its sonorous boom is to this day followed by a low wailing sound like the cry of a woman in agony, and when people hear it they say: "There's Ko-ai calling for her shoe."

Queer Facts About a Watch.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces and its manufacture embraces more than 7,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9-12 inches long, 1-100 of an inch wide and 27-10,000 of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and is finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20,000ths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20,000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure steel. Hair-spring wire weighs one-tenth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a few comparisons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until it has given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does once every twenty-four hours. —[Jeweler's Review.

A Marvellous Clock.

The Warschewskij Dujewnik, a paper published in Warsaw, Poland, describes a wonderful clock which will be exhibited in Chicago. The clock is the result of six years of earnest work by a watchmaker named Goldfaden in Warsaw. It represents a railroad station, with waiting rooms for travellers, telegraph and ticket offices, an outside promenade and a fountain in operation; alongside of the station are seen the tracks, with signal booths, switches and water reservoirs—in fact, everything belonging to a European railroad depot. In the dome of the central tower of the building is a clock showing the local time, while in each of the two other towers there is a clock giving the time respectively of New York and Pekin. In both of the towers above mentioned a calendar and barometer are seen.

Every quarter of an hour it gets lively at the station. First the telegraph operator does his work; issues the telegram to signify that the track is clear. Then the doors of the building are open, the station keeper and his assistant appear on the platform, at the ticket office the cashier is noticeable and the guards leave the signal booths and hoist the barriers. A long row of passengers is observable in front of the ticket office, baggage is hauled, one of the guards rings the bell and the train runs into the station. While the whistle of the locomotive is blown the train stops, a workman goes along the row of coaches and hits the axle with a hammer, while another one pumps water into the water tank of the locomotive. After a third signal with the station bell the train starts and disappears in a tunnel on the opposite side. The station keeper and his assistant leave the platform and the doors of the depot and building are closed, the guards enter their booths and quiet reigns. After fifteen minutes the same trouble commences again. —[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Origin of the Name America.

Mr. Jules Marcon of the Paris Geographical Society has lately spent a great deal of time in making researches into the origin of the name "America." The popular notion that America was so called

from the Christian name of Amerigo Vespucci is, he says, wholly unfounded, the name really being taken from "Amerrique," the Indian name of the mountains between Jugupa and Libertad in the provinces of Chontales, which separate Lake Nicaragua from the Mosquito coast.

The name in the Maya language signifies "the windy country," or "the country where the wind blows always." The Christian name of Vespucci was Albericus in Italian and Spanish, and Albericus in Latin, but it is subject to a great number of variations, and consequently M. Marcon suggests that the name Amerigo is an adaptation of Amerrique, added to Vespucci's name to distinguish it (Amerrique being a name already known and applied to the New World) in the same way as we say now "Chinese Gordon" to distinguish this particular Gordon by suggesting one of his heroic feats. Vespucci's claim to the discovery of America is put out of court by the fact that he was in Seville when Columbus made his voyage. He did, however, make two or three voyages to the New World later on, and being a vain man and acquainted with map-makers, he would be nothing loath to see his name associated with the vague splendors of the new continent. —[Pearson's Weekly.

Housekeeping Aboard Ship.

"Women complain of the troubles of housekeeping," said a naval officer the other day. "We in the service have as much to contend with at times as any woman. When the ship went into commission three months ago I had the ill-luck to be chosen mess caterer. All commissioned officers above the rank of ensign, except the captain, belong to the wardroom mess, and I had a fine time of it for a while. Like keeping house ashore, the difficulties vanish as soon as you get good servants, but it takes a deal of worry and effort to reach that peaceful condition, if you ever do.

"Competent service is as hard to get aboard ship as anywhere else, although good wages are paid. It is the steward and cooks which bother. A steward gets \$37 and a cook \$32 a month, with their 'rations' of thirty cents a day and a bonus of from \$5 to \$10 additional from the mess fund. It is hard work to get good ones, however, dishonesty and drunkenness being their attributes if they know anything about their business, and if they are sober and won't steal they probably can't cook and have little ideas about providing.

