



Why the Best

How the Truth of a Well Known Statement is Established.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine money can buy. It has stood the test of time and trial. Its great merit is demonstrated by its cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Humors, Pimples, Scald Head, Boils, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Stomach Troubles, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, etc.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
In America's Greatest Medicine. Price, 25c.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Stizing His Drinks.

There is a story told of Mr. Gladstone which would show that the true meaning of the old saying, "Do not mix your drinks," was unknown to the great statesman. It is said to have been his habit to let the wines which were served in the course of dinner mingle at his elbow, and during a pause in the conversation to take a glass of champagne from the port decanter—Cornhill Magazine.

To Electroplate a Safety Vault.

An experiment of scientific interest is to be tried in getting rid of the deposit vault of the old Cincinnati (O.) Deposit and Trust Company. The walls are constructed of layers of hard spring steel to a thickness of one and one-quarter inches. Two operators will be attached to a carbon which will be manipulated with a heavy handle. They will pass the carbon over the steel walls, burning them in intersecting lines.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-BASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have itching feet or light sores try Allen's Foot-Powder. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frost-bitten feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Los Angeles, Cal.

Popular Phone Service.

The telephone system of Paris will be greatly popularized and extended by the government mail and telegraph department. Public stations will be scattered through the city, where persons not subscribers may call from or make engagements over the wire. Messages will be delivered from these stations for a fee of 5 cents.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous **Moore Whiskey**. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Gins From Seaweed.

A fresh use for seaweed is claimed to have been discovered by a Norwegian engineer, who exhibited an invention at the Stockholm exhibition for producing paper pulp, dressing gum and soap from seaweed. The first establishment of this branch of manufacture is to be in the district of Stavanger.

MOORE'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Hurlingham will move to its new home at Melio Park, San Francisco, Cal., and reopen January 1st. Address: Mrs. G. H. Hott, P. O. Box 1, Cal.

Women are prevented from entering the shops when the screen doors are opened by a new attachment, which has several rows of brushes on the outside of the door to scrape the flies off every time the door opens.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Green, Ga., writes:
"Dear Mrs. PINKHAM—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At first I was troubled with a severe pain in my back, and a great deal of the time I was unable to get up. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped. I continued to use the Liver Pills and Wash, and have been greatly benefited. I would like to have you use your medicine for the benefit of others."

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XMAS IN KLONDIKE.

ONE DAY OF GOOD CHEER DURING A DREARY WINTER.

At 50 Degrees Below Zero, and While the Bitter Winds Were Roaring, Dawson City Celebrated in a Crude but Joyous Manner.

HE December days and nights, according to one of the miners who came back from the Yukon diggings with plenty of gold, are the most trying of the year in the Klondike region, especially at Christmas time.

"If I live to the age of Methuselah," he says, "I don't believe I shall ever forget Christmas."

Three months and a half off, and had settled down to be a permanent town. All the miners who had made good locations had by this time housed themselves in pine-board shanties. A few had built shanty frames about tents to secure greater warmth within. All of us who made any strikes of gold at all had done so by October, so we were well along with our gold digging, but we could do less in December than in any month in the year.

From the latter part of November to early in January there is only four hours of practical daylight in any day. Many days, when the wind blew hardest—in fact, it blows a gale there all the winter long, and snow and pellets of ice were blown along—candles were kept lighted all day long. In winter, candles and lamps were always lighted between 1 and 2 in the afternoon. The mercury ranged from 25 degrees below zero to 65 degrees below. So we could not make satisfactory headway even in the richest of the diggings.

At all through December about half the miners used to spend days in loafing about McCarthy's saloon at Dawson. The other half puttered about their cabins, dug a little now and then, mended their fur suits and made shoes from walrus hide.

"At McCarthy's sometimes 150 or more men would gather around the roaring fire and a strange scene it was. Imagine an assemblage of men in a rough, barn-like structure, furnished with board benches, and illuminated by a dozen flickering candles. Some men are dressed in baggy garments of fur, others in heavy coats, heavy overcoats over heavy woolen clothes. All have caps of half-cured, shaggy, rancid-smelling fur, so that only the face appears. Every man has a prodigious growth of whiskers, sometimes a foot long, and hair that reaches below the chin of the caps and down the shoulders.

There were but a dozen calendars in all that region and very few men had any idea of dates. Some did not even know what month it was. One day, as we sat at McCarthy's, some one suggested that Christmas was approaching and we thought of observing the occasion with a celebration, and, crude though it was, we had a day that none of us will ever forget. It was more remarkable from the fact that there were in and about the little hamlet of Dawson City over 1,100 men. No one excepted less than \$10 a day, and the larger part had each risen from poverty to possessions worth several thousand dollars in a period of three months. I suppose the combined wealth in actual gold in the district then was nearly \$1,000,000, and a clear prospect of increasing it to twice or thrice that sum in a few more months. I don't believe that a community richer per capita has existed in this world than that was at Dawson City. Yet we had a mockery of civilization and hardly any of the comforts of life of a lot of paupers.

