

TIGER IN PHILOSOPHICAL MOOD

Having Suicide in Mind, Meeting Was Decidedly Lucky.

A small dark coon was walking one day in the desert for the sake of his appetite when he ran full tilt into a large and comparatively healthy tiger. The coon realized, instinctively, that he would require to exert all his wits to keep things going on as satisfactorily as usual. And so he spoke up in a perfectly candid way.

"Good morning," he said to the tiger, who did not answer but looked at him roguishly.

"The desert air is fine this morning," continued the coon, and the tiger smiled in a humorous manner.

"But I derive no benefit from this fine air," proceeded the coon, "for I am ill. Yes, I have taken poison!" he went on, with a feverish look in his deep brown eyes. "Last night I ate a pallid of strong arsenic which I mistook for whitewash. My physician tells me that I am so saturated with poison that, if anything only just touches me, nothing could postpone immediate death. If you, for instance, touched me with your teeth, only it would kill me instantaneously. Nothing could postpone death!"

"Why wish to postpone death?" said the tiger, cheerily. "I may tell you that I consider this meeting sheer good luck, for I am tired of life and came out to commit suicide. Kindly stand still, so while I spring. A little farther to the left, please. Thank you!"—Punch.

Words of Wisdom.

Westfield, Ill., Dec. 18th (Special)—All who are suffering with Bright's Disease, should read carefully the following letter from the Rev. G. L. Good of this place. He says:—

"I feel it is my duty to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am a Minister of the Gospel, and in my work, I am frequently exposed to all weathers. Six years ago, I was laid up sick. I doctored with a number of physicians, and finally consulted a specialist, but without success. They all told me I had Bright's Disease. I was in a bad way and almost helpless when, thank God, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They saved my life. I took sixteen boxes and now I am cured. The first day I took them I felt relief. When I began I weighed only one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am the picture of health. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends who have Kidney Trouble and I pray to God that other sufferers will read these words and be helped by them."

The American Working Woman.
The picture of the American working woman has yet to be painted. It will be a composite picture embodying many types, with one characteristic—earnestness. She will be soberly and sensibly garbed, with a dash of color, for the working woman knows and appreciates the meaning of color, and life is full of meaning to her. The chin and hands will portray power and purpose, about the mouth the inscrutable smile of the self-poised individual. The eyes clear and far-seeing, looking fearlessly and trustfully into the future, in their depths the sadness of the human struggle they are engaged in. Hope and expectation and an understanding of things and events in her attitude.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Carlyle's Story.
One of the richest stories concerning "Pickwick Papers" was told by Carlyle, and it shows the enormous interest with which the monthly parts were awaited. A clergyman went to give ghostly consolation to a sick person, and, having done so, was astonished to hear him say, when he had left the room, "Well, thank heaven, Pickwick will be out in ten days, anyway!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Extensive Industry in Grapes.
Shipping and keeping grapes in cork dust is quite an industry in some of the European grape districts. A considerable quantity of such grapes, shipped from Spain, is annually consumed in the United States.

Ever Hear of "Scotty" and His Record-Breaking Ride?

The story, briefly told, is this: Walter Scott, the Death Valley gold miner, made the trip from Los Angeles to Chicago last summer on a special train over the "Santa Fe" in less than 45 hours. That whirlwind train cost him more than \$6,000. It was the fastest long distance run over mountains and plains ever made on any American railway. It demonstrated beyond dispute that the Santa Fe track, equipment and employees are of the dependable kind. Probably you wouldn't care to ride so fast. You prefer the luxury of our three trains from Utah and Colorado to Everywhere East and Southwest. Ask me for ticket rates and literature.

C. F. WARREN,
G. A. T. & S. F. Ry.
411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Pathos and Humor in Ad.
In the "Situations Wanted" in the London Express was this advertisement: "Galloping consumption of means; Dr. Work wanted. Address, Patient, Bed 648, Daily Express, Tottenham street."

The Swell Christmas Dinner on the Yukon

In the winter of '93 at a brand new mining camp on the Yukon there was a select society. One dark afternoon just before Christmas, with the mercury standing below the zero mark at some 20 odd, and a bitter wind sweeping down the river, the host flew into the cozy office of the agent.

"I want you to do two things for me."
"All right," said the agent, with ready courtesy, "what do you lack?"
"In the first place," said the host, "I want you to take Christmas dinner with me."
"That's easy," said the agent.

"In the second place, I want you to help me out with the dinner."
"Take the whole house if you want it."
"No, I don't quite want the house," said the host, "but I want that little Frenchman, your cook—what's his name?"