The only comfort I took as caterer was in the 'boys,' the Japanese and Chinese men who wait at table and pick up about. They get \$10 a month and are admirable fellows. Nothing, indeed, can equal aboard-ship a well-trained Chinese 'boy' waiter, industrious, intelligent. He takes complete charge of one's stateroom and its contents, puts it in order, and would handle the hardy occupant who goes in search of something—John resents it as an interference not to be tolerated. He has even been known to take charge of one's finances so well that the improvident one is forced to check his prodigal hand through his servant's careful forethought in supplying only a part of his available funds. And I never heard of a lady's maid hiding her mistress's purse so that she couldn't go shopping." —[New York Times.

He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

The tune to which this song is sung is "Marlbrouck," which was once a national air in France. In "Marlbrouck" the death and burial of Queen Anne's great captain are burlesqued, and in what some French critics have considered its scathing satire the disasters of Blenheim and Ramillies are believed to have been avenged. But the fact is really the reverse; but if read appreciatively, "Marlbrouck" expresses the widespread terror occasioned by the mere name of Blenheim's hero, and the exultation of the French when they heard of his death. The "Complainte" is supposed to have come from the Wallon country and it was unknown in the French capital until fifty years after Marlborough's death, when a Picardy peasant woman, coming up to Versailles to nurse the baby daughter brought it with her, and sang her little baby charge to sleep with the old jangling rhyme. From this "Marlbrouck" became popular in Paris, and ultimately it reached England. The tune being a catchy one, the French words were discarded and wedded once for all to the Bacchanalian chant of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and so a song written in ridicule of England, and one of her greatest generals became one of the most popular airs to which the latter's countrymen pledge jovial cups.

By One Arm.

"It is a matter of surprise to me," remarked a man who is a keen observer, recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm."

"But wherefore?" asked the person to whom he was speaking.

"Here is an illustration," continued the first speaker; "do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street."

At the crossing the woman lifted the child by one arm; it dangled in the air and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk.

"Well, the arm held didn't it?"

"But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now that is a sight you can witness every hour of the day, mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the mothers would like it if a being suddenly as large as themselves should drop it on the sidewalk. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would." —[Detroit Free Press.

WONDERS OF A TORNADO.

Curious Things Wrought by Its Marvellous Force.

In Kansas they are telling a lot of most wonderful tales as to what was done by the recent tornado. Here are some of the choicest:

In Greenwood County a boy named Willie Henderson saw his home blown away, and went to a cistern twelve feet deep for protection. There was about three feet of water in the cistern, and he sat on a lot of boards which he threw into it. A tornado took the top off, took out all the water and the boy and carried him fully a hundred feet, where he was dropped, wet to the skin, but otherwise unharmed.

Charles Anderson, living near To-wanda, heard a roaring and went to the door to see what it was. As he opened the door the storm struck the house and carried it away, leaving him standing in his night-clothes just where the house had been. It took the house from under his feet, and he says he never felt a breath of wind until after the tornado had passed and the force of the gale was again felt.

A threshing-machine was standing by the side of a barn and the wind tore it to pieces. The boiler of the steam-engine was taken clear over the barn and dropped on the roof of the house of James Donahue, crushing it in, and killing a child aged 6 and breaking Mrs. Donahue's arm. The barn was untouched.

A cow, which was standing in a stable lot near Cherrylvale, was carried up to the roof of a house and deposited in such a manner that it was impossible to get her down without killing her.

The family of James Gibson were standing in their door watching the storm when they saw something come rolling down the street toward them. It looked like a log, but bent and twisted in such a way as to excite their curiosity, and as it was stopped in a gutter near their house they went out to make an investigation after the storm had passed. It was the body of a young woman who had been stripped of every stitch of clothing except one stocking, and it was only by this stocking that they were enabled to identify her. It was that of Miss Belle Merritt, who was considered the most beautiful young lady in this part of the country. She was so disfigured that no semblance of her former self remained. She was alive when found, but died within a few hours without recovering consciousness.

The family of George Jackson sought shelter in a cyclone cellar when the storm came up, but a big tree was thrown on the cellar and crushed through, breaking the arm of Mrs. Jackson.

The stripping of chickens of their feathers is reported from several localities, and several stories are told of the marvellous action of the tornado.

Can't Be Civilized.

