A GLENGARRY MIRACLE,

Mr. James Sands' Wonderful Restoration to Health.

After Three Years of Paralysis Insensibility, and Uselessness, He Tells the Tale of His Recovery and Renewed Work in the World—His Story as Told a Free Press Reporter.

OTTAWA FREE PRESS.

The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished, recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bed-ridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr. James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been—indeed still are—the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of The Free Press staff journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr Sands is a slimly built, but wiry-looking young man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his perfect willingness to give all the facts connected with his case. "I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well-known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in but could do nothing for me. After that I came home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continuing the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in August, 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted and my tongue partially paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician, whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right arm withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I had tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the wonderful cures worked by Pink Pills, and told my folks to get me some. I had not taken them long when I found myself improving, and this determined me to continue their use. My strength gradually returned, the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the Pills and gaining strength, until at last I was able to go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sash and door factory. I gave up the Pills for a while, but did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm, which was withered, is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular limb, which would have done credit to a blacksmith. In reply to the reporter Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble had been brought on through exposure to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my wonderful restoration. Besides the medical treatment I had tried electricity and patent medicines, both internal and external, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me."

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and further said, that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known throughout Glengarry County. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable and that in his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to enrich the former and stimulate and restore the latter.

For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, they are an unfailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment: Locomotor Ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men
Restoring to health, life and vigor again."

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Breeding Sheep.

Whatever breed of sheep you intend to carry on with, if it is to be thoroughbred stick to the same breed all along, but changing to a fresh ram or two of the same breed from another flock each year. In breeding consider the size, bone, constitution and quality. In most cases the size will predominate in the offspring.

The usual custom here is to begin letting in the ram to run with the ewes, a few choice two or three old ones, as early as end of August. But the general choice breeder does not want such very early lambs in this cold climate, to risk the loss of many early ones, so does not let the rams run with the general flock till September. All ewe lambs of this year's breeding are kept from being bred till next year. It never will pay to mate ewe lambs of thoroughbreds till they are fully developed, or you will let your flock gradually, but surely run down in quality.

In breeding for market or export only, one can do very well by using a thoroughbred ram upon the sheep of the country as generally bred by the ordinary farmer. If ewes of this class, having already two crosses of a down breed on them, can be had, they are generally to be bought cheap enough to start in for breeding up a flock of sheep, the males of which should be all castrated, and will make about the finest mutton sheep for British markets. Cross these further up with Down rams. The produce from this cross will be quick growers, maturing early, feeding readily, and by the time they are a year old, if well fed up, they will be in prime condition for export to Britain by the early spring, so as to reach the markets there during April and May. By paying particular attention to this matter and having good comfortable quarters, and plenty of feed and care, any intelligent farmer can make money out of sheep breeding on a moderate scale, and help to enrich his farm at the same time. The older ewes may be disposed of as mutton for home consumption, or the surplus stock disposed of to others who wish to go in for breeding and feeding as he did at the beginning.

Europe's Change.

During the crop year just closed the United Kingdom imported over 180,000,000 bushels of wheat—counting wheat and the equivalent of flour in wheat—the largest on record. The requirements of European countries for the current year are estimated from figures arrived at the Austro-Hungarian Government. Great Britain has produced from 23,000,000 to 25,000,000 hectolitres (65,275,000 to 70,950,000 bushels), and will import from 56,000,000 to 58,000,000 hectolitres (158,928,000 to 164,604,000 bushels). France has produced 105,000,000 hectolitres (297,990,000 bushels), and will import 15,000,000 hectolitres (42,570,000 bushels). Germany has produced from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000 hectolitres (96,492,000 to 99,330,000 bushels), and will import 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 hectolitres (14,190,000 to 17,028,000 bushels). Italy's crop is placed at 40,000,000 hectolitres (113,520,000 bushels), and imports at 9,000,000 to 12,000,000 hectolitres (25,542,000 to 34,056,000 bushels). Austria's crop is 17,000,000 to 18,000,000 hectolitres (48,246,000 to 51,084,000 bushels) and imports 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 hectolitres (22,704,000 to 28,380,000 bushels). The wheat harvest of all European countries requiring to import the grain is placed at 266,800,000 to 270,800,000 hectolitres (757,178,000 to 768,530,000 bushels), and total imports required by them 114,600,000 to 123,100,000 hectolitres (325,235,000 to 349,358,000 bushels).

