

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Blanton.
Town Council—By Committees,
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam,
Police—H. E. Wall, J. H. Farrar and
K. L. Erambert.
Sanitary—A. E. Crable, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Crable and
E. L. Morris.
Public Schools—Chas. Hugg, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Bridges—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert
and A. E. Crable.
Roads—H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W. P. Gilliam.
Liquor—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Morris,
Erambert and A. E. Crable.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Police—A. E. Crable, Chas. Hugg and W. E. Anderson.
Clerks—E. L. Erambert, H. E. Wall and
Chas. Hugg.
Supt.—J. H. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
City Clerk—K. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Commissioner of Revenue—Herbert Rice.
City Sergeant—H. D. Miller.
Police—J. W. Bell and H. L. Orange.
Supt. Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Office at Farmville.
Hon. Geo. J. Hundley, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge A. S. County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
Hon. W. Thackston, Clerk Circuit and County Court.
E. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Court.
County Clerks—R. M. Burton, E. L. Dupuy, R. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott, E. J. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue, W. H. Esling, Treasurer, T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff, E. L. Orange, Deputy Sheriff, Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

DR. P. W. BECKHAM.

DENTIST.
AT DR. THACKSTON'S OLD STAND,
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

H. W. FLOURNOY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Prince Ed and adjoining counties.
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DRUGS,
Medicines and
Druggists' Sundries,
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
FARMVILLE, VA.

To The Public!

I desire to announce to the public that the
Wood and Coal Yards
formerly managed by my father, the late J. W. GILLS, will be continued. Mr. C. B. CUNNINGHAM will in future be in charge of the business, and earnestly asks for a continuance of the liberal patronage given the former management.

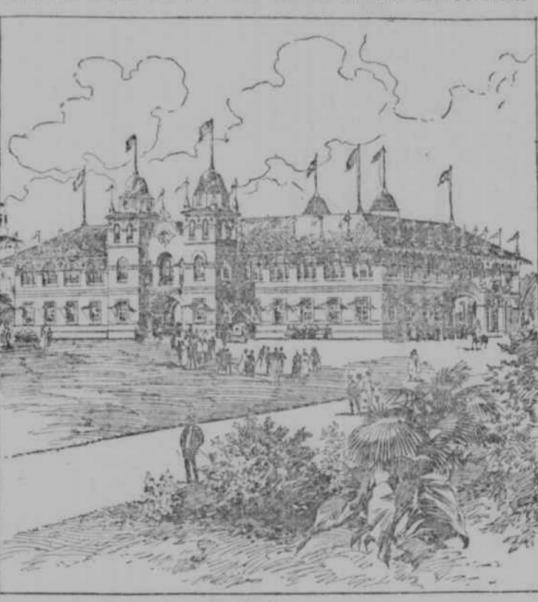
We Will Keep in Stock

all the well known coals heretofore handled by us and which have given such
General Satisfaction.

Harper Whiskey

in three languages. Sold by
JOS. MANNONI,
FARMVILLE, VA.

SERVICE BUILDING AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



Copyright, 1900, by the Pan-American Exposition Co.

The large Service building at the Pan-American Exposition, to be held in Buffalo from May 1 to Nov. 1, 1901, was completed in 32 working days and was the first building erected on the grounds. It is the present home of a large corps of officers and employees having immediate charge of the constructive work of the Exposition. This handsome building is 95 by 145 feet, two stories high. In it are the offices of the director of works, the landscape architect, superintendent of building construction, purchasing agent, chief engineer, mechanical and electrical engineer, with their numerous assistants.

VALUE OF THE HAND.

Dr. Talmage Calls It the Soul's Executive Officer.
Its Construction Illustrates Divine Wisdom and its Right Employment Makes Manhood Better and Happier.

[Copyright, 1898, by Louis Klopfch.] Washington, Jan. 25.

The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the divine meaning in our physical structure; text, I Corinthians 12:21: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of bragadoocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself, what an insignificant thing is the human hand. I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no lustre compared with that which I beam forth."

