

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The following amusing bit of humor, which is likewise a capital imitation of Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas," appeared in the London Punch upward of a quarter of a century ago. It is as fresh today as it was then, and is too good to be lost sight of:

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house Everyone was abed, and still as a mouse; Those stockings, so late in St. Nicholas' care Were empty of all that was eatable there. The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds, With very full stomachs and pains in their heads. I was dozing away in my new cotton cap, And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap. When out in the nursery rose such a clatter, I sprang from my sleep, crying "What is the matter?" I flew to each bedside—still half in a daze— Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes; While the light of the taper served clearly to show The piteous plight of those objects below. For what to the fond father's eyes should appear But the little pale face of each sick little dear! For each pet that had craved itself full as a nutmeg, I knew in a moment how felled like Old Nick. Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same; What their stomachs ejected, I'll mention by name. Now turkey, now stuffing, plum pudding, of course, And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce; Before outraged nature, all went to the wall, Lollipops, flapdoodle, dinner and all. Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns fling, Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and mince; Till each error of diet was brought to my view, To the shame of mamma, and of Santa Claus, too. I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back, And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."

When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her, "Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?" I ran, and was scarcely back under my roof, When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoofs; I might say that I scarcely had turned myself round, When the doctor came into the room with a bound. He was covered with mud from his head to his foot, And the suit he had on was his very worst suit; He hardly had time to put that on his back, And looked like Falstaff, half fuddled with sack. His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry? His lips looked like port, and his breath smelt like sherry. He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so. And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow. But, inspecting their tongues, in spite of their teeth, And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath, He felt of each pulse, saying, "Each little belly Must get rid, here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly." I gazed at each chubby, plump, sick little elf, And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself; But a wink of the eye, when he whisked out my Fred. Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work, And doled all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk— And added directions, while blowing his nose. He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose, Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle, and as if pricked by a thistle; But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight, "They'll be well by tomorrow; good night, Jones, good night!"

An Agreeable Correspondence.

THE managers of St. Jacob's hospital solicit old newspapers and magazines for the entertainment of their sick and convalescent. In response to this advertisement in one of the most widely read newspapers in E., there came daily to the above-named institution a great variety of publications. One day, there appeared among the rest a newspaper with these words written upon the margin: "I wish you a very good morning and a right speedy recovery!"—then the full address of the writer, Miss Louisa Lobstedt, No. 3 North St. This greeting elicited a few days later the following answer: "So there is, really, in the bright, happy world outside, one kind soul who has a thought to spare for us poor sick ones! I am the fortunate one who received your greeting, and hope that your kind wish will soon be gratified, and that at a time not very far distant I shall leave this place entirely restored to health. If you have ever been seriously ill, or have ever endured such pain as I am now suffering, you will certainly heed the request of a poor invalid, and not rest satisfied with the few words of kindness which have made me so happy. If there were only some congenial soul here to whom I could speak freely, or with whom I might chat a little now and then! But just now there is no one here who can help to pass away the long, weary hours, and so I beg you again not to let me hope in vain for an answer. "In the meantime, with kindest regards, I am Yours gratefully, BERTHA WILLMERS." In this way a correspondence was begun which very soon developed into a most interesting one for both young ladies. It brought out a lively interchange of thought; letters flew

back and forth, in which the two imparted to one another unsparingly their respective circumstances and expectations.

Louisa Lobstedt wrote her new friend that she was quite alone in the world—that she had a position, at small pay, in a large confectioner's shop, where, working from early morning until late at night, with only a short rest at noon, she was quite tired out—that her employer made such unreasonable demands upon her help that he was much disliked. She wrote that she had few acquaintances of her own age, and no real friends, and she congratulated herself that she had conceived the idea of sending that greeting through the newspaper, and putting her name to it, (although that last was rather risky—what if her address had fallen into wrong hands?) She hoped also, she wrote, in one of her later letters, some day to find time to visit Miss Bertha at the hospital, and so to become personally acquainted with her.