The astronomer shouted in happiest mood: "I've found an inhabited star!" "Well, what if you have?" said the practical man: "Just tell me the good of it, sir, if you can. We can sell them nothing—they're too far away." "Nor can they be brought under civilized sway." "Our cannon don't carry that far." —[Indianapolis Journal.

The British Sunday-school Union reports 8,611 schools, with 152,977 teachers, and 1,531,432 scholars.

Eyesight

My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cancer. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I began giving him CLIFFORD BLACKMAN, HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life. ANNE F. BLACKMAN, 2333 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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A Funeral Custom. In Italy, France and Spain it is common to ring a handbell a distance in advance of a funeral procession. The object of this custom is said to be to clear the way for the procession and to remind passengers and loiterers to take off their hats.

"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many bottles of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did not and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

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OMEWHAT STRANGE ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Quer Episodes and Thrilling Tales Which Show That Things are Stranger Than Fiction.

In the western part of South I is one of the most wonderful curiosities in the world, yet it is known that even its name is rare outside of the immediate vicinity of the cave mountain. This mountain is part of the range, yet it is almost isolated from the surrounding mountains and stands in a park. The mountain is literally honeycombed with tunnels which run in every direction through and in some places form tunnels and clear through the mountain. It is estimated that there are fully three hundred distinct caves, not counting those which connect with others as ones. From the appearance of the caves they have been used for time in the past by men who have certain scientists that an ancient cave dwellers used them for home probably assisted nature in fastening them from the rocks in the movement of the largest cavern bears evidence of man's handiwork in that they have undoubtedly been smoothed and in one place an excavation had been made in one side and a raised dais indications that it was used as a throne room. In another cave remains of a dungeon. There is a cavern, almost circular in shape, twelve feet from top to bottom. Sides, at the bottom, are indications that some one has tried steps in order to get out. Then no human remains found in any of the caverns.

A GERMAN statistician recently listed the results of his investigation of the relative ages of husbands and in the various capitals of Europe found that the conditions in which the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, corresponded, up to a point, with those in other cities. He discovered that marriages are more frequent where the husband is twenty years older than the wife. Women twenty years of age, however, take into themselves husbands seven years older than themselves. Cases in which the man was younger than the woman were numerous as those in which he was seven years older. The first case was that of a couple, and the latter condition was six or seven years younger than wife were also just as numerous where he was thirteen or fourteen older. Only two cases were discovered where the husband was thirty-five or more years older, and one case was the older by forty-six years. A case was discovered where the wife was thirty-four years older than the husband, and three-tenths per cent of men who marry women under twenty years of age, according to the statistics are between twenty-six and twenty-eight years old.

SINCE the telegraph has been introduced as it is near the point of perfection as to how to attain, and telecommunication has been established in the remotest parts of the world, it has become very difficult for rogues to do their searching ways. Once in a while a fugitive from justice manages to elude his pursuers, but the Electric Telegraph, if the party sought is of any importance to be in special regard whereabouts are likely to be discovered. One of the most notable instances in this respect "on record" is that of the late president of the Bank, Philadelphia, who has been managed to elude arrest, but it is generally conjectured that if certain desired his presence his presence could be readily determined. The many instances of the discovery of whereabouts are likely to be discovered. One of the most notable instances in this respect "on record" is that of the late president of the Bank, Philadelphia, who has been managed to elude arrest, but it is generally conjectured that if certain desired his presence his presence could be readily determined. The many instances of the discovery of whereabouts are likely to be discovered.

Two travelers have lately arrived in Shanghai, China, whose names are not an unimportant place in the distinguished explorers. They are John Bower, of the Seventeenth Cavalry, and Dr. Thorold, of the medical staff, and their claim to fame rests upon the fact that they have journeyed through the longest route that can be taken that mysterious country. They are an imaginary line drawn from the mere frontier in the northwest Chinese province of Szechuen, to the southeastern border territories of the Delai Lama, were upwards of ten months in a great part of their journey through a series of elevated tableland lower than 15,000 feet above sea level. On approaching Lhasa they were turned back, when with days' journey of that city, by the but after some parleying were permitted to proceed on promising not to enter the Thibetan capital. Signs journey have before followed the same route.

PROBABLY no other part of the world has so many natural wonders as the county, Cal. The first in point of interest is the Modoc. The Modoc is a full of caves and gullies.