VANDERBILT WEALTH

How It Originated Three Quarters of a Century Ago.

The Founder's First Money Was Made with an Oyster Boat—His Wife's Aid in Getting a Start.

On the high cliffs which skirt the Raritan river just below the canal outlet is the famous old Bellonia hotel, where Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt made his start in life and laid the foundation of his great fortune. The building is dilapidated, but as solid as in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The hotel was built in 1803 by the New York & New Brunswick Steamboat company. With boatmen and shippers it became a favorite resort, and country residents who drove into town hardly felt satisfied till they had dined at the Bellonia. Twice a day the coaches of the Trenton line pulled up before the inn.

In 1823 the Bellonia passed into the hands of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was unknown, except that every day or so he would sail up from Perth Amboy with a boat load of fish and oysters and hawk them about the town.

How did Vanderbilt get the money from fish peddling to buy the Bellonia? He didn't.

Early in 1822 William Gibbons, a capitalist, made a night drive from New York to Perth Amboy. It was imperative that he should cross Arthur Kill to Tottenville, S. I. The night was stormy. Gibbons besought the ferryman to take him across, but he refused. He then wandered into an old ferry tavern where hardy boatmen were gathered.

"Where's the man with the nerve to row me across?" he called out.

One old salt said:

"Why cap'n, you're daft!"

Gibbons cried: "Name your price; I've got to go!"

Just then the door swung open and "Corny" Vanderbilt stalked in.

Vanderbilt ordered a drink and swallowed it in silence; then he responded: "Well cap'n, I'm your man; let's start!"

Buttoning up his coat, Corny got out his boat, with a pair of oars, an oilskin and a lantern. The capitalist climbed upon the rear seat and held the lantern. Perhaps an hour later the two men, after a perilous voyage, trod Staten Island, soaked to the skin.

Vanderbilt had just been married, and Gibbons could not persuade him to remain over night on the island. The rich man handed him a card, with some money, and told him to call at the steamboat company's office in Battery place when he visited New York.

Some weeks later Vanderbilt did go, and was cordially received. When he was about to leave Gibbons gave him a package and told him to go to a wharf, where he would find an oyster smack for his own use.

With this boat Vanderbilt began to make money. Not many months later he had saved $200 and leased the Bellonia hotel. Fortune seemed to have smiled upon him, for about the same time he was made captain of the first steamer between New York and New Brunswick, the Bellonia, through the aid of Gibbons.

Vanderbilt had plenty of competition. Opposing lines were started and he had to hustle to maintain his preeminence.

While he was on the water Mrs. Vanderbilt cared for the guests who came to the Bellonia. She frequently took a hand in caring for their horses and divided the rest of her time in looking after the house and bar. She, one of whose dcscendants was to be a duchess, washed and scrubbed to accumulate a fortune. She had a good eye for business.

After awhile Mrs. Vanderbilt felt a desire to live more like the aristocrats about her, and moved her household into a house yet standing in Burnet street. Here it was that William H. Vanderbilt was born. Capt. Vanderbilt was promoted and wanted to give up the tavern, but his wife was not willing to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, and continued to welcome travelers. The good cheer of the hostelry was famous.

Charles Spaulding kept an excellent private school at No. 370 George street in those days, and to this was young W. H. Vanderbilt sent, having for schoolmates boys known later in life as Gov. Ludlow, Bishop Richard Goodrich, Col. Jacob J. Janeway, Judge Charles D. Deshler and other prominent Jerseymen.

In 1834 the steamer Bellonia was burned. Vanderbilt was immediately transferred to another boat, which he ran for several years. His shrewdness won the confidence of his employers, and when a vacancy occurred in the New York office "Commodore" Vanderbilt was made superintendent of the line. Upon the death of Mr. Gibbons Mr. Vanderbilt became president of the company.

He moved to New York with his family and the Bellonia hotel passed into the hands of Col. Peter Cheney, who later served with the Jersey troops under McClellan in the civil war. It is now a tenement.—Boston Journal.