"Louis is yours," said the agent.
"And I want a whole lot of other things," said the host, with a sigh. "I'm afraid I'm up against it hard."
"What's the game?" said the agent.
"Well, you see, it's this way," said the host, "I've invited the governor and his son, and the general and his wife, and you and I make up the party. Further, I have asked each guest to choose some dish he would like for dinner, and, however difficult, I have agreed to provide it."

"Well, I admire your nerve," said the agent, "you must imagine that San Francisco or New Orleans is just around the next bend in the river. Do you know what the word Yukon means?"
"No," said the host, despondently.
"It means, 'nothing to eat.'"
"Before we go any further," said the host, "entirely ignoring the agent's triumph, 'what is yours?'"

"Rum omelet," said the agent, without a moment's hesitation.
"Hum!" mused the host, "rum, of course, but that means fresh eggs, with nothing but scrambled eggs in the town. Canned eggs won't omelet; I've tried 'em."
"Blackie's got a hen," suggested the agent, "she roosts on the foot of his bed to keep from freezing to death."

"Yes, I know," said the host, "but she laid her last egg on the steamer just before it reached town. No hope at all there."
"He's up against the real thing now," sang the agent with delight. "By the way, what did the others choose?"

"To begin with the easiest, the governor's son wants some dish cooked in the French fashion."
"Why not let Louis make a caribou saute?" suggested the agent.
"Just the thing."
"What next?"

"The general's wife wants fresh potatoes. No evaporated or granulated spuds go."
"Got any?" asked the host anxiously.
"Frozen ones," said the agent.
"Will they do boiled?"

"No, mashed," said the agent, "whip 'em up with a little butter and canned cream and then brown 'em in the oven."
"Bully," said the host, lapsing into the vernacular of the west and rubbing his hands together.
"What does the governor want?" asked the agent.

"Marrow on toast," said the host dubiously.
"Not a cow brute this side of Dawson, and that is 775 1/4 miles up the Yukon. Better start an airship for Seattle at once. There are two horses in town, you might buy one and—hold on a minute," as the dawn of an idea appeared in his eyes, "wait till I go out and look on the roof of the cabin." He stepped out of the door and returned in a few moments looking mysteriously triumphant.

"What on the roof of your old cabin?" said the host skeptically.
The agent tiptoed dramatically up to him, put his hand to his mouth and said in a loud stage whisper, "Moose shanks."
"What?" said the host.

"Frozen moose bones full of marrow," explained the agent, beaming. "You see I have had several moose hams this fall, and as fast as the meat was cut off Louis threw them on the roof of the cabin, intending to make soup for the dogs. Now what will be the dogs' loss will be the governor's gain, for those bones are full of marrow, everyone of them."
"Shake," said the host as he extended his right hand.

"Now let's see," said the agent musing, "what's next? O yes, the general. But you the drinks I know what he wants. He wants booze."
"You're not so much," said the host, laughing. "I guessed that myself. When I asked him, he put the whole proposition in as few words as possible; all he said was, 'lashin's o' champagne.'"
"That means plenty, I suppose," said the agent.
"Of course; got any?"
"I've some extra dry, \$75 a case,"

replied the agent in his most business-like tone.
"Send up two cases."
"Now," said the host briskly, "these matters being settled, how about eggs?"
"There are the suicide's eggs," murmured the agent.

"What," said the host incredulously, "did that man who hanged himself with a wire from a beam in his cabin have fresh eggs?"
"Why, didn't you know," said the agent with surprise, "it was brooding on 18,000 eggs that caused him to commit suicide. He thought they were all bad, you see."

"But they weren't all bad, only he didn't find it out until after he was dead," protested the agent with a grin. "I was a member of the coroner's jury that sat on the case, and when we investigated the effects of deceased we found sixteen barrels of fresh eggs worth \$2 a dozen."

"Let me tell you what to do when you go to buy your eggs," continued the agent, not noticing the interruption. "Take a pocketful of money, a cold chisel and a hammer."
"What's all that for?" asked the host with a show of interest.

"Well, you see the eggs are in lard, like holes in a cheese, and the lard is frozen solid as a rock. The probate court has charge of the matter and they sell the eggs for \$2 a dozen in the lard, purchaser's risk. You have to get 'em out yourself. If you get six whole eggs out of a dozen you are a dandy. They won't let you use a steam thawer because it would boil all the eggs. I want to tell you that the probate court of this town is strictly on to its job."

"Is there anything else that you want that you don't see?"
"Yes," replied the host. "I want roses. They are my choice. But in latitude 64 degrees north, and in the dead of an Arctic winter, one might as well wish for a chunk of Polaris."

