

Sunday Reading.

Bessie's Gift.

"How long is it till Christmas, mamma?"
 "Only a month, dearie."
 "Will I be well by that time?"
 "I don't know, my darling." Mamma's face was sad as she said it, but she tried to keep a cheery tone. "If you are not you will still try to be patient, I am sure."
 Bessie lay for a while silent. Two or three months before she had been thrown from a carriage and hurt. Very weary, indeed, had been the weeks since in which she had had to lie still.
 "Mamma," she said at length, "do you remember those poor little hospital children we went to see a little while before I was hurt?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "And we were so sorry for them. And we all said we'd do something nice for them."
 "Yes," said mamma. "But since we've had one poor little hospital girlie at home I'm afraid we've forgotten the others."
 "I wanted to do something for them myself. Aunt Lucy said she'd show me how. I wanted to dress some little dolls, and now I'd like to do it more than ever, because I know what it is to be sick. But I haven't done anything."
 "Bessie," said mamma, "I think you might do it; you are so much better now. If you like I will get you the dolls and you may try."
 "Oh, I would like it," said the little girl a flush of pleasure spreading over her pale face. "Mamma, don't you remember when you talked to us about Christmas being Jesus' birthday?"
 "Yes, Bessie."
 "And how people love to give presents that day because Jesus came as a gift of himself to us all? And now we ought to think of giving presents to him because it is his own birthday—and we can do that by giving to the poor little ones he loves."
 "Yes, dear, but don't tire yourself with talking."
 "No; but I'd like to give the dolls for a Christmas gift to the hospital children."
 Six small dolls and plenty of gay bits of silk were bought, and for a few days Bessie's eyes were bright and her thin little fingers busy. Then the work went on more slowly, till one day she shook her head as mamma brought it to her.
 "I can't do it, mamma," she said, with tears and trembling lips. "It makes my back ache and it hurts my eyes. I've tried and tried, but—"
 "Dear child! Mamma took her in her arms. "I ought not to have left you try it."
 "Yes, you ought," said Bessie, "because Jesus knows that I did want to give him a birthday present."
 Then there were more of the long days in which Bessie found it hard to be still and do nothing, when all about her were in the full tide of getting ready for Christmas.
 Mamma and Aunt Lucy were among the busiest, and there were many talks as to how the Christmas season could best be made a time of rejoicing to the patient little girl.
 And by the pleased smiles on the faces of those who loved her, any one might have been sure that they would succeed.
 On Christmas morning Bessie was awake early. It was before the first peep of the sun; for, as we all know, he is not an early riser at holiday time, and very few little ones are caught napping by him on that morning of all the year.
 She looked toward the chimney where she knew her stocking was hanging. It was almost too dark to see anything, but she felt sure that it was not where she had seen it before she went to sleep last night. Could any one have taken it away? Could it have fallen down?
 But something else was there which she had not seen last night.
 It grew light fast. What a very odd thing that was! Almost the shape of a stocking—but who ever saw such a stocking as that? Why, it was six times as big as papa could wear!
 Just then the sun got the better of the morning mists and threw a long, bright streak across the room.
 It was a stocking!
 "Merry Christmas, little darling!" said mamma, coming in just as Bessie laughed aloud. "What makes you so merry already?"
 "Merry Christmas!" cried Bessie. "Why, mamma," she added, "I was just wondering if a fairy came last night and touched my stocking with her wand and turned it into that big one."
 "Of course she did," said mamma. "Don't you know she has been about here all the time, the fairy who fills our hearts with loving thoughts of others, and with, 'Merry

Christmas, my bonny bird! Merry Christmas, my sweet one! Merry, merry Christmas!"
 Aunt Lucy and papa, and all the others were crowding in, and such a chorus of loving greetings arose that mamma had to command quiet while the great stocking was brought to Bessie. Mamma and Aunt Lucy had made it, for no stocking could be found which would hold such gifts.
 All gathered around as the small hands drew out the Christmas love-tokens. There was a book from papa, a doll and cradle from mamma, a tiny locket from Aunt Lucy.
 But Bessie's face shone brighter at what came next.
 The six dolls, dressed and ready for their journey to the hospital.
 Six picture books to keep them company.
 Six bags full of fruit and candy to make a merry feast for the sick children.
 "They are all to be sent after breakfast," said mamma, "and you will have the joy all day long of thinking of the six who are happy to-day because of your thoughts of them."
 "But," said Bessie, "they are not quite exactly my own gift to Jesus and his little ones, you know."
 "Dear child," said Aunt Lucy, "don't you know that the best gift you could bring for the dear Lord's birthday is your sweet patience under the suffering he has seen best to send you?"—Child's Hour.

THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

The Way he Taught a Lesson to a Bully Seeking a Pardon.
 A few years ago while Mr Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri, a steam boat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large powerful fellow, and when the governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime, and be in penitentiary again I fear."
 The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes and said:
 "You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"
 The man replied that he would.
 "Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor, "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."
 The steamboat man said he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.
 The governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat in the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."
 The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.
 What a noble revenge that was, and what a lesson to a bully!