True Gents.

Miss Glassigh (of Boston)—Are you never afraid of sandbaggers in Chicago?

Miss Hamfatt (of Chicago) — How little you know us! Why, Chicago sandbaggers are true gents, you know, and would never think of soaking a lady—never!—Puck.

Language with No Grammar.

The Malay language is spoken by more than 40,000,000 people. It is said to be easy to learn, as it has almost no grammar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GIRLS ON A 'COON HUNT.

A Number of Them Have Great Fun Tramping About Through Swamps.

The young women here have discovered a new kind of sport, which is nothing more nor less than 'coon hunting. They have been out twice within a week, and had no end of fun in tramping round through the woods and swamps at midnight and later hunting the cunning 'coon. They engaged the services of an experienced hunter, who has had wide experience in hunting big game in the Rocky mountains, and knows all the haunts of the wild animals in this vicinity. Four young women started out under this famous hunter's guidance about ten o'clock a few nights ago. They wore rubber boots and their shortest and oldest golf skirts. After they had tramped through the swamps and over the steep, rocky hills for three miles the hounds treed a 'coon. The hunters managed matters so cleverly that each girl in turn had a chance to blaze away at it, and there has been a dispute ever since as to which of the young women brought the creature down, says the New York Journal.

Not satisfied with this, they went out again a few nights ago, but thought it would be more fun to have a few young men with them; so they enlarged the party, with the old 'coon hunter for chaperone. They managed this time, by staying out until two o'clock in the morning, to get two 'coons. On their way back one of the girls got stuck so fast in the mud that she had to be pulled out by the united strength of several of her friends. The sport will be continued with a large hunt some time next week, when the 'coon hunter will have a party of about 20. He will divide them up into squads, giving a hound to each squad, and see which party will have the best success.

HE DID GREAT THINGS.

And Then Jimmy Told His Father All About His Exciting Adventures.

"What kind of a time are you having this summer, Jimmy?"

"Oh, out of sight! The family all away. Father was the last to go. He went north on business and left me to take care of the house. Oh, yes, I'm strong on that, you know. Haven't been there since he left. That makes me think I'd better go around to-night—he's due to-day."

James was right. His father had returned and was sitting on the porch smoking a cigar when his son arrived, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Well, how have you been getting along for the last week?" inquired the father.

"Oh, very well, considering," said James, assuming the confident air of the man who has done his duty. "A few accidents about the house, but I fixed them all right."

"Yes?"

"Yes—had the burglars one night. Lucky thing I was here—they might have stolen half the house. And the gas pipe sprung a leak, too. But I discovered that in time. And the rats! Why, we'd have been overrun with 'em if I hadn't been here to clean them out!"

"Hm! that's strange," said his father. "I haven't heard any burglars, nor smelled any gas, nor heard any rats, and I've been here all the week. You know, I didn't take that business trip after all."

COST OF LIVING.

A Comparison of the Various Capitals of Europe Shows Vienna to Be the Cheapest.

An investigation into the comparative cost of living at the various European capitals resulted in the following facts: At Vienna the prices of most articles of food are lowest; at Madrid they are dearer than in any other capital, and such things as bread, meat, sugar and coal are very expensive indeed. At St. Petersburg also the price of bread is still considered a luxury above the means of the working classes. Next to Vienna Brussels is an inexpensive city; Paris is a little higher in the scale, while London is still more expensive. An American spends on an average $50 a year for food, a Frenchman $48, a German $45, a Spaniard $33, an Italian $24 and a Russian $40. Of meat the American eats 109 pounds a year, the Frenchman 87 pounds, the German 64 pounds, the Italian 28 pounds and the Russian 51 pounds. Of bread the American consumes 380 pounds, the Frenchman 540 pounds, the German 560 pounds, the Spaniard 480 pounds, the Italian 400 pounds and the Russian 655 pounds. Outside of Europe, in times of peace, Manila is cheaper to live in than any other city in the world.

Made His Fortune.

