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The Bulletin Press Association,
New York.

Two Men, Trapped in Cleveland's Crib Horror, Rescued.

KNOW NOTHING OF THE FIRE Thought They Were Doomed To Die, But Worked Desperately To Dig Their Way Out—Prepared To Eat Raw Mule Meat.

Cleveland, Aug. 20.—Adam Kest and Joseph Engine, two of a dozen or more workmen who were trapped in the water works tunnel 200 feet below the surface of Lake Erie, by the burning of crib No. 2, last Wednesday morning were rescued from their horrible position late yesterday afternoon and are now lying semi-conscious at Huron Street hospital. With careful nursing the physicians say they will soon recover their former strength and probably be none the worse for their thrilling experience.

Shut off from the upper world, the men knew nothing of the catastrophe that killed so many of their comrades and imprisoned them. They knew that something had severed their connection with the crib. They knew that beyond the air lock, behind which they had taken refuge, the air was too foul to breathe. But they supposed that the trouble was temporary. Each day they expected their comrades to come down the tunnel to their rescue.

When their signal for help, tapped on the air pipe, was at last answered from the crib, Kest and Engine were preparing to eat raw mule meat. Their deliverance came just in time to make unnecessary this desperate effort.

At the hospital last night the two men were permitted to talk for a short time and they related some of their experiences. They said they did not know there had been a fire and they could not account for their plight, unless some accident had happened, which would soon be repaired. As the time passed by, however, and hours lengthened into days, the men were beginning to fear they were doomed to death either by starvation, suffocation or drowning.

"We gave up more than once," said Kest. "We lost track of the time. I did not know whether it was six days or three. The gas must have made me sleepy. We slept a lot I know. We did not know whether it was day or night down there. The darkness was awful. We tried to get out several times. Each time the gas drove us back. At last we decided that it was get out or die, and we made a try, tapping on the pipe as we went along."

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you have a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're fit or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent purges or pills, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN.

CIRCUS FREAKS.

BY W. C. COUP.

(Being an extract from "Sawdust and Spangles," published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Copyright, 1901, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

P. T. Barnum said the American public liked to be humbugged, and the truth of his words have been proven time after time by the showmen of the country. In his "Sawdust and Spangles," published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, Mr. W. C. Coup gives much interesting information regarding the tricks of the American circus, menagerie and museum. He separates the real from the unreal, the genuine from the fake, and supplies a narrative that should interest every habitué of these forms of entertainment. The following chapter taken from his book describes a number of freaks and fakes with which the American public were successfully humbugged.

NO saying attributed to P. T. Barnum has been more widely quoted than the remark that "the public likes to be humbugged." Certainly this comment on the credulity of the masses opens up a most curious and entertaining field, and its mention in a company of old showmen is sure to provoke a flood of reminiscences on the subject of fakes, freaks and fakers. There is scarcely another line of experience concerning which veteran showmen more enjoy comparing notes—possibly because it touches on the secrets of the craft. Though it is true that Mr. Barnum was a master in the science of humbugging the public, and did not disclaim that distinction, it must be said in justice to him that in the course of his professional career he gave the people more for their money than any other showman, living or dead.

A little inside information on this hidden side of the showman's business may be entertaining to a public which has often experienced the pleasure of being humbugged. Certainly no fake is entitled to take precedence over the celebrated "Cardiff Giant." This was the invention of a certain George Hull. He lived, I think, at Binghamton, New York, and manufactured the giant in a rude shop on the small farm which he worked. Hull was shrewd, energetic and very persistent, as may be seen by the fact that the elaboration of the idea of his fake and its execution occupied him more than four years. He thought the whole matter out, even to the most minute details, before beginning work on it. Without any knowledge of the art of sculpture or the science of anatomy, he set himself resolutely to work to remedy these defects of education. He had considerable aptitude with the chisel, and gradually developed the skill necessary to hew out a figure that was to be put before the public as a relic of an age so remote that no person would be likely closely to criticize its proportions. Hull also knew that, no matter what the age in which a giant was supposed to have lived, the "relics" must show pores in the skin to pass the scrutiny of even the unlearned. The making of these pores required more time and labor than all the other work of making the "Cardiff Giant." The work occupied many months, and was all performed in the "studio" or shop where it was at last finished to Hull's satisfaction.

