Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

Sour Stomach

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NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

It Was Not Accident That Christ Was Born in a Stable—The Alleviator of Brutal Suffering as Well as the Redeemer of Man.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—Services today at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were jubilant. Professors Browne and Ali, with organ and cornet, were unusually powerful, and Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox sang three solos. The thousands of people who packed the church and all the approaches seemed to join in the great chorus:

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his sermon, "The Barn and Its Surroundings." His text was taken from Luke ii, 15: "The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." Dr. Talmage said:

One thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilization, but the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been affluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer and Thespis and Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides and Alexis Æschylus, yet no Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus and Xenophon and and Thucydides, but no Christ from whom all history was to date backward and forward—B. C. and A. D. Among the conquerors Camillus and Manlius and Regulus and Xantippus and Hannibal and Scipio and Pompey and Cæsar, yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year and the slow month and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers and concerts in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael in three different masterpieces celebrated them. Tintoret and Guirlanjo surpassed themselves in the "Adoration of the Magi." Corregio needed to do nothing more than his "Madonna" to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murillo never won greater triumph by his pencil than in his presentation of the "Holy Family." But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's "Madonna" and Luke's "Madonna," the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should during the first few days and nights of His life on earth be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a wornout horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have.

In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadruped the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to horse, and camel, and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of brutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robbin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when he allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor he might have rolled down the sky escorted by mounted cavalry with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up, why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millenial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say "It is only a child." Rather say "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadrillennial God has infinite resources and He can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gifts to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe, and then gives a child. The greatest present that God gave our world he gave about 1887 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess, and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of its mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ sat in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall yet be so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of today is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as a child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the divine infant? Not boors, nor ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Huchinson, and Rush, and Valentine Mott, and Abercrombie, and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospel, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." Today the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York, and of all this land, and of all lands, revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and legislatures and senates. All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, We must by the help of God get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child before whom nigh twenty hundred years ago Caspar, and Belthasar, and Melchior bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are, come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—on our United States pasture fields and prairie about forty-five million sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all wine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform, and literature, and eloquence, and law, and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields, Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. And before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem kahn, it was a prophecy of the time when the thresher's flail, and farmer's plow, and woodman's ax, and ox's yoke, and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of Dec. 26, awoke, by a divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother, St. Bernard had a good mother, Samuel Budgett a good mother, Doddridge a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city and in affluent home and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great back log ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth, Hail, enthroned ancestry! we are coming. Keep a place for us right beside you at the banquet.

Slow footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

A Sheep Owner's Financiering.

Not long ago a Crawford county man had his dog assessed and afterward paid a tax on him. The dog got among his owner's sheep one night recently and killed some of them. The man reasoned to himself thus: "I paid tax on that dog and I had a right to keep him. If he had killed some other man's sheep the county would have paid for them. He killed mine, why shouldn't the county pay me?" So reasoning, the farmer went out and shot the dog and then presented the bill to the commissioners. A compromise was effected.—Meadville (Pa.) Tribune.

A Judge's Decision.

Judge Porter has decided that a stockman occupying the public domain as a cattle range acquires no right to the same that will enable him to prevent other stockmen from turning loose cattle on the range, even though the first occupant has developed the water on the range and has it fully stocked.—Chicago Times.

A New Benevolent Society.

Papers of incorporation have been filed by a Washington benevolent society which will be known as "The Right Worthy Supreme Grand Council, No. 1, of the G. A. O., of B. and S. of Moses."

Hastings hall, the new dormitory at Cambridge, will cost $200,000 when completed. There will be rooms of three grades.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S LETTER WRITING.

One of the Most Onerous Duties of Her Position—Scrap Books.

One of the most onerous duties of Mrs. Cleveland's position is her letter writing. She answers a great many of the immense number received every day from total strangers, and answers them personally in a few pleasant, genial words. She gives as her reason for this that it is a pleasure that she gives to the person who writes and one she feels she owes to many of her correspondents for their kindly words. For these letters she always uses the blue tinted paper with the shield and the words "White House" stamped upon it, such as the sheet upon which her recipe for brown bread was written, of which a fac-simile was lately given. It is said this is the first time any of the occupants of the presidential mansion have given sanction to the popular title of the official residence. In the ante bellum days it was frequently referred to as "The Palace."

For little informal notes she has only her initials stamped on the paper, but for notes to officials and their wives she has "Executive Mansion," in small letters, either red or blue, stamped at the head of the sheet. She uses only white sealing wax, and has no crest or device, simply F. F. C. She always signs all letters with her full name, Frances Folsom Cleveland. She has the greatest quantity of begging letters of all sorts and descriptions. She turns them over to her secretary, who answers them with a lithographed formula, but many of the oddest specimens she has returned to her and pastes in a big scrap book. This book holds all the curiosities of correspondence that have come in her way since she became Mr. Cleveland's wife, and they are many and diverse. She has a number of scrap books for various purposes, and will have a very complete record of her career in the White House when they are all filled. Besides the letter book is one containing specimens of all her photographs and those of Mr. Cleveland, views of Oak View and different points in Washington, including the Capitol and the Executive Mansion.

