SWALLOWED A SPIDER.

A Novel but a Marvelous Cure for Malaria.

"Malaria?"

"Yes, malaria."

"No sir. I am no more afraid of malaria than I am of you," and as the speaker was at least ten inches taller than the reporter, and proportionately broader, his fear of that dread malady was probably not excessive. I've had malaria, and I've been cured."

"Yes, but a man can have malaria more than once."

"Not if he is cured the way I was. About ten years ago I was living in Indiana, in Vigo county, near Terra Haute. In those days a man was regarded as a stranger until he had drank about a gallon of whiskey and quinine, and shaken down his beadstead three or four times with the ague. I had a rather reticent nature, and I suppose it took the climate longer to get acquainted with me than it did the ordinary run of men. For I had to drink about a barrel of whiskey and take whole pounds of quinine before I could get strong enough to even shake myself, let alone a bed."

"How was I cured?"

"Well it was a novel cure. I boarded with a Mrs. Dennis, who told me she could cure me if I would take her medicine. Finally I agreed. She brought a towel and bound it around my head so I could not see; then she brought a glass of water and told me to take my dose and immediately swallow the water.

The dose tasted like a little ball of dust, and as it was going down I felt a sharp pain in my throat, as if it had been scratched.

"The next morning Mrs. Dennis brought a little box and showed me her medicine. It was a big, hairy, black spider, alive, and the mate to the one I had swallowed the day before."

The medicine this gentleman took for malaria, may have been effective, but few would care to try the remedy. Nor is there any necessity for it.

Malaria is a poisoned condition of the blood produced by bad air and water, which enter the blood-channels through the stomach and lungs and other ways, and produce injurious effects on the liver and kidneys. It is cured by putting the liver and kidneys in perfect, healthy working order. The drugs ordinarily used for such purposes frequently do quite as much harm as good, and leave the system in an enfeebled condition.

The certain and harmless remedy for malaria is Warner's safe cure which puts the liver and kidneys in healthy action, when the poison is carried out of the system, and the serious effects it engenders, pass away. J. M. Booth, Springfield, Mass., under date of March 28th, 1887, writes:—"One year ago I had the malaria—had had it more or less for ten pears. I stopped all other medicines and took Warner's safe cure, and it cured me. This country is famous for malaria, and I know Warner's safe cure will cure it."

People who live in malarious localities will find in Warner's safe cure a specific against contracting this disease. The malarial poison can find no entrance to the system, if the liver and kidneys are kept in healthy action.

The gentleman who swallowed the spider, concludes his narrative in the New York *Mail and Express* by saying:

"I was effectually cured, but I wouldn't take another dose of that medicine to save my life.

PITH AND POINT.

—A little Burlington boy gave, as the definition of cupidity, "love-sickness."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The preacher tells you that you should marry for love, and yet he often marries for money.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—All advice about how to spend money and how to keep it is thrown away on the person who does not know how to get it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The best "recommend" that a servant can have is a permanent place combined with a deep-seated determination to stay there.—*Puck.*

—"The cockroaches in this house are remarkably versatile," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."

—When an absconding Chinese banker is captured his head is carefully removed to make sure that he has none of the missing gold hidden away in his hollow teeth.—*Fall River Advance.*

—"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I judge, from your erect and soldierly bearing, that you have seen service?" "Yis sorr, Oi've seen service," was the reply. "Oi'm footman for Misses Paran Vendome."—*Epoch.*

—A friend writing from Virginia, and describing a recent colored protracted meeting, says: "What the brethren lack in inspiration they make up in perspiration."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—An old philosopher says that he has often seen a man pleased at being thought to be in advance of his age; but he never heard of a woman who was pleased at being supposed to be in advance of her age.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—When the girl who has encouraged a young man for several years suddenly tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

—Customer (getting measured)—"How much are these trousers going to cost me?" "Tailor—"Twenty-two dollars, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?" "Customer—"None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."—*N. Y. Gem.*

ANGELO SOLIMAN'S HIDE.

Romantic History of the Head of an Aristocratic Austrian Family.

Few persons are aware that until a short time ago the natural history collection in the Imperial Palace at Vienna included among its most remarkable curiosities the stuffed hide of a human being. The recent discussion concerning the card-cases manufactured at Paris of the murderer Pranzini's skin has recalled attention to the fact, and to the romantic history of the man who has so long figured in the Austrian Emperor's private museum. The name of the original owner of the hide was Angelo Soliman, who, notwithstanding the fact that he was a coal-black negro from the Soudanese tribe of the Gallas, was nevertheless the ancestor and grandfather of several of the most noted members of the Viennese aristocracy. One of his grandsons is the Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben, who held Cabinet office for several years as Imperial Minister of the Public Worship Department. Another of his grandsons, the Baron Eduard von Feuchtersleben, is a celebrated author and poet, while several of his great-grandsons hold rank in the Imperial diplomatic and military service. Two days a week until quite lately these members of the Austrian nobility had the extraordinary privilege of being able to visit their stuffed ancestor, who, seated on an arm-chair with his perfectly preserved features and staring glass eyes, presented a most lifelike and uncanny appearance.

The history of Angelo Soliman is as follows: in the year of 1740 Prince Lobkowitz, one of the principal Generals in the Imperial Austrian army, happened, while visiting the City of Messina, in Sicily, to have his attention drawn to a little seven-year-old negro boy who was acting as page to one of the noble ladies of the place. The child was asserted to be the offspring of a native King and was said to have been kidnaped from his home and sold as a slave at Cairo. By some means or other he had come into the hands of a sea captain trading between Alexandria and Sicily, who had brought him to Messina and presented him to the lady in question. The latter had caused him to be baptized by the name of Angelo Soliman. Prince Lobkowitz took a great fancy to the boy, persuaded the lady to let him have the child, and took him into his service. Angelo followed his new master everywhere, was present with him throughout all the campaigns, and received a most careful education. On the death of the General he entered the service of Prince Liechtenstein as tutor of the latter's children.