"How happy it makes me to think I am soon to see you! I do not doubt that we shall become the dearest friends; and yet I am going to ask you to defer your visit for a little while. And why? You will think me foolish—vain. Well, call it a feminine weakness and yet—before my illness I was always being complimented upon my pretty, fresh, healthy looks, and you can readily understand how few weeks of severe illness would change one. Who knows but you would be utterly disgusted with me, when I want so much to make a favorable impression as possible upon my new-found friend! Just as a little more like my old self, I will write to you."

A week later she imparted to Louisa the delightful news that she hoped very shortly to leave the hospital entirely recovered. Her first visit would be to her—her dear new friend—before she could do this she would have to make a very, very serious confession. Amid protestations of the deepest esteem and love on her own part, she begged Miss Louisa to promise her one thing in advance, viz: that whatever the confession might be, she would allow it to make no difference in their relations. Never was Bertha more surprised in her life than at the answer which followed immediately upon this. Thus it ran: "My Dear, Dear, Miss Bertha: "With a hand tremulous from anxiety and excitement, I write these lines; for either they begin for me both a new and happy life, or else all is over between us, and how I can bear that, God alone knows! For oh! let me confess it—I love you! Yes, I love you with all the fire and passion of a young man. Following the impulse of a wanton humor, I appended to my name upon the newspaper which a happy fate threw into your hands, the little word "Miss." I continued the joke in my first letter, and by that time my interest in you had already become too great to allow me to confess the truth, which would not only put an end, perhaps, to a correspondence which had become necessary to me—but would also deprive me from ever meeting you face to face. "Ah! my dear Miss Bertha, do not be angry with me—do not cast scornful looks from you the deep, fervent love which fills my heart! Write me only one word—one little word—not now—not immediately—only when you have recovered from the fright which I sent you with the revelation of my secret—that it is no girl who is loving you to distraction, but a man! A man who will submit to your sentence, whatever it may be—but the light of whose life is forever gone out if you turn angry from him. Eternally yours, LOUISA LOBSTEDT."

In a fever of anxiety he awaited an answer from the woman whom he had described. It came on the following day, and ran thus: "Dear Sir: "Unfortunately I cannot spare you the disappointment which these lines will cause you, as they will show you that notwithstanding the deep affection you feel for me, I can never be yours."

"Like you, out of tender regard for the weaker sex, I also took refuge in a little subterfuge. "But although no priest may unite us, yet we may be good friends—don't you think so? I shall be delighted to receive a visit from you; for then, with a hearty handshake, we may seal a treaty of friendship which we shall owe, indeed, to a delusion, but which will teach us in future to eschew everything clandestine. "Topping for a personal acquaintance in the near future, I am "Most cordially yours, BERTHOLD WILLMERS."

A CENTURY AGO. A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston. The parquet of a theater was called the pit, and was filled with the rabble. The whipping-post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York. The Mississippi valley was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is. Vaccination had not become popular, and smallpox was an every-day disease. Three-fourths of the books in every library came from beyond the Atlantic. The tough characters, where such existed, had no brass knuckles nor revolvers. In most families no cooking was done on Sunday; a cold Sunday dinner was the rule. The mail of the whole country did not consist of that of a single second-class office now. Twenty days were required for a letter to go from New York to Charleston by land. The population of a village assembled at the inn on "post-day" to hear the news. Beef and pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round. The number of toasts drunk at a banquet equaled the number of states of the Union. The only recognized method of imparting information was by the liberal use of the rod. Ointment was unknown; when a man had a burn he took Peruvian bark and whiskey. Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces. The women's dresses were puffed with hoops and stood out two or three feet on each side.

RAILROAD BUILDING

How Some Men Rise from the Ranks.

A Profession in Which Men Rise.

The Era of Great Fortunes Made in Railway Contracts Has Passed.