Preparations were then made for the giant's burial in order that when brought to public view it might show the proper evidence of antiquity. It was buried in the side of a hill only a few rods from the outbuilding, where it had been chiseled from a huge block of stone taken from that very hill. In all this work, huge and heavy as the uncut stone and the giant hewn out of it were, Hull had only the assistance of one man, a sled and a yoke of oxen in moving them. This helper was a green and stolid German immigrant, utterly devoid of curiosity, and the man who helped to bury the giant was another of the same description.

The statue was allowed to remain more than two years in the ground before its maker considered it to be in proper condition for "accidental" discovery. Hull then promptly "discovered" and dug out the "petrification," and placed it on public view to amaze and perplex people generally and to delight the antiquarians, who found in an argument to uphold some of their most cherished theories. It took its name from the fact that near the spot where it was buried and re-erected was a small hamlet called Cardiff. The public career of the "Cardiff Giant" was not of long continuance, however, but was sufficiently lengthy to enable Mr. Hull to make considerable money out of his clever conception. He declared, however, that he might have made more money if he had accepted Mr. Barnum's offer made at the time of the giant's first appearance in public. Mr. Hull knew, too, that exposure was bound to come in the end, but that mattered not to him. For many years thereafter the "Cardiff Giant" reposed neglected in the very shop in which it was made; but its owner and inventor averred that he was entirely content with the financial result of his ingenuity.

The year of 1884 is a memorable one in the annals of circus history, and circus men remember it as the "White Elephant Year." For many years persistent attempts had been made by enterprising showmen to secure for exhibition purposes a sacred white elephant. Schemes by the score had been discussed in the confidential councils of the showmen in winter quarters, with a view to faking a black elephant into a white one, but without satisfactory results. In the winter of 1883, however, it was given out by Mr. Barnum's manager that he had positively succeeded in purchasing from the king of Siam a sacred white elephant. The press was splendidly "worked" in advance, and the sacred white elephant monopolized the gossip of circus circles.

A great rivalry had for some years existed between Mr. Barnum and a Philadelphia circus man, and the public was greatly surprised, just before the opening of the season, to find that, according to a newspaper report, the latter had also quietly and unostentatiously imported a sacred white elephant known as the "Light of Asia," which, from the descriptions of the few favored scribes who had seen it, was a marvel of beauty and color. Rumors were also circulated that Barnum's white elephant was not genuine, but only a diseased or leprous elephant with a "blaze" of cream color down its trunk, and discolored or spotted legs, while the Philadelphia showman's animal was of snowy whiteness, without spot or blemish. Public sentiment ran high, especially in Philadelphia, where the shows were to exhibit simultaneously. While public opinion was divided as to the genuineness of these "sacred" animals, it may be well to say that the Barnum animal was as good a specimen of the genuine white elephant as could be procured, while the Philadelphia elephant, pretty as a picture and superbly snow white in color, was supposed to be a lively "fake."

While on exhibition, this "Light of Asia" was almost entirely covered with a black velvet-spangled cloth, and the trunk had been manipulated in such a way that visitors could touch it, and as no coloring matter came off on their hands, I presume that part of the body had in some way been "sized" or enameled.

During the performance the white elephant would be introduced and stripped of its velvet trappings on the elevated stage between the two rings, while a learned "professor" descended eloquently on opposition in general and the genuineness of this white elephant in particular. So well was this part of the programme carried out that popular opinion was at least equally divided regarding the genuineness of the competing white elephants. Long afterwards the "lecturer" told me that this white elephant, having learned to recognize and like him, would endeavor to salute him by rubbing up against him after the manner of elephants. Had the animal succeeded, the effect would have been to leave white marks on the black coat of the lecturer, who had all he could do to continue his lecture and at the same time dodge the friendly advance of the white elephant. About the middle of the season, after getting all the benefit that could be out of the white elephant war, Barnum and his rival came to an amicable understanding, and divided territory with each other, and the "Light of Asia" was withdrawn.

The following winter it was given out that the animal had taken cold and died in Philadelphia, but there are plenty of showmen who aver that the animal is as lively and healthy as ever, though wearing black instead of chalky white. A somewhat significant fact regarding this fake was that during the previous summer its owners had been annoyed on arrival in various towns to find an opposition sideshow, with its canvas already up. It belonged to an Englishman whose sole attraction was a yellow horse. No one had ever heard of a yellow horse before, and the farmers for miles around came in and eagerly paid ten cents to see this wonder. The animal was not particularly beautiful, but was certainly a bright yellow, as were also the hands of his master. In fact, there was no doubt but that its owner had rubbed the animal well with yellow ochre. The proprietor of the "Light of Asia" paid the show a visit and laughed heartily at the deception. After looking at the horse a little while he remarked to its owner: "Well, if you can turn a gray horse yellow, you should be able to turn an elephant white." What happened afterward I am unable to say, but, singular to relate, the following spring, when the "Light of Asia" was "imported," a special trainer was brought with it from Siam who gave the animal his exclusive care and attention. This trainer was an Englishman, and many of the circus attaches thought they had seen the man exhibiting the yellow horse.