It has been impossible to procure the statistics of cholera in Russia. Hardly anything beyond the fact of its existence there was known to the outside world until well along in last month. We knew that it struck Baku, on the west coast of the Caspian, about the beginning of July, but we got no information about its rapid progress northward and westward during that month, or its ravages in the thickly populated regions through which it advanced. The Government did not permit the news about it to be sent abroad; despatches about it could not be transmitted to foreign countries, and but very little was said in the papers of St. Petersburg. So far as the cholera is concerned, the censorship was as rigorously applied to the press, the telegraph, and the mail as it is applied in the case of many other things of interest to mankind.

In Scotland, as in England, there are evidences of a marked tendency of the people to concentration in towns, though the drift is not quite so noteworthy as it was in the preceding decade. At the date of the present census 65.37 per cent. of the inhabitants of Scotland resided in towns as compared with 61.75 per cent. in 1881. The proportion of those living in villages is now 11.57 per cent., having been 11.99 per cent. at the time of the previous enumeration. The ratio of residents in the rural districts has fallen from 26.26 per cent. in 1881 to 23.06 per cent. at the present time. It would further appear that, taking Scotland as a whole, there were 135 persons to every square mile, and that the number of acres to each person was 4.7. The density of population, however, varies greatly in different parts of the country. Four counties are very thinly settled; in Ross and Cromarty, for instance there are only 25 persons to a square mile; in Argyll only 23; in Inverness 22, and in Sutherland but 11. Three counties, on the other hand, have over 1,000 persons to a square mile, viz., Lanark, with 1,186; Renfrew, with 1,187 and Edinburgh, with 1,199.

ADVENTURES WITH SHARKS.

Thrilling Experiences of Divers in Australian Waters.

Sharks are very common all along the coast of Australia. They become more numerous, larger, and more voracious the nearer we go to the equator. Passengers who make ocean voyages may often see them from the deck of their ship; but I see them in their native element. A day seldom passes when I am at work that I do not see some of these creatures. They do not seem to recognise a diver when clad in his diving dress as something which is good to eat. Probably he is mistaken for some other great seamonster, with whom the shark would just as soon not measure his strength. At all events sharks rarely give us any active annoyance. At first, when we go into a new country, they exhibit some curiosity. They sometimes come and inspect us and our work, moving slowly around us without perceptible motion, and smelling at us like great dogs. It gives one a very horrible "feeling of insecurity," I assure you, when

ONE OF THESE MONSTERS

of twelve or fourteen feet long runs his nose around your body, and without even a solitary "wag" of his tail to indicate good-fellowship. The shark will swim away right enough when he has finished his inspection—at least he always has done so with me—and although annoying, I can stand it now. Sometimes, when you go down of a morning, you will find half-a-dozen big and little sharks who have evidently selected the site of your operations as a camping-ground. This is awkward. Perhaps they have observed the disturbance at the bottom of the sea, and like marine constables they "are waiting for the fellow who made it, to run him in." This is an awkward experience, for these sharks do not clear off and admit your claim. They say all animals have a fear of man; but sharks cannot recognise a man in a diver's costume. They neither oppose nor assist us in our operations; they simply ignore us. We have to be very careful then, walking round about these lazy pigs without disturbing them. I have occasionally used a small crowbar as a weapon, and struck a small shark on the nose when he was annoying me with his persistency. The shark will then turn and go off with a rush. I would not, however, like to try my crowbar on a shark ten feet long. After his rush away, he might return for further investigation.

I have had many nasty adventures with sharks when pursuing my occupation; I recollect one that gave me a considerable shock. I had been engaged blowing up a reef of rocks so as to enlarge a little harbour on the coast. It was my duty to make the hole and put in the charge of dynamite. The charge was exploded in the evening after we left off work. On going down every morning I was accustomed to go over to a certain ledge which was always a good resting place for lobsters. Morning after morning I had invariably found a pair or more of these crustaceans, which I sent to the surface in a basket. On the morning to which I now refer, I walked straight to the ledge and ran my hand carefully along its lower side. I was surprised to find my hand scraping what I took to be the rock; but

I WAS SURPRISED

still more when I observed my hand groping within a foot of the mouth of a great shark which had retired to rest in this cavity. The shark must have been as much alarmed as I was, for it made one spring from its resting-place and disappeared in the dark wall of ocean. The shock to me was greater than I could have believed, and even yet I do not care to think about it much. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not return to that ledge for lobsters for some time.

