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A POSITIVE Cure without need of medicine and can speak but little English, was interviewed by H. H. Morgan, but little could be obtained in the way of an intelligent account of himself. It was ascertained that he was a native of the North of Norway, and came from there, via Liverpool, to Quebec, and had wandered from the latter place into the Lake Superior country. Here his account of himself ended, excepting that he reported that he had recently come from the South. He is a large man, nearly six feet in height, and will weigh probably nearly 200 pounds. Apparently he is about 35 years old. He has dark hair and beard, the latter growing thickly over his long and bushy eyebrows. His hair looks as though it had not been cut for a couple of months, and is tangled and matted over his head. His clothing is a mass of rags. He wears the remnants of two or three shirts, an armless coat, and two or

J. C. ALLAN CO. CURE.
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BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP FOR ALL
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IT WILL POLISH
TIN, BRASS, COPPER AND STEEL WARES OF ALL KINDS.

SNAKE SKIMEREE.
A Staten Island Negro Catches the Reptiles and Makes a Stew.
New York World.

On the North side of the long stretch of grounds that belongs to the Seaman's retreat, at Stapleton, Staten Island, is a locality known as "Rocky Hollow," where there are hundreds of cabins occupied by colored people.
In a retired part of Melvin street recently a venerable, white-haired colored man was seated in a camp-stool, while on one side of him was a kettle hanging from three upright iron stakes over a blazing wood fire and on the other was a perforated wooden box. The old gentleman was humming a plantation tune, and his flat nose, thick lips, and ebony skin showed him to be a full-blooded African. He was skimming what a first sight seemed to be eels, but a close look showed that their skins were light, with stripes, or else black and differently colored. Some had cross stripes, some had none. They were all alive and wiggling as they were deftly caught in the left hand, their head bent back, the throat exposed, a knife slipped across the neck below the head, and the skin peeled off in the same manner that an eel is skinned. They were snakes.

Every time his hand came from the box the fingers held a snake. The old man chuckled as if he undoubtedly enjoyed his work. As soon as he had skinned the snake they were dropped into a large iron pot, where they would squirm for some moments and gradually knot themselves up until motion ceased.
The reporter stepped closer. There were probably forty snakes in the box. The mass was all nettled together, crawling over one another and darting their tongues out savagely.
"What do you do with them?" was asked, after all had been skinned and the skins carefully laid out across a fence to dry.
"Make skimeres," said the old gentleman, who was cutting the carcasses into pieces about two inches long.
"Make what?"
"Skimeres—soup—stew," replied the aged skinner, as he removed the skinned kettles from over the fire and dumped some potatoes, cut tomatoes, onions, celery, small pieces of bacon and fat pork, turnips, and other vegetables into the pot where the minced reptiles were, and then stirred the whole up together with his knife and poured in boiling water. Then he placed fresh wood on the fire, and the mass was covered with steam.

"Now, den, we will add some dumplings to den, an' dish am completed," he said. "It is a lovely dish, if yer only knowed how to make it. I learned to eat dat dish down in St. James parish, in Louisiana, on Massa Rockwell's place, thirty years ago. Down there, though, we got somepe'n with cookin'—not dese little things. Down here dese snakes grow bigger—thick as yo' arm."
"De skins," he continued, "we sell to Voodoo women in Sullivan and Thompson streets, or aroun' here. Dey give us 22 cents apiece for 'em, an' sell 'em again for charms. De colored people were dem for de skin or ankle. I know an awful pretty yellow gal who had a splendid place on Fifth avenue, and her mistress had kept her ever since she was a little girl. One day she see the girl's arm, an' there, near the vaccination mark, was the skin of a little snake."
He bared his own arm, around which was the skin of a beautiful snake, the head of which had been brought out by him and cured.

"Taint everybody dat knows how to cure den right, but I do. Well, dat gal got packed to ont. It nearly give my mistress a fit. Some skins is wuth \$20 an' more if it is a large snake. Dey comes from Virjiny, Kentuck, and Louisiana. De head mus allers be kep' with de skin. Some den have cocoons who is in favor in de big fari-banks have lubly skins about 'em."
"What does 'skimeres' taste like?"
"O, nice. It has a gamy flavor, like a coon. Dill soon be den—taste it yerself. It's nice, I tol' yer bosses, and the old man seemed a trifle indignant as the reporter departed.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Very Satisfactory in Prostration.
Dr. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."

ANOTHER WILD MAN.
This Time He Puts in His Appearance in the Woods of Dakota.
Yankton Press and Dakotian.

