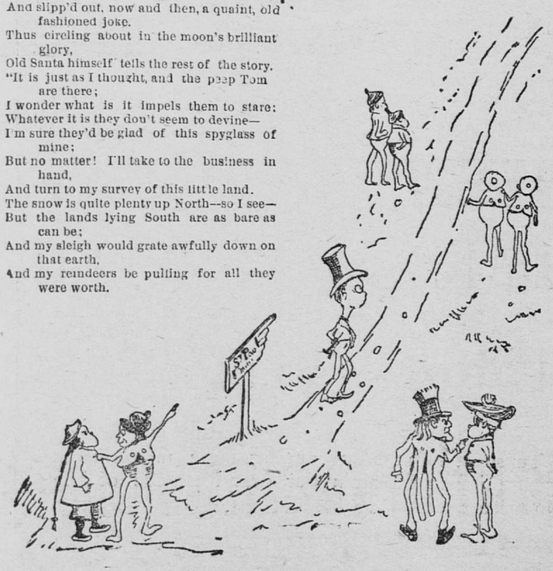
In the year 'ninety-two, and the month of November,
About the fourth week, if we rightly remember,
Star-gazers discovered, while scanning the heavens,
A comet that set them at sixes and sevens.
The astronomers studied this demon of wrath,
And measured its orbit and figured its path
From far-off Andromeda, where it had birth,
To the region of mortals, our every-day Earth.

They found by their summing—if figures don't lie—
It was trav'ling a route up somewhere in the sky;
And that, though it was coursing and fleet ing away,
Its direction was such it would reach us next day.
Contradictory minds in such warring condition
Suggested effects from Mars' late "opposition;"
None the less, what was said caused a raising of fears
And a setting the rest of mankind by the ears.
As to whether 'twas Biela, or whether 'twas Holmes,
The arguments rendered would fill fifty tomes:
But as day followed day it began to be certain
That this singular comet was drawing its curtain;
So the sky-larking disputants, fired with calorie,
Forthwith fell to threatening showers meteoric;
And credulous people, unheeding their jars,
Made vast preparations for dodging the stars;
They quickly betook them to watchful array,
And nervously looked for the opening display;
But all of their watching and looking was vain,
Since nothing came down but a damp, drizzling rain;
They hurried to cover, got out of the wet,
And left the astronomers, figuring yet.

We must o'en tell the truth, though it humble their pride—
Their comet was Santa Claus taking a ride.
'Twas a month before Christmas, and Santa was busy
And whirling through space in a manner quite dizzy;
His mission at present a lawful espial
On the children of earth who were now upon trial.
For before he set out on his midwinter trip,
Or made up his pack or adjusted his "grip,"
'Twas his fashion and practice thuswise to survey
The people and realm over which he held sway:
His favors requiring due discrimination,
Each year he went through with this same operation
Of listing and tabbing the good and the bad
And supplies estimating, that needs must be had.
He journey along till he reached the domains
Of Andromeda Gamma—the "Woman in Chains,"
When, lifting his visor, his face and his hair
Shone forth in the comet we thought was up there.
With a sigh at the distance he still had to go,
He gazed down at Terra's faint twinkle below;
Then suddenly clapping his hand to his pocket,
A spy-glass he drew, and he wrenched off the socket,
And placing the instrument close to his eye,
Gave Terra a thorough, all-over good spy;
Then snapping the glass to, and just barely keeping
His temper, said he: "Why, those rascals are peeping!"
He pulled down his mask ere pursuing his route,
And 'twas just at that moment the comet "went out."
He tightened his girths and sped on till, full soon,
He was quietly perched on the rim of the moon,
Whence he took observations, his sentiments spoke,
And slipp'd out, now and then, a quaint, old fashioned joke.
Thus circling about in the moon's brilliant glory,
Old Santa himself tells the rest of the story.
"It is just as I thought, and the peep Tom are there;
I wonder what is it impels them to stare:
Whatever it is they don't seem to devine—
I'm sure they'd be glad of this spyglass of mine;
But no matter! I'll take to the business in hand,
And turn to my survey of this little land.
The snow is quite plenty up North—so I see—
But the lands lying South are as bare as can be;
And my sleigh would grate awfully down on that earth,
And my reindeers be pulling for all they were worth.