"What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have died years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the dispute Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled: "The Hand; Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

We are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument—the hand—ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibers and its hinged joint and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly round. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with 14 bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the 46 muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smile, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard, or unrolled in diagram, or hung in medical museum, is mightily illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when He invented the human hand. Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or busied in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or sullen attack. The right, yea, the duty of self-defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are so equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition. Solomon speaks of the hands as the "keepers of the house," or the defenders. Surely such a castle as the human body needs such protection as the hand alone can offer.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experience when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our creature, or broken the skull, or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril, the hand has beaten it back, or struck it down, or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed, or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowardly who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier, or in barbarous lands, or as an officer of the law about to make arrest, such armament may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reinforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needle. What cowardly, if not intended murderer, usually carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry!

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed. How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen. How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or beckon into safety, or the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,000,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add two to that number if we have two, or, if through casualty only one, add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of his miracles He performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before Him, but most of them He performed through the hand. Was the deaf dumb to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and besought Him to put His hand upon their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the more important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily, in any exigency, put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at the shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it: "Stretch forth thy right hand!" and the record is: "He stretched it forth whole as the other."

The blood rushed through the shriveled veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisee one of Jehovah's masterpieces—a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island, or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed, the shipwrecked or wounded man in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying: "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of Divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such times are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers—the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the basket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrung his hands when after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

Worse than the wringing of the hands was the punishment that Cranmer gave his right hand when he put it in the fire of the stake and without flinching said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore be the first punished. It shall be the first burned. This was the hand that wrote it."

Of course there is a wicked shaking of hands, and Solomon refers to it when he says: "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." Shake hands in conspiracy to damage individual or community or nation, shake hands to defraud, shake hands to stand by each other in wrongdoing. You help me stuff this ballot box, and I will see that when I am in power you shall have promotion. You help me in my infamy, and I will help you in your infamy. Oh, that is profanation of a holy rite; that is sacrilege against a Divine arrangement; that is gripping your own destruction. Pilate and Herod, though antagonists before, shook hands over Christ's projected assassination.

But shake hands the way William Penn shook hands with the Indians for their civilization. Shake hands the way Missionary Carey shook hands with the Hindus, for whose salvation he became a lifetime exile. Shake hands the way Havelock shook hands with besieged women at Lucknow whom he had come to save from massacre. Shake hands as David Brainerd did with the American Indians whom he offered a glorious Heaven through the Gospel. Shake hands as Lincoln shook hands with the agitated mother to whom he gave back the boy who had fallen asleep from overfatigue as a sentinel. Shake hands as during the civil war Anna Ross shook hands with the wounded soldier in Cooper Shop hospital, Philadelphia. Shake hands as Van Meter, the city evangelist, shook hands with the wife of the street-coming penitent into the midnight mission. Shake hands as heaven shook hands with earth that night when a doxology in the gallery of clouds woke the Bethlehem shepherds.

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Ah, that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation. If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the good-bys in which your right hand has participated! Good-by at the steamboat wharf. Good-by at the rail train window. Good-by before the opening of the battle. Good-by at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such handshaking, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming good-bys, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God, there will be no good-by in Heaven.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when employed in benediction. No gesture of the human hand means more than the outstretched gesture. In many of our religious denominations we are not permitted to pronounce an apostolic benediction until we have been regularly ordained as ministers of the gospel, but there are kinds of benediction that you may all pronounce without special permission from presbytery or conference or convention. You have a right to spread abroad both right and left hand in bestowing a blessing of kindness and good will upon all you meet. With both hands bless the children. Take them in your arms and kiss their fair

cheek. Take with them a round or merryment in the room before you leave it, and by prayer put them in the arms of the Christ, to go to whom in olden time they struggled to get out of the arms of their mothers. God bless the cradles and high chairs and nurseries all around the world.