Yesterday afternoon John Preston was told by a boy that a strange-looking man was hid in the thickets on Smutty Bear bottom, that he was clothes in rags, and appeared to be crazy. Getting the direction as closely as possible, Mr. Preston took his gun early this morning and started for the Smutty Bear woods. After a long search he suddenly came upon the object thereof lying asleep in the underbrush. He was a hideous-looking object, clad in rags and covered with dirt. Mr. Preston aroused him and at first he was disposed to shoot him, but he was finally subdued and induced to go along with his captor. He talked incoherently, said he wanted to live in the woods and did not want to be taken back to the big house. He said he had come from the South, that he had crossed in a big boat five or six days ago, and had been two days reaching Smutty Bear from the place of crossing, and that he had lived on berries and corn. After traveling a short distance with Mr. Preston, he made a sudden break for liberty, and succeeded in gaining a neighboring thicket. After some urging and some threatening, he was induced to continue his journey to the town and began to cry and shriek and entreat Mr. Preston to let him go. Finally his fears were overcome and he was conducted to the county jail, where he was put in a secure place pending the action of the authorities.

In the jail, the strange being, who is a Norwegian and can speak but little English, was interviewed by H. H. Morgan, but little could be obtained in the way of an intelligent account of himself. It was ascertained that he was a native of the North of Norway, and came from there, via Liverpool, to Quebec, and had wandered from the latter place into the Lake Superior country. Here his account of himself ended, excepting that he reported that he had recently come from the South. He is a large man, nearly six feet in height, and will weigh probably nearly 200 pounds. Apparently he is about 35 years old. He has dark hair and beard, the latter growing thickly over his long and bushy eyebrows. His hair looks as though it had not been cut for a couple of months, and is tangled and matted over his head. His clothing is a mass of rags. He wears the remnants of two or three shirts, an armless coat, and two or

three pairs of tattered pants, which are held together by strings around his legs. The outside pair were originally of brown duck. His feet are wrapped in rags and outside of these he wears a pair of coarse heavy shoes tied with cotton strings. His hat is a dark colored slouch in the last stages of dilapidation. His hands, face and arms are covered with dirt. As a whole his make-up is the most unprepossessing a man could carry about with him.
From his rambling talk it is supposed that he has become insane over religious subjects. It seems to imagine himself a preacher. His statement that he came from the South and his expressed fear that he might be taken back to the "big house" leads to the supposition that he may have escaped from the Nebraska insane asylum at Lincoln. During the past few weeks there have been reports in a Nebraska neighborhood of a few miles back from the river that a wild man was running at large. It is probable that this inmate is the individual seen in that neighborhood. The man was taken to the insane asylum this afternoon.

What We Want.
Give Homoeopathic pills, Allopath pills; but for rheumatism, for achs, for pains and sprains, **Thomas' Electric Oil** is ineffably superior to either. It has benefited so many people as it has had purchasers. All druggists sell it.

THE MIGHTY ARMIES OF GERMANY.
How They Maneuver and are Improving.
HAMBURG, Tuesday.—After yesterday's maneuvers the troops bivouacked on the same positions as they occupied at the close of the day's operations. The German military authorities have avoided bivouacking when they can, and in doing so are guided by sanitary considerations for both men and horses, particularly at the beginning of a campaign. Frequently, however, they are indispensable for purposes of concentration.

The bivouac doubtless has its charms, but not in rainy weather, such as we had last night. "Vive au vin, l'amour, et le tabac," is the refrain of the bivouac if you are to believe, I forget which French opera comique. Last night, however, it was vive our own quarters, vive a snug tent, vive an umbrella, or anything that would shelter us from this abominable cold and rain. There is an old saying among German soldiers that the best shelter is preferable to the best bivouac. Special care is taken to select well-sheltered ground for the camp, as the German soldier does not carry a tent in his knapsack. I shall endeavor to describe the bivouac of one of the battalions of infantry engaged yesterday.

On approaching the camp the first thing that strikes the eye is that sanctuaries of the soldier—the colors—under protection of the camp guard. The drums are piled up in pagoda shape in front, while, behind, there are six long files of rifles stacked together up fours. The men in fatigue uniform are hurrying about, some fetching fuel for the fire, others searching for suitable spots to cook the evening meal.

Presently the fires begin to crackle, and the culinary preparations are completed. Provisions are then fetched from the commissariat, and consist of raw meat, corned beef, bacon, peas, lentils or beans. Since the war of 1870, a favorite article of food with the German soldier has been a kind of sausage, made with a pea and bacon, which boiled for a few minutes, makes a most palatable and nourishing soup.

After dinner the soldiers are allowed considerable latitude in the way of rational amusement, and the discipline among them is such that the camp regulations are seldom, if ever, infringed. Nobody—not even the officers—will vent an outburst of bounds. A vivandiere, who is neither as young as she has been, nor as good-looking as she might be, retails beer to the men in a corner of the camp, and yesterday having been a thirsty day, she does a lively business. The strains of the regimental band mingled with the men's voices, as nearly all of them sing well.

