

Chikoot Pass.
 President Wallace says that with the completion of the rail and tramway over the Chikoot Pass, February first next, passengers and freight from Dyea can be landed at Lake Lindeman in twelve hours, which means via St. Paul and Northern Pacific to Lake Lindeman, from Chicago eight days. Send two cents postage to Chas. S. Fox, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., for the latest and best map folder on the Klondike and Alaskan mining country. The Northern Pacific is the pioneer line in Alaska passenger business, and runs solid vestibule, steam-heated passenger trains to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, with dining cars, Standard and Pullman tourist, and free colossal sleeping cars. Berth reservations can be made through any district passenger agent.

Mrs. Holack—They say that our minister is one of the most eloquent after-dinner speakers in the country. Mr. Holack—If that is true I wish he'd eat his dinner just before the morning service.

YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM.

The Fury of an Unfettered Element Falls to Crash Them—The Fire Fined Defied.
 The news comes from Attica, Ind., of the destruction, by fire, of the big laboratory and office building of the Sterling Remedy company, makers of Cascarets Candy Cathartic and No-To-Ene, the original guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The preparations made by this big corporation are known throughout the world.

The fire broke out in one of the packing rooms on the third floor during the noon hour, and had made considerable headway before it was discovered. The Sterling Remedy company is the principal industry of the beautiful little city of Attica, employing several hundred people, besides being affiliated with the interests at the Indiana Mineral Springs, the famous Magna-Mud Cure. The entire population was worked up to a frenzy of excitement. Meanwhile the almost proverbial energy and presence of mind of "Hustling" Harry Kramer, the general manager of The Sterling Remedy company, was displayed. He was the coolest man at the scene. He quietly walked away, and secured a big carriage show room near by, and had all office furniture, charred and delapidated as it was, taken there. Several shipments were made, and on Friday morning, all departments were at work in various rooms about town, while a gang of men were clearing away the wreckage preliminary to rebuilding.

The actual damage amounts to many thousands of dollars; the loss due to interruption of business and confusion of detail is incalculable, but pluck and energy of one man will turn defeat into victory and move the wheels of business to ever-increasing speed. Nothing can stop the success of Cascarets and No-To-Ene with such characteristic force behind them.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

Could Not Weaken Such Testimony As This.

(From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.)
 The following statement is one of great interest to many a citizen of Kalamazoo, and a man as well known as Mr. Wallace should carry more than ordinary weight with our readers. Here it is as taken down by our representative:

"My name is John A. Wallace. I am a member of the firm of J. A. Wallace & Co., doing business as tinners, etc., at 106 Eleanor Street, Kalamazoo, in which city I also reside. For the past nine or ten months I have been having attacks of kidney complaint, the pain in my back over my hips was very severe at times; my urinary system was also in a bad state of derangement, sometimes the urine was sandy and then again the amount would be excessive, and a difficulty of passage always existed. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills at a time when I felt that I was going to be sick, but their use warded off an attack, and I am now feeling very much better; the urinary organism has regained a normal condition, and the terrific pain in my back is much reduced in severity, while it is now fast going away altogether. I am continuing the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, with positive feeling that they will effect on me a permanent and speedy cure. I have unbounded confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills as a remedy for all kidney ailments; have good reason to be, as they have done so much for me."

Can you ask any more than this? Doan's Kidney Pills are relieving more backs of the burdens they have been forced to bear through the kidneys than all other means devised, and better still, they are doing this right here in Michigan. Ask any one who has ever taken them and see what they will say.
 Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

A large circle of acquaintances beloved friends greater happiness than read and a few letters well known and well read are better than a whole library. A few books well chosen and well read are better than a whole world. If he'll the time were spent in reading either religion or philosophy.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

How baldness begins.

How to prevent it.

Every person, male or female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered regularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It's so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to loosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to fall. The instant need in such a case is some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, restores the original color to gray or faded

SOME EVILS OF AUCTIONS.

Unpleasant Experiences Frequently Encountered by Innocent Bidders.