The prince of Wales, while shooting in Austria, caused temporary trouble and ultimately made the fortune of the nearest ladies' tailor, by stipulating that all ladies receiving invitations to shoot with him should come in correct shooting costumes. This, in Austria, consists of a short skirt coming half way between the knees and ankle and a short, tight-fitting jacket, with waistcoat of another color, boots of brown leather and a Tyrolese hat with a feather. None of the ladies had just these clothes at hand, and the tailor had to double his force to supply them.

Oom Paul's Frugality.

President Kruger maintains his domestic establishment on an allowance of $2,000 of what is called "coffee money," out of which he also requires Mrs. Kruger to sequestrate her pin money.

Good Customers of Peoria.

The greatest customers the Peoria distillers have are the Japanese.

VULGAR EXCLUSIVENESS.

Simplicity and Cordiality Are Always the Truest Signs of Good Breeding.

Men and women who by contact or travel know the world's best society need not be told that simplicity and graciousness are the invariable characteristic of the highest breeding. If this fact could only reach the minds of that class of people who talk of "exclusiveness," of "four hundreds," of the "vulgarity of trade," of not knowing anyone outside of "our set," what a grateful social change would be wrought. That cold stare of the would-be elect is but the expression of an under-bred, poverty-stricken soul. What is "exclusiveness?" It is that human policy which shuts individuals off from the enjoyment of their kind, by which society gains, since an inharmonious element is thereby removed. How pathetic is the isolation of the determined aristocrat, especially in a small town where, other stirring interest lacking, human relations mean so much. Could even a Divine microscope detect the difference between the naked souls of a banker's and a grocer's wife? How infinitely stupid it is to draw lines in small places instead of honestly enjoying all there is to enjoy. If one has had superior advantages, is there no obligation to give pleasure, to make sunshine in others' lives because of that good fortune? The time is at hand when intelligence will be too widespread, progress to a more vigorous plane of thinking too real to admit of men and women looking askance at one another to make mental invoice of social, financial or other probabilities. Will it not soon penetrate the dullest brain that wealth, rank or leadership are powerless as shields against unhappiness, or as props to mental, moral or physical deficiencies; that there is positively no honest or sensible basis for judging individuals except individuality.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

SOME LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS.

Which Show How Little We Know of Each Other and of Our Country.

Only 18 per cent. of all the families in America employ domestic help, leaving 82 per cent. without even one servant.

If all the dressmakers known to exist in America worked 24 hours of each day for a whole year, without stopping for sleep or meals, they would still be able to make only one dress apiece for less than seven-eighths of the women of America.

Not six per cent. of all the women in America spend as much money as $50 per year on their clothes.

Out of 12,000,000 American families the income of 4,000,000 of these families is less than $400 each per year, and the incomes of nearly 80 per cent. of the entire number are less than $1,000 each per year.

There are scores of places in this country where only one mail comes every 14 days.

Ask the average person where the central point of area is in the United States and he will fix it somewhere in Illinois. Tell him it is nearer San Francisco and he will be incredulous until he remembers that Alaska is within the boundaries of Uncle Sam.—Edward Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Point in Etiquette.

As to the form of introduction, the simpler it is the better. The double introduction has entirely gone out of fashion. Do not say: "Let me make you acquainted with," but say, merely: "Miss Brown, let me present Mr. Gray to you." If two persons who are introduced are interested in some one art or science it is well to mention this fact, but in making introductions it is inadvisable to label people. Do not introduce a woman as "our distinguished poetess," nor a man as "the greatest hero of our recent political battles." Both statements may be true, but it is embarrassing to both parties to an introduction to hear these personal eulogiums.—Leah Lanceford, in Woman's Home Companion.

Hospitality.

Mr. Younghusband—My dear, I've invited Brodsky down to spend Sunday afternoon and stay to dinner.

Mrs. Younghusband (dismayed)—Oh, Charlie! I don't see how I am to get up the dinner. I heard him say once that he never felt as if he had dined except he had a course dinner.