"Every one was informed on Dec. 24 of the fact that next day would be Christmas. Some 200 of us went down to McCarthy's to celebrate the holiday. Darkened set in at that period at about 1:30 p. m., but we had become accustomed to the 20-hour nights. When it got along to about 11:50 p. m. we got our watches out and waited. At exactly 12 the signal was given. The whistle at Joe Ladue's sawmill screeched for a half hour, and over 300 shotguns, rifles and pistols were discharged, in volleys, singly, in quartets and in trios, for hours. Every one shook hands. Some danced about the room, and big, burly miners hugged one another, while McCarthy himself was abouted again and again. It was the first time in the whole experience of the Klondike that we felt in sympathy with the outside world.

"On Christmas morning we brushed up a bit, and putting on our best rubber boots went and called on our best friends in the mining cabins and settlements, and received our friends from the mining cabins scattered up and down the frozen creeks.

"At 2 p. m., when the darkness was settling down in the valleys, several hundred miners met by agreement at McCarthy's. It was the only building in Dawson that could comfortably hold a large assemblage of people. Mac had prepared a program of events for the day and we had each snipped in an ounce of dust toward defraying the expenses. The sawmill had been removed from the floor and a score of candles and lamps were arranged about the room. McCarthy himself wore a gold shirt in honor of the occasion. On a broad table along one wall of the room a luncheon had been arranged for

the Christmas celebrators. For a half hour after arriving at Mac's we were busy stamping snow from our rubber boots and walrus hide shoes, peeling off extra coverings and in general hand-shakings and more 'Merry Christmases.'

"Now, boys, fall right in and tickle your gizzards over there," shouted Mac urbanely to the crowd.

"There was room for only fifty to eat at a time, so while one squad was standing up and eating at the table, the rest were sitting about on the benches. We told stories of other Christmas days in other camps, talked about what the people down in the States were doing, wondered what had transpired since we last heard from there (five months before), wondered who was dead, how election had gone, and what the people would say when we go back with our heaps of gold and stories of how rich we had struck it.

"At last the last man in the crowd of Christmas celebrators had been to the long table and had filled up on baked beans, fried pork and bacon, codfish balls, macaroni and coffee. Then Mac read the program and the entertainment proceeded. A dozen men made speeches—a few of them genuinely humorous—appropriate to the occasion. 'America' and 'God Save the Queen' were sung and resung. The Norwegians and Swedes sang their national songs, and the sounds of the first Christmas celebration in the Klondike were carried on the wind down among the icy crags of the lonely, frozen Yukon. It must have been below 50 degrees below zero when we pulled our fur caps on and strapped on our heavy garments about us late that arctic night and went trudging home through the snow to our cabins along the creeks."

A Mean Man.

Rooster—Did you ever say anything rude to the cook?

Turkey—No. Why?

Rooster—He says he's going to cut you dead when he sees you Christmas Eve.

A BUSINESS STROKE.

Mrs. Grumpy in Her Christmas Buying Adopts Grumpy's Methods.

Grumpy always has a financial spasm when the Christmas returns come in, and this year his spell was an unusually bad one.

"Thunder and lightning, woman!" he began: "look at these bills. Do you take

me for a coal trust or a sub-treasury of the United States?" Glaring more fiercely as account after account was examined, he broke out again: "I'm not a profane man, Mrs. Grumpy, but riply rip my buttons. If this don't beat a financial panic, five hats! We have one daughter, madam, and she's not a two-headed freak! And eleven dresses! Have you gone crazy? Do you think of appearing on the stage at your time of life, or has some dressmaker hypnotized you? But just cast your eye over this one. All kinds of capes, sacks, jackets, circulars, shawls and ulsters. Are you planning a Polar expedition, or are you under the delusion that we are going to camp out this winter? Now, I do throw up the sponge! Nine pairs of shoes and hosiery by the gross. Going to open up an emporium, or did you yield to the fascinations of a bargain counter?"

"I'd like to have you take enough interest in our impending bankruptcy to involve the balance of these traps and calamities—candles, toys, collars, cuffs, corsets, gloves, handkerchiefs, laces, jewelry, skirts, and what's this? 8-4-1-1-4-4. Now, what in the rip-sawing creation does an antiquated veteran like you want with shawls? Where's the bill for faw-lins and dynamite guns? If it's not a state secret, I'd like to know whether you intend to take the field in South Africa or Cuba. Woman, have you any explanation to offer for this brazen attempt to ruin me?"

"Only this. You have always sought to impress upon me that I should adopt your business methods. You declared that you were going to make the money by providing the election went your way, and I made all these orders subject to the same condition."