Another very large one contains newspaper clippings giving the entire record of their recent tour in the south and west, interspersed with a great many photographs illustrative of their travels. A large, red morocco book, with flexible covers and her initials in gold on the outside, has pasted among the leaves the printed reports of her husband's great speeches and letters, and much that was written concerning him during his canvass and since his election. It is entirely devoted to his public career. A smaller one contains much that the newspapers have said about her, and has on the margin some amusing comments in pencil. The last one is strictly domestic, full of recipes and all sorts of suggestions concerning the proper conduct of housekeeping.—New York World.

Tragic Sequel of a Boy's Prank.

One of the brightest men that ever attended Harvard college was Sumner Paine, son of Henry W. Paine, a leading lawyer of Boston. Paine always led his class at the college, as he had done before at the Boston Latin school, without much study or effort. It was during the war, and just before the battle of Gettysburg, that one of the professors of the college, who was much disliked by the students by reason of his arrogant manner, was about to be married. The evening of the wedding Paine headed a band of students who, just as the professor was about to go to the house of the bride, at which the wedding was to take place, locked him in his room and prevented him from being on hand at the appointed time, in consequence of which the marriage ceremony was postponed.

Through a window the professor recognized Paine among his tormentors and the next day preferred charges against him. The faculty was loth to discipline Paine, as they admired the young man and his ability, and partook to a great extent of the student's dislike for the professor. It was necessary for the preservation of discipline that some notice should be taken of the matter, and much against their wishes they expelled Paine, with the understanding that when he apologized he could be reinstated. Paine was oversensitive and keenly felt his disgrace. He at once went to Governor Andrew, who was an old family friend, who gave him a commission in a regiment at the front of Gettysburg. Paine left for his post of duty at once, arrived at Gettysburg the day the fighting began, and fell mortally wounded within a few hours of his arrival.—Chicago Mail.

Remains of a Monster.

S. R. Dawson, of Percy, Iowa, claims to have discovered the petrified remains of a huge monster on the bank of the Des Moines river there. The body, without the head, is forty feet long, and nine feet from the tail it is four feet five inches wide. The head is broken off, and was found lying separate from the body. The general appearance of the deposit is that of a darkish blue stone turning grayish on the outside, but there is a quartz formation where the blood vessels and intestinal canal would have been.—New York Sun.

Mound Builders' Skeletons.

A large vault with walls of stone and filled with skeletons of human beings has been discovered in an Indian mound which overlooks the Missouri river from a hill near Jefferson City, Mo. The skeletons are thought to be the remains of the ancient mound builders, although the remarkable state of preservation in which they are found would indicate that they are of more recent date.—New York Evening World.

An English Deer Forest.

The farms of Corriemullie in Ross-shire, England, which extend to upward of fifteen thousand acres, are to be converted into a deer forest. A short time ago twenty families were living on the land which is now to be cleared for the exclusive occupation of red deer. Corriemullie belongs to the trustees of the late Mr. Ross, of Pitcalnie.—Chicago Times.

How the News Came.

News of the recent Beach-Hanlan boat race at Sydney, New South Wales, reached this country by overland telegraph to North Australia, by cable to Java and Sumatra and to Madras, India, thence to Aden, Africa, and up the Red sea to Suez, across the Mediterranean to Trieste, across Europe to London and thence by Atlantic cable.—New York Sun.

Alexander Hamilton's Place.

Alexander Hamilton's place, whence the famous Federalist went forth to fight his fatal duel, has just been cut up into lots, and will soon contain ninety houses built for busy New Yorkers.—Chicago Herald.

An Oil City paper suggests that natural gas be called petrogen. Professor Orton, of Ohio, admits that a new name is desirable, but thinks petrema would be a more scientific term.

More prominent New Yorkers than ever before will pass the winter months in Europe.

Le Petit Journal, of Paris, one day during the recent excitement printed 960,000.

A California Rabbit Roundup.

On the plains of Tulare county, near the town of Pixley, a V shaped fence had been built with a corral at the apex. The other morning several hundred people, mostly farmers and their families, assembled to engage in the rabbit drive. No firearms nor dogs were permitted in this hunt, but men, women and children, in vehicles and on horseback, formed a semi circular procession three miles long and began closing in toward the opening of the V.