In 1883, while passing down the Bowery in New York, I heard my name loudly shouted. Turning around I met an English showman who was just then managing one of the many dime museums then established in that thoroughfare.

"Come inside, Mr. Coup," said he, "and I will show you my latest."
"Your latest what?" said I.
"Fake," he answered. "These freaks want too much money, and are nearly played out, anyway, so I'm making fresh ones now."

The place was packed with people and an enormous banner on the outside depicted a savage looking wild man. He was described as having been captured in the caves of Kentucky. I followed my acquaintance upstairs, and in due time, after a preliminary lecture, a door was thrown open, disclosing what looked like a prison cell, in which, chained to an iron grating, stood a man closely resembling the one represented in the picture. His skin was of a tawny yellow, his body was covered with hair, and he ravenously snapped at and ate the lumps of raw beef which an attendant threw to him.

I cannot say that it was a pleasant sight, but from its effect on the spectators it was undoubtedly a satisfactory one, and as the door closed on it I said to my acquaintance:
"Where did you get him?"

He replied: "Why, you know that man well. He traveled with you two seasons. Come inside and talk with him."

I followed him, and no sooner were we in the cage than the terrible "wild man" held out his hand to me and

said, "How do you do, Mr. Coup?" The voice was strangely familiar. I scrutinized the fellow's features and recognized in him a Russian who had been exhibited in our sideshow as a "hairy man." He had allowed his skin to be dyed yellow and his whiskers and hair black, and for a consideration of about four times his usual salary, was now posing as a wild man. He afterwards went west and continued in this mode of exhibition for several months, until he was played out in that capacity, whereupon a few warm baths enabled him to resume his former employment as "Ivanovitch, the hairy man."

Another celebrated fake which met with success in the east was the "dog-faced man." The Englishman before spoken of engaged a variety performer who was an adept at imitating the barking of dogs. The manager had in his possession an old photograph of "Jo-jo, the dog-faced boy," and was resolved to place a good imitation of this freak before the American public. He accordingly had made a very expensive wig, which completely covered the head, face and shoulders. Dressing the man in the garb of a Russian peasant, he advertised him as "Nicola Jacobbi, the Russian dog-faced man." So good was the disguise that they exhibited an entire week at a Jersey City museum, deceiving even the astute proprietor. Next they went to Boston, where they played to the most phenomenal business on record. The proprietor of the museum had a very clever cartoonist in his employ, and as the Englishman and his dog-faced friend walked from the station to the museum they saw nothing but pictures of dog-faced men. In front of the museum, in a large cage, was one of the fiercest wildcats they had ever seen, labeled, "The pet of the dog-faced man."

They played, as I have said, to a phenomenal business. For two weeks thousands of persons daily struggled for the privilege of paying ten cents to see this amusing fake. At the end of that time one of the employes betrayed the secret to a reporter and the attraction was rendered valueless. Strange to relate, the success of this "fake" was the means of bringing from Europe the original dog-faced boy, "Jo-jo," who for several years drew a good salary at the various dime museums, but never created so much excitement by virtue of his genuineness as the "fake" did.

Still another "fake" that not only "drew," but positively deceived the whole New York press, was the "Dahomey Giant." About 1882 a tall specimen of the African race walked into an eastern museum looking for work. He was actually over seven feet in height, and had never been on exhibition. Knowing that his value as a negro giant would be but little, the proprietors resolved to introduce him as a monster wild African. After consulting Rev. J. G. Woods' illustrated history of the uncivilized races, it was determined to make a Dahomey of the tall North Carolinian. A theatrical costume was set to work to make him a picturesque garb. A spurious cablogram was issued, purporting to be from Paris, of London, stating that the Dahomey giant had sailed with his interpreter from London and would arrive in Boston on or about a certain date.