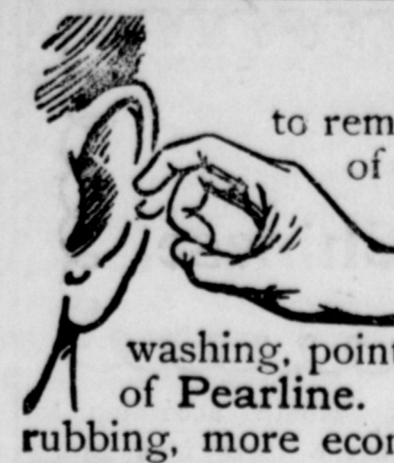
HOW FILIPPE'S COW WAS SAVED.

The Kind Action of Frederick the Great to a Little Girl.
 During the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, Philippe Lerouge, a young French girl, had a pet cow, Fanchette, which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was, under the care of Philippe, allowed to graze only at night and kept hidden in the daytime, and here we commence the story:
 It was Philippe's task every night, as she had cleared away the supper things, to come with Fanchette to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times Philippe felt her heart sink while undergoing it.
 One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, Philippe was suddenly startled by the sound of many horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop. With the swiftness of the wind she flew to Fanchette's side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall

bushes. But alas! through some carelessness the bell had not been removed, and either it gave out a tingling sound at this moment or Philippe's swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue, "Hold on there! We see you! Don't be trying to get that cow away!"
 Overcome with terror, Philippe could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.
 The soldiers had now halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!
 "O Fanchette!" exclaimed Philippe with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck. "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do they'll have to kill me first!"
 "Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."
 "What do you want of her?" asked Philippe, raising her head at this point and wondering at her own bravery.
 "To eat!" was the gruff response.
 At these words Philippe burst into tears. To eat! Her beautiful Fanchette? No, no, no!
 "Are you going to get away or not?" the man questioned again. "If you do not, I'll have you taken away by force. Come!"
 She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of Fanchette. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near. "Seize her!" he said.
 They started to obey orders. Philippe saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap in the field. He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. Under his glance the men who had been about to seize Philippe slunk away. Only the officer held his ground, and he dropped his head, looking confused.
 "What does this mean?" sternly demanded the newcomer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.
 "There, little girl, do not cry! he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Return home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."
 Then while Philippe, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew Fanchette away, the commander turned to the men, and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.
 Philippe did not know until long afterward that the noble looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear Fanchette was no less a personage than Frederick William, crown prince of Germany—the good "Unser Fritz," who died so universally loved and regretted.

NEW RUSSIAN RAILWAY IN ASIA.

A Proposed Line From Turkestan to Hankow on the Yangtse-Kiang in China.
 The latest great enterprise planned by the Russian Government in Asia is the prolongation of the Central Asian Railway through Chinese Turkestan and southern Mongolia to the head of the navigable waters of the Hoang-ho in China and thence to Hnukow on the Yangtse-Kiang. The starting point would be the present eastern terminus of the Transcaspien Railway at Andijan in Russian Turkestan. From there the line would be carried to Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan, a distance of 300 miles of somewhat difficult country, requiring one or two considerable tunnels. There has been some doubt as to the direction the continuation from there should take, but it is stated on apparently good authority that the more southerly of the two lines considered will be as followed. That would carry it through Yerkand to Khotan toward the Polu Pass, which leads into Tibet.
 From Khotan the line would take a bend to the eastward to the head waters of the Cherchen Daria, which discharges into one of the lakes connected with the famous Lob Nor, from the neighborhood of which the celebrated Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, was last heard. From the Lob Nor the line would pass through the Altyn Mountains on to the Tsaidam plateau to the head waters of the Hoang-ho, the valley of which river it would follow to Lan-chow on the most southerly bend of the upper Hoang-ho. From there the road could be carried on to Singan-fu, the present residence of the Chinese Court and the former capital of China, and thence to any point on the Pekin-Hankow railway that might be determined on.
 The total length of the line from Andijan



A fillip

to remind you that it's time to listen to the voice of common sense. It isn't reasonable to do your washing in the hardest way, when there's nothing to be gained by it. Compare soap-washing with Pearlina-washing, point by point, and all the gain is on the side of Pearlina. Greater ease and quickness, absence of rubbing, more economy.



