

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

This hymn, a characteristic specimen of the style of patriotic poetry composed at the time of the Thanksgiving Day appointed by Congress in 1863, is the most of the miscellaneous of Providence bringing the Revolutionary war to a happy close. It was published in the "North Star" after the war and the author's name is not known.

MAKING OTHERS THANKFUL.

"You need not try to hide those papers, Bessie; I know what they are," said Walter Eyring, with a little smile, as he watched the motions of his wife. Mrs. Eyring had just taken the bills from the postman at the door, and as she stood before the bureau mirror fastening her hat, over her shoulder she caught the ugly yellow envelopes out of her sick husband's sight.

A CURIOUS RACE OF MEN.

When a person dies the head is shaved and red and white paint applied ornamentally to the face and body. The limbs are doubled up so as to make the knees touch the chin, the friends and relatives of the deceased breathe on the face and hands of the corpse as an expression of good-bye, and then it is carried to the grave, and there, with a rope, so that when all is complete, no part of the body is visible. If the deceased was a man of no particular consequence, or was friendless, he would be merely buried. In most cases, however, the dead are placed on raised platforms, made of wooden posts or bamboo, and arrayed either between the branches of trees, tied to fifteen feet above the ground, or on posts to which the platforms are tied for support.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Vells have come in again, and will be popular. Bright colors are not so much worn this season as last. Bee keeping is said to be the coming industry of the Southern woman. The new jackets are shorter in the back and longer in the front, sloping gradually to a point. The newest dresses are gold drops enclosed in crystal, and are used with jet beads with excellent effect.

FOWLS OF GIGANTIC SIZE.

THE SUCCESS OF CALIFORNIA OR-STRICH FARMING. Previous Eggs and Hatched Appointed—How the Birds are Picked in an Orchard. A Los Angeles (Cal.) correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: Among the most novel and apparently profitable of the new pursuits in California is ostrich farming. Dr. Skerch, the manager of the principal farm in this country, some few years ago was proprietor of a large and profitable one in South Africa. During the Transvaal war his ranch was devastated by the Boers and Zulus, and thinking that Southern California might possess the necessary qualifications, he came to visit the coast. He found everything satisfactory, and organized a stock company, went to the Cape, and less than three years ago brought back twenty-two birds, ten males and twenty-two hens. Since then he has raised forty birds, which, containing the many difficulties he had to contend with at first, is satisfactory progress.

THE WORK OF A SON.

I remember going to the great exhibition in London in 1862, and in the Roman room there was one particular piece of sculpture which I liked to see, but it was not easy to get near it, as there were so many other things to see. It was done by an American figure, though it was in the Roman room because it was carved in Rome. It was called, "List! Oh, List!" The story is that a number of red men had made a raid into the United States and had burned a village and tomahawked many a poor creature and slain and quartered many more, and then they returned to their homes and need not tell you how the poor mother's heart was broken when she had lost her child, and there was no day and no month and no year but she was pursuing the question, "What had my poor boy done?" At last, after many years passed a report reached her, "There is a white maiden among the red men yonder, nearly a thousand miles away, and she is the mother, and she went over prairie and marsh and moor and river, and at last, after many a toilsome day, she arrived where the white maiden was."

THE DISSECTING-ROOM INCIDENT.

"Doctor, does it not sicken the students, or do they not lose all feeling and veneration for the dead?" asked a Cincinnati reporter of a well known physician. "Somebody sickens for the dead," the doctor gradually grew accustomed to it, and they give it as little thought as you in your daily avocation," was the answer. "I have seen things in a dissecting-room that have made me tremble—things that I can never get out of my mind, and in a little while that poor maiden had quite forgotten her mother. All her love now was given to the red squaw of the woods that had brought her up. When the mother tried to get near her, she would not let her come, and the poor, heartbroken mother knew not what to do. At last a good thought struck her. She sat down and began to sing a sweet little song that she had learned from her little one to sleep with. At first she listened listlessly, but in a little while (you know how an old tune will fetch up an old thought) the maiden began to listen, and the doctor saw the tears welling into her eyes. It was in that attitude that the sculptor carved her—listening; and the story went on to say that after a little listening it seems as if the lullaby had entered into her soul, and she had fallen into her arms. It was in her mother's embrace.—Rev. S. Colby.

HOW TO CURE OBESITY.

