

HIDE AWAY, MISTAH MOON.



AT THE BISHOP'S.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

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The bishop turned into Madison square from Twenty-third street with that calm, dignified stride, almost a waddle, cultivated by so many church dignitaries.

The bishop's sermons were remarkable for their eloquence, and he had excelled himself in the Thanksgiving sermon that morning. The result of his preaching was practically seen in the size of the weekly collections, and he had no reason to complain of the Thanksgiving day contributions.

There was a keen suggestion of frost in the air, with the prospect of a snowfall before morning. The bishop involuntarily hastened his pace a little as he felt the coolness of the atmosphere.

"A fine, cool evening," said the idler, crossing quickly to the bishop's side. "A little too cool for me," responded the bishop, "but"—A glance of inquiry was directed at the other.

"This is my very first visit to New York. I only arrived last night and expect to return to my home in Chicago in a very few days. You do not know how delighted I was at the good fortune which led me to your church to-day. I am stopping at the Fifth Avenue, across the square. Here is my card."

"I am delighted to meet you, my boy," said the bishop, with cordiality, his vanity gratified in no small measure by the flattering allusion to his sermon.

"You see," he went on, "the subject is a delicate one, not to be treated lightly. When I left Chicago three days ago, I had to leave in somewhat of a hurry and was forced to start at hardly a moment's notice. I had but little time to

pack and forgot a number of things that a gentleman always should have with him. Among others was my watch. As a business man I am in constant need of a timepiece. I see you are wearing one, bishop. Might I ask you to loan it to me, merely to loan it to me, for a couple of days?"

"What!" thundered the bishop, aghast. "Oh, I ask you merely as man to man. I rely on your goodness of heart as exhibited all evening not to refuse this trifle."

"The bishop sat glaring in his armchair. He made no movement. His chubby, round face was apoplectic with rage. "Come, come," said Edwards, changing his tune. "I have no time to waste discussing the matter."

"The sight of the butt of a revolver half drawn from Edwards' trousers pocket acted like an electric shock on the bishop. In a moment the richly jeweled watch was on the floor at the feet of the man from Chicago.

"That's reasonable," said he. "Now, my dear bishop, that gold cross around your neck. I will keep it as a souvenir of you."

"Next," continued Edwards, pocketing the cross, "I have you any money about you? I confess I came away to-night ridiculously short of change."

The bishop glowered at him in impatient wrath, but Edwards preserved his imperturbable smile. Four \$10 bills and a couple of dollars in silver were the result of a search through the bishop's clothes.

"Hum!" said the guest of the evening. "Is that all you have?" The bishop nodded. "Then," said Edwards, with gravity, "I fear I will have to ask you to open the safe. I am certain you have not banked today's collection yet. Let me see—you announced it at nearly \$900, a tidy sum."

"The bishop attempted to expostulate. "The money belongs to the church, not to me."

"Ah, that may be, but I am only borrowing it from the church, and I rely on your goodness of heart to repay it to the church yourself in case I forget to. Time is flying. Hurry!"

Unable to stand up, the unfortunate clergyman crawled over on his hands and knees and fumbled at the combination. His hands shook so that he could hardly open it, while the Chicagoan, revolver in hand, stood guard over him.

Once opened, it was the work of a moment to transfer the packages of money to the capacious pockets of the visitor, who politely assisted the bishop back to his armchair.

"Now," said Edwards, "I think I am perfectly satisfied. You have behaved beautifully, dear bishop, and I am delighted to find that I was perfectly right in relying upon your goodness of heart. I have only two more things to say, that your sermon this morning was excellent and your dinner this evening equally so. As to that deal, why, we will talk it over next time we meet, which may not be, alas, for a long time."

A chloroformed handkerchief did the rest, and soon the old bishop was sleeping soundly on the floor of his library.

Edwards drew a long, breath as he walked into the hall. He could hear conversation in the drawing room, and at once concluded all was safe. So, relocking the library door, he put the key in his pocket and walked boldly into the drawing room.

"Ladies," said he, "I will bid you good night now, with many thanks for your kind hospitality. By the way, the bishop does not wish to be disturbed for at least an hour. He is busy in the library studying some information I have just given him in regard to a little deal. Tomorrow evening I may call again. Thank you both."

Polite as ever, he bowed himself out of the house gracefully. Strange to say, a cab was waiting for him.

"Jim," said he to the driver, "go slow till you get round the corner. Then to the station like hell. I've copped the pile. We'll divvy later."