The man, with his interpreter, was then taken by train to Boston, from which city they, in due time, wired the museum proprietor of their arrival. That telegram was answered by another telling them to take the first Fall River boat for New York city. The press was then notified, and the representatives of five New York papers were actually sent to the pier the following morning to interview the distinguished stranger from Dahomey. The man had been well schooled, and pretending not to know a word of the English language, could not, of course, converse with the reporters. But his interpreter managed to fill them up very comfortably. At all events, long and interesting accounts of the "snuff-colored giant from Dahomey" appeared in most of the dailies, and for several weeks this Dahomey was the stellar attraction at that particular dime museum. The advent of summer and its consequent circus season closing the city museums, the Dahomey "joined out" with a side show in which, for successive seasons, he posed as a Dahomey giant, a Maori from New Zealand, an Australian aborigine and a Kaffir. This man's success was the initiative for a score of other negroes, who posed as representatives of any foreign races the side show proprietor wished to exhibit.

The spread of the dime museum craze created a great demand for freaks and a consequent rise in their salaries. I know I am violating no confidence when I say that at various times the following freaks have drawn weekly the sums set opposite their names:

"La Tocel Twins".....	\$1,000.00
"Mille Christine".....	600.00
"Wild Man of Borneo".....	300.00
"Chang, the Chinese Giant".....	400.00
Chemah, the Chinese Dwarf.....	300.00
Ordinary giants and midgets.....	\$30.00 to 75.00
Bearded ladies.....	30.00 to 75.00
Living skeletons.....	30.00 to 75.00
Armless men.....	30.00 to 100.00
Ossified men.....	30.00 to 200.00

Among the freaks the women were almost universally jealous of their professional reputations. Hannah Battersby, who weighed more than 400 pounds, recognized Kate Heathley as her particular rival, and either of these women could be instantly thrown into a jealous passion at the mention of the other's claim to superiority in the matter of weight. The strange alliances which sometimes took place in the freak world are well illustrated by the marriage of the weighty Hannah to a living skeleton who touched the scales at 85 pounds.

WASHING OF BUTTER.

A Delicate Dairy Operation Which Calls for the Exercise of Individual Judgment.

Not many years ago it was generally supposed by dairymen that to make fine butter they must allow but little, if any, water to come in contact with it, but since that time we have learned to wash it in one or more waters, to remove the buttermilk. The question now is, how much washing should be done. There is a great difference of opinion on this matter. Some claim that it should be thoroughly washed, while others say that in doing this the flavor is injured. The latter, no doubt, is correct, while the first may be in a measure. To what extent butter should be washed, I believe, depends on what way it is to be handled in the market, whether consumed at once or to be held in storage. The advocate of thorough washing claims that in no other way can butter be made to keep.

It is my opinion that butter which is thoroughly washed will keep better than if only lightly washed, but I believe that either extreme should be avoided. To wash butter until the water runs off clear, will give us an article that will not decay or turn strong as soon as that not washed so much. But, by tasting of the wash water as it comes from the churn, it will be found to contain a strong flavor of the butter, so it is plain to be seen, that by thorough washing we lose considerable flavor. Then again, while the flavor is enhanced by not washing so much, the buttermilk left in will tend to putrefaction, for, as we all know very well, buttermilk spoils quickly and becomes ill smelling. Then if we undertake to remove all the buttermilk by working, we are apt to work the butter too much, thereby breaking the grain and making it salvy.

My plan of working the butter is to use two or three waters, depending upon quantity of water, temperature of butter and the market. If a nice flavored cream and butter, wash it very little for a high, quick flavor, especially if to be consumed soon. When the flavor is poor I would wash, say in three waters, and whether the flavor is good or bad, I would use a little salt in each washing, and only allow the water to remain on the butter just long enough to give the churn a few revolutions. If the butter is quite soft when it comes, it may be necessary to leave the water on a little time, to harden it. In summer season I prefer to churn at a temperature close down to 50 degrees—say about 52 degrees—and then if other things are favorable the butter will be in good condition to wash at once, with water at about the same temperature as the buttermilk drawn off. There can be no set rules for washing butter, any more than in ripening the cream or working the butter. In this work we have to rely on our judgment.—Ohio Farmer.

TEN VALUABLE HINTS.

If They Are Carried Out Conscientiously by Patrons, Creamery Success Is Assured.

