

## HORSE-TRADING EXTRAORDINARY.

A LOT of old veterans were sitting by a comfortable fire the other night in a certain Utah camp, culling over the husks of memory and revamping old experiences for entertainment. Trading Hank, after irrigating at the bar, said: 'I was livin' near Kearney, Nebrasky, tryin' my hand at poker and hoss-tradin' for a livin'. Some fellers from Cheyenne came along and cleaned me out of my money and every danged hoss I had but Kickin' Dick. It was a fair game, though, and I couldn't grumble. The next day after that game, I went to town on Kickin' Dick. The sheriff comes up to me and sez, 'Hank, I guess I'll take that hoss on this execution.'

"Hold on, Bill," sez I, 'wouldn't you rather have the money?'

"Every time," sez he!

"Well, just watch me trade a while, and I'll soon give you the cash."

"All right, old man, go in," sez he.

"There were a lot of tender-feet in the town, the greenest lot you ever seen. They had just got cleverly in the country. So I went for 'em.

"Well, boys, I traded seventeen times that afternoon, and had money enough before night to pay off the execution of \$100, and went home on Kickin' Dick with \$100 more in my pocket. You see, that hoss was the terriblest kicker and buckner in the world. No man but me could ride him. He could almost kick the molasses out of a ginger-cake, and when he bucked he would make a man throw up his toe-nails. Every time I traded Dick I got boot, and always charged boot to take him back again.

"But I was about sayin', when I had that bad spell a year ago, I came pretty nigh goin' over the falls. It was down to Provo. I'll be eternally explunctified if I didn't get skeared when the doctor said I had to pass. The folks where I was stoppin' sent for one of them sky-pilots and the fellow prayed for me. It sounded like free gold to me too, I can tell you, for I didn't know nothin' about the country where they said I was goin' and rather had a hankerin' after stayin' here a little longer. Well, the doctor bid me good-by and went away; but Mollie—that's my girl, you know—she didn't give up in that fashion.

"Hank," says she, 'I'm goin to rub you with St. JACOBS OIL—I believe it will cure you.'

"Gentlemen, may I be hugged by a bear if that there stuff didn't save my life as clean as wheat. I'm givin' you the word with the bark on it, sure. It does beat all creation how that Oil knocks the fur off'n Rheumatism! That's what I had, and if it hadn't been for St. JACOBS OIL I'd be prospectin' in a new country now. I'd like to shake the hand of the feller that makes it, I would, by thunder!"

"I HAVE used ST. JACOBS OIL with excellent effect on many of the animals belonging to my great ranch in North Platte, Neb., whenever I discovered them suffering with pain, and always found the Oil as efficacious for animals as for numan beings,"—says the Hon. W. F. Cody—professionally known as "Buffalo Bill."

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely veined temple against his coat-collar, and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades: "How soothing, how restful." "Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureola of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats!"