On another occasion, a big fellow came alongside me where I was working. I stopped, of course, and stepped back quietly to let him pass. But he did not. He came nearer. I then thought he was curious, but soon found that another feeling than curiosity was moving him. As I retreated he still advanced, until I found myself jammed up against the rock. I could retreat no farther, and yet the brute came on determinedly. But instead of approaching me with his long nose—for you don't see his jaws—he turned his side and began to rub up against me. I had a small "jumper" in my hand, which I held with the point outwards against his skin, as I did not wish to have his rough skin scoring along my dress. It was something like what a cow would be rubbing against you. The iron on his skin was, however, the very thing he wanted, as he soon gave me to understand. I was kept there at least half an hour scratching that monster with the sharp iron. He took it like a pig, bending his body and turning over on his side so as to present a fresh surface to the jumper. I suppose he must have felt easier for the operation, for after a time he moved away. I had one or two further visits from him on following days, on each of which I was obliged to scratch him for a time. I think he must have recognised me as a kindly and effectual scratcher. I imagine he was suffering from some parasitical or skin disease, to which he may have fallen a victim. Otherwise, I might be in that scratching billet still.

One of the boys who worked in the boat once inserted a charge of dynamite in a sheep's head; the charge was of course attached to the battery by wire. After we had "knocked off," he threw in the sheep's head. In about ten seconds the head was "taken in" by a small shark. In ten seconds more there was an explosion, and fragments of shark were abundant. In certainly less than a minute afterwards the sea was almost alive with sharks contending for a relic of their deceased kins-shark. This experience was, however, obtained from the surface, and what I pride myself most on is that I see these creatures from below.

I remember once I had the good fortune to see a battle between a pair of sharks, although at the end of the time I did not by any means think the fortune "good." It happened in this way. I was "down" at the wreck of a ketch off the Illawarra Coast in New South Wales. The boat was above me, as usual, keeping me supplied with air. I remember I was working with a crowbar, prying asunder the timber of the broken vessel, which had sunk in such a position that it menaced vessels passing in and out of the harbour.

ALL OF A SUDDEN

something fell into the water above me. I did not know what it was at the time, but I learned afterwards that it was a waistcoat belonging to one of the men. It is wonderful when you are down in the water how plainly you can see anything above you—I mean in the water. You are covered with light upwards, and anything dark catches the eye. Even a comparatively small fish makes a shadow which will attract attention. I saw the waistcoat almost as soon as it had touched the water. Quick as lightning, three or four sharks converged in towards that waistcoat. I hadn't been thinking of them, and did not believe there was a shark within a mile of me. I was staggered for a second. At one moment there was no sign of them; at the next. the sea seemed to be alive with these hideous creatures, curling and twisting above my head in the clear water. The pocket of the waistcoat contained a big silver watch, and this helped to sink the garment. However, before it had been well wetted, a big fellow of nine or ten feet long turned over and took in the waistcoat and the watch. He then sunk leisurely to the bottom and lay quietly, looking upwards. There was no chewing; waistcoat and watch were alike bolted. Then I thought the adventure was over, and I was about to resume my work. But I was destined to see more. I observed that two of the other and smaller sharks had suddenly engaged in combat. They rolled, they worried, they dodged. Sometimes they were above me in the water; at other times they had descended till on a level with my head. There was no sound that I could hear, there was no disturbance in the water that I could perceive. Encased as I was in my diving dress, I would not have expected either to have heard sounds or felt vibrations. Still

THE CONTEST WAS TERRIFIC.

The rolling of the animals in the still water was frightsome. In the conflict they moved farther and farther away from the place where I stood, until they disappeared in the great opaque wall of water which marks the horizon of the diver. As to the rest I can only conjecture. I presume one of them was killed, for I noticed the big fellow who had swallowed the waistcoat, and several other sharks, slide over in the direction which the combatants had taken. They had gone, I hoped, to pay their last respects to one of their friends—perhaps to bury him in their capacious maws.