"Railroad building, like everything else," said a Western contractor of large experience, "has felt the depression of the last two years, but no water how soon and how thoroughly business may revive, the aggregate of new railway mileage for the next ten years will be comparatively small. Not only have the great railways of the country been built, but the era of great fortunes made in railway contracts has passed." The contractor in question, though still a young man, was a revolution in his profession. The railway contractor of twenty years ago did his work with the aid of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen and a sprinkling of Germans and men of other nationalities. The railway contractor of today employs Italians, or Dagoes, a somewhat more comprehensive term, and the steam shovel. The railway contractor of twenty years ago, when he managed his work judiciously, made profits that would drive his successor of today half mad with delight. The past year's small mileage of new railway contracts at a lower cost than any ever before constructed in the history of the business. Wages are slightly lower than they have hitherto been, while material is at a discount. There is no one dreamed of seeing them. It is possible now to buy rails not only at amazingly low prices, but at terms never before known in the business. It used to be that a slight draft accompanied the consignment of rails. Now they can be purchased on three years' time at a low rate of interest. As to rolling stock, cars can be purchased on three years' time, with annual payments at four per cent. The situation as to railroad labor is somewhat peculiar. It is true that pick and shovel men can be hired at \$1.10 to \$1.25 a day if no more than 100 or so is needed; but if there should be a sudden demand for 1,000 or 2,000 men to go out upon a piece of railway, the price would rise to \$1.50 and \$1.75 a day. The Italian laborer is prized throughout the West above all other classes of men, and the Scandinavian is comparatively scarce. The Italian railway laborer is always ready for work and always has money in his pocket. Where Italians are employed and paid in advance, the contractor's bank account may show for many months together a fictitious balance of \$20,000, \$30,000, or \$40,000, because the laborers are carrying their checks and cashing them at a convenient time. It used to be that railway laborers returned to work almost penniless two or three days after each monthly pay. American farm boys are commonly employed as teamsters in railway building throughout the West. They receive about a dollar a week, and are as pick-and-shovel men, \$30 a month and board, or from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. The Irishman has disappeared from new work in the West as in the East, and is being replaced by the houses of the Western railroads, where he finds permanent and comparatively light employment at somewhat lower wages than are paid in New York. The Western road are divided into sections of six miles each, and a section man or boss, has the section boarding house, with his wife to run it. She is a "ordin' mizen," in the language of the track, and her boarders are the section men. The regularity of the Dago has given an average certainty to the element of labor in railway building. It used to be that in working a gang of 200 men the contractor in the course of a month would have 500 or 600 names on his book, because the personnel of the gang was so constantly changing. Every such contractor knows what make distinctions as to wages among men doing the same kind of work, but there is promotion for the thoroughly capable man. Such men become small bosses, at 25, 50 or 75 cents a day above the pay of ordinary laborers, and are in fact the real bosses that the general foreman are chosen. Such men earn as much as \$150 a month, and contractors usually prefer that the general foreman shall have worked on the job, and the really capable contractor who should obtain a contract requiring an immediate opening of operations could be at work in fifteen days, weather permitting. Every such contractor knows where to lay his hands upon the men he needs to complete his organization, and the very day upon which a contract was signed the contractor would have a score of telegrams speeding to the men he needed. It is the custom to submit all work to small contractors, who undertake from half a mile to a mile of track. The really capable contractor is, in effect, a boss working under the general contractor, and bound by the terms of the contract to do whatever the latter deems necessary for the prompt completion of the work. The rise of the sub-contractor to the management of large interests is one of the most instructive and significant manifestations of the course of railroad building. Perhaps an industrious and saving teamster lays up enough to buy a pair of mules, and he is able then to get wages for himself and his stock. His next step is to buy another pair and hire a man to drive them. By the time he has four or five teams he ceases to drive and becomes a contracting teamster. The man that makes progress in this fashion is worth watching. He is likely next to appear as a sub-contractor, and to take progressively larger and larger contracts, until he finally appears as a general contractor competing for hundreds of miles of

railroad. After that his work is that of an organizer, the commander of an industrial army. Great railway lines are built on paper at his desk perhaps years before they appear upon the surface of the earth. The general contractor seldom visits the actual scene of operations, perhaps not more than once a month, and then gives no orders. He rides over the line with his engineers making a suggestion here, asking a question there, making mental note of large features, but seldom troubling about details. "It is an interesting and useful work to be said the Western contractor," and I long to be at the front. There will be no scarcity of labor next year, in my opinion. The exodus of Italians from Europe has been seriously drained the country of railway laborers, and when the men are needed they can be had, unless, indeed, there should be a sudden revival of railway building in many directions, as there was in 1873. But that is not likely to happen. The fact is that there are few more long railway lines possible in this country, at least for some time, and the Eastern roads are well gridironed, and much of the South has its trunk lines. Arkansas needs more railroads, and so does Texas. Perhaps part of the road that has been proposed in the South though a good deal of that country is likely to have any time soon a single new line 500 miles long. By the way, do you know that the world's greatest railway, as regards length, is a Canadian line between December and May? The contractor laid nine miles of track a day, and one and a half miles of road for which the contractor would have had to sacrifice \$20,000 or \$30,000 of profits to do it, just for the purpose of making a reputation this side of the Ohio river, and what could be done in the company, however, abandoned the scheme, and I was not forced to make the sacrifice."