The sun goes down, and the camp is now only lighted up by such fires as the drenching rain will let burn. At nine o'clock the bugle sounds, and the whole camp groups together for evening prayer. "Caps off for prayers," calls out the officer in command, and all heads are uncovered. The men remain in silence a few minutes, and then the officers, in turn, say "Caps on." The band plays a sacred tune called "The evening prayer."
"Gute nacht, fuellers," says the Major, addressing his men. "Gute nacht, Herr Major," answer the men in chorus.

Everybody then retires to rest, and beds are improvised by the aid of straw, moss and even branches. The rain continues to fall in torrents, but after such a day's fatigue the whole camp will soon be plunged into a sound sleep. It is late, and I have yet a good hour's drive back to town. "Gute nacht," my studly friends "and pleasant dreams to you."

(Correspondence London Telegraph, September 23.)
HAMBURG, Wednesday.—The grand military show that has been going on here since last Friday came to a close to-day. The Western army, which was compelled to retreat at the close of yesterday's operations, occupied a formidable position on the heights to the northeast of Bergen, a village situated about three-quarters of an hour's drive from Frankfort.

It was there that in 1870, during the Seven Years' War, the French, under Marshal de Broglie, defeated the Duke of Brunswick. The main strength of the battle-field of Hanau, where in 1813 Napoleon, in his retreat after the battle of Leipzig, crushed the army of Prince Wrede.

These historical associations with the country where to-day's maneuvers took place naturally gave them special interest and they were attended by a much more numerous public than those of the last few days. The heights held by the Western army resemble in situation the Plateau d'Avron, near Paris, which played such an important part during the siege. Indeed, when the attacking force unmasked its batteries this morning, and opened a heavy fire against the position, the enemy's retreat was indicated by that dreadful winter's day when the bombardment of Mount Avron began, and which I have good reason to remember, as the splinter of a Prussian shell struck me while on ambulance duty, and kept me for three weeks in hospital.

The Emperor, the King of Saxony, and Marshal von Moltke watched this morning's operations from the same spot where I was fortunate enough to be. The journey involved a two hours' drive from Hamburg, and half an hour's trudge over plowed fields well soaked by yesterday's rain.

To-day the weather was more propitious. Large crowds had come out from Frankfort, but were not admitted to the field of maneuvers, and most of them returned, having nothing more

than the smoke of the artillery. The Frankfort sausage vendor drove a thriving trade. Sausages of all sizes and colors, black, white, and red predominating, found a ready sale.

Since yesterday the Army of the West had fortified itself in the position mentioned above, by making trenches for its guns. To-day's operations may be briefly summed up thus: The action was opened by the artillery of the two armies being engaged. The commander of the Eastern Corps, General Von Unger, saw the impossibility of taking the Bergen Heights by a front attack, and consequently made a vigorous move on the enemy's left wing, in the hope of turning the position. The left wing of the Western Army, however, did not await the attack, and assumed the offensive.

When the bugle sounded for the suspension of operations, the Army of the West had maintained its positions all along the line. And now that these maneuvers, which have been followed with such keen interest by the military authorities of Europe, are over, I may perhaps be permitted to give in a few words the impression they produced on me.

If it be true that the German soldier is a machine, he is nevertheless an intelligent one, and is imbued with an astounding knowledge of his profession. The strength of the German army does not lie only in its formidable resources of defense against foreign aggression, but in its civilizing and educational influence on the people, which cannot be exaggerated.

For the peasant the army is a far better school than that of his native village where he receives his first instruction. Drill develops his body, and military education forms his mind and obliges him to think and reflect. Severe, but rational discipline, absolute obedience, and the idea of love for the Fatherland, make a man of him and prepare him for his duties as a useful member of the community.

The German army did not rest on its laurels after the war of 1870. Whereas its strategy was universally recognized as faultless, its tactics—that is to say, the art of leading troops under fire, was found open to criticism. But the maneuvers that have just taken place make it evident that important progress has been made in that direction. Thus the infantry, in order to avoid exposing itself more than necessary on arriving under the covering fire of the enemy, it formed a column of compact columns and advances by companies. If the fire is heavy the column is formed into a line. The Mauer rifle has proved itself to be in every respect an excellent arm; but those at present in use in the German army being, after ten years' service, somewhat the worse for wear, are soon to be replaced. A satisfying rifle has been tried, and gives very satisfactory results, but is yet undecided on the subject. Two battalions—one of the Prussian guards and the other Hessian infantry—have been armed with it, and it is still in their possession.

