A FANTASTIC EDIFICE.

The Strangest and Most Whimsical Building in the World.

The history of the church of Vasili Blagennoi is as strange as its aspect. It was built by order of Ivan the Terrible, at the expense of the principality of Kazan, as an expression of gratitude to God for the Czar's conquest of that country. The name of the architect, an Italian, is unknown, but tradition relates that his eyes were burnt out by order of Ivan to prevent him designing in future any more wonderful monuments. "It is my wish," said the terrible autocrat, "that this sanctuary remain the unique and glorious monument of the genius of this man." In the basement of the edifice are two chapels, and on the upper story nine chapels, surmounted by nine cupolas, each different in shape, dimensions, color, details, style and structural disposition. The spire, too, is placed at the east and not at the west, as orthodoxy demands. The facades, again, are all different and without discernible plan, and the whole structure, with its suggestions of Hindoo, Byzantine, Gothic and nondescript architecture, and its profusion of painted ornaments and masses of crude yellow, blue, red and green, forms an admirable and mysterious harmony, the secret of which none can explain, and the charm of which no words can describe. The whole exterior, with its superimposed arches, its profusion of color and gilding, its painting of roses and other flowers in panels all over the walls, is strangely original. On the pedestal formed by the nine chapels and their basement are placed belfries and cupolas starting upward from masses of masonry resembling the imbricated foliage of the artichoke, the scales of the pine cone, or the opening buds of the cactus flower. In the chief belfry the Italian element is clearly perceptible in the first three stories, above which is a story resembling an Indian pagoda, which in its turn is surmounted by a hexagonal crocketed spire, on the summit of which is a lantern and an onion-shaped gilt cap. Another belfry supports a cupola in the shape of a pineapple all covered with pointed facets; on another the pineapple cupola is laced over with a symmetrical network through whose meshes the points alone are visible. Another cupola imitates the ribbed form of a melon; another, the twisted folds of a monumental turban; another, the close scales of the serpent. Let it be remembered, too, that each of these cupolas is of a different color—one orange, another sky-blue, another apple green, another deep red; and that, besides paint in profusion, the mouldings, cornices, consoles, panels, pinnacles, imbrications and tiers of arches are lavishly decorated with brightly-colored glazed faience. Of this fanstastic architectural dream, suggestive of uncanny sea monsters, half-fish and half-flower, of gigantic fruits, or of vegetables and Oriental turbans of such capricious and impossible proportions as one may conceive in a nightmare, Theophile Gautier has given us a poet's description, which we cannot do better than cite:

"The Church of Vasili Blagennoi," he says, "is without doubt the most original monument in the world; it recalls nothing that one has ever seen, and belongs to no known style One might imagine it to be a gigantic madrepore, crystalized colossus, a stalactite grotto turned upside down—a thing which has neither prototype nor similitude. It might be taken for a Hindoo, Chinese or Thibetan pagoda. In looking at this impossible church one is tempted to ask if it is not a whimsical will-o'-the-wisp, an edifice formed of clouds fantastically colored by the sun, which the movement of the air will presently cause to change in form or vanish into nothingness." —[Boston Transcript.

Superstition About Storms.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius that he always wore a skin of seal around his body as a protection against lightning. That both precautions are equally unavailing needs scarcely to be mentioned.

Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal-skin, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge.

It is a curious fact that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstitution respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and, having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the danger of the storm. M. Labossiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes, and the more costly superstition held in reference by his Latin ancestors.

The Emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land. —[New York Mail and Express.

Hypnotism and Surgery.

The other day a young woman suffering with a tumor presented herself at the operating room of Dr. Tillany, a French surgeon.

Instead of using chloroform or ether he managed to throw her into a profound hypnotic sleep. She even placed herself on the table where the operation was to be performed.

For twenty minutes the surgeon plied the knife, the patient showing no signs of pain. At the end of that time she was awakened and declared that she had not suffered in the least or known that anything was taking place. This is, however, a rare case. Not every one can be affected in that way. Still it is an interesting fact that under certain favorable conditions a hypnotic sleep, perfect and complete, can be induced. —[N. Y. Herald.

REARING REINDEER.

An Important Occupation in the Steppes of Siberia.