to Lan-chow would be, roughly speaking, about 2,200 miles, Charchalyk in the Lob Nor district at the foot of the Altyn Mountains being about the centre of the line. Three hundred miles nearly due north of Charchalyk is Urumtsi, the seat of the Chinese government of western Mongolia and one of the most important trade centres of that part of the Chinese empire, caravan routes from every direction meeting there.
 The project is a daring one, especially at a moment when Russia has already so many other great enterprises of a similar character in hand, such as the line from Orenburg to Tashkent, on which work has already begun and which will eventually form the link connecting the great Central Asian railway at Tashkent with the Russian railway system centring at Moscow. By this route mails and passengers could be carried from western Europe, say from Paris or Berlin to Pekin or to Hankow on the Yangtse-kiang, quicker than by any other, either existing or contemplated. In the present condition of Asiatic politics, however, the commercial advantages of this route are the least important. It is the political and military significance of it that calls the attention.
 With her hold on her Siberian territories and Manchuria firmly secured by the railway across the northern part of Asia, Russia is now preparing to thrust forward another tentacle into the very heart of China across the centre of the continent. The territories through which the railway will pass after leaving Kashgar and Yarkand are sparsely populated and scantily cultivated away from the banks of the rivers and lakes, but there are traces in many parts of a former civilization and populous cities. The success that has attended the Russian railway policy in central Asia so far, is an encouragement to continue in the same direction. The military advantage of a great trunk line into western China, starting directly from Moscow, would be immense. It would be at all points of the route practically safe from hostile attack, and with Siberian and Manchurian railways already in their hands, the Russians would be in a position to dictate the destiny of Asia north of the Himalayas and Indo China.
 To achieve that end, however, some years of peace yet are necessary. The fact, therefore, that the Russian Government is entering on these enterprises which demand time for their completion is a guarantee that its policy for some time to come will be one of peace.
 Beside the railway described, the other most important from a political point of view is that which is being constructed from Alexandropol in the southern Caucasus to Tabreez in the province of Azerbaijan in Persia in the first instance. The line passes by Nakhitchevan, near the Persian frontier, in the neighborhood of which are extensive mineral deposits, such as iron, copper and coal, only requiring capital for their development. To the wealth and energy in those regions, which are now lying dormant owing to their inaccessibility, the Russian railway will bring life and activity, for the Persian, unlike the Turk, is in his way a keen man of business and quick to seize opportunities. When this railroad reaches Tabreez the trade that now passes on camel back and on pack animals through the Turkish territory by Erzeroum to Trebizond on the Black Sea will be tapped at its source, and the region that has been already rendered desolate by the massacre and flight of its Christian population will become still more so when it is no longer traversed by the long trains of animals that are to be met with at all seasons of the year on what once one of the greatest trade routes of antiquity.

well-known insurance man of St. Louis, whose residence is at Edwardsville, and the brakeman was J. H. Brown, who last week sold his interest in the Leland hotel at Edwardsville for \$6,000. Years ago each was in the railroad service. Clark ran on the Chicago and Alton and Brown on the Wabash, and afterwards the Santa Fe. Both wore the gilt stripes for upward of fifteen years, but of late have been engaged in other vocations. They desired to reenter the Order of Railway Conductors and to do so wished to make application as regular conductors.
 A happy thought struck Clark as they pondered over the dilemma, and he had an interview with his friend, H. H. Ferguson, superintendent of the Illinois Terminal. It resulted in both men sending in formal applications for places as conductors.
 They received formal notification that they had been placed on the extra list, and immediately afterward another notice that they were to take out No. 67. They were on hand promptly at leaving time 5 o'clock last evening, Clark in the capacity of conductor and Brown as brakeman.
 A large delegation of their friends was down to see the start and cheered lustily when Clark sorted the tickets and waved a "high ball" to the engineer. Brown was the recipient of a beautiful lantern, some two feet high, upon which two tinworkers had labored the afternoon. It was a fitting time for the new crew until the train was well away from the depot. They also made the return trip, leaving Alton at 6 o'clock, but on the latter run reversed their positions.
 Jaggs—Christmas is coming.
 Baggs—What on earth put that into your mind?
 Jaggs—All the railway porters touched their hats as I came along the platform this morning.
 "If Charlia Hoyt had remained a newspaper grapher he wouldn't have died of paresis. Paragraphers don't die that way."
 "No, but the readers do."

What You Pay for Medicine

Is no Test of its Curative Value—Prescriptions vs. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.
 Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.
 The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.
 Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beaumont, Que., writes: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at night on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony.
 "I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seemed to be driven out of my system."
 Mr. John White, 72 First Avenue, Ottawa, writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills for deranged liver and pains in the back, with excellent results."
 "My wife used them for stomach trouble and pain about the heart, and is entirely cured. They are invaluable as a family medicine."
 Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills in the house. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edranson, Bates and Company, Toronto

Return of Two old Conductors.

A strange crew took out the 5 o'clock passenger train from Edwardsville, Ill., on the Illinois Terminal yesterday. The conductor and brakemen wore no uniforms, but were resplendent with patent leather shoes and diamond scarfpins. The un-railroad garb of the new workmen was not due to an effort on the part of the railroad to introduce new styles in the costumes of its men, but simply indicated to outsiders that several green hands had been put on the extra list.
 The conductor was Maurice W. Clark, a