As regards the artillery, after 1870 much lighter and more wieldy guns were introduced. The horse artillery is now provided with eight centimetre guns, and the field artillery with nine centimetre. Further important modifications have been made in the general organization of the artillery, and it has now reached a degree of perfection readily acknowledged by all competent critics. The artillery engaged in this year's autumn maneuvers showed a marked tendency to change its position, once selected, as seldom as possible, which was explained to me by the fact that artillery is never so much exposed as when on the move. It was a great fault of the French in 1870 constantly to change the position of their guns in action.

As regards the horse, the French-German campaign proved that cavalry that is properly drilled, sacrificed, and led by an efficient commander, can still render valuable service even against modern firearms. Consequently the German cavalry has returned to the system of Seidlitz, the renowned General of Frederick the Great. It will be remembered that during the Seven Years' War large masses of cavalry were used, and it is by the critical moment of the battle, frequently secured victory. From what I have just seen at the maneuvers, I should be very much astonished if, during the next German war, the cavalry does not play a prominent part.

The Resurrection of Lazarus.
Was a miraculous operation. No one thinks of raising the dead these times, though some would like to do it, but a case has been completely restored by **Burtek Blood Purifier** to genuine and lasting health.

HIRING COSTLY JEWELS.
How Many Diamonds are Obtained for Weddings and Receptions.
From the Boston Globe.

"That was an expensive set of jewelry," remarked a porter to the proprietor of a large Washington street store, alluding to a set of diamonds a young lady had just taken away with her.
"It is the most expensive set we have in the store," was the reply; "but she has only hired them."
"Is that a common thing in Boston?" asked the newspaper man.
"Most certainly," Most of our best customers hire a set of jewelry for an evening, and for a comparatively small price excite the envy and jealousy of their friends. I wonder you have never heard of it before. We take our customers and read them to pleasure our customers and then rent them. Of people whom we know we never receive any security, but a stranger would, of course, have to deposit the full value of the gems. There are two of our finest sets at Swampscott now, where, I understand, they have been much praised and their temporary possessors congratulated.

A funny thing happened in connection with the branch of our business. There was to be a large German, and a young lady, well known in this city, came to make arrangements about a set of diamonds. I was not in the store at that time, and knew nothing of the matter, so when I came in I let the same set to another young belle. In the afternoon No. 2, my memory was suddenly revived, and diamonds had been cleaned. While she was talking No. 2 put the same question to me. The situation was very awkward, but I explained the matter, and all was finally settled in favor of No. 1, the young ladies pledging each other and me to eternal secrecy.

"I wouldn't have it get out for the world, you know," explained No. 1.
"Another branch of our business is to rent silver services. These were very well sold for. Most of the designs are antique, and some of them have figured in many Boston homes as highly-treasured heirlooms. At weddings we frequently furnish large collections of tea- and coffee-services, as well as the number of 'gifts' and make a fine display. We rarely get much for this, as the jeweler's name is frequently published when there

Pale, Poor, Puny, and Pallid.
Considering all theills that attack little children, it is a wonder that any of the poor little youngsters live to grow up.

There are children who are truly objects of pity. They seem almost bloodless. Their cheeks are thin and pinched; their eyes are hollow; and their skin is tightly drawn over their foreheads. There is nothing hearty about them. They do not enjoy their lives. They are suffering from the debility that leads to marasmus. Poor things!

Do a good deed for the pale, poor, puny, pallid child. Hand it another bottle of **Brown's Iron Bitters**. Here is life even for the most delicate, the most debilitated; for the child almost given up for dead. Iron in the blood is what the child needs, to bring it up. The little digestive apparatus will recover. The pale cheeks will fill out. The weary groan of the child will be exchanged for the merry prattle of infantile gladness. Your druggist will tell you what wonders **Brown's Iron Bitters** has done for very sick children. 11

Is anything particularly beautiful given as a present, and the advertising compensates us.
Sufferers From Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "**Brown's Bronchial Troches**," a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

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CHARLES SHIVERICK,
Considering all theills that attack little children, it is a wonder that any of the poor little youngsters live to grow up.
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ETC.,
Have just received a large quantity of new **CHAMBER SUITS,**
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A victim of early impression, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every other remedy, has discovered a simple means of relief, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferer. Address, J. L. KEEFER, c/o Chamberlaine, New York.

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A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Optum Eating, Sphyllitis, Scrofula, Kings Evil, Ugly Blood Diseases, Dyppepsia, Nervousness, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Strain, Biliousness, Catarrhs, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Troubles and Irregularities. \$1.50. Sample sent free on request.
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Dr. J. O. McKeon, Alexander City, Ala. "I feel it my duty to recommend it."
Dr. H. F. Langhille, Clyde, Kansas.
"It cured where physicians failed."
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