Rearing and tending reindeer is par excellence the profession of a Samoyede. If not rich enough to possess a herd of his own he enters the service of the owner of a large herd, who keeps him and his family in food and clothes and gives him a certain number of reindeer calves per annum in return for his services. The servant thus lays the foundation of a herd of his own, and, if lucky, can, after a few years' service, set up on his own account. Luck, however, plays a great part in this means of livlihood, for "reindeering" is a great lottery. The animals are very liable to a disease which corresponds to the rinderpest in cattle, and which in a day or two will kill off a herd of 600 or 700 deer. If this happens in the middle of the Tundra, the local name for these great, bare arctic steppes, it probably means death to the owner and his entire family, as they are left possibly hundreds of versts from any human help, without food and without means of locomotion. In my subsequent journey I came upon the scene of one of these not uncommon tragedies, and I have already witnessed a more pathetic sight than the half-standing chooms surrounded by a few sledges and the other poor possessions of the ill-fated owners and scattered all around the bones and and horns of the pest-stricken herd. The owners themselves had been subsequently buried by some native passing by, as we found their wooden box-like graves on a hill a short way off. Though the loss of the herd does not often prove as fatal as this, to the owner it always means material ruin, and I saw a good instance of this at Obdorsk, where I came across a Samoyede, at one time the owner of a herd of 7,000 deer, representing roughly a capital of £3,500, content to work as a laborer at 40 copecks a week. When successful, on the other hand, the rearing of reindeer is a most profitable occupation. When clear of disease the herd is almost sure to double in number year by year. Their cost of maintanence is nil, while they supply their owner with all his essential wants, and with the pecuniary means for obtaining such luxuries as are witnin his reach. Their hides provide him with clothing and shelter in the shape of his hide-covered choom; their meat forms the staple of his food. The skin of a calf in raw condition yields about three rubles; when very young and dark, as much as five. The skins of the older deer fetch about two. With this circulating medium in his pouch, the Samoyede buy the vodka and other creature comforts his soul delights in, or adorns his wife with the spangles and strips of colored cloth she so highly prizes. But over and above all these gifts which the mild reindeer presents to his lord is the one which to the nomad dominates and determines all the rest—that of locomotion. This industry, if so it may be termed, necessarily implies the nomad life pure and simple, the Samoyedes pitching their tents wherever reindeer moss is abundant, and moving off as soon as their herds have cropped the surrounding district bare. In Winter the Samoyedes prefer to be in the vicinity of forests, partly for the sake of the wood which they need for fuel and for making new and tinkering up old sledges, partly because the snow here is not so deep as in the open Tundra, and the deer can thus get more easily at the moss. Here also they trap the white fox and ptarmigan, the wings of which have a great sale. In Summer they drive their herds into the Tundra, over which a large portion of my journey lay, and which I may here take the opportunity to describe. The Tundra is a mossy marsh, slightly accentuated here and there with low hills, and sprinkled with numerous shallow lakes not connected with each other. For miles and miles the ground is so marshy that one runs the risk of sinking up to one's middle if one attempts to walk over it. Now and again one comes upon a spot where the ground resembles a Scotch moor minus the heather, a very springy moss with an occasional clump of low willow brushwood. These spots the native makes for when, after his day's journey, he wishes to pitch his choom, as the moss here grows thick and rich and the brushwood affords the little fuel he requires. Not a tree, not a rock, breaks the monotony of the scene, and the greenish-brown color of the Tundra, losing itself in a dull, gray sky, is as dreary a picture as the human eye can well rest upon.—[Murray's Magazine.

What a Girl Should Learn.

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle,
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To be self-reliant.
To avoid idleness.
To mind the baby.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy,
To control her temper,
To be above gossiping.
To make a home happy.
To take care of the sick.
To humor a cross old man.
To marry a man for his worth.
To be a helpmate to a husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To see a mouse without screaming.
To read some books besides novels.
To be light-hearted and fleet footed.
To wear a shoe that won't cramp the feet.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

A Sturdy Centenarian.

The guardians of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, were lately surprised to receive a visit from a man one hundred and two years old, who wished to ascend the great tower.

He was quite willing, however, to avail himself of the elevator, for, though he is able to walk several miles a day on level ground, and carries his cane as a "switch," and not as a support, he did not feel equal to a walk up a flight of stairs nearly 1,000 feet high.

This old man, whose name is Harduin, and who was formerly a harness maker by trade, has had a somewhat interesting experience in his last years. About thirty years ago, when past seventy, he granted all his property to a nephew in consideration of a regular year y income to be paid to him. The day he was a century old he called the nephew and said to him:

"Well, my boy, I think you have made me an allowance long enough. I shall not be a charge on you any longer, because, you see, I've saved up enough to live on."—[Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS COUNTY.

A Section of Kentucky Where Foreigners Are Rarely Seen.

People in the East will hardly believe it when they are told that Kentucky has a county in which only one man was ever killed; but it is a fact, notwithstanding. A number of years ago two intoxicated men fought in this town and one was shot to death. That was the only serious crime ever committed in Trimble county.