"Give him corned beef and cabbage, then. That is a coarse dinner."—N. Y. World.

The Way to Make Salmon Salad.

Open a can of salmon carefully, turn out the fish and drain. Have your salmon bowl or dish covered with nice fresh lettuce leaves. Remove the bone and skit from the salmon and place the latter over the leaves. Dust it lightly with salt, and pour over it two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Put on a thick covering of mayonnaise dressing and serve.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Placing of Beds.

Beds should never be placed directly in front of windows, for so placed they are dangerous even to adults. If beds must be so placed the windows should be guarded on the outside by bars or ironwork of a decorative character if possible; but in any case of strength sufficient to resist the weight of a person falling against it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Graham Unfermented Bread.

One and one-half pints of Graham flour, one-half pint of white flour, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, one and one-fourth pints of milk; mix rapidly into a soft dough, and pour into a greased bread pan. Bake in a rather hot oven 40 minutes. Protect with paper for first 15 minutes.—Household Magazine.

When you get your hair cut? Try Will Mallory.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease in Your Gloves.

A lady writes; "I shake Allen's Foot-Ease into my gloves and rub a little on my hands. It saves my gloves by absorbing perspiration. It is a most dainty toilet powder." Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight new shoes easy. It keeps the feet cool and comfortable. We invite the attention of physicians and nurses to the absolute purity of Allen's Foot Ease. All drug and shoes stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Crescent City and Grants Pass Stage Line Passenger Rates.

From Grants Pass

To Wilderville	$ .75
To Love's	$1.00
To Anderson	$1.25
To Selma	$1.50
To Kerby	$2.00
To Waldo	$3.00
Shelley creek	$4 50
Gasquet	$8.00
Crescent City	$9.00

Above rates subject to change without notice. Round trip tickets and excursion parties at special rates.

LEGEND OF SANDY HOOK.

Being an O'er True Tale of the Great Race Between the Yachts Columbia and Shamrock.

Years had passed since the commencement of the great yacht race. Indeed, there were few among the people who could remember the beginning. From the shore upon a clear day the two boats could be seen lying motionless a few lengths from each other.

Standing in the prow of the Shamrock Sir Thomas looked out over the sea. The sails had long since crumbled away, the ropes were dust. He had grizzled hair, deep furrows of sorrow lined his face, his spare, attenuated form told of the awful privation which he had endured for years. The snows of the winter had just departed. Daily the skipper of the Columbia shouted across the bay:

"Sir Thomas!"

The hoarse, thin voice sounded strange through the megaphone.

"Breeze freshening, Sir Thomas!"

But after the fifth year the Irishman had no heart left to answer.

A sort of superstition had arisen. Other craft could be seen scudding before the wind; the salt sea spray leapt over their bulwarks; but the breeze never reached the sails of the fated boats.

"Three bells!" Whistling time: the emaciated men stood up. Sir Thomas gave the signal; the lips of the crew moved, they strained every nerve, but no sound emanated.

The mate stepped out.

"It is no good," he said, sulkily; "a go of grog."

"Have some tea," said the owner, sternly.

"Never!" shouted the men, in unison.

"Jam?" suggested the owner.

With marlinspike, mainbrace and loaded jibbooms they advanced upon him. They climbed over the hatchways. Already the foremost man was rapidly scaling the spinnaker, but Sir Thomas never flinched. Rolling up one of the wrappers which he always carried with him, he threw it at the assassin. The seven-pound weight caught the wretched man full in the forehead. He fell; the planks of the deck were stained with his blood. The "Thing" rolled over the side into the water. The whirling eddies raced round it as it sank. A slight shock.

"It has reached the bed of the ocean," murmured Sir Thomas, when he regained his balance. The rebellion quelled, he turned his attention to the Columbia. "Ahoy, ahoy, there!" he shouted, using all the little strength which remained to him.

"Base villains! They are shoving their boat."