"O I don't know," said the agent encouragingly, "how would a dozen 'jacks' and a dozen American beauties do, with a few sprays of apple blossoms to lay on the table?"
"What's the use of trying to be funny," said the host in an injured tone. "It's not in the least becoming."

The agent made no reply to this but quietly stepped into the other room and returned presently with a birch-bark vase in each hand. One contained a large bunch of magnificent jacquemints and the other an equally handsome lot of American beauties.

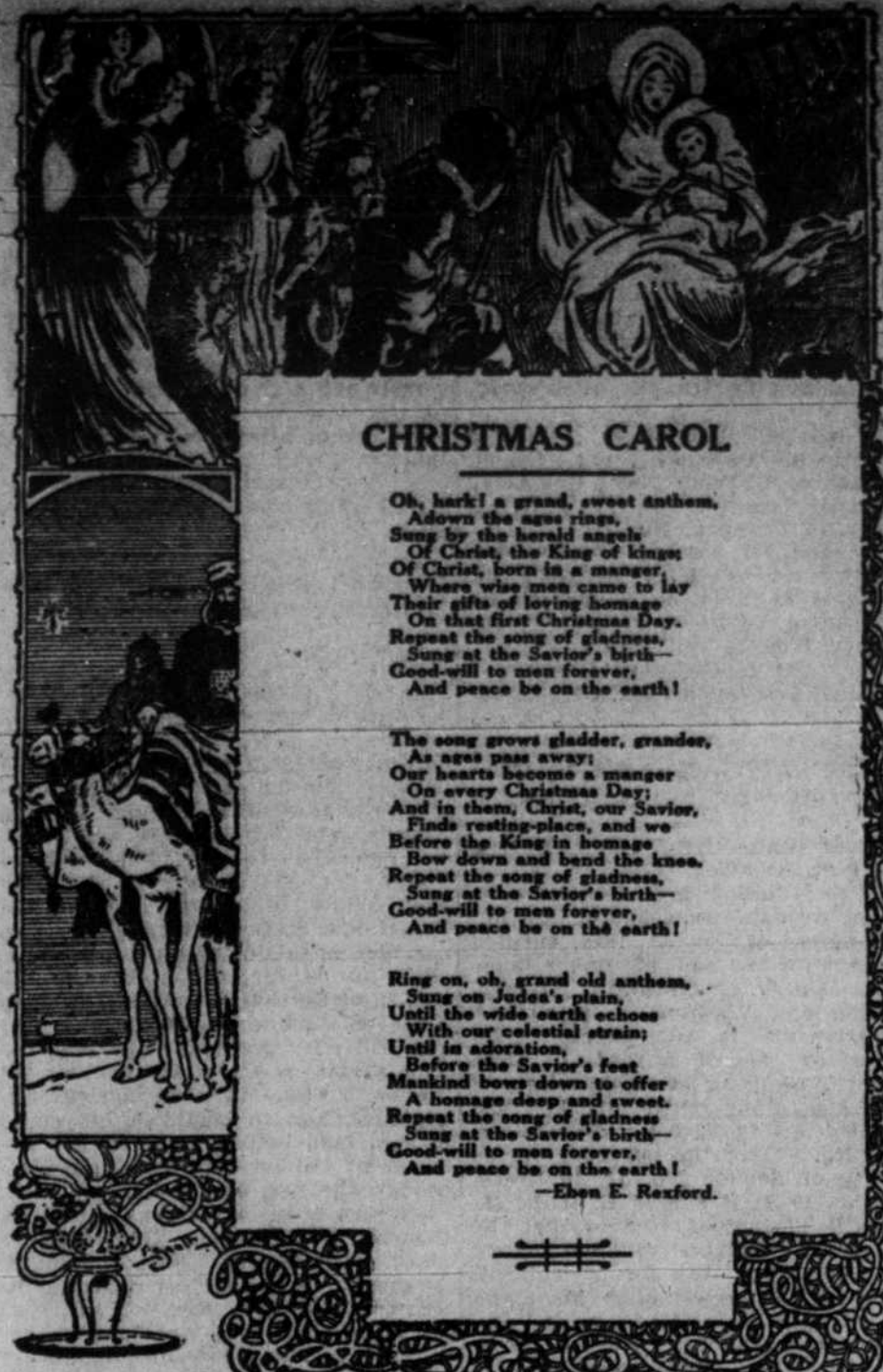
"Well, I'll be—jiggered," said the host, catching himself just in time, "you could knock me down with a feather."
"That's what they are," said the agent complacently.
"Spray a little perfume on 'em and after about two of the general's 'lashin's' nobody could tell 'em," said the agent.