Extend your hands in benediction for the aged. Take their counsel and ask their prayers, and smooth the path down the declivities. By neglect and unkind demeanor add no wrinkles to their brow, no more stoop to their shoulders. They have their hand on the latch of the door through which they will soon go out of sight of your homes and churches. May the mantles of Elijah fall upon the Elijahs! Spread your hand for the benediction upon all the men and women in the tug of life, many of them tired and buffeted and disheartened. Never go out of a store or shop or office or field without pronouncing a benediction.

And what better use can I make of my hands, which are the chief executive officer of my soul, than now to spread them abroad in the apostolic benediction which has been pronounced for centuries, and over hundreds of thousands of assemblages, at coronations and obsequies, at harvest homes and on fast days, by all the ministers of the Gospel in the past as it will be by all ministers of the Gospel until the church militant reaches up its right hand to take the right hand of the church triumphant; a benediction which, when it has its full sway, will leave nothing for our world to want or Heaven to bestow: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen."

Circumstantial Evidence.
"Isn't your neighbor, Blinkinoff, a drinking man?"
"I wouldn't like to give an expert opinion on the subject. I'll admit, however, that I saw him the other night trying to drive a spigot into an ash barrel, thinking that it was elder."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Lessless Age.
"It's a 'lessless' age," remarked Simpson.
"What do you mean?" inquired Gales.
"Here's a couple who entered upon a loveless marriage, drove away in a horseless carriage and received all their congratulations by wireless telegraph."
—Baltimore American.

Stolen Again.
"The moonbeams were stealing in the henhouse door," read the rustic child with the new story book.
"What were they stealing?" teased the youth in the blue jeans.
"Chickens!" grinned the rustic child.
—Chicago Daily News.

The Rival Belles.
Mr. Riehfellow—I am told that Miss Finesse took all the prizes at Vassar college. What a wonderful memory she must have.
Miss Twoseason—Indeed she has. And it goes so far back.—N. Y. Weekly.

How He Won Her.
One sent her verses in that way
His pen was somewhat handy.
The other wooer won the day—
He sent a box of candy.
—Chicago Record.

A MAN OF LETTERS.
"What are you doing, nowadays?"
"I live by my pen."
"And what do you write, if I may ask?"
"Letters to my friends to borrow money!"
—Policinelle.

Life's Huzoo Game.
Our strength and our means we expend,
And we venture on many a bold trick,
To find we have gained in the end
Just experience, that ethical gold brick.
—Brooklyn Life.

Covers a Multitude of Faults.
"What made you suppose that old Crossgrain has dyspepsia?"
"Why, I like to take a charitable view of everybody, and dyspepsia is the best excuse I could think of for his disposition."
—Puck.

What He Called Himself.
First Tourist—Are you not going to climb this mountain?
Second Tourist—No; it is absolutely too steep and rough for a donkey to climb, so I shall not try to ascend.
—Harlem Life.

Great on Charges.
Ford—Your lawyer made some pretty severe charges against the other fellow, didn't he?
Smallwort—Y-e-e-s; but you ought to see how he charged me.—Tit-Bits.

Sometimes a Known Quantity.
"Always let X equal the thing you want to find," softly uttered the wife, as she went through her sleeping husband's pockets and abstracted the needed \$10 bill.
—Chicago Tribune.

He Realized It.
Wife—A man is a fool to have anything to do with a lottery.
Husband—You hit it, then. I'm still kicking myself for marrying you.
—Harlem Life.

Where the Crowd Was.
"Was Mrs. Lumpkins' reception a crush?"
"The parlors weren't half full, but the dining-room was packed."
—Chicago Record.

Effect of Lyddite Shells.
An English artilleryman says the effect of Lyddite shells is greatly exaggerated. They are intended for naval use, and arranged to explode after penetrating armor. They will not explode by impact unless they strike a rock.

HORSE FOR A WOMAN.

Man Who Knows Gives Some Advice Which is Worthy of David Harum.