Then the cab started.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

The little child of J. R. Hays, living near Colquitt, Ga., overturned a pot of boiling water, scalding itself so severely that the skin came off its breast and limbs. The distressed parents went to Mr. Bush, a merchant of Colquitt, for a remedy, and he promptly forwarded Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

The child was suffering intensely, but was relieved by a single application of the Pain Balm. Another application or two made it sound and well. For sale by Dr. T. C. Smith, druggist.

Ten to Ten is a Nashville combination that is not intended to represent Tenn.

From the Lone Star State comes the following letter, written by W. F. Gass, editor of the Mt. Vernon (Tex.) Herald: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for the past year, and find it the best remedy for colic and diarrhoea that I have ever tried. Its effects are instantaneous and satisfactory, and I cheerfully recommend it, especially for cramp colic and diarrhoea. Indeed, we shall try to keep a bottle of it on our medicine shelf as long as we keep house." For sale by Dr. T. C. Smith, druggist.

Even More Exciting.



The first recorded instance of anything in the nature of thanksgiving in the history of our country is the following entry in an old Bible belonging to one of the first pilgrims: "Some born to Susanna White, December 19th, 1620, at six o'clock morning. Next day we meet for prayer and thanksgiving."

This, however, is not generally accepted as the first observance of that nature, since it hardly partook of the character of a general thanksgiving. But 15 months after the pilgrims sailed from Holland they held a harvest festival which lasted a week.

This is generally spoken of as the first Thanksgiving in New England, but it was not a day set apart by the governor, nor was it attended by any religious observance.

A few years later precisely the same thing occurred. Thereupon July 30, 1628, was appointed as a day of thanksgiving, and before the second sunset a relief ship arrived. Fast days and thanksgiving days came at irregular intervals for a number of years, the latter following some marked event of a beneficent nature, such as getting rid of Anne Hutchinson, whose preaching caused such a turmoil in New England, for the termination of King Philip's war and the close of the Revolution and the triumph of independence in America.

Then came the practice of the governor of each state naming a day for general thanksgiving. These at first were not coincident, but the beautiful custom has prevailed for a considerable time, and doubtless will prevail for ages to come, of the president appointing such a day, generally the last Thursday in November, to which the governor of each state assents by naming the same day. Thus there is one day each year when the 45 states and the territories from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from British America to the gulf return thanks to God for his manifold blessings and mercies.

Miss Boston—How dull and unexciting the Pilgrim Fathers must have found Thanksgiving without football. There was no kicking the pigskin then. Wagley—That's true, but they got their excitement kicking the redskin.

YEYELLOW FEVER GERMS Bred in the bowels. Kill them and you are safe from the awful disease. Cascarets destroy the germs throughout the system, and make it impossible for new ones to form. Cascarets are the only reliable safeguard for young and old against Yellow Jack. 10c, 25c, 50c, all druggists.

There are some editorials that hit. Every time the Waco (Tex.) man writes an editorial, some of the best Waco citizens turn out and tar and feather or shoot each other. There is nothing like having a "warm" editorial writer to help out the local editor with hot news items, down in Texas.—Cincinnati Post.

It often happens that the doctor is out of town when most needed. The 2-year-old daughter of J. Y. Schenck, of Caddo, Ind. Ter., was threatened with croup, he writes. "My wife insisted that I go for a doctor at once; but as he was out of town, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved the child immediately." A bottle of this remedy in the house will often save the anxiety of a doctor's bill, besides the anxiety occasioned by serious sickness. When it is given as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. Thousands of mothers always keep it in their homes. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. T. C. Smith, druggist.

The new captain-general of Cuba is endeavoring to purchase victory from the insurgents with money wrongfully withheld from his own troops. His predecessor just pocketed the cash, leaving loyalist and rebel to look out for themselves.—Louisville Times.

In a few days Mr. Tatom will say something sarcastic to Col. McGowan for crediting one of his choicest paragraphs to the Herdeman Free Press. The colonel oughtn't to have done that. It was a solar plexus stab below the surcingle.—Bristol Courier.

It is about time for the rubber oyster to make its debut at the church fair.—Rome Commercial.

The Courier is authorized to state that the Tennessee side of Bristol will not suspend the fire works ordinance this Christmas. Children can go into their father's back lot and have fun, but the streets belong to the public and drunken idiots can govern themselves accordingly or pay the price. We presume that Mayor Winston will have the fast riders looked after on his side of town.—Bristol Courier.

Perhaps justice would be allowed to take its course in the Durrant case if the courts would hang the lawyers.—Rome Commercial.

The rather large task of finding twelve men who have not formed an opinion about the Luetgert case is about to be undertaken in the criminal court.—Chicago Record.