"Oh, I comprehend. Your extravagant scheme includes a plot to place the entire blame upon me. I will not exchange criminal intentions or refer to the viper that stings after it has been warmed in one's breast. I simply and absolutely repudiate. You may work out your own salvation in your own devious way."—Detroit Free Press.

Christmas in Russia.

The Russian Christmas is ten days later than the English one, but is celebrated very much in English fashion. Families all meet upon that day and country house parties are many. The tree is a Christmas tree and is beautifully decorated. The gifts are placed on small tables near the tree, and so are the houses, but no mistletoe is used. Two or three days are public holidays at Christmas time, and the people greet each other with "Happy feast to you." A huge pyramid of rice with raisins in it, which has been blessed at the church, is served at the Christmas dinner, and the meats are goose, duck and sucking pig. A great delicacy at a Russian Christmas dinner is veal which has been fed entirely upon milk for that special day.

The Bachelor's Stocking.

Hang up the bachelor's stocking. You know that by night: And dance around it mocking its lean and empty plight. For him great good things bring ye—The single, selfish soul; In it no presents slip ye. They'd all drop through the hole.

The New Arrangement.

"I suppose you're going to have another old-fashioned Christmas at your house this year, Hoop?"

"Can't possibly arrange it. Hired girl goes to matinee in the afternoon, reception in the evening and a dance later on."

CONFIDENCE.

Frank X. Finnegan.

Guess I'll hang it right up there. Where he's sure to find it. On the old broke rockin' chair. An' I'll hide behind it. When I hear him holler 'Whoa!' I'll bet he won't catch me; I'll sneak out of bed so slow. An' see what he'll fetch me.

Hang it up last Christmas too. But he won't right by it. Just as he told me he'd do. When I said I'd try it. Mas says he don't come around. Says that's what she's always found. But this cheerful givin'.

But I guess old Santa Claus. Maybe was too busy. For to stop last year, because He's no mean guy, is he? Kind of wish he had a come. Just to fool my mother. He brought Jimmy Batts a drum. Though, somehow or other.

We ain't got much left in here. Ma says she's a-wishin' Christmas wouldn't come this year. Count of her condition. But I'll hang it up right there. Where he's sure to find it. On the old broke rockin' chair. An' I'll hide behind it.

Do you see this five-dollar note, Ten-spot?

"I do, Pipp, but what of it?"

"I regard that as the most wonderful five-dollar note I ever saw."

"What is there wonderful about it?"

"I had it left after buying all the Christmas presents I had to get."

The man who feels like a huge Christmas Eve is apt to feel like the densest morning.

DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.

He told you the rule. That has come to Deacon Chase. An' the big church row that's brewin'! Sense he danced an' fell from grace! Well, on Christmas night his darter Betsey run off ter the dance. An' the Deacon straightway arter That most wayward gal did prance. When he reached up mighty peart, An' soon Betsey on the floor. Dancin' with Jerome McCarly. What an ugly crowd he wore.

Betsey growed a right smart pale When her pap come inter sight. An' he grabbed her, at the dance. 'Loved she'd try ter set things right. As he stood around 'em glancin' Harter spoke up mighty peart. 'Did you aim ter line the dancin'? Come along an' don't be skeert.'

Then she grabbed him, at the dance. Kinder downed the Deacon's ass. As she snaked him down the middle In the 'th of Virginia road.

Now the gait they went gratin' Set the 'th of the night on fire. Two' his veins a stagnant blood Like a rushin' springtime flood; An' before he hardly knewed it He had lined the dance floor.

An' the way he heeled an' toed it Was with a lag o' elder. Jes' ter see him hoe her down, An' all night that of backslider How an' scraped an' skipped aroun'.

Now you've heard the tale o' horror, How from off the high 'th of grace Ter the depths o' sin an' sorrow, Harter sank of Deacon Chase.

BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS.

It Will Give Blessings Heaped Up to Pay You for Your Faith.

THE WORLD once contained a father and mother who did not believe in Santa Claus. They were afraid, too, to let their children believe in the blessed old myth, fearing that the fancy would make them credulous, or that it would have the effect of teaching them deceit. Facts which could be proved

and verified these excellent people insisted upon, and when towns and country were rejoicing, Christmas bells ringing, Christmas tapers twinkling and Christmas carols thrilling, their home was robbed of half its rightful cheer in their strenuous determination not to be imposed upon by Santa Claus or any of his train.