The people of Trimble county are one big family, and they form such a remarkable community that the readers of The Sun, says a correspondent of the New York paper, should make this addition to their knowledge. Trimble is a real Acadia, Bedford, the county seat, being situated almost midway between two large cities, forty miles from Louisville and sixty miles from Cincinnati, fifteen miles from the nearest railroad. Yet the strife of the outer world has never reached here. Crime of any kind is practically unknown. The people are all small farmers and fruit growers, descendants of Virginians and Marylanders who settled here a hundred years ago, and are scrupulously honest. The last lawyer who settled in Bedford came near starving to death, and went to Kansas a half dozen years ago. There is a court house in this town, but it is needed only for the preservation of the county records, title deeds, and such things. At the last term of the criminal court there was only one case to be tried, and that was on a charge of petty larceny. But it was proven that the man was not guilty.

Every resident of this county is of pure English or Scotch descent. There is not a foreign-born person in Trimble. Although so close to Louisville and Cincinnati, a German or Irishman would be a curiosity in Bedford. Last spring an Irishman, Mike Rafferty, from Louisville, came to Bedford. How he ever got here or why he came no one knows, but soon after his arrival word was circulated that a foreigner had come to town. Rafferty went into the grocery to buy 15 cents' worth of cheese for dinner. The proprietor stared curiously at him, but gave him the cheese, and he sat down in a chair to eat it In a few minutes a crowd of small boys entered, and ranging themselves in a straight line in front of the Irishman gazed at him with the most evident curiosity. Rafferty thought there must be something the matter with his personal appearance, and asked the proprietor if there was anything wrong. The latter replied in the negative. Mike then wanted to know why all the boys were looking at him.

"Why, don't you understand?" said the merchant. "As soon as you bought that cheese I sent out word that there was an Irishman here. An Irishman don't come to Bedford every day. In fact, it's been ten years since one was here until you came. You are the first Irishman those boys ever saw, and, of course, you are a show to them."

Rafferty whist'ed, and then grew indignant. He said he was neither a Heathen Chinee, nor did he belong to a museum. He left the store, followed by an increasing crowd of small boys and some rather large one. At the street corner he met a little girl carrying a bucket of water. The weather was warm, and he asked her for a drink. She looked up, for the first time in her life saw a stranger's face, shrieked, dropped the bucket of water, and fled in dismay. That was enough for the Irishman. He set out for the nearest railroad station, fifteen miles away, and never stopped tramping until he got there. For over a mile a crowd followed him at a respectful distance, Since then Bedford has not been troubled with strangers.

No Man's Land.

In England, that strip of land along the edge of the sea which is covered at high tide, but is left bare at the ebb, has been called "No Man's Land' from an early date. This strip varies in width according to the shelving of the shores. It is of peculiar character, and the aptness of its name is evident from the following description, furnished by the author of "A Sea-Painter's Log:"

There is nearly always one figure to be seen upon No Man's Land, working his way to and fro along the windings of the smaller creeks and over the mud, walking with careful, measured tread, and never resting long upon either foot. This is the eel-spearer, who, with mud-pattens—or mud-shoes—firmly laced to his feet, tows behind him a box about two feet six inches long, and slightly rounded at the bottom. He works carefully over the ground before him with his spear, like a pointer in stubble.

This man knows every square yard of the mud for miles, and has earned a living upon it, and on nothing else, for the last forty years, his whole stock in trade being his mud-pattens, his spear, and the box that slips after him. When his tide is over, he slings this box, with twenty or thirty pounds of eels in it, upon his spear across his shoulder,—his pattens hanging in front,—and so trudges to market.

Like the heron, the eel-spearer is nearly always alone, and only those who have spent an hour or two upon the mud in pattens, a mile or more from real land, can form an idea of how very much alone he is.

I have spent many an hour in a boat far out at sea, and know that the smallest boat in such a situation is as a house compared with the eel-spearer's two bits of elm plank fourteen inches square. At every step they sink and suck in the mud, and tug at the lashings which secure them to the feet, so that both the quality of these cords and the way they are made fast become quite important matters.

The pattens are fastened in a particular manner, which is seldom deviated from, for the safety of the eel-spearer depends too much on his footboards for him to venture on rash experiments with them.

The special skill, the local knowledge, required to travel safely over these mud-lands is not unlike that needed by the mountain guide. There is mud which, though too soft to go upon in winter, will carry well enough in summer, when the long sea-grass is tough, and forms a surface-coat upon it left spread by the tide. And there are pits, deep and soft, like crevasses hidden by snow, into which you may sink at one step up to the waist or deeper.

