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White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M A Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was yellow jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two whole bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by W W Keeling, druggist.

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CARRYING THE HOD.

Not What It Was Before Hoisting Machines Came In, But Much of It Still Done.

One who should see a hod-hoisting machine in use in a building under construction in the city might think that the old-fashioned hod had quite gone out of use, but as a matter of fact, the hod is still far from obsolete. Of all the bricks and mortar put into buildings in the United States probably 50 per cent. is still carried to the mason in hods borne on the shoulders of men. In very large cities, in New York, for instance, 75 per cent. of the bricks and mortar is now hoisted by elevators; in small cities and in the country 75 per cent. of such material is still carried to where it is to be used in hods. So that, while the elevator is still steadily encroaching upon the hod, the hod is still largely carried, says the New York Sun.

Whether a hod-hoisting machine shall be used, and what sort of a machine, depends of course upon the job. On a one-story building, anywhere, the bricks would be carried up in the old way, as they might be on the smaller two or three-story building; but here, on a building of any size, after it has gone up a story there is put in a hoisting apparatus of some sort, either hand or power. A hand hoister consists of a strap chain running around two pulleys, one below and the other above, one of these being turned by a crank. The hods used with this apparatus have a hook on them. A man fills a hod at the brick hill in the street and walks into the building with it and hooks it onto that chain, upon which it is slowly hoisted to where the bricks are to be used; the empty hods being hooked to the chain on the descending side.

On some power hod elevators the hods are hooked on a beam in a row by the men who bring them in from the street, and hoisted quickly up, and the empties sent back. In the use of some power elevators the bricks are wheeled in from the street in barrows to the elevator and then transferred to the hods, which are hoisted up and removed above, and sent back again to be filled again in the same manner. Here it will be observed the hod is eliminated below. And in the use of some elevators bricks are wheeled right into the platform of the elevator in barrows, and barrows and all are hoisted up and wheeled right up on to the platform alongside the bricklayer. The empty wheelbarrows are sent down and pulled off the platform and replaced with filled ones that the men in the street were loading when the others were going up and coming down. In this operation the hod is eliminated above and below. All these things are determined by the character and size of the job; the builder does whatever can be done, to the best advantage. And still with all the hoisting done nowadays there is yet, as has been seen, more or less hod carrying done and the hod is still a regular article of manufacture and sale, and is sold in considerable numbers.

The size of the hod carried varies somewhat with the region in which it is used; thus the hod carried in this city is a little smaller than that used in New Jersey and Long Island. The hod is made in three sizes, the smallest of the three for brick, the middle size for mortar, and the largest for plaster; the mortar hods are made water-tight by pitching the seams. Hods used with hod-hoisting apparatus are made a little smaller than those that are hand carried. Hods are still most commonly made of wood, but there is made nowadays, also, a steel hod. This is a western invention, and is more commonly used in the west than in the east.

The hod carrier of to-day is an Italian, and a hard worker; but hod carrying, commonly exercised now within narrower limits than formerly, is not the art that it once was. Thirty, forty, fifty years ago, though he has now far outgrown hod carrying, the hod carrier was everywhere an Irishman; a picturesque figure of whom many pictures were made, and about whom many things, intended to be humorous, were written. But he was a sturdy, able man, all the same, and not without skill in his calling; and it required some skill, and training in the work to enable a man to climb, with a hod on his shoulder, the ladder they mounted in those days, when the mason called down from above: "More mortar!"

And it was a sight worth seeing, a string of stalwart men, each with a hod on his shoulder, at equal distances apart on the ladder, and climbing in ceaseless and unwearied movement, and all in step, up the face of some tall building. There is an old, old story about a hod carrier who, mounting skyward on a six-story building which was nearly finished, struck the level of the sixth story scaffolding just as the clock in a neighboring steeple began to strike the noon hour, 12. It might be supposed that the hod carrier would have stepped around the sidepiece of the ladder, one step, and set the hod down on the scaffolding, but no; at the first stroke of the bell, as the story

goes, he simply let go of the handle; and then started himself, down the ladder.

Nothing of that sort could happen nowadays, the hod is still carried, it is true, but the glory of hod-carrying has departed.

At the Afro-American Club. "I say we oughter protee' ag'in' dis hyah movement in de states of de souf to disfranchise de culled man!" "Dat's right! Ef de culled man is disfranchised he won't git a cent fo' he's vote!"—Puck.

No Corn Famine in Sight. There is no danger of a corn famine as long as it is possible to raise several achers to the foot. — Chicago Daily News.

SCIENCE NOT BENEFITED.

A Hypnotic Test That Was Brought to Naught by a Small Field Mouse.

"One of the queerest experiences of my whole career, and I've had lots of 'em," said a well-known theatrical advance agent who was in town a few days ago, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "happened in the fall of 1896, when I was acting as business manager, press boomer, ticket taker and liar-in-ordinary for a hypnotist who was making a tour of the small towns in southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

"The professor was a pretty smooth old fakir, but his show was lacking in novelty, and we were trying desperately to think up some sensational feature when we encountered a chap named O'Brien, who was a professional 'horse' for mesmerists. A 'horse' is stage slang for a ready-made subject, who submits to all sorts of tests, and this fellow suggested that we stir up a little excitement by burying him alive. Of course, the dodge is old now, but it was fresh then, and we started at once to put it into execution. We were at a bustling town on the Ohio river at the time, and we announced that on such and such a day Prof. — would throw a man into a trance, nail him up in a coffin and bury him eight feet deep, where he would remain for 48 hours. The disinterment and opening of the casket at the opera house were events on which we depended to draw a huge crowd. The whole affair was dubbed 'the great East Indian hypnotic trance test,' and O'Brien figured as a wealthy traveler who had consented to submit to the ordeal 'purely in the interest of science.'

"Of course, there were any number of details that had to be arranged," continued the agent, "but the burial finally came off according to programme. Long practice at what is called the 'sleep test' made it comparatively easy for O'Brien to lie quiet for a couple of days and danger from suffocation was avoided by a three-inch wooden tube, which connected the coffin with the outer air. The affair created immense excitement in the vicinity, and we easily persuaded a dozen notoriously hungry citizens to act as a 'committee' to watch the grave by shifts, and see that no food or stimulants were passed down the tube, and, needless to say, the whole town came out to keep them company. Folks talked in awed whispers of the unconscious man lying down there in the cold, dark ground; a number of prominent physicians certified to the genuineness of the trance. Everything was pointing to a tremendous success, when just at dusk the first day a frightful mishap occurred.

"A small field mouse darted suddenly out of the grass, made two or three bewildering dashes, and fell headlong into the wooden air tube. At the next instant the most awful, blood-freezing, inhuman howl ever heard by mortal ears issued out of the bowels of the earth. Even to me, who knew O'Brien was wide awake and in no peril whatever, the yell was deeply horrifying, while the effect upon others may possibly be imagined, but never adequately described. Women fainted and men became hysterical, and all the while those hideous shrieks kept pouring swiftly out of the tube.

"Well, to make a long story short, a shovel brigade was organized, and in less than ten minutes O'Brien was reached and hauled out. He was then in a state of limp collapse, but he had strength enough to denounce the test as a fake and declared that we had inveigled him into it by taking advantage of his poverty. When he got that far along the professor and I quietly slipped away and left town unostentatiously on a freight. The crowd was certainly in lynching temper. What happened to O'Brien was merely a break-down of nerve. He was wrought up to a high pitch anyhow, and the mouse landing suddenly on his neck drove him insane with panic for the time being. That episode resulted in the passage of ordinances prohibiting the burial test in scores of northern cities."

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