Wherever I travel my sleigh-bells must jingle,
So I'll hand the South over to Brother Kris Kringle.
There's China! The Mongols will hail with delight
A gift of firecrackers, chopsticks and a kite;
And those straws—linen dusters—such paraphernalia.
I'll get Brother Kringle to drop at Australia.
This Indian climate's too sultry for me,
And Siberia, north, is still barren, I see:
Those lands of the Crescent can go as they are,
So I'll hurry to Russia and chat with the czar.
Hello! what's this scene of disease and starvation?
The Russ on my word's an unfortunate nation!
To affliction like this I must sure put a stop,
And the best I can do is to send them a crop.
Those lands lying west of the borders of Russia,—
Old Norway, and Sweden, and Denmark, and Prussia,—
Are managing fairly; but Hamburg's a place
Too dirty to house a respectable race:
Still its poor little children cannot be withstood,
Though I certainly wish they'd clean up and be good.
Those far Southern countries are out of my note,
And Kris can take care of, so I'll take to boat.
That trip o'er the North sea's decidedly dull,
And I'm glad that at last I have landed at Hull.
This land I'm at home in, for never a year
Passes England unfurnished of Christmas good cheer;
And a good sort of folks, though some sinning prevails,
I don't know what to do with that rascal of Wales!
Fair Scotia prospers—stands right in the van—
And happy as long as she has the 'Old Man.'
Here's Ireland—poor darling! Her lot is a sad one;
The provisional government's surely a bad one;
If those boys would stop quarreling and playing the fool,
When she hung up her stocking I'd pop in 'home rule.'
To the water again, and to Iceland I go—
The dear little island of frost and of snow!
I enjoy myself there every year as I ride,
And Mount Hecla's perfection in way of slide.
A vast, stormy ocean with far-distant shores,
And never a rest till I reach the Azores;
A pause of an instant, then westward, again,
To the Land of the Stars and the Stripes, and of Men!
The fair land of liberty, beauty and grace—
Thanks, Christo Columbo, for finding the place.
New York and its monuments! How many more
Have they started to build since I got here before?
Just to give them a hint where they ought not to stop,
I'll drop them a cap-stone to put on the top.
Now, here is Chicago, the Queen of the West,
To preparing the world's fair her work is address'd:
'Tis the gift I bestowed her on calling last year.
Her energy's perfect, but still I've a fear
She's inclined to be selfish; her charges are shocking,
And they're wearing a great gaping hole in her stocking.
Ah! Here is a sight to delight my old eyes—
The Northwestern Gemini capture the prize,
The belle and the beau of terrestrial ball,
My darling Twin Cities—fair Minne and Paul!
The last time I looked they were playing at see-saw,
And fought for their birthright like Jacob and Esau:
But now, since they're bent on reducing expenses,
I suppose they have finished with taking the census.
And Minne is gay in that water-power dress—
She's a bright, lovely girl—sweet enough to caress;
I must look up my best for her—my! what a rose!
How she blushed at the thought of my mention of hose!
What's this my brave Paul is engaged in, I wonder?
I'll examine him well to avoid any blunder.
And see what he's at ere I reach a decision—
Why, he's turned all his schools into marts of provision!
There's a chubby young urchin just stagg'ring with pelf—
He's toting a pumpkin as big as himself!
And all the dear babes—twenty thousand, or more—
Bring large contributions to fill out the store.
Those temples of learning appear, I declare,
Like booths at a vast agricultural fair.
Now everthing's gathered, what next? Why, in brief,
All is carted away to the 'General Relief.'
Such benevolence never was witnessed, I'm sure,
For all of these goods are brought in for the poor;
Those great rows of pumpkins to make into pies;
Dear me! How those onions do water my eyes!
Potatoes, and apples, and turkeys, and chickens—
How I wish I could write like my friend—Mr. Dickens!
Well, the world has good children—I'll visit them all;
But I'll double my gifts when I get to St. Paul!"