As the line of drivers neared the outer ends of the fence it became apparent that they were herding the hares not by hundreds but by thousands, and those who saw the bounding drove of lepores, as it swept over the stubble and short alfalfa where there was no dust, say it was indeed a memorable sight. Great excitement prevailed, and as a rabbit would now and then turn about, bolt through the ranks of yelling enemies and gallop off upon the plain, the wisdom of having barred out guns and pistols began to be evident. As the terrified animals ran down the inside of the fence on the south side they encountered a little inclosure made for a garden. This obstacle occasioned a stampede. Away went hundreds of them back through the cordon of drivers, and though many were killed, it is estimated that 500 or 600 escaped. The main body, however, ran around the projecting fence and kept on down the side of the V to the corral at the apex.

When the doomed creatures had been forced into the corral and the gate closed, the hunters entered with clubs and about 2,000 of the pests were knocked in the head. Enough rabbits were taken alive for shipment, however, to pay all expenses incurred.

The drive was so successful that the managers are already planning another, and such organized campaigns may become quite popular in the most afflicted sections. While they would not wholly exterminate the mischievous gnawers, they might be made the means of thinning them prodigiously; and, as one of the Visalia papers remarks: "Two miles of portable fence for wings and a few rods for corrals would be all that is required; the cost would be slight when divided among those who would be directly benefited, and it could be sold when no longer needed for at least half what it cost."—Pacific Rural Press.

The Tramp and the Hot Box.

Like a new man he went to work. First taking an iron hook he pulled every bit of the packing from out the box and then poured bucketful after bucketful of cold water, carried from the water tank, into the box. It was soon apparently cold, but the experience of the trainmen taught them that when the train started up that coolness would vanish like an icicle on a town pump in the rays of the warm sun.

But the tramp soon astonished them by completely filling the iron box with sand brought from the sand dome on the engine.

"Now, sir," he quietly but firmly said to the conductor, "start your train, run for five miles at regular speed, then stop."

The conductor looked puzzled and half inclined to refuse, but the saying "you can't make worse worser" settled the question.

At the five mile stop the trainmen and tramp ran forward, found the axle and the brass journals around the same literally "white hot." The tramp threw in pailsful of water, washed out the sand clean, and cooled the box again in a jiffy. Then he put in fresh waste for packing, good oil, a little salt and ordered the conductor to start. Well, the train went to P—— on time, and that box was as cold as an iceberg.

I was interested in the matter and asked the conductor how it was done.

"Well," he slowly and rather embarrassedly said, "it was as simple as the rule of three after you understand it. He is some practical machinist broken down by rum. He knew that the revolving of the axle between the two brass journals in that box would never heat and set fire to the waste if there was plenty of oil there and no rough substance between the journals and revolving axle to create a friction. Very frequently there is a tiny point or rough projection on either the brass journals or steel axle and this produces the heat. Now, then, he simply took out the packing, made it a dry box, put in the sand, which smoothed down the rough place, and then he cooled it off and repacked it."

Yes, it was so simple I was surprised the conductor had not thought of it before the tramp came.—Philadelphia News.

Record Your Dreams.

The "committee on apparitions, etc.," of the American Society for Physical Research urgently requests that any person having some unusual experience, such as an exceptionally vivid and disturbing dream, or a strong waking impression, amounting to a distinct hallucination, concerning another person at a distance, shall immediately, and without waiting for further investigation, state that fact on a postal card or in a letter, and mail it to the secretary, Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.; also, that any remarkable connection between this experience and any other circumstance subsequently discovered shall be stated in a second communication. The first communication should be mailed before the knowledge contained in the second is acquired.

In the first communication, as well as in the second, the name and address of the sender should be stated; and, also, the name and address (if known) of the person concerned in the experience. These names and addresses will be kept private by the committee unless express permission is given for their publication.—New York Sun.

Moving Into Mexico.

Schemes for colonization in Mexico are coming to the front. A French company has acquired a grant of land in Chihuahua sixty miles long by six miles wide, on which a colony of French and Belgian emigrants are to be settled. A large body of land in the same state, adjoining New Mexico, has been secured by a syndicate in which American capitalists are mostly concerned, and it is to be colonized. A town is being laid out on this land adjoining the New Mexican town of Deming. The international boundary there is an imaginary line, and so the new town will be practically an extension into Mexico of the American town of Deming. These are only the beginnings of what is to be a great movement of American population, industry and capital into Mexico.—New Orleans Picayune.

Wants "Mule Footed" Swine.

A subscriber for The Tupelo (Miss.) Journal writes to that paper to inquire whether there are any "mule footed" hogs in Lee county. He says there was formerly a breed in the county that bore that name, because they had unsplit hoofs like mules.

Cheap Writing Paper.

The Appleton (Wis.) Post alleges that by a process recently patented pulp can be made from pine and spruce wood by which writing paper can be produced as good as can be made from white linen rags, while it will cost only one half as much.

A physician of Quincy, Ills., has secured a piece of Anarchist Lingg's jawbone and placed it on exhibition for the benefit of the curious.