But to turn to our original thought. Did the parents who could have none of Santa Claus gain anything by this resolution to be rigidly true to a tangible and material order, or, clinging to the husk, did they lose the fruit which was growing within for the healing of the nations? Many things not susceptible of proof by the evidence of the physical senses are really true in that higher realm where the imagination rules. One of these never-dying, never-fading things is Santa Claus, and year by year the weeks over which his scepter is extended are weeks of rare beauty and a time when good-will everywhere shines in men's countenances and is the mainspring of their lives. Children need feel it in wonderful festival of love on the earth, but they cannot enter into it fully, and so those who were wiser than we, in good old days fragrant in memory, christened the Christmas season, when the yule-log burns, and the holy gleams, and the world is glad, as the special gala-time of Santa Claus. Believe in him all you can and he will give you blessings heaped up and running over to pay you for your faith.—Harper's Bazar.

A R-reminder.

"Why, Mr. Goslin, how good it is of you to call on Christmas day," said Miss Gaskett, extending her hand to the newcomer.

"I wish you the compliments of—aw—the season, Miss Gaskett," replied the young man.

"Do you know, Mr. Goslin, that I can scarcely ever see a Christmas tree without thinking of you?"

"How kind of you to associate me with—aw—something so bright and interesting. Is that—aw—why you think of me at such a time, aw?"

"Well, I don't think that is it, exactly, Mr. Goslin. I suppose I think of you when I see a Christmas tree because it is an evergreen."

A Remarkable Note.

"Do you see this five-dollar note, Ten-spot?"

"I do, Pipp, but what of it?"

"I regard that as the most wonderful five-dollar note I ever saw."

"What is there wonderful about it?"

"I had it left after buying all the Christmas presents I had to get."

The man who feels like a huge Christmas Eve is apt to feel like the densest morning.

Ruth White on the New Dime.

If you have one of the new dimes, you are carrying in your pocket a very good picture of Miss Ruth White, of San Francisco. Miss White might have sat to Uncle Sam's artist, the resemblance is so close. Miss White was a member of the Castle Square Company last season.

The Enormous Gold Product of 1898.

From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia gold is being shipped in large quantities. This year's output will nearly double that of any previous twelve months. The sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are also increasing very fast. This famous remedy will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness.

A medical writer in India declares that segregation of patients, the only effective way of dealing with the plague, is so repugnant to the Hindus that they prefer to die by the million rather than submit to it.

Strong as a Steel Ramrod.

If you want to feel your spine is a pipe stem ready to snap, just get lumber. If you want to feel as strong as a steel ramrod, use St. Jacobs Oil; it has magic.

It is estimated that all the gold mined in California since 1848 could be put into a room 12 yards long, 6 yards wide and 5 2/3 yards high.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 100 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Australia sends coconut oil to England.

For Lung and chest diseases, Pilo's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Thunder can be heard nine miles away.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes, boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

Dallas, Texas, has a colored printer's union.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 1005 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

The aristocracy of China and Spain will agree that it has been a very hard year for boy monarchs.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and if not treated, it will result in deafness. It is not a permanent condition, hearing will be restored; nine cases out of ten are cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for each case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

DR. J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Massachusetts claims to have more different kinds of native trees than any kingdom in Europe; the number exceeding 50, among them being nine large oaks.

Sinking of the Merrimac.

The complete story of the sinking of the Merrimac and the capture and imprisonment of her crew at Santiago, will be graphically told in an article by Osborn W. Deignan, U. S. Navy, late helmsman of the Merrimac, in the January Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, now 10 cents, and to be published December 24th. The story will be fully and richly illustrated with authentic portraits of Hobson and all the crew, besides many new drawings especially prepared under Mr. Deignan's personal supervision. Other features promised for the January Frank Leslie's are: Bret Harte's new story "Jack Hamlin's Meditation"; Joaquin Miller's "In a Klondike Cabin"; and Thomas H. Dudley's "Campaigning With Gomez."

DR. DARRIN, SPECIALIST.

Submits a List of Special Diseases He Treats With Electricity and Medicine.

PRIVATE DISEASES. Gleet, Gonorrhea, Stricture, Weakness of Organs quickly cured without pain or detention from business.

LOST MANHOOD and vigor quickly restored; varicose, weak and undeveloped parts fully restored.

LADIES who suffer from apathy, indifference, nervous debility or diseases peculiar to women, can consult the doctor with perfect confidence.

BLADDER, Inflammation, Cystitis, Catarrh of the Bladder. These diseases invariably yield to this treatment.

VARICOCELE, Hydrocele, Piles, Fistula, Swelling and Tenderness of Glands, and Shrunk Organs treated with unfailing success.

KIDNEYS, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Congestion of the Kidneys, Uræmia, Gravel, Stone, all scientifically and successfully treated.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES. Scrofula, Pimples, Scrofula, Syphilitic Taints, Tumor, Rheumatism, Eruptions, etc., promptly cured, leaving the system in a pure, strong and healthy state.

YOUNG MEN, if you are troubled with tired feelings, gloomy forebodings, palpitation of the heart, hot flashes, blood rushing to the head, ringing in the ears, wandering mind, dark memory, dark circles under the eyes, dizziness, poor appetite