WHAT TO BUY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Timely Hints on the Topic That Is Now Absorbing the Attention of Every American Household.

GIFTS FOR THE OLD AND FOR THE YOUNG

Ribbons and Laces to Set Off the Faces of Pretty Young Sweethearts and Wives.

Harper's Bazar.

As Christmas will soon be here the jewelers' trays are filled with scarf-pins, studs and buttons that will make appropriate gifts for men. Olivines, or green garnets, lighter than emeralds and with more life in them, are brought from the Ural mountains, and, mounted in quaint shapes—lizards, parrots' heads, frogs, fishes and bugs—all with diamoud eyes—make most unique scarf-pins. Swords and Spanish rapiers with diamond hilts are smaller scarf-pins than those now worn by ladies.

For Men Who Like Horses.

For men who love horses are very large crystal pins cut and painted at back to represent famous horses, or a coach-and-four, a tandem, or a going-to-cover cart. Racing plates of favorite horses are copied in gold, with small diamonds for the nails. Other pins are a whiffletree of gold and platinum, a gold riding-crop, a platinum bit, a coaching whip in diamonds and platinum and a saddle or a collar of gold.

Scarf-Pins.

Flag scarf-pins of gold enamel are in great variety; they represent the principal colleges, giving the college color and name, also many clubs, and, in anticipation of the Columbian fair, flags of many nations have been the models for pins. Inexpensive gold pins, new this season, are of Chinese dragon, cobra, and other serpent designs; also horses' heads, a dagger, a scimitar, and perhaps a brownie, or a rooster.

Football Pins.

Football pins represent the ball in gold with the college name enameled in true colors. Scarf-holders also come in football shape, and the flags of different clubs and countries.

Shirt Studs.

Shirt studs for dress are three small Oriental pearls, a set always having three, though many men wear but two. They cost $36 and upward. Plain dull Roman gold studs at $5 a set are more sold than all others, while some men prefer studs of white enamel that look like linen buttons.

Sleeve Buttons.

Sleeve buttons of plain gold and platinum, with a chased border, are the size of a dime. Others are of pierced gold, or with gold and platinum together, pierced in scrolls. Linked buttons are small ovals of white enamel and gold, with a design of acanthus leaves, or else plaques of plain gold with floral Louis Quinze border. Very yellow Indian gold buttons are handsome.

GIFTS IN SILVER.

A Budget of Notes for the Holiday Shopper.

Art Interchange.

In toilet articles some solid silver brushes are shown, in plain satin finish or heavy English chasing. A polished back, with nut border design, is $16; a daisy and rose repousse, $8; a medium size, with rich decoration, $13.50; a large one, $15, and one in plain satin finish, $10. With these were puff boxes in similar designs, costing $22, $20 and $15, according to size.

Pin trays, cupid and flowers, $8, and square ones, fleur-de-lis, for $5, and small ones, with polished center and chased border, for $3.

A beautiful cologne bottle, the hobnail and diamond cut glass, with silver top, is $20. It stands six and one-half inches high. Small ones, three and one-quarter inches high, are from $10 to $12.

A pretty novelty are the silver slipper tips and heels, open work, costing $4 and $4.50 per pair.

A charming little gift is a chatelaine spool holder, $12, and chatelaine scissors, handles heavily chased, for $10.

Other pretty gifts suitable for women are the wax holders, $1; emerys, from 75 cents to $3; glove buttoners, from 75 cents to $3, and bonbon boxes, solid and open work, from $1.50 to $23.

Pretty knives cost from $2.75 to $10, and of course, include a variety of designs.

KETTLES AND DISHES.

Artistic Utensils in Copper, Brass and China.

Some exceedingly pretty tea kettles are shown in chased copper, repousse brass and silver. These are fitted upon wrought-iron stands on which a lamp is set. A chased copper kettle with wrought-iron crane twenty-six inches in height, and gracefully curved and twisted, is marked $7.20. A chased brass kettle, eleven inches in height, with asbestos lamp, costs $3.30.