To get out of one of these a man must, by cutting the lanyard or untying the knot that fastens them, first get rid of his pattens, which suck him down: and then, extending himself horizontally, with his spear held across in both hands, as one would extend an oar in water, he may find it possible to draw himself out. But it is only a chance, and when out, he has but his eel-box and spear left him to regain the shore with. Experienced mud-walkers, however, by carefully sounding before them with the spear or an oar, for the most part avoid falling into such traps.

THE DIME MUSEUM.

BY T. P. CRANE.

THE dime museum is a very gruesome subject from which to weave a comical sketch. More sadness and morbid gloom can scarcely be found elsewhere. We always feel a sensation of relief after leaving the place. The woman with the heavy beard repels us, and we thank fortune that our own lady friends and kin are not heavily bearded as this one. Any woman afflicted with a large growth of beard can find a lucrative position as a monstrosity in a dime museum, but will find herself tabooed by her friends, and especially her gentleman friends, if she does.

Living skeletons, fat men and fat women, midgets, dwarfs, and giants, wild men from Borneo, and other unfortunate people, are the stock in trade of dime museums. This stock in trade never varies. It is always in fashion.

Those who visit a dime museum for the first time are struck by the plebeian aspect of the people who throng its galleries and its chamber of horrors, and they may probably be struck by the man who runs the electric battery to try the machine. A placard is tacked up on the wall with the following equivocating remark printed thereon: "Electricity free. Only ten cents." "Electricity free" being printed in heavier type you are naturally fooled,

because you only see that clause by a hasty and casual glance. If you have no conscientious scruples or strange antipathies to electricity, you "go the machine one if you lose," as a sport would say. If you have ten cents about you it is all right. If you have not you will suddenly feel a yearning sensation, as if you would like to have ten cents or sink through the floor, while the suave and refined electricity man politely informs you that ten cents is due him. 'Mid the jeering and sarcastic remarks of the crowd you try to explain, as meekly and sheepishly as you can, that you thought he was running his machine for sweet charity's sake, and not for the filthy and contaminating root of all evil.

In your promenade through the gallery of wonders you frequently come across "fakes" like the following. A placard reads thus: "Draw the curtain and see the homeliest person in town." You draw the curtain, and see your own reflection in a mirror. At least you do so if you are not pretty cute and knowing. You are astonished and awed by the "human salamander"—the man who drinks molten lead and boiling oil and rubs red-hot pokers across his tongue, and winds up his performance by indulging in a dessert of burning charcoal. You wonder how he does it, but he does not offer to explain when you ask him about it.

People who visit dime museums should ask no questions and they will hear no lies. If you see anything there that baffles your keen intellect and causes a heavy sensation, as though you had a great weight on your mind, go to the manager and ask for an explanation, and do not question the freaks. When inspecting the horrors of the Inquisition, which is done up so artistically, and painfully lifelike, in wax, do not let your emotions overcome you. Remember that you paid your dime expressly to see these horrors, and you should appear as if you were enjoying yourself. It is not considered "good form" in Bridgeport, the "swell" and *smell* district of Chicago, to evince any emotion, either of pleasure or pain, at the dark side of life in a museum.

When you have wearied of the curiosities, you visit the auditorium. The players are quite amusing in their poor, weak way, and those who have been there frequently in the past can readily recognize them as the same players they had often seen there before.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Yale's Famous Coxswain.

Ralph Thompson, who had been coxswain of the Yale crew for three years, has announced that he shall not continue next year. "Shorty," as he is familiarly known, has a great record as a coxswain. In all he has steered twelve eight-oared crews, including three Yale eights, six class eights and three eights at St. Paul's preparatory school. Of these races ten have been victorious for his side, and in three instances, as it has been asserted by competent judges, the victories have been due to Thompson's superior steering.—*Hartford Courant.*

MORE OR LESS AMUSING.

A PAPER weight—dead heads waiting for the curtain to rise.

WHEN a man is hung the evening papers gets out a necks-tra edition.

MANY a woman becomes some man's better half merely for a change of quarters.

AUTHORITY is like dried apples. A few cents' worth will puff a small man up astonishingly.

THE young King of Spain's nurses probably have little trouble in keeping him clean since he is himself the Castile's hope.

WHEN a man starts out to lecture he puts on a dress suit. A woman with the same purpose in view puts on her night-gown.

QUEEN OF SPAIN—Moi Gracia! The baby king has the stomach ache. Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—Woo-o! Call the [illegible]

Phases of Economic Entomology.