OUT OF AN OLD BOOK.

"And out of old books, in good faith," said Geoffrey Chaucer, "cometh all this new science that men here." Yet also out of the old books come all the sciences of the modern man. There is great refreshment in coming upon an old book, too humble for a classic, and finding in it the delightful positive, autocratic, independent, and a revelation of wisdom whose wisdom is being eagerly reaped in our present. In 1834 some inspired Philadelphia wrote "A Young Lady's Own Book," in it he warns his readers of the delicate, retiring "Young Persons," against indiscriminate reading as follows: "But of all reading what most ought to engage your attention is that of sentimental and moralists. Morals is that study in which alone both sexes have an equal interest, and in sentiment you have even the advantage. The works of the great authors of the world are full of reducing form of novel and romance, here great care and the advice of your older friends are requisite in the selection. He further advises them sternly: "The mere suspicion of irregularity lowers a woman in general esteem. It implies almost a reflection on her character, for morality cannot be suspected if this is the case. She must hold no converse with the enemies of either. She knows that the romance which invests implicitly with the charm of sentiment must not be read, and she must not be supposed to be acquainted with the poem which decks out vice with the witchery of song." Among the "female" authors he mentions the names of Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Barbauld. If he still lives in an honorable old age, I should like to see the list against which the minnows heads the lists against "Tribly," and if "The Heavenly Twins" have made him apostate to his own beginning-of-the-century convictions—Scrivener's.

MONEY IN CIRCULATION.

A false claim is that there is a scarcity of money in circulation at the present time. The truth of this statement as regards certain individuals cannot be denied, and it is from them that the loudest howl for free coinage comes. They are mistaken, and do not realize the fact that the circulation of correct business methods would work a much more speedy and effectual cure. As a matter of fact, our country does not include the world in the increase since 1892, and the following figures taken from the treasury reports show: 1890 .....\$12 85 1891 .....13 40 1892 .....14 41 1893 .....15 42 1894 .....16 43 1895 .....17 44 Note that this is the circulation per capita, and does not include the money held in the United States treasury. That this money is not now performing its service to the people as it might is also a fact, but it is because the money is not in circulation. A profitable investment is scarce, owing to the general disquietude that has pervaded the country since 1892. Once the money is in circulation, and the means for free coinage are removed, the circulation will disappear as if by magic. Among the great commercial nations of today, France alone excepted, does not use the check system of circulation, owing to the fact that the credit system of checks, drafts, etc., incident to a large number of banking establishments, has not come into vogue here. In the United States about 95 per cent of commercial transactions are carried on by the use of checks and drafts.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

There is still a fair business doing in the way of deliveries to brewers on previous purchases, and some new deals have been made with exporters, but the market is not so bright as it was a few weeks ago. There is a little of the buoyancy noted a week or two ago. As a rule holders seem to feel some confidence in the position of the market, and are ready to buy on a basis of value; here and there a little pressure is shown on medium and under grades, and in order to effect sales a given some favors. Rather more of the stock here, both states and Pacific coast, can be bought at 70c, and really prime lots are offering at 10c. Possibly a long fancy grade—favorably known—might still sell a little above the market figure, but we have not heard of any recent sales, even to brewers, at over 11c, and any higher quotation would certainly be misleading. Dealings and moderate outlets in range of 10c, rather very exceptional. Old wids in small stock and but few wanted. Most of the country markets are quiet, and the price of hops is generally steady, with a few exceptions. Nothing of special importance from across the water. State, 1894, choice, per lb. .... 11 1/2 1895, good to primary, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 —N. Y. Producers' Price Current, 5th.