Now that the shopping season is at hand, when the housewife, the bargain-hunter and the connoisseur are in quest of places where they may spend their money to the best advantage, deliberation over the things to be avoided is suggested by the annoying experience of casual patrons of a certain class of auctions, says the New York Times. It is conceded by those who have had experience that the best grades are the cheapest and that the cheapest places to purchase them are at the reliable stores, where one can inspect the article at leisure, consult the advice of friends and primarily where there is assurance of proper and honest treatment should the purchase prove unsatisfactory through unavoidable causes, which often occurs. This is the advantage of dealing with a first-class house, and the consciousness of knowing that one will be fairly dealt with is a personal satisfaction and safe-guard. The ordeal usually encountered at auctions is, without doubt, unsatisfactory and repulsive, especially to the refined and delicate feelings of a woman. To be compelled to sit, often for hours, in the motley crowd which usually frequents these shops, and then to make one's self conspicuous by bidding and competing with strangers of all classes and being compelled to hurriedly accept the article, which has been displayed in a false light, only for a moment, only enhancing its appearance, are all decidedly unpleasant experiences. The purchaser, under such circumstances, gradually recognizes the inconvenience to which she has been subjected. She is kept waiting in a shop where the honest light of day is not permitted to penetrate, but where the heat and unhealthy atmosphere are so oppressive that she becomes desirous of obtaining some bargain, in compensation for this experience. In the excitement of the moment she is misled by the extravagant remarks of the auctioneer, and in her haste purchases some useless article on which she is required to pay a large deposit. The innocent bidder does not for the moment suspect that the woman near her, extolling her purchases, and also others who were competing against her, are employed by the auctioneer or owner for the particular purpose of increasing the bids, but such is often the case. Nor does the innocent bidder imagine that the "late distinguished citizen" whose effects are ostensibly being sold never saw the article attributed to have been his, and which was the prime reason of her extravagant purchase. There are, however, many who know that some auctioneers grasp at any opportunity to obtain some single trifle which was once in the possession of a prominent citizen, in order to falsely impress the public that all the articles catalogued came from the same source. The auctioneer, knowing the vanity of the eager bidders in this direction, will often cause them to pay ridiculous prices for some desired memento. There are many subterfuges resorted to by the modern faker in the auction room, which the public seems more and more disposed to steer clear of.

Rechristening London Streets.

London streets are being rechristened by the Italians who make their living in them. Regent street they call the "Stradone del Campanile Aguzzo," the street of the pointed steeple; Kensington gardens is "Il Parco del Palazzo alte," the park of high palaces; Trafalgar square, "La Piazza delle Fontane," the square of fountains; the streets around Notting Hill gate are called "Il paese delle Lavandaje," the washerwomen's country, while Hyde Park corner and the Wellington statue is "Cavallinton," a corruption for "cavalla alto Wellington," high horse Wellington. Pimlico has a French name, "Il Faubourg."

A Female Conductor.

Mrs. Caroline Morse runs the custom house elevator in San Francisco, Cal. She is the widow of a sailor, and she cares for and educates her family by means of her work. She was appointed under ex-President Harrison's administration, and was deposed during Cleveland's first term, but San Francisco demanded her reinstatement.

His Own Ideas.

Old Lady—It's extremely naughty of you to behave in that way, Johnny. Don't you know that the devil suggests all those wicked actions? Boy—Well, auntie, the devil might have suggested the biting and the scratching but the spitting was my own idea entirely.—The Sketch.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



REGINA COELI.

AY, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see in a mild, silent little maid like thee? And was it awful in that narrow house, With God for babe and spouse? Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son, Nothing to thee came strange in this, Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss; Wondrous, for though True Virgin lives not but does know (Howbeit none ever yet confessed) That God lies really in her breast, Of thine he made his special nest And so, All mothers worship little feet And kiss the very ground they've trod, But, ah, thy little Baby Sweet, Who was indeed thy God! —Coventry Patmore.



When Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100-franc note raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell. With reeling brain and falling limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. For some minutes he gazed vaguely about this private gambling hell in which he had wasted the best years of his youth, recognizing one by one the plundered heads of the three great green shades. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer, there were two army pistols which had been bravely used by his father, General De Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then utterly worn out, he slept profoundly.

He awoke with parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half hour. An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime. Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up to Lucien and mouthed a few words in his dirty beard. "Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and 17 has not turned up once. * * * Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if 17 does not come out in a few minutes, when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pocket to pay the tax known by the house habitués as "The Pole's Pence." He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he had been in doors heavy snow had fallen and the

street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky. The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer. Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene. On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of 6 or 7, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone. One of her old shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over and lay in the snow. Lucien de Hem felt mechanically for his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc, nor a pourboire for the valet. However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would perhaps have carried her in his arms to give her a night shelter, had he not seen something shining in the old shoe as it lay in the snow. He bent over. It was a gold louis. Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous aim had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence. A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawing, thick voice, mumbling: "Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if 17 does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then the young man of 23, coming of honest stock with a magnificent military record, never falling in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous rush, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight. "All on 17!" Seventeen won. With a turn of his hand he shoved the 36 louis on red. Red won. He left 72 louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the doubled stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank notes in front of him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In 10 plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By putting 200 or 300 louis at once he would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away. In his haste to play he had kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank notes and gold pieces. He now had to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trouser pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a red-hot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow; of the little beggar he had robbed. "She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes 1—I swear it—I

will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always." The clock struck 1, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before 2 the banker rose abruptly and said in a sharp voice: "Enough for the day, gentlemen; the bank is closed." Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eyeing him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and ran to the stone bench. "Thank God!" he cried; "she is still there!" He seized her hand. "Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!" As he lifted her in his arms the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. How children sleep, he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With terrible suspicion Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died of cold. His throat contracted in awful agony, he tried to cry out * * * and in the effort—he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at the club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at 5 o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A noisy December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawed his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs. Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card. It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha giving aims to a little Span-



HE APPROACHED THE LITTLE GIRL.

ish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty. He had put a gold louis in the child's hand.

