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repeated that he was not. Then they asked Lieut. Greene if he was not going to follow up the Merrimac and sink her.

Greene rang four bells, then gave a loud command to go ahead full speed. But he went down into the engine-room and ordered one bell. This was almost a standstill, as it allowed the tide to carry the boat further away from the Merrimac. Greene committed suicide in Baltimore several years ago. Hans Anderson said.

A pilot who was in the confederate service at the time of the Monitor-Merrimac fight, according to Anderson's story, said that the Merrimac could have been easily captured or

the great mass of igneous fluid separate itself from the sun and fall through infinity. The Archean, Paleozoic, Mesozoic and Cenozoic times reflected themselves upon our excited imagination with startling vividness, and, having a deadly antipathy of the reptile race, that age was impressed upon me strongest. The snake-like Plesiosaurus, giant Ichthyosaurus, and huge, bat-like saurians, and my brain so full of misery that I turned from the scene in disgust.

"I shuddered. 'Where are the inhabitants, Clevesdale—have you seen anything alive?'

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"Shucks on your theory!" interrupted Clevesdale. "Why shouldn't there be life here as well as at the surface of the globe? Have we not air, pure and fresh, and light eternal?"

"But no water!" exclaimed VanGaff emphatically, while Bowser growled ominously at the professor's pugnacious attitude. "Air, my dear Clevesdale, has had an existence in these subterranean depths since the beginning of the earth's formation. It is practically, yes totally imperishable, while water understand, is merely a condensed vapor. At this depth we could scarcely expect a regular rainfall. Inhabitants, in this climate, my theory—"

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Despite the poor dog's frantic exertions to free himself, we soon had the frightened animal dangling from the window. When safely outside he appeared to enjoy his new and entirely unmeditated position, looking up at us with a singular expression of dumb astonishment and solid comfort. Thus far successful, we were induced, providing the rope was long enough, to lower him to the ground.

We did so. Which was the most astonished dog or man is hard to tell. With prodigious leaps of from two hundred to three hundred feet, Bowser easily maintained his position below us.

The professor held out his hand and whistled lustily. Bowser, ever mindful of his master's command, gave vent to a howl of joy and leaped upward—up—and had it not been for Clevesdale catching him as he neared the window, I am afraid the poor fellow would have dashed his brains out against the steel side of the Spheroid.

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"Gentlemen, I wish to ask you a question. Have we entered the realms of Satan? Did the devil greet that monument, and is it worshipped by his silent minions? Food is not necessary to sustain life here—one might exist for thousands of years without a particle of nourishment! Have we entered hell or heaven?"

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Despite the professor's assertion that encircled haze was a negative quantity in this wonder-land of yellow plain, glistening mountain and invisible sun, my artist friend and I found that eleven hours of abstinence had a large tendency to sharpen the appetite, even though surrounded by the infernal back-forty, or the promiscuous hater of souls.

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...twentieth day of May, A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, city hall, at the western front door of entrance to the city hall, in the city of Detroit (that being the place where the circuit court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness, the cost and expense of sale, to-wit: Lot numbered sixty-one, of T. S. Anderson's subdivision of lots seven and eight, of section fifty-four of the ten thousand acre tract situated in the township of Greenfield, county of Wayne and state of Michigan, according to the plat of said subdivision as recorded in Liber 16, of plat, on page 60, in the Wayne county register's office.

Detroit, February 20th, 1897.

WILLIAM A. C. MILLER,
 Attorney for Mortgagee.

Awarded Highest Honors,
 World's Fair.

DR.

PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

The Grape Cream of Tatar Powder.

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Too Much Sugar.

A Topeka man did a turn at a St. Patrick's day party that was not on the bill. He had accumulated a comfortable jag and was called upon by a lady to hold her cup of coffee. In his other hand he held his own cup, and with his arms outstretched, he sat paying compliments to the lady, when a young girl came along serving the sugar and dropped a lump in one cup. In a moment he lost his equilibrium and over he went upon the floor.

He Backed Out.

A Kansas woman, who traveled to St. Louis to marry a man who had advertised for a wife, has brought suit against him because he backed out when he saw her. She evidently doesn't belong to the no-trouble-to-show-goods class.

WHAT IS YOUR TRADE?

Each Trade or Occupation Has Its Special Disease.

It is well known among medical men that certain diseases are more readily developed in certain occupations than in others. That each occupation has its attendant physical weakness. Engineers, railroad men and similar occupations suffer mostly from kidney troubles and men who are often exposed to the weather suffer from rheumatism, while clerks and professional men, in fact, the army of people whose business keeps them indoors, are oftentimes great sufferers from piles and constipation. In this connection the following letter is of interest to people whose occupation will not allow sufficient outdoor exercise.

Mr. A. F. Calhoun, notary public and jeweler and watchmaker of Circleville, W. Va., writes as follows:

I had been a severe sufferer from piles for years and had tried many remedies with but little benefit, when about three years ago I saw the Pyramid Pile Cure advertised and sent for it.

I was badly afflicted when I got them, but after only two applications the piles disappeared and from that day to this I have never felt a symptom of the disease.

I feel that I cannot recommend them too highly to sufferers from piles.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is free from cocaine, opium or any mineral poison, absolutely safe, pleasant and palatable, sold by druggists at 50 cents per package. If there is any constipation the Pyramid Pile should be used with the pile cure. The pills are 15 cents per package.

Any druggist will tell you that the Pyramid is the best known, most successful and popular pile cure ever placed on the market and its reputation as a safe and radical cure has been maintained from the personal experience of thousands of people who have been cured of this distressing ailment.

Send to Pyramid Pile Cure Co., 100 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo., for a free trial of the Pyramid Pile Cure.

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