My friend the diver related many other tales, and imparted to me many curious circumstances of his life under the sea, to which at some other period I may be permitted to refer. Enough has been said to give us a glimpse of shark-life which it is not permitted for every man to see.

A Change of Tone.

It would appear that a big change has come over the spirit of the dreams of the most rabid anti-Canadian paper in Newfoundland. The Telegram, organ of the premier, Hon. Robert Bond, who arranged the treaty with the United States that was never confirmed, publishes the following significant editorial under the heading:

"A GROWING SENTIMENT."

"It cannot be denied that a growing sentiment exists here in favor of confederation all over the colony. The attitude towards Canada is slowly but surely undergoing a favorable change; and we venture to predict that the statesman who leads a party at the next election in support of union with the Dominion, will have a very large minority, if not actual majority, of followers. Now, the question arises, What has led to this change of feeling from strong antipathy towards Canada, to kindly interest in her affairs? We think the causes are very obvious. First, the colony's want of influence with the Imperial Government, in consequence of our numerical weakness, as exemplified in the matter of the Bond-Blaine convention; secondly, our commercial and social relations with Canada, the identity of our interests, and the similarity of our political and national institutions; and thirdly, the magnanimous manner in which every province of the Dominion ran to our relief, when, on the 8th of July last, half of this city lay in ashes and ten thousand of our people were homeless. Canada's noble generosity on this occasion will not soon be forgotten by the inhabitants of Newfoundland. It is locked in memory's treasure-house, and her warm hearted people themselves shall keep the key. In a subsequent issue we shall have more to say about this interesting matter."

TRIED SUICIDE FOR LOVE.

And for Love of One of Her Own Sex at That.

Gentlemen have before now attempted to put an end to a miserable existence because ladies whom they desired to wed had the wretchedly bad taste to marry somebody else, and ladies have been known to return the compliment in the case of gentlemen. But for one lady to contemplate suicide because another female is engaged to be married, and to a total stranger is something of a new departure. The strange case of Leocadie Rhone, a young Belgian woman, and Miss Parkinson, which came before Sir John Bridge at Bow Street Police Court, seems to show that there is still some romance left in the world. Here are two maidens who vowed solemnly to each other that if either were to become engaged the other would at once kill herself. The arrangement appears a trifle one-sided and, moreover, is faulty because the punishment falls on the innocent party.

The remarkable point about it is that the Belgian damsel—who at the age of twenty-nine ought to have got rid of much of the sentimentality of youth—really took the vow seriously, and on hearing of Miss Parkinson's engagement, journeyed in hot haste from Brussels with a loaded revolver, in order to carry out the fell design on her own life. Why she troubled to come over to England at all is not apparent. A few words of kindly advice from the magistrate induced the too excitable Belgian to return to her native shores, and also to promise not to do herself any harm. Evidently her whole grievance was that, in accordance good her vow, she had neglected several with offers of marriage. She had now better imitate her English friend and neglect them no longer. She will find that there is a good deal of romance to be got out of even so commonplace an expedient as matrimony.

Happiness is not contingent upon surroundings. It is solely a condition of the heart.

The reason some children are so unmanageable is because they are chips off the old block.

It would be worth while to labor if it produced no reward but the joy it brings the tired to rest.

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD?

A Fascinating Study That is Slowly Elucidating a Great Mystery.

At the recent meeting of the British Association a discourse was delivered by the new President, Sir Archibald Gerkie on one of the most interesting ploblems in modern science—the age of the world. Over a century has elapsed since James Hutton wrote his "Theory of the Earth," which was the first attempt to formulate a chronology of creation in accordance with the discoveries of science; since then knowledge has made vast strides, and his followers have access to a mass of information which he did not possess. Playfair and Kelvin improved upon his work, and now Gerkie and the school to which he belongs have gone beyond them. Geologists have ascertained that the rate at which erosion takes place can be measured; by applying their scale to the sedimentary rocks they have formed an hypothesis as to the time which has elapsed since erosion began. To put the proposition in simpler language, the surface of the globe is constantly wearing away under the influence of water and wind. The portions which are worn off are carried down to the sea or into hollows, where they are deposited and form sedimentary rocks. If we can ascertain how long it takes to form a sedimentary rock we can figure out when the process of wearing away and redepositing began.

