ALMOST TIME TO GO.

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 Methusaleh," he says, "I don't believe I shall ever forget Christmas. It was Dawson City's first. Dawson was three months and a half old, 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 20 degrees below zero to 65 degrees below. So we could not make satisfactory headway even in the richest of the diggings. 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 several coarse, 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 rim of the caps and lies across 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. A week before Christmas we all agreed upon 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 earned less than $16 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 another five 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 300 of us went down to McCarthy's to celebrate the holiday. Darkness 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 'Merry Christmas' was shouted 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 chipped in an ounce of dust toward defraying the expenses. The sawdust had been removed from the floor and a score of candles and lamps were arranged about the room. McCarthy himself wore a boiled shirt in honor of the occasion. On a broad board 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 Christmasings.'

"'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 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 ripity 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 invoice the balance of these traps and casualties—candles, toys, collars, cuffs, corsets, gloves, handkerchiefs, laces, jewelry, skirts, and what's this? S-h-i-e-l-d-s. Now, what in the rip-snorting creation does an antiquated veteran like you want with shields? Where's the bill for javelins 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 fly provided 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 criminations 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 SUPERSTITIONS.

Things That One Must Not Do Under Penalty of Bad Luck.

In North Germany you must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work. Speaking of eating, if you want to have money and luck all the year round, you must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor, if you wish to be lucky, must you rock an empty cradle or spill salt wantonly or cross knives or point at the stars.

If you leave a dirty cloth on the table over night you will make the angels weep; if you point upward to the rainbow you will make the angels' feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days.

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 yew and is beautifully decorated. The gifts are placed on small tables near the tree. The churches are decorated with greens 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.

Journal of the Year.

How fair into our hands it came.
Snow-white was every separate page,
Whereon each day we were to keep
The record of our pilgrimage.

Our hearts were tender with regrets
Over past failures; eyes were dim
With watching out the dying Year;
We sorely grieved to part with him.

And grieved still more because the book
Of life he brought and bore away,
Our hands had blotted carelessly
And sadly marred from day to day.

And so we took the New Year's book
With naught of boasting, much of prayer
That when complete, the Judge might find
A cleaner, purer record there.

And yet—and yet—oh, heedless hearts!
How have your promises been kept?
How many crooked lines were penned
And errors made while conscience slept?

And now the final page is turned;
And, in the solemn midnight tryst,
This one last line we humbly add:
"Forgive! forget! for love of Christ!"
—The Interior.

A Reminder.

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

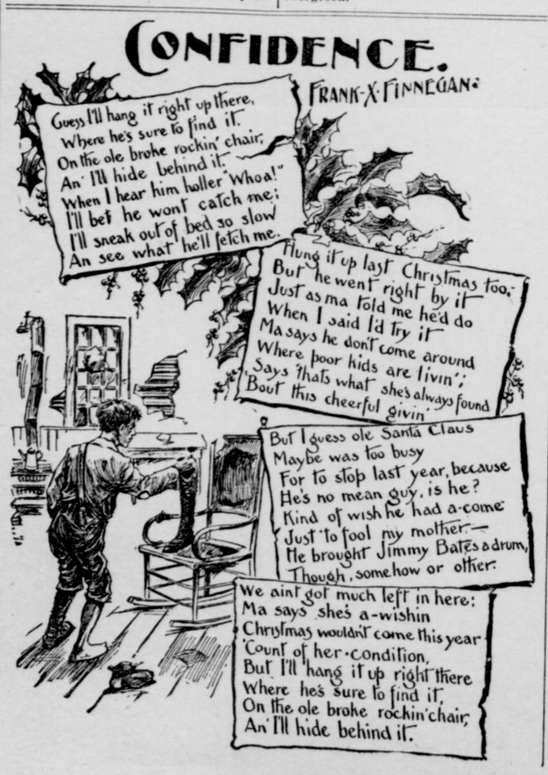
"I wish you the compliments of—aw—the season, Miss Gaskett," replied the young man.

"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 bwight and intewesting. 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."

CONFIDENCE.



Hain't they told you uns the ruin
That has come ter Deacon Chase,
An' the big church row that's brewin'
Sense he danced an' fell from grace?
Wal, on Chris'mas night his darter
Betsey run off ter the dance,
An' the Deacon straightway arter
That most wayward gal did prance.
When he reached the Chris'mas party
An' seen Betsey on the floor
Dancin' with Jerome McCarty,
What an ugly scowl he wore.

Betsey growed a right smart palet
When her pap come inter sight,
An' big, buxom Harner Shaler
Lowed she'd try ter set things right.
As he stood aroun' him glancin'
Harner spoke up mighty peart,
"Did you aim ter jine the dancin'?
Come along an' don't be skeert."
Then she grabbed him, an' the fiddle
Kinder drowned the Deacon's squeal
As she snaked him down the middle
In the ol' Virginia reel.