Too true! Under cover of the slight fog the crew of the Columbia had slipped over the leeward bow. Swimming noiselessly to the stern, they formed into a phalanx.

"Heave!" shouted the captain. Their legs shot out simultaneously.

"She moves!" shouted Sir Thomas; "she moves!" Indeed, she had advanced three inches. By night full four feet had been covered.

Winter gave place to spring; spring merged into summer.

"We have only three men left," said the first mate, crawling to the feet of the owner.

"I will navigate the boat myself," replied the brave man, hitching his trousers.

"To think that I cannot raise the wind with Lipton's!"

But was that a breath of air, a ripple, a catspaw, a swell? Far away in the west the whistling of the wind came over the sea. At last! At last! With marvelous activity the men sprang to their posts, the great Atlantic rollers approached, irresistible, awful in their strength. The driving rain beat upon the fated barks, a flash of lightning silhouetted their spars against the water, the crash of thunder which followed shook their vitals.

"Hoist the binnacle, unfurl the bow spanker!" But the ancient timber could not bear the strain. The great waves washed them into sections. Slowly they settled down. One pitch, one toss, and all was over.

The full, white moon, the cold, metallic stars, gazed upon the sea. A black expanse of water, a shrieking seabird rode upon the waves.

Where the Shamrock had lain for half a century nothing was visible but one white wrapper, which gleamed in the cold light.—St. James Gazette.

An Old-Timer.

A crowd of young men were seated in one of the steamboat offices in the city the other afternoon while an old steamboat veteran regaled them with stories about old times on the Mississippi and reminiscences of old-time citizens.

"Did you know old Bill Jones?" asked one of the men, after the captain had finished relating how he run the gauntlet of Indians with his boat 'way back in the forties.

"'Member Bill Jones? Well I guess I did," replied the captain. "Let's see, he died just after the war. He was a good old fellow, too. I knew his father before he was married to Bill's mother."

One of the boys thought the old man was "doping," and, by way of tripping him up on his dates, asked: "Cap, how long have you been running on the river?"

"Who, me? Why, I started on the Mississippi when it was nuthin' but a creek."—Memphis Scimitar.

The Safer Way.

"Miss Overteens says she doesn't object to telling her age."

"No, I presume not. It would no doubt be safer than to let some one else guess at it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Touching Appeal.

Tramp—Say, mister, won't yer please gimme de price of a square meal? I jest found a bath ticket, an' I dassen't take a bath on an empty stummick.—N. Y. Journal.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 5, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Abe Axtell, county judge of Josephine county, Oregon, at Grants Pass, Oregon, on January 13, 1900, viz: Gibson A. Savage on H. E. No. 8235 for the W½ NW¼, SE¼ NW¼, NE¼ SW¼, sec. 10, Tp 36, S. R 5 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

W. W. Helms of Grants Pass, Oregon
William Bishop, of Grants Pass, Oregon
S. E. Isham of Grants Pass Oregon,
William Helms of Grants Pass, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES. Register.

If Shiloh's Cough and Consumption cure, which is sold for the small price of 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00, does not cure take the bottle back and we will refund your money. Sold for over fifty years on this guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts —W. F. Kremer.

Courier and Oregonian one year $2.

Oom Paul is Scored.

MR. EDITOR—I notice in your issue of Dec. 28th, a letter you publish from one D. J. Hadley, giving his views on the Boer and British war. I am afraid they are somewhat baised. He tells of some things such as mine holders making their workman deal in their stores and being fenced in; even if so, we do it here in this boasted liberty loving land. I can show you a picture, in a last weeks New York World, where they shut the gates and wouldnot let a baker enter, and they make the negroes deal up to their wages. Well, I have always understood that the Boers dont even pay them anything but hold them as slaves. In another place, he says wages are so and so and the Boers only charge $30 per month for board; the British work them 12 hrs. for the same and charge £5-10s for board as though it was immensely greater, but in reality is less, being only or scarcely $27.50. Well I have an article from a man who has been there, which I would like you to publish and let the people see both sides. I judge Mr. Hadly is a first cousin of our Senator Billy Mason.