YELLOW JACK PREVENTATIVE. Guard against Yellow Jack by keeping the system perfectly clean and free from germ breeding matter. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will cleanse the system and kill all contagious disease.

SUN SPOTS. Nashville Sun: An exchange speaks of a lady well known in Nashville as "Mrs. Roarer." Such is fame.

President McKinley's coming message is expected to show why he hasn't done it.

Notwithstanding the opinion of the Washington Post to the contrary, most gentlemen will continue to take their hats off in elevators where there are ladies.

Bob Ingersoll seems to be rather inclined to slur at Mr. Hanna. He says that "the people suspect money without genius."

"Will Hanna run for president in 1900?" asks an exchange. The answer is evidently not dependent upon the size of the entrance fee.

Kid McCoy's corkscrew blow, it is now claimed, was first used in Lincoln county some years ago, and there has been considerable blowing about "old Lincoln" ever since.

A Mobile poet sings that those "sunny southern climes" are not always what they seem, especially when Bronze John is a guest, and now his song has turned to a prayer for a solid slice of Klondike weather.

Constipation Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Syphilitic, Gonorrhoeal, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, etc. Hood's Pills cure blood poisoning and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

R. S. SMITH, Architect. Paragon Building. Phone 353.

Eight behind him as he passes through the world," says an exchange. A man passed through here the other day and left a lurid streak of red, fringed with yellow, on both sides of the street.

Somebody ran in a "ringer" on the experts at the Chicago horse show. Fifty somebody didn't run in the whole show, "Blind Pig" and all.

Weyler says he regrets his recall from Cuba. If his sorrow is commensurate with the grand larceny he perpetrated while there, he is doubtless emitting great groans of grief as large as a mountain, and twice as natural.

A Washington correspondent says our farmers must be taught to think. Some of the best thinkers the country has produced came from the farm.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: "Ding the deficit!" said Dingey. But the deficit wouldn't be dinged. It keeps on growing." No; but the ding-dong-dell of the Dingey funeral knell has been rung throughout the nation.

AARON BURR'S FARMHOUSE. The Building, Which Is Over a Century Old, Still Standing.

On the corner of Hudson and Charlton streets in a frame building which, to a critical eye, would seem to be tumbling down, or rather would apparently be if it were not held up by the adjoining building. The window frames, which once were square, are quite out of plumb, dropping downward on the south side. The ceilings are low on every floor, and on the Hudson street front the first floor, which is a little above the sidewalk and reached by a few steps, has been transformed into a couple of small stores, while the entrance to the upper floors is gained through a door on Charlton street. An extension has been erected on this side to the main building so as to cover the lot.

The building was formerly the farmhouse of Aaron Burr and was located on the top of Richmond hill, through which Varick street was cut. When these streets were laid out, the old farmhouse was brought down to the road, which is now Hudson street, and placed on a vacant lot, then and now at the corner of Charlton street. Opposite to it was placed another frame house, which had been removed after the great fires of 1835 and 1846, from Chambers street, where it was known as the "Old Brown Jug." This removal had been caused by the extension of the fire limit in the lower portion of the city. A few years ago the "Old Brown Jug" building was abandoned and torn down. In its place a brick structure has been erected. But so far the old Burr house has been spared, for, although it is out of plumb, the building was so strongly constructed that there is little danger of its falling.

For many years the old house was occupied by an old time "leather head watchman," who, after his retirement from that service, employed his time in making leather traveling trunks, which he sold on this corner, carrying the upper floors with his luggage. At his death, a few years ago, the family, like many of those who formerly resided in Greenwich village, removed to the upper part of the city, and the building has since ceased to be inhabited by one family.—New York Mail and Express.

Well Children

that are not very robust need a warming, building and fat-forming food—something to be used for two or three months in the fall—that they may not suffer from cold.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda supplies exactly what they want. They will thrive, grow strong and be well all winter on this splendid food tonic. Nearly all of them become very fond of it. For adults who are not very strong, a course of treatment with the Emulsion for a couple of months in the fall will put them through the winter in first-class condition. Ask your doctor about this.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper. All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD IS THE

Acme Wine and Liquor House Where they make a specialty of first-class whisky and wines, and defy competition in either quality or price. And I still claim to have the largest stock of first-class goods of any house in the State. It is useless for me to try to name the different brands of goods I keep in stock. A visit to my place will convince you that I have the only first-class liquor house in the state. Beer bottled fresh every day and delivered to any part of the city. Orders from a distance solicited. Boxing and packing free. "Quality, Not Quantity," is my motto.

JAS. H. LOUGHRAN, Prop'r, Phone 139. P. O. Box 872. 56 and 58 South Main Street.