"Where did you get them?" asked the host with interest.
"O," said the agent, who was inclined to be poetical, "they fluttered down from the wings of Aurora!"
"Fluttered down from the wings of geese," replied the host, who was not in the least so.

"Well, they are goose feathers," admitted the agent reluctantly, "but you needn't be so disgustingly matter of fact about it. Besides I've got the apple blossoms upstairs in the store."
"I must be getting home," said the host, worming himself awkwardly into his squirrel skin parkie. "Dinner at 6 o'clock sharp, and don't forget to send up all the stuff, including Louis, the marrow bones and the roses. Good night," and off he went.—Samuel Hubbard, Jr., in Sunset Magazine.

Christmas Table Charades.
These charades may be "acted" with the ordinary utensils to be found in kitchen or dining-room, using the dinner table for the stage. Put an orange seed at the left side of a chair and they will represent Sedan Chair (seed and chair). Put the charred head of a match to the left of a raisin stone and you have Coal Pit. Lay four toothpicks, an oyster, a napkin ring and several knives in a row. They will represent Four Roystering Blades (four oyster ring blades). The cayenne pepper castor alongside of a watch stands for a Hot Time. A watch and a tray stand for Watch and Wait. A bit of cheese laid on a chair seat signifies The Seat of the Mighty (mittey). Open the door and lay a china plate in the threshold. It means The Open Door for China. Hundreds of funny combinations can be made, and everybody can take a hand at presenting a problem.

First English Christmas Tree.
The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444. A tree was then set up in the middle of a pavement and decked with ivy as well as with other green leaves. From this use it was finally taken into the home, decorated with candles, and eventually with anything which glistened and enhanced its brightness.



CHRISTMAS CAROL

Oh, hark! a grand, sweet anthem,
Adorn the ages rings,
Sing by the herald angels
Of Christ, the King of kings
Of Christ, born in a manger,
Whom wise men came to lay
Their gifts of loving homage
On that first Christmas Day.
Repeat the song of gladness,
Sing at the Savior's birth—
Good-will to men forever,
And peace be on the earth!

The song grows gladder, grander,
An angel's voice,
Our hearts become a manger
On every Christmas Day;
And in them, Christ, our Savior,
Finds resting-place, and we
Before the King in homage
Bow down and bend the knee.
Repeat the song of gladness,
Sing at the Savior's birth—
Good-will to men forever,
And peace be on the earth!

Ring on, oh, grand old anthem,
Sing on Judaea's plain,
Until the wide earth echoes
With our celestial strain;
Until in adoration,
Before the Savior's feet
Mankind bows down to offer
A homage deep and sweet.
Repeat the song of gladness,
Sing at the Savior's birth—
Good-will to men forever,
And peace be on the earth!

—Eben E. Rexford.

Suggested by the Season

Of all beautiful legends, of all beautiful verse, of all stories told in all the life of the whole world, there is no tale so wondrously beautiful as the story of the Christ-child. Every man and every woman must recall those long-ago, faraway days when first the story was told to them, the story of the little babe in the manger, of the star of Bethlehem, with its rain of fire, the shepherds, the wise men and the doings of the angels. And with this memory come back other memories, mental visions of those whom we loved and who have passed away; of all the sweet joys of childhood, when the world was a playground instead of a workshop; of fond dreams and childish disappointments. Christmas day is a time when we must pause on the journey and rest by the wayside, savoring the golden hours for reverie and tasting the sweets of generosity and tender charity.

But how about the woman whose mind is running over with thoughtfulness for others, who is decent and kind to her cook, who is considerate of the aged, eager to help the needy and always the fine, splendid helper and friend to all who know her?

Let me tell you something. It is in her heart that you will find genuine contentment. No matter what horrible anxieties she has suffered, what dreadful troubles she has dragged wearily through, what pain and cares have been hers, she is the one who knows the calm, sweet comfort that comes when she looks out into a gray sky and realizes that she has done good to some one, that she has brought a smile to quivering lips, a light to discouraged eyes, life to a heart without hope.

She doesn't have to wait until Christmas. Every day is that—and more—to her.

There is a woman I know, and she had nothing at all—father, mother, brother or sister or even a home. But she had something else that lots of people have not, and that is courage—and she was only a little slip of a girl, too. But she worked very hard for quite a number of long years, and now she has many things which she has always wanted—little luxuries that every woman loves—pretty things in her home and pretty things to wear.