M. B. Cockerline,

John McCracken, who has lived nine years in Johannesbury, where he has represented the firm of Fraser & Chalmers, of Chicago, was at the Auditorium the other day, and in the course of an interview in regard to the South African imbroglio, as reported in the "Times Herald", said, among other things: "Those who knew anything of the inside workings of the things in Transvaal have been certain for three years that war would come. No other solution was possible. Had Great Britain compromised and postponed it would only mean a worse war in the future. Chamberlain is master of the problem; he knows all its phases. He has meant war from the beginning, as Kruger has. The war will be pushed through to the end. Chamberlain is the strongest Englishman alive, and he will not swerve from his appotnted task."

Mr. McCracken is no alarmist, but says in regard to the military situation.

"The alarms sounded in the newspapers cut no figure. If Methuen suffered he also punished the Boers heavily. We get no accounts of Boer losses; they are concealed. But I am confident thousands of Boers have been lost around Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking. If Britain plays the waiting game, hammers the enemy when opportunity presents and let the Boers exhaust themselves and shoot away their ammunition, she will win. That however, is not the British way. Lord Methuen's is the British way. But the British cannot overcome the enemy without heavy losses."

Mr. McCracken, in describing the Boer preparations for war, said: "The Boers have ment war for ten years and have prepared during the last four. They have had unlimited money to spend and they have bought cannon in France and Germany, as well as rifles and ammunition. With unlimited money and the best modern equipment, is it a wonder they can put up a great fight? They have pneumatic dynamite guns, rapid fire guns, guns the same as the French and German armies use. They themselves dont know how to work these guns, but they have imported 800 expert French and German artillerists to man the cannon. The Boers are dead shots with the rifle, and they have stores of ammunition and the best modern rifles. The Boer rifle fire has been terrific but the Boer privates shrink from cold steel."

Mr. McCracken, in speaking further of the Boer preparations for war, said: "The Boers have built a fort over Johannesburg that cost them with its guns and all, at least $16,000,000. Each of the four forts at Pretoria cost them as much. They have literally put millions into guns. I know of their sending 10,000 rifles over the border for distribution among the Colony Dutch long before the war. Schreiner, the traitorous Cape premier, issued permits for the transportation of the great guns across Cape Colony."

Asked as to where the Boers got these vast sums for the purchase of arms, Mr. McCracken replied: "Out of our own pockets. We the Uitlanders, paid for it all. The taxes we paid, the monopolies we supported, the exactions we submitted to, made a flood of gold stream through the Boer government coffers, which they used to manufacture a military despotism and to build forts to blow us up."

Mr. McCracken declared that Kruger was the tool and accomplice of a greedy gang of European speculators who gained his ear and and got concessions, monopolies, and so forth and formed a corrupt government ring. They were leeches and the principal one is Dr. Leyds. He is a cowardly sneak, who has become rich on corruption. He and his creatures, who own Kruger and know his secrets, have made this war. They have thriven on corrupt contracts. They have had the contracts for arming the Transvaal, placing them in Germany Holland and France and making their commissions, what they please. As long as the Tranvaal could be persuaded to spend money, and the more the merrier, they were content. They are mostly enjoying their millions in Europe now, and they don't really care what is the war's outcome."

Speaking of the race question in South Africa Mr. McCracken said:

"The truth is that in South Africa every other nation meets and fuses, but the Dutch remain apart. They are a minority everywhere. The British number 68 per cent of the population of the Cape, but the Dutch rotten boroughs have the majority of representatives and the Dutch refuse an equitable redistribution. Schreiner, Holmeyr, Steyn and Kruger are conspirators. They have meant to drive the English out. England has been forebearing, but now the question will be settled forever. After the war Chamberlain will disarm the two republics utterly. He will insist that the Cape have a just representative system. The cleaning up has come late, but it will be thorough. South Africa will be open to the world and will become one of the most progressive portions of the earth."