Now the galt they went gyrattin'
Sent the ol' man's stagnant blood
Thro' his veins a-circulatin'
Like a rushin', springtime flood;
An' before he hardly knowed it
He had flung the sinful fun,
An' the way he heeled an' toed it
Shamed the boys of twenty one.
It was wuth a kag o' cider
Jes' ter see him hoe her down,
An' all night that ol' backslider
Bowed an' scraped an' skipped aroun'.

Now you've heerd the tale o' horror,
How from off the hights o' grace
Ter the depths o' sin an' sorrer,
Harner yanked ol' 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 town 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 would have none of Santa Claus gain anything by their 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-failing 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 see and feel this 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 holly 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.

An Old-Time New Year.

The method in vogue in New York City half a century ago was for the ladies of the family to remain at home, much as they do now, while the gentlemen went abroad visiting friends. The visitor entered, shook hands, took a seat, conversed for a few moments, and after partaking of refreshments—of which boned turkey and pickled oysters were the staple dishes and sherry and whisky the most popular drinks—had another handshaking and terminated the visit. The custom is of Dutch origin.

A Proper Christmas Gift.

She had been reading "Aunt Tabitha's Counsel to Young Society Buds," and had fallen into a brown study.

"Yes," she mused, "Tabby is quite right. It is unbecoming for a young woman to accept any Christmas present of value from a young man."

That night Algernon Thinklittle threw himself prostrate before her.

"Take me, Ernestine," he implored; "take this bleeding heart as a Yuletide remembrance—an earnest of years of happiness to come."

She didn't hesitate. She accepted him so quickly that his head swam in a delirium of joy.—New York Herald.

A Remarkable Note.

"Do you see this five-dollar note, Tenspot?"

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

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

"What is there wonderful about it?"

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

The young people are not alarmed at that anti-Santa Claus movement. They are preparing to turn the hose on it.

The man who feels like a king Christmas Eve is apt to feel like the deuce next morning.

There Is No Telling.

Be sure not to let rheumatism stay in the system longer than you can get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. There is no telling what part it may strike or how much misery it may give.

Hudson Bay Is Disappearing.

Hudson bay will in the course of a few centuries become dry land, the rise of its surface being more remarkable than any other portion of the earth. Beaches covered with driftwood are found 20 to 70 feet above the bay, and the old harbors have become very shallow.

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, Humor, Psoriasis, Scald Head, Boils, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Stomach Troubles, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, etc.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price, $1.

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

Mixing 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 mobilize at his elbow, and during a pause in the conversation seize the glass that happened to be nearest. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, who had refreshed himself as usual in this haphazard way, inveighed against the practice of mixing wines. It was respectfully pointed out to him that he had been guilty of this very act; but he explained, to his own satisfaction, that to mix wines was to fill up half a glass of champagne from the port decanter!—Cornhill Magazine.

To Electrocute a Safety Vault.

An experiment of scientific interest is to be tried in getting rid of the safety 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 placed in the vault and a wire for each run in through a vent hold. The wire 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-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. 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 frosted 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, Le Roy, N. Y.

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 Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Glue 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 glue, dressing gum and soap from seaweed. The first establishment for this branch of manufacture is to be erected in the district of Stavanger.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Now at Burlingame, will remove to its beautiful new home at Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., and re-open January 16th, 1899. Address Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Menlo Park, Cal.

Flies are prevented from entering the house 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.

Born With a Needle in His Leg.

Mrs. Oscar Stanley, of Anderson, Ind., gave birth to a baby boy recently. When it was placed in care of the nurse, she found a rather peculiar pimple on the inside of its thigh. She thought nothing of it at first, but it began to get very sore, and also became very large. The other day when she was bathing the child her hand came in contact with a sharp object, which proved to be a needle. The little one had come into this thorny world with the needle buried in his flesh.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

A Number of Them Have Made Large Fortunes for the Investors.

It will no doubt be a source of much wonderment to many parents, uncles and aunts, where all the toys displayed in store windows and at curbstones come from, and what novelty will appear next," said a large wholesale dealer in toys in New York to a Star reporter recently. "To me it is no mystery, for almost every day in the year some Yankee genius brings me some new plaything to inspect. If it is good I put it on the market, and then if it makes a temporary hit the inventor and myself both make money. When a strike is made the market is flooded with the new favorite, for its popularity is generally short lived. A few days, weeks or months at the most and its reign is over.