Fire-proof baking dishes, or ramikins, are very pretty this year, and are almost indispensable for dinner table use. Pink tinted shells, beautifully shaped, with little feet, cost only $3 per dozen.

Pudding dishes in white china, fluted with plain edge, seven inches in diameter, are 85 cents each.

Fire-proof Japanese dishes in fish form, blue and white, are five cents each.

Christmas Jewelry Jots.

Jewelers' Circular.

A pinkish-tinted moonstone was seen handsomely set as a ring.

Pink hyacinth cameos appeal to people who like color and admire cameos.

Smaller swords of gold are being brought into the market in large numbers.

Ribbon rosettes of gold and colored enamels are mounted on large shell hairpins.

Prominently seen is an umbrella with a handle of lusterless gold with a diamond in the end.

COMMON SENSE GIFTS.

Every man likes a nice pillow. Let it be large, soft and as light as "down" can make it. Do not embroider it. Let it be smooth and plain, with a big initial upon one corner, says the New York World.

If you are not an adept at "making things," save your pennies to buy a good knife, with a corkscrew, a pair of scissors and a buttonhook attachment. It will be appreciated by its masculine recipient.

Nearly every man likes a clock for his dressing table. You can, if you are ingenious, get one of the little dollar clocks and glorify it by mounting it in a wooden framework upon which you have written a motto in liquid gold.

POPULAR PRESENTS

In Dress Fabrics and Trimmings.

Camel's-hair robe patterns.
All-wool cordurette in colors.
Thirty-inch black silk pungam.
Two-toned striped storm serges.
Silk-striped velvets in all shades.
Crushed mohair plush in all colors.
In silks, changeable satine duchesse.
Figured China silk curtains in all colorings.
Rich, black bengaline cord silk at from 80 cents to $1.
Silk and wool velvet plaids in high-grade novelties.
All-wool illuminated mixtures and fancy heather mixtures.
Silk warp gloria ranging in price from 50 cents to 75 cents.
Dress goods in dress lengths in plain and fancy wool fabrics.
All-silk crown edge moire ribbons, suited for holiday trade.
Two-toned silk and wool cheviots and silk and wool epingalines.
Woven designs in Japanese silks for evening and reception dresses.
All kinds of fur trimmings—French coney beaver, mink and sable.

IN CLOAKS, WRAPS AND OTHER GARMENTS.

All kinds of fur boas with heads.
Tailor-made suits in fine cloth and other material.
Ladies' all-wool cashmere gauntlets in the new shades.
Fine heavy reefer jackets for misses in fancy cloths in all the popular colorings.
Misses' jackets with Watteau and Russian back in plain and fur-trimmed material.
Bath robes, smoking and house jackets, mufflers, etching and music folios.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

PRESENTS TO BRIDESMAIDS.

The Custom Which Now Prevails in London.

With alarm I note that it is become more and more fashionable, says a London correspondent, for brides to give their bridesmaids presents.

Once the bridegroom would as little have expected to escape the half-dozen gold bangles or initial brooches, which usually fall to the share of the attendant damsels, as he would have dreamt of failing to present the bride with her bouquet.

But the young man of today has carefully weighed all these expenses, and discouraged, as far as possible, the bevy of maids with whom brides love to surround themselves, and the latter sometimes find that if they are to go to the altar with the regulation number of damsels in their train they must themselves provide the customary gifts.

This is a bad sign. It is a very bad thing to encourage masculine meanness, and no generously-minded bridegroom would attempt to shirk the shower of bangles or brooches.

I do not believe either that bridesmaids believe in or care for gifts from the bride half as much as if they were presented by the happy benedict. The total abolition of bridesmaids will inevitably result, moreover, if the fashion grows.

PRESENTS FOR MEN.

Things Which Somebody's Brother Would Be Glad to Get for Christmas.