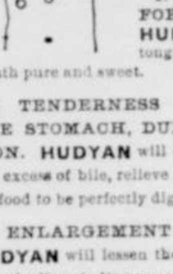
While we cannot agree with Mr. McCracken in all his statements on his argument, it is our wish for the sake of fairness, to present both sides of the question.—Editor.

YOUR LIVER

Is out of order if you have the symptoms enumerated on this chart. You can be cured without the aid of Calomel, Blue Mass or Quinine. They are minerals and are apt to poison the blood. Why not add your name to the already large list of people cured by HUDYAN? HUDYAN has cured 10,000 others and it will cure you. HUDYAN is the greatest vegetable remedy of the century and will relieve all the following symptoms:

HUDYAN can be had of all druggists for 50 cents per package.

POINTS OF WEAKNESS:



1. BILIOUS HEADACHE—Relieved by HUDYAN.

2-3. JAUNDICE OF THE EYES. HUDYAN will cause the yellowness to disappear and the normal, healthy color to return.

4. COATED TONGUE, FOETID BREATH. HUDYAN will clear the tongue and make the breath pure and sweet.

5. TENDERNESS AND PAIN IN THE STOMACH, DUE TO INDIGESTION. HUDYAN will clear the stomach of the excess of bile, relieve the pain and cause the food to be perfectly digested.

6. ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER. HUDYAN will lessen the congestion and reduce the liver to its normal size.

HUDYAN will cure all the above symptoms and make you well. Do not delay longer. Go to your druggist at once and procure a package of HUDYAN for 50 cents or 6 packages for $2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY, San Francisco, California. If you are not satisfied with the effects, return the empty HUDYAN box and we will return your money. Remember that you can consult the HUDYAN DOCTORS FREE. Call and see the doctors. You may call and see them, or write, as you desire. Address

HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY,
Cor. Stockton, Market and Ellis Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Resume Sunset Limited.

"The Sunset Limited, the Southern Pacific's famous train of the Sunset route will commence its service for the winter season on Friday, December 15th.

The schedule for this season is considered rather superior to any previous season, affording as it will, opportunity for favorable view of points of interest along the line, and making agreeable connections at New Orleans with limited trains of other lines to and from the important centers of the east.

The train will leave San Francisco at 5 p. m. on Tuesdays and Fridays, passing Los Angeles about 7 o'clock the following morning, thus giving a daylight view of the orange belt of Southern California.

Its connections at El Paso with through cars of the Texas & Pacific for St. Louis will place California passengers in that city from 10 to 12 hours ahead of all other lines. The trip from Houston to New Orleans, through the interesting plantations and bayous of Southern Louisiana, will also be by daylight, and the arrival in the Gulf city just in time to connect with the fast trains for Washington, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago and other points.

The Sunset Limited equipment and service is up to its well-known high standard. It is worthy of remark that the distance of 3300 miles from San Francisco to New York is traversed by the Sunset Limited in 114 hours, only 12 hours longer than by the fastest trains through Chicago, a distance of 3300 miles. The Sunset is an ideal winter route, the traveler not being subjected to any of the discomforts incident to inclement weather conditions of the more Northern routes.

A Remedy That Cures Paralysis

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Kearney, Neb., says:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work, and had to be turned in bed. I fully made up my mind that I could not be cured, as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I very reluctantly commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used six boxes the paralysis disappeared; and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."

From the Advertiser, Axtell, Neb.

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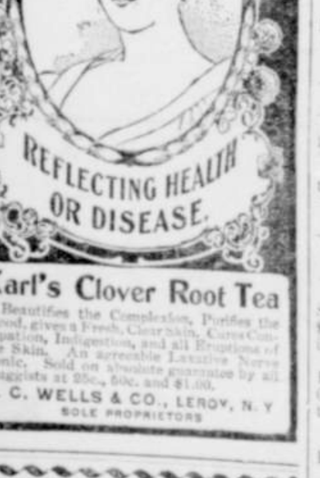

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