"Nowadays nearly all the cheap 5 and 10-cent novelties and the better class of mechanical toys, such as river steamboats, locomotives, trains, trolley cars, dolls that walk and talk and animals that move about almost naturally are made in America, while such old fashioned playthings as building blocks, tin soldiers, woolly sheep, skin covered horses, cows and dogs, all of which, judging from the enormous sales, are as great favorites with the children of to-day as they were a generation or two ago, come mostly from Germany. In that country these toys are hand-made by peasants, who work at them at night or during dull season on the vineyards or farms. Labor is cheap, and although the designing is seldom original, the workmanship is usually good, and the toy can be imported and sold cheaper here than the same class of goods made in this country. As a result of this there are many toys which in their completed state are partly American and party foreign. Among these are toy vehicles, with horses or oxen attached. The vehicles and everything in and about them may be the product of American machinery while the animals standing in front of the toy may be from Germany."

"Are many American toys patented?

"Yes; the most expensive and insignificent novelties are alike protected by patents before the manufacturer puts them on the market. A patent once granted protects the holder from infringement upon his idea for the time during which the patent runs, and he controls the manufacture of his article as absolutely as he would any real estate that might be in his name. Few inventions pay better than popular patented toys. A clergyman in New York State has realized $10,000 during the last two years by inventing a jumping frog that opens and shuts its eyes and mouth naturally. The 'dancing negro,' which can be seen in every toy shop and which is simply a figure of a gaudily attired colored gentleman balanced by a wire, which is moved rapidly up and down by a system of clockwork in the box upon which it dances, provides an income for its inventor of $30,000 a year.

"That old, but still popular American toy, a 'return ball'—a wooden ball with an elastic attached—yielded the patentee an income equal to $50,000 a year. The sale of the little wooden figure 'John Gilpin' was incredibly large, and a very ingenious toy, known as the 'wheel of fortune,' is said to have produced upward of $300,000 to its inventors.

"One of the most successful of modern toys has been the 'chameleon top,' the sale of which has been enormous. The field of invention is not only vast and varied, but it is open to everybody without respect to sex or age, station or means. The merest trifle may be the key to a fortune, if it be an article that the public actually wants in great numbers.—Washington Star.

College Initation Tortures.

Norman Wyckoff, a farmer living near Princeton, N. J., happened to be near the entrance to Ghost canyon, a weird place in the wildest portion of the Jersey Black hills. Hearing strange noises in the canyon, he mastered his fears and entered. To his horror he found twelve figures, garbed in black and wearing skull caps, dancing about a fire and chanting betimes, before an altar rock, where a beautiful country girl was murdered years ago and whose ghost is said to haunt the place. Looking up, he perceived a naked man suspended from the jutting branch of a solitary pine tree by a rope fastened under his arms. The man's body swung to and fro over the great precipice and as one of the figures shoved him, he would cry out in some strange jargon. Finally he was cut down and the leader of the dozen informed him that he had stood the test. They then commenced a weird dance, and Wyckoff fled in terror.—New York World.

He Made a Marvel of Himself.

When Don Henri, a municipal employe, was 22 years of age, he weighed 120 pounds and was seemingly on the way to early death from consumption. Then he started a systematic course of athletics, studied anatomy and muscular development and became accomplished in every line. He is convinced that the weakest of individuals can be made strong by judicious athletic work. From a sickly youth of 120 pounds he has built himself up to the man who maesures as follows: Chest normal, 46 inches; chest, inflated, 50 chest, deflated, 40½. Forearm, right 14; left, 13⅞. Biceps, right, 16; left 15¾. Triceps, right 16¼; left, 16. Waist 32. Hips, 40. Thigh, right, 26; left, 26 Calf, right, 15¾; left, 15⅛. Neck, 17½ Height, 5 feet 7½ inches. Weight, 18 pounds. Width of shoulders, 52 inches —Baltimore Sun.

Where Orphans Are State Charges

Australia has no orphan asylums says the Presbyterian Banner. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the State, and is paid a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due him from the State to begin life with. This inculcates a humane, and charitable, and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chance of pauperism, and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.

A Strange Marriage.

While a woman, aged 26, an Irishwoman by trade, was being charged before the Harlesden magistrates with bigamy, a curious scene took place. The mother was the chief witness against her daughter, and told how she and the husband had sat in a pew in the church while the second marriage went on. The mother said she had told her son-in-lay he had better stop the proceedings, but he answered: "I don't want to. I hope he'll be a better husband to her than I've been." The second husband, she said, knew it was a bigamous marriage. When she had finished the first husband came forward to corroborate the strange story.—London Tid Bits.

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 Hindoos 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 lumbago. 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 fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Australia sends cocoanut oil to England.

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso'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, 208-212 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

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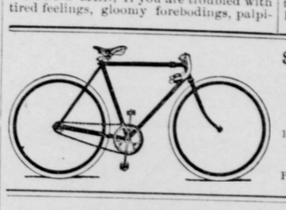

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