

The captain of a Long Island Sound Steamer was recently seated around the table in his room, and with him half a dozen men, smoking and spinning yarn. Many were the stories related that night upon the Sound. The conversation finally turned on sea-serpents, and a weather-beaten old sea dog, who had spent most of his life upon the water, declared his belief in the existence of such monsters. He spoke from experience, and didn't care to have any one doubt his word when he said that it had been his fortune to see these big water snakes more than once. He first met the serpent in the China Seas. That was when he was little more than a boy. Again when he was captain of the ship Georges, a vessel which hailed from New York and was finally condemned in a South American port for unseaworthiness, he ran across the serpent on the Pacific coast. The last time the monster made his notice was right here in the sound, "and," he said, as he looked at his watch and calculated the steamer's distance from New York, "it was in July of last year—the old sea dog's story ran—and he was taking a New York yacht around to Newport. At noon the sun poured down hot enough almost to open the seams of the deck planks. There was a three-knot breeze blowing and it was dead ahead. He had taken in his topsails—for he didn't believe in topsails when beating to windward—and was making himself as comfortable as possible on the quarter deck. He had a spy-glass in his hand, trying to discover some familiar object. Suddenly his eye caught a strange movement in the water. It looked half a mile distant, like a huge bunch of seaweed in motion. The yacht was on the starboard tack and the curious object off the starboard bow. The captain went forward with his glass and looked. As the yacht approached nearer the object he saw that it was alive, and knew from his past experiences that it was a sea serpent. The yacht kept on until within a hundred yards of the monster, when the serpent lifted its head for a moment. The head was an immense affair, the size of a barrel. It was shaped somewhat like a horse's. It was visible for one moment. The serpent then disappeared like a whale and then settled into the water, only the back being visible. All aboard the yacht were so excited that the little vessel was close aboard the monster before they were aware of it. The yacht was thrown into the wind, but too late. She struck the serpent square upon the back, although the ship's speed was but a few knots. The monster threw its tail out of the water, lashed the waves for a moment, then disappeared the spray high in the air, and then disappeared. The yacht went about on the other tack, and ten minutes later the monster again appeared right alongside, and not twenty feet away. The thing was going at the rate of five knots an hour. The men and shoulders went by, and then came the long, slimy-looking body, as large round as a good-sized log. In a few minutes the monster was out of sight. The men on the yacht calculated that it must have been at least hundred feet long. This was the only time the old sea-dog had ever seen a serpent in Long Island Sound, and he never saw a genuine one he had no doubt whatever. No one else in the captain's room had ever seen the monster.

RECIPES FOR THE STABLE.—Paregoric, say 2 oz. put into half-pint good whiskey for excellent for colic. Spirits of turpentine, 4 oz.; tar, 4 oz.; whole oil, 8 oz., makes a good hoof-balm wash. Mix and apply to the hoofs often. When soaking horses' feet, put a package of common baking soda in water fairly hot; be very careful to dry the feet thoroughly. Pain-killer, sold by Perry Davis',—Alcohol, 1 quart; gum guaiacal, 1 oz.; gum myrrh, one-half oz.; gum camphor, one-half ounce; cayenne pepper, one-half oz. For magnetic ointment take lard, raisins cut in pieces, and fine cut tobacco, equal weights of each. Simmer well together, then strain and press out the dregs. White lead and zinc oxide, for saddle paint, is almost unrivalled for saddle of harness galls and bruises. It forms an air-tight coating. Apply with a small brush. A practical farmer tells how to keep the bowels of a horse loose in winter as follows:—"At each feeding give him about a quart of the middlings or shorts of wheat, as well as what grain and hay he will eat. This has been used for five years, and has never failed in effect. Good things to have handy where there are horses: White lead for bruises or breaks in skin, saddle galls, etc.; turpentine, 2 oz. hartshorn and a little camphor, for sprains, stiffness, etc. Leaf lard for cuts. Coal oil applied to a light strain is also good.

MUTTON PIE.—Take cold boiled mutton; slice it thin; have a crust made of one cup of beef suet, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water; mix this with prepared flour, as stiff as for sea biscuit; take two-thirds of the crust and line a four-quart earthen pie dish; then fill the dish two-thirds full with the meat; have a quarter of a pound of butter cut in small pieces, one teaspoonful of fine sugar, one salt and a half teaspoonful of pepper, one cup of water; cover the pie with the remainder of the crust and bake in a moderate oven for about one hour.

THE BOY WHO BACKED.—A short time ago a lady living on Duffield street was summoned to the door to see a boy about twenty years of age, who had a cheap hat-rack to sell. When she appeared, he said:—"Madame, my father is dead, and won't you please buy this hat-rack for twenty-five cents." She was sorry that his father was dead, but she didn't want the hat-rack. The next day the same boy and the same hat-rack returned, and the boy said:—"Madame, won't you please buy this hat-rack, for my mother is dead, too." She was so sorry that his mother was also dead, that she gave him a slice of bread and butter, but she didn't want to invest in a hat-rack. The next day the boy called again, having the same identical rack under his arm, and he looked the lady straight in the eyes and said:—"Madame, won't you please buy this hat-rack, for my sister is also dead." "What good news! It is possible that you have lost father, mother and sister in one week?" exclaimed the lady. "Yes, mum." "And what killed them?" she asked. "I dunno, mum, but I kinder feel it in my bones that they sold this 'ere hat-rack afore Saturday night dead will use up all the rest of our family and be going for other folks."

is the most important question to-day with suffering millions, when looking at the long list of useless pills nostrums feel as the afflicted Bazar, the exclaiming: "I have used many of these miserable comforters are ye all, how long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?" It is not recorded that Job had piles, but he could not have had anything more painful, and the same question might have been asked then as since for three thousand years: can piles be cured? We believe that Dr. Williams has solved the problem, for nothing is more certain than that his "Anakosin" does absolutely and promptly cure the worst cases of piles. When half a million of afflicted sufferers positively state that it has cured them and in 20 years no one has used the doctor's wonderful remedy without instant relief, by following his simple instructions as to habits and diet were, benefited and cured 95 per cent cured, all arguments and theories of those who haven't used them, go for naught. Analakosin is now prescribed by physicians of all schools and has been pronounced as near infallible as is possible. It is easily applied, perfectly safe, instantly relieves pain, and ultimately cures the most intractable cases. It has gradually solved the problem that piles can be cured. Samples of "Anakosin" are sent free to all sufferers, on application to P. Newstead & Co., sole agents, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. Box 3946 New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price \$1 per box.

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