The following advice given by a horseman to a woman about to purchase a pony for her own use is worthy of David Harum, says the New York Commercial Advertiser: "Never allow a dealer to talk you into buying a horse you do not like. If you do not like him say so at once, and if you can help it do not assign any reason for saying so. Always talk as little as you can about horses when you are purchasing them. Talk of the weather—anything else you like—but if you don't know much about horses be as silent as you can. The dealer may probably imagine you know more than you really do."

The woman in question thought she would like a coal black horse, or perhaps one of "dappled gray" like the pony in the nursery song. The horseman grew eloquent: "A good horse cannot be of a bad color," he said. "And a horse of a bad color is never a good horse. A weakly, watery color indicates want of stamina. Black is about the most undesirable of coats for a horse. Black horses are nearly always soft and delicate and slow. The dancing, prancing, dashing black horse of poems and pictures is a steed of the imagination, or the great exception that proves the rule. Gray is a good color, although few gray horses have made names for themselves on the turf. Roan is good, too, in spite of the fact that thoroughbreds are seldom, if ever, of that color. For a pony, dun color, mottled with black points, is handsome and usually denotes a hardy, sound constitution. In horses of any size dun is a rare color. Chestnut horses are the most excitable and are often delicate. Sorrel—which is chestnut and brown—is good, but seldom seen nowadays. Bay is the commonest of all colors, and when combined with black points is about as good as any color. For hardness of constitution and a combination of good qualities, a good dark brown is the best color of all; if there is a rich, tan-colored muzzle so much the better."

WHEN NO WOMAN IS LOVELY.
The Unsightly Way in Which She Grabs Her Skirt and Holds It Up.

The flatterer theory that women really care how they appear to men who are looking at them sometimes gets a hard knock, says the New York Press. One of these times is when a woman who is walking along the street makes a motion with her hand which, in Kentucky or Texas, would, if made by a man, be interpreted as a reach for a revolver in the hip pocket. But as women apparently have no hip pockets the woman's motion is for the purpose of holding up her skirts so that it will not disturb the microbes that are crawling in the dirt on the sidewalk.

As she walks along with this hip pocket hand firmly gripped on her skirt she reminds the average man of embarrassing moments in the masculine past, say when a suspender button tendered its resignation and he had to hold up his trousers as he went along. It is a constant wonder that some Worth who looks after the looks of women does not invent a skirt suspender or something by which in the hour of need the skirt might be ostentatiously hoisted above the danger level. If the woman were in the country she might wear her rainy daisy skirt when she walked in dry weather. But are vegetable things, like hayseed, any more harmful than the bacteria of the dirty pavements?

A TRADITION EXPLODED.

Here is an Extraordinary Young Woman Who is Actually Fond of Dissecting Mice.

The popular belief that all women are afraid of mice has been exploded, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a young woman visiting a prominent Conshohocken family who actually boasts of her fondness for not only mice, but rats. The hostess remarked the other day that her life was made miserable by the hordes of rats and mice that infested her cellar.

"Oh, let me go down and see them," exclaimed this remarkable young woman. "I'd like to catch one and dissect it, so you can see what a cute little heart it has." The hostess was horror-stricken and begged to know what her guest knew of dissection.

"I'll tell you," was the reply. "When at boarding school we had such a dear old professor. He used to give us many interesting and entertaining lessons. For instance, he would get a rat, run his sharp knife around its neck, and presto! the hide was removed, tail and all. Then he would cut up the remains and point out the various organs. With a little instruction any of us girls could perform the operation, and we soon enjoyed it. I tell you, there was such a demand for subjects that the school was soon rid of rats and mice."

Queer Chinese Belief.
Many so-called educated Chinese, says the North China Herald, firmly believe that a kingdom exists where all the inhabitants are pigmies; one where all are giants; another where all are women, and another where every person has a hole through the center of his body, so that by means of a pole thrust through this hole they may be carried from one place to another.

Effect of Lyddite Shells.
An English artilleryman says the effect of Lyddite shells is greatly exaggerated. They are intended for naval use, and arranged to explode after penetrating armour. They will not explode by impact unless they strike a rock.