Angelo had become a remarkably learned man. He spoke perfectly several languages—French, Italian, German, Latin and Czech. Although of small stature, he was wonderfully well built, his features although as black as charcoal were of a Caucasian rather than of an Ethiopian cast, and his hair, beard and mustache were silky and curly. His manners were distinguished by the most exquisit courtesy, and dressed in his flowing Oriental robes and snow-white turban he was one of the most popular members of the best Viennese society of the day. A noble widow, the Baroness de Christiani, fell deeply in love with him, and in due time a marriage took place. For some reason or other Prince Liechtenstein viewed the union with disfavor and quarreled with Angelo, who thereupon left his service. He was, however, very comfortably off, for not only was his wife wealthy, but he himself had just a short time before won the principal prize of 20,000 florins in the Frankfort State Lottery. He purchased a pretty house and garden in the suburbs of Vienna, and lived there most happily with his wife, devoting himself to the education of his daughter, Josephine, the only issue of the marriage. The young girl was one of the most fascinating and beautiful types of mulatto imaginable, and after refusing a large number of offers at length gave her hand in marriage to one of the imperial Counselors of State, the Baron von Feuchtersleben, from whom the present bearers of the name and title are descended in direct line. Angelo, who before his death had become reconciled to the Liechtenstein family, went over to the great majority in 1796, being seventy-five years old at the time.

The Emperor, who had always shown a great fancy for Angelo, conceived the peculiar idea of preserving his old friend, stuffed and in a glass case. Strange to relate, Angelo's family, far from being offended, expressed themselves highly flattered by the imperial request, and immediately consented to surrender the remains to the court taxidermists. After having a cast made of his face and body by the famous sculptor, Franz Thaller, the skin was carefully removed from the body, subjected to a number of chemical preparations, and finally stuffed with great care. It is only quite recently that this somewhat uncanny object has disappeared from the imperial collection, owing, if I remember rightly, to its having been almost destroyed by the rats and mice.—*Vienna Cor. N. Y. World.*

—Something must be done to hold in check those Christianized Indians in the Indian Presbytery of Dakota or they will leave the rest of us behind. Our minutes show that during our ecclesiastical year, that presbyter, composed of converted Sioux Indians, gave $571 more to foreign missions than any presbytery in the synod, and during the last synodical year it gave to the nine boards of our church $234 more than any of the white presbyteries of the synod.—*Interior.*

CATARRH.

A New Home Treatment for the Cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

The microscope has proved that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the upper air passages and eustachian tubes. The eminent scientists, Tyndall, Huxley and Beale endorse this, and these authorities cannot be disputed. The regular method of treating these diseases has been to apply an irritant remedy, weekly and even daily, thus keeping the delicate membrane in a constant state of irritation, allowing it no chance to heal, and as a natural consequence of such treatment not one permanent cure has ever been recorded. It is an absolute fact that these diseases can not be cured by any application made oftener than once in two weeks, for the membrane must get a chance to heal before an application is repeated. It is now seven years since Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become a household word in every country where the English language is spoken. Cures effected by him seven years ago *are cures still*, there having been no return of the disease.

So highly are these remedies valued that ignorant imitators have started up everywhere pretending to destroy a parasite of which they know nothing, by remedies, the result of the application of which they are equally ignorant. Mr. Dixon's remedy is applied only once in two weeks, and from one to three applications effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases.

Mr. Dixon sends a pamphlet describing his new treatment on the receipt of stamp to pay postage. The address is A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King street west, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

Miss Dodge, while working at the polls for the Prohibition candidates at the municipal election in Boston, had a bottle of vitriol emptied down her back by a man who escaped. She was badly burned.

PEACE ON EARTH

Awaits that countless army of martyrs, whose ranks are constantly recruited from the victims of nervousness and nervous diseases. The price of the boon is a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most genial of tonic nervines, pursued with reasonable persistence. Easier, pleasanter and safer this than to swash the victualing department with pseudo-tonics, alcoholic or the reverse, beef extracts, nerve foods, narcotics, sedatives and poisons in disguise. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is the providential recuperant for weak nerves, and this glorious franchise being usually the consequence of sound digestion and increased vigor, the great stomachic which fusures both is productive also of repose at the required time. Not unrefreshed awakens the individual who uses it, but vigorous, clear headed and tranquil. Use the Bitters also in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney troubles, constipation and biliousness.

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong."

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

WHITMAN COLLEGE.

College and Scientific Courses, Normal Course, College Preparatory Course, Business Course, Conservatory of Music, Modern Languages, Arts, Boarding Department. **Spring Term begins March 7, 1888.** Has two good buildings. Twelve Teachers. Library and apparatus. For Catalogue or admission, address: A. J. ANDERSON, President, Walla Walla, W.T.

See Antisell Piano advertisement.

TRYGERMEA for breakfast.

Camelline improves and preserves the complexion.

The Legislature of Illinois has passed a law making the intermarriage of cousins a penal offense.

Gen. John C. Fremont will reside in Los Angeles permanently.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, is doubly true in the case of Hobb's Little Vegetable Pills. They always care. *

UNITARIAN religious literature sent free on application to Miss E. F. Davison, P. O. Box 520, Portland, Or. Washington correspondents adm. Miss M. DeVoe, Seattle

Two teacupfuls (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacupfuls of soft butter well packed weigh one pound.