Sir Archibald states that on a reasonable computation the stratified rocks attain an average thickness of 100,000 feet. The material of which they consist was all washed down from high planes, deposited and left to stratify. By the inspection of river banks it is found that in places the surface of the land which has been carried down as sediment in rivers has been reduced at the rate of a foot in 730 years, while in other places, where the land was more stubborn or less flexible, it has taken 6,800 years to lower the surface one foot. The deposit must be equal to the denudation. Thus we find that while some of the sedimentary rocks have grown a foot in 730 years, others have taken 6,800 years to rise that height. Thus the period of time that was required to build up 100,000 feet of sedimentary rock has varied according to locality from 73,000,000 years to 680,000,000 years. It follows that the active work of creation lasted for a cycle intermediate between these two figures. The cycle varied with endless succession of periods of disturbance by volcanic force and glacial action, and the frequent submersion of dry land, alternating with the emerging of continents out of the seas. These may have retarded the growth of sedimentary rocks, but they cannot have accelerated it.

A study of fossils teaches the steady uniformity with which the work of creation proceeded. Since man began to observe there has been no change in the forms of animal and vegetable life. A few species have disappeared; not one new species has been evolved. Not only do we find the fauna and flora of ancient Egypt as depicted on monuments which are probably 8,000 or 10,000 years old identical with those which are found in that country to-day, but shells which inhabited our seas before the ice age and grew in an ocean whose bed overlay the Rocky Mountains are precisely the same species that are found in the bay of Monterey and the waters of the Chesapeake. It is evident that there has been no essential change in the conditions of life since these animals and these vegetables were first created, yet how vast the shortest period which we can assign to the gap that divides us from that remote epoch.

Little by little the geologist is lifting the veil which covers the prehistoric record of our planet. The era which preceded the age of civilized man, with its vast rivers carrying down diluvial floods to the ocean, and the bursting forth of mountain ranges from contractions of the earth's crust has been painted to the life. But no one has exercised his pencil on that preceding age, when the forests made way for clumps of stunted birch and willow, incessant snowfalls covered the plains, glaciers crept down from the north, and gradually a vast sheet of ice half a mile thick drove mankind with the mammoth and the reindeer, to those fortunate regions which, like California, escaped the agony of the last ice age. Nor have we any distinct perception of that subsequent age when the ice melted or receded to the pole, or dense tropical jungle grew up in the morasses it had left, swamps steaming with tropical heat swarmed with uncouth batrachian and reptile life, trees of monstrous growth shed their shade over shiny pools and black ooze, and in the distance long mountain ranges whose fontanelle had not yet closed, poured a never-ceasing flood of lava down their sides. This is a page of history which is yet to be written, but the materials are accumulating, and the historian will not be long wanting.

Desperate Encounter With Cattle Thieves.

The sheep and cattle farmers in many parts of Australia suffer very much from depredations of the natives, who not only steal hundreds of cattle, but frequently murder the herders. A desperate encounter took place recently at Angelow River, and is reported in despatches from Perth, Western Australia. Some large cattle-owners there, at the head of whom were Messrs. Nicholson and Bresnahan, pursued a band of these black cattle thieves to the Angelow River. Besides the whites there were a number of natives, but it was found that the blacks outnumbered the whites by four to one. The thieves were in the very act of committing other depredations, and at once gave battle to their pursuers. The whites then used their firearms to good effect, and the black horde, after some stubborn fighting, was put to flight. They left three dead and several wounded, whilst eleven others were taken prisoners. Amongst the latter were several well-known murderers, and all were to be handed over to the authorities for trial. Both Bresnahan and Nicholson were wounded, as well as some others, but it was not stated that there were any fatalities on the side of the whites.

Real Sea Serpents.

The seas from Madagascar to Panama and from Japan to New Zealand are thickly infested with marine snakes. They are among the most poisonous of all known serpents, their venom being no less deadly than that of the cobra and rattlesnake. In all qualities which can render a marine monster horrible, this huge and frightful mollusk may be said to compare favourably with any creature of fact or fiction. When full grown it weighs 10,000lb, having a body of 50ft long and two arms each 100ft in length, as well as eight smaller tentacles.