- Here is what the buttermaker at the Glenville (Minn.) creamery sent out to his patrons: The following suggestions are sent to all patrons for mutual benefit. If we are to make the best grade of butter that will sell at the highest price we must have only pure, sweet milk; hence it is for your interest that we make a fancy article, and with your cooperation this can be accomplished. Trusting that every patron will unite with us in this effort, we beg to offer the following suggestions:
- First—Thoroughly brush the cow's flank and udder before milking.
 - Second—Strain carefully through wire and cloth strainers.
 - Third—Don't allow cans to remain in the stable.
 - Fourth—Don't mix night's and morning's milk before cooling.
 - Fifth—Keep milk in cold water.
 - Sixth—Leave covers up until the milk is cooled, then stir and close the covers.
 - Seventh—Don't leave skim milk standing in cans.
 - Eighth—Use brush and warm water for washing cans, then rinse with scalding water and stand in the sun.
 - Ninth—Don't use wooden milkpails.
 - Tenth—If you know of any patron that is violating the rules of common cleanliness in caring for his milk it is your duty to yourself and your fellow patrons to report the same at the creamery, and such information will be held in the strictest confidence.—Colman's Rural World.

EXERCISE FOR DOGS.

A Trolley Contrivance for Rover That Can Be Used Also for Calves, Colts and Sheep.

Set two posts (a a) of convenient height with braces below the ground to strengthen them. A three-inch



EXERCISE IN CONFINEMENT.

ring (c) is slipped over a wire (b) which is stretched from post to post. To the ring a bar and chain is attached and the chain then made of the right length to reach the dog's collar. The kennel should be very near, or the trolley placed close to kennel. If buildings are handy they can be used instead of setting posts. This plan can be used with the bull, calves, colts and sheep.—B. G. Black, in Farm and Home.

The doctor sometimes passes a harder sentence than the judge. But the sentence of the doctor is more often set aside or overruled than is that of the judge. Is the case of Mrs. Reynolds given below, the doctor sentenced her to about eighteen years of physical punishment and misery. But she rebelled against the sentence, and commenced the use of Doctor



Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In a few weeks she was a well woman. It's a peculiarity of the cures effected by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they are generally cures of chronic diseases. A woman suffers with diseases peculiar to her sex, she takes medical treatment, gets no better, and has no hope held out to her of improvement. Then in her discouragement she turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and finds a prompt and lasting cure. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Four years ago my health began to fail, writes Mrs. Nellie M. Reynolds, of Glenwood, Washington Co., Oregon. 'I had a very heavy dragging and weight in the region of the uterus, pain in back and loins, could not lift anything heavy, rest at night very poor; stomach deranged. One physician said I was overworked, another said I had congestion and falling of uterus. He treated me nine months and said I would not be well until I had passed the change of life. It was only twenty-seven years old then, I became discouraged, and began using Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Took a teaspoonful three times a day, began feeling better right away. Am using my third bottle now, and feel I am in good health. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has restored me to health. If suffering women would give it a fair trial they would give it praise.'"

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Taking No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2 (the regular fee) now and call it square, or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100." The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young man and sighed. "Give me the \$2," he said.—Chicago Post.

Figure It Out.

When we want advice that's helpful we must buy it, all agree. We get nothing good for nothing. That's not good for nothing. See?—Philadelphia Press.

SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



Stout Party—Now, then, waiter, what have you got?
Waiter—Calves' brains, deviled kidneys, fried liver—
Stout Party—Here! Bother your complaints. Give me the menu!—Punch.

The Parting.

"Twas time that we our way resign—
We two, sweet-hearings—
And, when we came to good-night place,
Just at the parting,
I kissed her lips, rich, ripe and rare,
And then I kissed her soft brown hair
Just at the parting."
—Judge.

He Was Indeed Lucky.

"Lucky man!" said one girl to another, at the church wedding, as the bridal couple walked up the aisle. "Why lucky man?" asked her companion. "Lucky because the bride wears a veil and people can't see what a fright he's marrying."—Yonkers Statesman.

Dull Business.

"Just set it for five o'clock," said the young lawyer, who had bought an alarm clock. "I won't want to change it."
"Always get up at that hour, eh?" remarked the clerk.
"Oh, no. That's my time for going home. This clock is for my office."—Philadelphia Press.

Suited Him Better.

"Stripes are quite the thing this year," suggested the tailor. The alderman started nervously, but quickly recovered himself. "I think," he said, endeavoring to speak carelessly, "that something in the nature of a check would be more in my line."—Chicago Post.

How It Looked.

Farmer Greene—What's ole man Perkins' son studying fer to be, at college?
Farmer Alexgreese—A missionary. I guess! He keeps touching the ole man up fer "indemnity" every week or two.—Punch.

DON'T TOBACCO SPOIL Your Life!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco spittle easily by using our new, scientific, full of new life and vigor by taking **DR. J. C. REMEDY CO.** that makes weak men strong. It sells ten pounds in ten days. Over 750,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. BOTTLED AT THE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.