THE SUPERB SYSTEM

Used by Uncle Sam in Protecting

His People From Loss of Mail Matter.

A Few Details of One of the Finest Departments in the World.

The annual auction sale of the Dead Letter office has just occurred. It is an annual source of amusement to a certain number of people in Washington. It is even more amusing than the sales of dead matter by the express companies or the storage warehouses in large cities, because the goods which come under the hammer from those institutions usually have some value, while the "dead horse" from the postal department is completely valueless articles. Still the sale brings to the department nearly \$3,000 a year, which helps to pay the expenses of the postal department. The articles just sold have been in the hands of the dead letter office for two years or more. This is in accordance with the postal regulations, which require that parcel matter shall be held so long a time if its owner cannot be found. It must be remembered that all diligence is exercised by the postal authorities to find first the sender and then the addressee of a package, and that it goes to the auction room only after every effort has been exhausted and after it has remained for the dead letter office for two years. Under these regulations it would not seem possible that a great quantity of matter of any value would accumulate during a year. Yet the number of letters and parcels sent to the dead letter office during a year is insufficiently or incorrectly addressed, only three millions reached their destination after investigation. It is estimated that nearly six millions were in the list of unopened letters or parcels. Where a letter is simply unopened a notice is sent to the addressee to forward postage; when a letter is unopened, notice is sent to the sender. No letter or package is opened if there is an address either of sender or addressee on the envelope by which its ownership is established. Yet nearly six millions of letters were opened last year, and most of them were sent to the superintendent to be sold with the department waste paper, where the loss of the letter about them which could identify their owners so as to make it possible to trace them. One of the most remarkable things about the dead letter office is the number of people who send money by mail in badly addressed envelopes. The amount thus sent indicates that there are enormous sums in transit through the United States mails during the year. Last year \$38,000 in loose money was found in "dead" letters which it was necessary to open, and of this \$28,000 was restored to its owners. Yet nearly a million dollars in drafts, money orders, checks, etc., were found in undelivered letters; and \$867,000 of this was restored. Postal stamps to the value of \$5,500 were found; and \$5,600 worth of these found their owners in time. Letters containing money which come to the dead letter office and are not delivered to their owners are held subject to reclamation for three months. Before the expiration of that time, inquiries concerning missing remittances are likely to be made, and perhaps the owner will turn up. If not, the money and the owner of the money on file is thus identified. At the end of three months the money is turned over to the third assistant postmaster-general, and is turned into the treasury. But the sender or addressee can recover this money at any time within four years by making claim and proving property. Letters containing draft money orders, checks, and valuable papers are filed for reclamation. They can be of no value to Uncle Sam. An unopened letter found on this account was \$2,000. All letters containing valuable articles (and all packages as well) are held for two years for reclamation. At the end of that time the articles are sold to their owners, and a record of their selling price is kept, and the owner by making application within four years can obtain the amount from the postoffice funds. The stamps on letters in dead letter boxes are of no value, exceeding two cents in value, are filed away for reclamation for a reasonable time and are then destroyed. The postoffice department destroyed last year 8676 Postage stamps found in dead letters, and these stamps were of no value, altogether from the stamps which are destroyed in various ways and are never used to pay postage. He also made a pretty fair income from money sent by mail which falls into the hands of the postoffice department. The amount turned into the treasury last year on this account was \$2,000. The postoffice department destroys in a year four million letters containing no enclosures, which cannot be returned to writers. It destroys also a great quantity of letters and parcels containing matter classed as unmailable. Before the passage of the anti-lottery law a great many of the letters organized contained lottery tickets. Now there are not so many of these, but there are many hundreds of sealed envelopes under letter postage which are found to contain lottery tickets, and these of course are destroyed immediately. Green goods circulars are found in some envelopes, and these, if they cannot be of value to the police in tracing the swindlers, are also destroyed. There are animals and bugs and bottles of liquids and all sorts of things which under the postal regulations are not permitted to be mailed. There is only one living thing that is mailable, and that is a queen bee. But there are alligators and snakes and butterflies and bugs of all kinds constantly coming and going through the mails. At the time there was such a craze for chameleons, thousands of these little lizards were mailed in the United States; and since they were comparatively harmless alive or dead no great effort was made to stop the business. But it happens not infrequently that in the dead letter office an exceedingly lively snake or an offensively dead animal comes to light. Anything which is likely to injure the mail matter with which it comes in contact is contained in the mail and is destroyed as soon as discovered, whatever its value. But there is an official exception to the snake rule. The professors at the Smithsonian often receive reptiles in packages which come by mail franked