Every man likes a nice pillow. Let it be large, soft and as light as "down" can make it. Do not embroider it. Let it be smooth and plain, with a big initial upon one corner.

If you are not an adept at "making things," save your pennies to buy a good knife, with a corkscrew, a pair of scissors and a buttonhook attachment. It will be appreciated by its masculine recipient.

A girl with a taste for needlework can manufacture a pair of silver-mounted suspenders that will cost only half the sum demanded for them in the stores.

Nearly every man likes a clock for his dressing table. You can, if you are ingenious, get one of the little dollar clocks and glorify it by mounting it on a wooden framework upon which you have written a motto in liquid gold.

Give a man the biggest and squarest paper basket you can find. Coax it into elegance by liberal coats of white enamel paint and plant upon one side of it a "splashing" bow.

If there is a "pottery bakery" within reach, get one of the good-natured workmen to turn off a pair of beer steins for you and decorate them yourself with dashes of Pompeiian red and Dutch blue.

A tiny brass chain with a large and very sharp pair of scissors attached makes an acceptable present for a literary friend with a mania for "clippings." Let the chain have a large screw attached to the end for fastening to a desk.

Men like more than people give them credit for liking, pretty pots of growing flowers, finely illustrated books, ornaments for the bureau and dresser, embroidered handkerchiefs and nightshirts, perfumes, fancy soaps, sachets and all kinds of sweet-smelling things, as well as good brush brooms, hand satchels and traveling rugs.

Select whatever you may be going to give to your father or brother—or somebody else's brother—and then see how daintily you can put your own individuality into the gift without making it too fussy or fine for every-day masculine use.

Pen Painting.

Many nice little knick-knacks can be made from satin or velvet embellished with lustra or pen painting. Those who have not a quick eye for drawing are advised to iron off the design from a transfer pattern, or trace it with a few stitches and to tear off the paper. There is then little difficulty in the filling in and shading. Handsome plastrons and dress trimmings can be made in this manner, or the 'prentice hand can be tried upon bags, cushions, slippers or any similar article.

Cigars.

Call on us any evening next week (will have store open evenings), make a selection from our large stock of cigars. We guarantee satisfaction. We know merit wins, whenever found out. No mistake in our stock. All our Cigars are selected to meet the demands of the most exacting. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the brand you are now using, give us a call; our assortment is large, quality of the best; sure to please you.

MICHAUD BROS.,
Leading Grocers,
Corner Wabasha and Seventh Streets.

Wonders From a Well.

Columbus Dispatch.

On July 7, 1890, workmen engaged in sinking an artesian well in Sandy valley, near Niria, N. M., struck an open stream from which a cold stream or current of air rushed with such force as to remove a twelve pound rock that had been placed over the opening. This current of air was charged with millions of small bugs, each having but two legs, no wings and a small red circle on the back. They lived but a short time after coming into the light and warm air.

Southern Tourist Resorts

Best reached via the Burlington Route—Scenic Mississippi River Line. Choice of routes via Chicago or St. Louis. Free reclining chair cars and Pullman sleepers on all through trains. Parties contemplating a trip South will find it to their advantage to call at City Ticket Office, 164 East Third street, for full information concerning rates routes, etc.

Beautiful Hands.

St. Louis Republic.

Not only the ladies should have pretty hands—a rough, untidy pair of hands is just as unnecessary for a man to have as a woman—beautiful white hands very many can have if nature has been kind enough to bestow upon them fair skins. All may have neat looking, smooth hands. A lemon, some oatmeal, palm oil, soap and tepid water and a few ounces of glycerine will be all sufficient to accomplish the desired result. After the hands are washed clean in the water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of glycerine, and the palm-oil soap freely used, rub over the wet hands the lemon juice; apply it especially well about the nails, for it hardens the skin and prevents the formation of hang nails.

Advantages of Summer Life.

New York Press.

It is one of the advantages of life at a summer resort that people of different sorts are brought together. Men may live side by side in the city for years without ever speaking to each other, but when they meet in the mountains, or on some seaside piazza, they will very likely become mutually communicative at very short notice.