In Excelsis Gloria.

(A hymn dating from the 13th century.)
 Christ is born of maiden fair; Hark! the heralds in the air! Thus adoring hear them there, "In excelsis gloria!"
 Shepherds saw those angels bright, Carolling in glorious light; God, His Son, is born tonight, In excelsis gloria!
 Christ is come to save mankind, As in holy page we find, Therefore sing with reverent mind, In excelsis gloria!
 A Prince an Electrician.
 Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography, and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

DIDN'T LIKE TENNYSON'S HAT

Foot's Headgear Caused Gladstone to Hesitate About a Coronet.
 From the London News: Did Mr. Gladstone seriously hesitate to offer a coronet to Tennyson because the poet wore a wideawake instead of a tall hat? That he did so is the gravely made statement of Tennyson's biographer, who prints the journal he kept in the Pembroke castle, where the offer was made: "The only difficulty in Gladstone's mind was that my father might insist on wearing a wideawake in the house of lords." A correspondent who called Mr. Gladstone's attention to this statement has received the following judicious reply, which the Academy is permitted to print, in settlement of the curious point of social etiquette: "The wideawake," Mr. Gladstone writes, "is, I think, made to play a part more grave than history warrants. But I do not doubt there may have been some half-jesting reference to it. Costume," Mr. Gladstone adds, "is a matter not without importance, and has given trouble to speakers of the house of commons." Perhaps Mr. Gladstone may have in his mind among other incidents the following: In January, 1871, John Martin was elected for the county of Meath, a constituency for which he sat till his death in 1875, when he was succeeded by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Martin, who had been a leader in the young Ireland movement of 1848, and had undergone a lengthened term of imprisonment and subsequently of exile, had in his wanderings got into the habit of wearing a slouch hat, to which he was determined to adhere at St. Stephen's. On taking the oath he walked up the floor of the house with this musical headgear in his hand, and was subsequently observed at the side of their chair in close converse with Speaker Denison. Mr. Martin sought the speaker's counsel to know whether he might wear in the house the slouch hat to which he had been so long accustomed. To this the speaker saw no objection, although he pointedly observed that it was the usual practice to wear a tall silk hat. Mr. Martin then said that perhaps Mr. Speaker's views would be met by his appearance in the house of commons uncovered.

LOCHINVAR IN A BUGGY.

Girl Elopes with Another Man on Her Wedding Night.
 From Oakman, Walker county, Alabama, comes the story of a marriage which did not take place in the usual way. James Willingham, a prominent young farmer residing near Berry, was to have been married a few nights ago to a Miss Brown, one of the belles of Oakman. All preparations were made for the affair, which was expected to be the swell society event of the season. Willingham and four friends drove over from Berry to Oakman in buggies. They reached the home of the prospective bride's parents but a short time before the hour set for the marriage. The guests were rapidly gathered and the kitchen and dining-room presented a scene of great activity, where preparations were in progress for an elaborate wedding supper. Just before the arrival of the bride hour it was found that the bride was missing. Investigation brought to light the fact that a short time before she had quietly left the house and, having met another lover, had eloped with him. The pair drove rapidly across the country to Jasper and were married. Willingham took the matter good naturedly, but the assembled guests and the parents of the young lady were greatly shocked. However, at Willingham's suggestion the supper was served and all partook of it, none more heartily than the disappointed young man whose intended bride at that hour was hurrying to Jasper with a young farmer named J. T. Echols.

PUZZLED OVER THE HORSE.

Humor of a Scotchman While in an Unpleasant Predicament.
 From the Pittsburg Dispatch: Sandy McFadyen, a Forfarshire farmer, had been spending an hour or two in the evening with a friend a couple of miles away. It was a moonlight night, and Sandy, after partaking freely of his friend's hospitality, was riding quietly home across the sheep pastures on his "guid auld mare," when they came to an open ditch which the mare refused to cross. "Hoot, awa', Maggie," said the rider, "this winna dae. Ye manna just gang over." He turned back about a hundred yards, wheeled round and gave the mare a touch of his whip. On she went at a brisk canter, but just as they reached the edge of the ditch she stopped dead and shot Sandy clear over to the other side. Gathering himself up, Sandy looked his mare straight in the face and said: "Very weel pitched, indeed, ma lesa. But hoo are ye gaen' to get ower yersel', eh?"

Women Criminals Outnumber Men.

Russia's penal statistics show that in the dominion of the czar the women criminals outnumber the men by nearly 50 per cent, just the contrary being the case in other countries. Most of the women criminals are unmarried, and the majority come from the laboring classes in the cities.

A Long-Felt Want.

Simkins—I've got a patentable idea, I expect to make a fortune out of it. Timkins—What is it? Simkins—A scarf pin shield that will prevent a man from getting tangled up in his best girl's hair.

Willing to Divide.

Policeman—"Here, you can't sleep on this corner." Mr. Lushington—"Shay, come off! Plenty room here fr' both of ush."