to them. The postal authorities permit this; but the clerks are not in sympathy with the exception to the rule. It is not at all comfortable to hear the rattling sound of a "cracker" from a perforated package, none too strong perhaps, which you are possibly peering with a cancelling stamp. What people will put in the mails is illustrated in the World's fair by a heavy axe which came to the dead letter office one day wrapped in a simple piece of paper with the address missing. Its owner was never found. It was unmailable matter, anyway, for edged tools not used are forbidden the mails. Nevertheless, the dead letter sale always includes quantities of knives. People who want to mail small articles are usually ignorant of the postal regulations or else are willing to take chances of evading them. The Christmas season is always harvest time for the dead letter office. In the first place there is always the crop of gifts sent to foreign addresses which do not comply with the postal regulations. Aside from printed matter, articles of value are rarely forwarded to some foreign countries unless the postage is fully prepaid at the letter rate; and where a parcels post has been established, special rates are made for merchants. It is necessary to comply with certain regulations concerning payment of postage, observance of customs regulations, etc. It is not safe to ship parcels matter abroad, particularly the Christmas season, without consulting the local postal authorities. A frequent cause of the non-delivery of mail matter is the failure of the sender to wrap it carefully. Nearly 20,000 parcels without wrappers go to the dead letter office every year. Many of these, of course, are magazines. No attempt is made to find the owners of these, but they are sold. Under the regulations, all magazines, pamphlets, illustrated papers, picture cards, etc., among the "dead" parcels are sent to Washington hospitals, etc.; and 17,000 of these fresh-wrapped parcels are sent to the dead letter office every year.—Boston Evening Transcript.

BANK STATEMENT.

New York, Jan. 12.—The following is the weekly bank statement: Reserve, increase \$5,360,150; loans, decrease \$3,073,400; specie, decrease \$354,000; legal tenders, increase \$6,923,000; deposits, increase, \$2,555,000; circulation, increase \$21,400. The banks now hold \$41,792,200 in excess of the requirements.

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MOON'S GREWSOME SPELL.

An O'er True Tale of Fearful Happenings. In Indiana. In 1848.—For some time past a large green moon has been visible to the citizens of Greensburg. It can be seen between the hours of 10 o'clock at night and 1 o'clock in the morning. It is the cause of no little excitement. It brings back to the memory of the citizens a huge green moon several years ago similar in appearance, color and size to the present one. It is said to have appeared, apparently, over the Johnson sawmill in the south part of the city. The strange phenomenon kept dangling back and forth high in the sky, and seemed to be illuminated from below by a large illuminated rope. It was a horror to all who saw it. Finally two boys, John Thompson and Willie Turner, who were known for their daring, decided to investigate the matter. They went together, climbed upon the shed, and at the same time they both held hold of the rope. They fell directly, as if by magic, and were found unconscious on the roof the next morning. When they gained consciousness it was discovered that the hair on the right side of Turner's head, which was naturally black, had turned green, and that on the left side of Thompson's head had turned fiery red, was hot, and sparks would fly from it when he touched. Every twelve hours the color of the hair on the head changed, being vice versa—first Turner's red, Thompson's green. The boys became a wonder to everybody. Scientists from Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and several other large cities came here and examined the boys, and pronounced the strange occurrences as unprecedented phenomena, something which had never occurred before. But one night an angel of light appeared, and the boys and their mother again go to the mill shed and hold the rope. They both arose from their beds, and at the same time, in their sleep, went to the mill, climbed the shed together, and exactly the same time they both took hold of the rope. They instantly awoke and felt very curious and foolish at finding where they were. Upon touching the rope their hair immediately changed to its natural color and they went home sound in both mind and body.—Chicago Times.

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