In the fourth congress of German physicians the first subject discussed was corpulence. Ebelstein advanced the opinion that drugs were of little service in reducing the amount of fat, and that an entire change of regimen, including both change of diet and of the manner of living, was necessary. Any method which reduced the general nutrition, and thus removed fat, was a failure; the fat alone must be removed. The method proposed results in the individual to give up his business during treatment, else it would not be generally applicable. The method must be capable of being continued indefinitely without producing unpleasant results, for individuals predisposed to corpulence by heredity or constitution must keep up the diet for a long time. One method is to cut off all fatty food, but as carbohydrates are not changed into fat in the body, this is not reasonable. The object is rather to prevent the formation of fat in the body. To secure this it is necessary to regulate the proportion of food, so that perfect nutrition shall be secured, but no excess of fat produced. The necessary amount of fat for a healthy man is 143 grains per dim.

THE WORLD'S GREAT NAVIES.

The naval service of England has a total of 50,840 officers and men, and a total fleet, effective for general service of 205 vessels, including sixty-two armored ships, twenty-nine iron-clad, and several four torpedo boats. Of the very first-class are twelve turret ships and battleships, constructed to carry the heaviest possible guns and armor. The heaviest of this class is the *Colossus*, launched in 1875, whose weight of armor, including the main battery, was 17,100 tons. The Russian navy consists of the Baltic fleet, the Black sea fleet, the Caspian fleet, and the Siberian fleet, comprising 100 vessels, armed with 171 guns. There are forty iron-clad in the Russian navy, varying from four and one-half to sixteen inches in thickness. The German navy consists of 111 vessels, including 100 iron-clad, and 413 guns of large caliber, besides small guns. The naval force is, perhaps, 48,000 men of all classes. The effective war navy of France is estimated at 101 vessels, of which are several iron-clad, and 1,670 guns. There has been \$3,517,609 francs appropriated for additional construction this year. The naval force is 35,543 men. The British navy consists of 113 vessels of all kinds, 514 tons of iron-clad of the first class. The naval force comprises 12,755 men. The Austro-Hungary navy consists of all classes, beside a number of tenders, schoolships and hulks, fourteen of which are iron-clad. The navy of Turkey has been considerably reduced by the sale in recent years of 301 vessels of its fleet to England. At last accounts there were fifteen iron-clad ships, besides a few smaller iron-clad, including monitors and gunboats. Of the fifteen large ships, seven are assigned to the Asiatic coast defense. The naval force—men, officers and marines—is 39,977.

DOG EATING.

A German saloon keeper in Philadelphia, a few days since, served up a dish of dog meat, patronized by a dog, that from his point of view seemed to be of no other use. Somebody found it out and made a row about it. The German was arrested and held under \$500 bonds for trial, but what for is not clearly apparent in the reports of the proceedings made by the Philadelphia press. The prisoner's counsel wanted the committing magistrate to tell him what clause in the statutes of Pennsylvania proscribed the cooking and eating of dogs. The magistrate wouldn't, but contented himself with the somewhat vague generalization that "this is a civilized country." It is probably a fair guess that he couldn't put his finger on the called-for law, and there is not a little curiosity abroad as to what the German can be punished for, even if he is found guilty of the offense alleged. Abstinence from dog meat can hardly be deemed the distinguishing characteristic of Christian or civilized countries or indulgence in it the badge of heathenism and barbarism. During the siege of Paris dogs were generally devoured, and a story is told of a Parisian lady of fashion who having eaten her lap-dog, looked sorrowfully at the pile of bones by her plate, and said with tears in her eyes: "Poor Fido; if he were alive how much he would enjoy them." But even when not driven to it by the pangs of hunger, many civilized and Christian men have dog meat, in the Sandwich Islands, China, and even among our North American Indians, and have pronounced it "infinitely better than that dish so familiar to politicians, crow. The poi dog of the Sandwich Islands, raised and fattened on pig, expressly to be eaten, is said to be really delicious, but he better than a special breed and may be better than other dogs for the table. The Chinese are said to make exquisitely nice dishes of puppies. Maybe it isn't either bad taste or immoral to eat dog.—New York Cook.

DOG EATING.

They thought we must come to tell you how you had helped us, how thankful you have made us," said Bessie. "And oh, it was so kind of you, dear sister Eyring, that you had done that for me." Before they had fairly got their wrappings off, in came Mrs. Foster, her kind face beaming with joy. "And oh, Sybil," she said, after warmly greeting Walter and his wife, "I wish you could see how comfortable the Wheelers are in the house you let them have, and Mrs. Vaughan says that last July helped her to sit up nearly all day."

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"I'm sure I am thankful I could help them both," said Aunt Sybil, but her lips trembled. Then Mrs. Foster laughed, such a clear, ringing laugh that little Ethel had nearly burst into tears. "So you are going to have a Thanksgiving, after all! I told you, you remember, it would pay you to make some one else thankful!"

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"And, you, Bessie, and I'm thankful to you, too," said Bessie, softly, "we will all thank you for this dear Thanksgiving Day."—Lucy Rankin.

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