Nature seems always endeavoring to maintain a balance. When destructive insect pests increase greatly in number, parasites which prey on them also increase and finally reduce their number to a normal point. It is estimated that parasites now destroy over ninety per cent. of the Hessian flies before they get a chance to damage the wheat crop. It is hard to say what the farmer and fruit grower would do were it not for the beneficient work done by the parasites of insect foes in keeping them in check. An important discovery in this line of economic entomology has recently been made. For several years the clover seed crop in New York and other States has been greatly damaged by the ravages of the little orange-colored midge. Sometimes the seed crop would be a total failure, owing to its ravages. Of late years the trouble has grown less, and the cause of this is now known. While studying the midge, Professor Lintner discovered that it was being attacked and destroyed by a microscopic parasite. This natural enemy of the clover midge the professor identifies as one of the chalcid flies, which are so useful in keeping down destructive insects.—[Farm and Fireside.

Alice Liebmann, aged nine, is astonishing London critics with her skill on the violin. Musicians more than ten years old are becoming quite rare.

"Mamma's Gittin' Better."

There is gladness in the household;
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine
Of many a summer day.
"O, mamma's getting better,"
The happy children cry,
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye.

In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrible diseases so common to their sex, and it would seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the household in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers all the family suffers with her. This ought not to be, and it need not be, for a never-failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has been made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.

It is reported that Baby McKee remarked to the President of the United States: "It's a long time between frolics, grandpa!"

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 65 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a *free* trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a *free* sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large-size package 50 cents.

John P. Sousa, the leader of the Marine Band of Washington, says that we have no National air. No? What's the matter with our air of confidence?

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune." If your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., who have plans that will enable you to make money rapidly.

Close observers say that Buffalo Bill would not have met with successin Europe if he had not worn long hair. His locks were, so to speak, the key to victory.

When Dobbins's Electric Soap was first made in 1864 it cost 20 *cents a bar.* It is *precisely* the same in ingredients and quality *now,* and *doesn't cost half.* Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

Senator Quay, it is reported, wants to be Governor of Pennsylvania, as a step to the Presidency. Can it be that Pennsylvania is willing to become a Quaystone State?

The most prominent physicians in the city smoke and recommend "Tansill's Punch."

King Alfonso, the baby potentate of Spain, has just enjoyed his first sea bath. He must get used to breakers. There are a good many ahead of him. U 36

Why Don't

You take Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you have impure blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired feeling or are troubled by sick headache, dyspepsia or billousness. It has accomplished wonders for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a fair trial, is reasonably certain to do you good.

"I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as mean as anyone could, and be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had the headache, my food has relished, and seemed to do me good, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day." M. A. STEINMAN, 19 Grand Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm

Gives Relief at Once for

COLD IN HEAD.

—CURES—

CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD

Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

A Snake Swallows An Eel.

While the carpenters were recently working on the bridge they noticed a lively commotion in the river and saw a large water moccasin fighting an eel almost as large as himself. The snake swam ashore and never loosened his grip until satisfied that the eel was thoroughly dead, then he began the difficult task of swallowing an object a third larger than himself. When the snake had swallowed one-half the eel he was killed and a stick stuck through him to keep the snake in place.—[Montezuma (Ga.) Record.

Queen Victoria is clever. While in Wales she, of course, gives the Welshmen taffy.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

At Druggists and Dealers.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

TO HEAL ALL BLOOD CONTAGION.

"Thus it was the Swift's Specific
Brought unto the world its blessing;
Over land and over water
Went the priest and Vanita;
Bringing to the people tidings
Of relief from blood contagion—
Of a salutary agent
That would purge them of all poison."

—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "VANITA."

Took Off His Under Lip.

Eight years ago a cancer came on my lower lip. I had it cut out while it was yet small, and it healed up apparently, but soon broke out again, and commenced eating very rapidly. It took off my under lip from one side to the other, and down to my chin. I had it treated by burning, and got so weak that I did not think that I could stand it much longer. After much suffering I discarded all other treatment, and began taking Swift's Specific, and the cancer soon began to heal, and in a short time it was completely healed and I was entirely well. It is now over three years since I got well, and there has been no sign of any return of the disease. I know it was cancer, and I know it was cured alone by S. S. S.

E. V. FERRAND, Ruston, La.

S. S. S. cured me of malignant sore throat and mouth, caused by impure blood. The trouble extended down to my left lung, which was very sore. The doctors practiced on me for three years without relief, when I left them and took S. S. S. Four bottles cured me. BEN RILEY, Meridian, Miss.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CTS. 25 CTS.

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

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