The other day in a shopping crowd she met another woman who, like herself, had carved a little niche in the world of hard work, and this other woman said:

"Aren't you proud of yourself for having accomplished something? I am."
The first woman was silent for a moment. Then she said:
"No, I am not proud of myself, I can't be—yet. I've done so very little compared with what I want to do, and learned so little when I wished to learn so much. But I am tremendously happy that when I want to buy some little comfort for somebody or send a box of flowers to somebody or give some little child a happiness it is in my power to do so. My years of work have been worth this mighty, sweet reward."

Won't you try to let a little more of the holy spirit of the hour sink into your soul, and won't you remember that your stay and mine and your neighbor's and everybody's is dreadfully limited here in this pleasant vale of smiles and laughter? There's no telling where any of us will be this time next year, so live this Christmas as happily and as generously as you can.

There's something else, too. If you are going to help a little child hang up a tiny stocking, and if you are now answering all sorts of questions about Santa Claus and chimneys and reindeers and if, on Christmas Eve, you go to a little bedside and kiss the sweetest little lips in all the world, fall upon your knees and thank God, for you are blessed!

A Merry Christmas to you all.

"Yule" is Scandinavian.
The word "Yule" has in reality nothing to do with Christmas. It is an old Scandinavian word, signifying the winter solstice, which was always kept as a feast by the heathen Goths.

Old Irish Superstition.
It is an old Irish superstition that gold should not be paid away on Christmas day, nor silver lent.

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all diseases should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes, criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weakness, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weakness, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares, and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famous remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to rest from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they obtain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air, with moderate, light exercise is also very important. Let the patient observe these rules and the "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorates and regulates stomach, liver and bowels.

Skins Used in This Country.

This country is the greatest consumer of hides and skins in the world. It uses in a year 48,000,000 goat skins, 24,000,000 sheep skins, 16,000,000 hides of all kinds, 9,000,000 calf skins and 2,000,000 other skins. It imports all its goat skins a total amount of about \$25,000,000 worth, and over \$10,000,000 worth of hides and over \$17,000,000 worth of other skins, a total of over \$50,000,000 worth of hides and skins. Germany imports one-third less hides an skins than does this country, and England and France each import one-half as much.—Shoe Retailer.

AGONY OF SORE HANDS.

Cracked and Peeled—Water and Heat Caused Intense Pain—Could Do No Housework—Grateful to Cuticura.

"My hands cracked and peeled, and were so sore it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put them in water I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to cook, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted two doctors, but their prescriptions were utterly useless. And now after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment my hands are entirely well, and I am very grateful. (Signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 18 Dana St., Roxbury, Mass."

Owl Served for Quail.

Lovers of game in this city have been eating owl under the impression that the toothsome morsels served to them were quail. As expert evidence seems to be necessary to determine just what sort of birds are being served up for the epicures of the city, perhaps there is no real cause for disquietment. If owl by another name tastes good why should it not be a favorite dish?—San Francisco Chronicle.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a quick, sure, and safe remedy, prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free with Druggists, or to **HALL'S CATARRH CURE CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.** Sold by Druggists, everywhere.

Now He Knows.

"When you go up to the city and see the multitudes of people there, thousands and thousands of 'em, you wonder how they all live," said the Old Codger, in his sarcastic, grating way. "But after them same city people get through with you the mystery ain't by any means as great as it was."—Puck.

DON'T FORGET

A large 5-oz. Package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 6 cents. The Ross Company, South Bend, Ind.

Well, is it?

When a man can enjoy three square meals a day it is mighty hard to make him believe that the country is going to the dogs.—New York Press.

Pierce's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Brewster, Vanburnen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1890.

Youthful Burglars With Sense.

During the hearing of a charge of house-breaking against a number of youths in Edinburgh it was stated that each member of the gang has promised the leader not to touch intoxicating liquors during "business hours."

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Drug Store returned money if it fails to cure. 25c. 50c. 75c. 1.00. 1.50. 2.00. 2.50. 3.00. 3.50. 4.00. 4.50. 5.00. 5.50. 6.00. 6.50. 7.00. 7.50. 8.00. 8.50. 9.00. 9.50. 10.00.

The Thumb's Value.

Various estimates have been made as to the relative industrial value of the thumb and fingers. Two French experts consider that the loss of the right thumb lessens the value of the hand 30 per cent; the left thumb 20 per cent; the index finger 10 to 20 per cent; and middle finger 5 to 10 per cent.

SHADOWS
Lonely over the dying ember
of the past recall.
And remember in December
April buds and August sales,
As the shadows fall and rise,
As the shadows rise and fall.