

CRISIS IN HUNGARY.

Conditions More Threatening Than Before Adoption of Compromise in 1867.

New York Tribune.

The resignation of Mr. Kossuth from the leadership of the Hungarian independence party is ominous to Hungary and to the relations between that kingdom and the Austrian empire.

When I first decided to allow the people of Tuxedo to use my name as a candidate for congress I went out to a neighboring parish to speak," said Private John Allen to some friends at the old Metropolitan hotel in Washington.

Private John's Office.

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THE THANKSGIVING BASKET

Bob placed the big basket between his feet on the floor and looked out of the window of the train.

In Bob's basket was a big Thanksgiving turkey, a surprise for the folks at home. There was no turkey in the basket which a man who sat next to Bob placed on the floor between his feet.

Bob's mother took the baby to her arms and her heart, and, to her credit be it said, she did so before she ascertained that the clothing and ornaments of the little stranger indicated that it was a baby of distinction.

A "TURKEY DRUNK."

An Old Time Thanksgiving Custom Which Is Happily Now Obsolete.

"I remember when I was a boy that one of the great features of Thanksgiving time was what we called the 'turkey drunk.'"

"Folks didn't seem to kill their Thanksgiving turkey in those days until the forenoon of the day it was to be eaten, and it was the custom to get the bird most gloriously drunk and kill it while it was in the condition."

"No doubt the four hundred and first," he laughed, in spite of having just lost his job.

Next morning, however—Thanksgiving morning—his face wore a different expression. Grave determination shone from his eyes.

"I must be off at once," he said to his wife, "to look for another job."

"On a holiday?" she exclaimed. "The sooner the better," said he, and he scarcely more than skimmed his newspaper except the columns of "Help Wanted—Males."

"Nothing there," he observed, with a sigh. "Never mind, mother; there's something somewhere, and I'll find it."

Scarcely had he gone when Bob picked up the paper and in a moment more gave a shout.

"There! You've waked the new baby," said his mother, hurrying to the rescue.

"Listen to this! It's the very baby, I do believe."

It was a short dispatch from Mayville, sent out late the previous night, to the effect that Mr. Ray's son and heir was missing with his nurse, and great fears were entertained that the child had been stolen and was being held for ransom.

Then came a knock on the hall door which checked Bob in a war dance. He opened it and was almost brushed down by the man of the railway cars, who was standing there with a big basket on his arm and who dashed into the room like a wild man.

"Here's your wretched turkey!" he cried. "Oh, you're the boy who changed baskets with me, are you? Lucky your address was on that basket. And here's the infant, the beloved baby. If you've not treated it well I'll prosecute you for kidnaping!"

"I say," cried Bob, at last finding his wits, "leave that basket and the baby too! I know all about you. It's you that's the kidnaper! Help! Police! Po-d-o-ugh-gr-r!"

He hardly got out one yell before the man was upon him with a furious bound, almost choking the breath out of him.

"Do that again," he growled, "and I'll kill you!" And he threw the boy into a corner and darted out of the house with the baby, locking the door from the outside.

Bob picked himself up from the floor and tried the door. It yielded nothing. Then he got a chair and pulled himself up to the transom. In a second he was through it, hatless, dusty, choked and panting, but thirsting for revenge. Down the stairs he leaped, three at a time.

Up the street, unmindful of other boys, he darted. Half a block down the avenue he saw a street car plunging along, and on the rear platform stood the kidnaper with the wrapped up baby in his arms. Bob had not a cent for car fare, but he dashed after the car as if he owned the street.

The car gained on him in spite of all effort, but the man did not seem to have observed him. At last it shot out of sight, but Bob did not falter. He was not far from the ferry, where the car stopped.

The boy got there, almost exhausted, but determined still. A ferryboat was just going out. Regardless of a big policeman and a ticket seller, he darted past them on to the pier and down

planks like a bullet, with the policeman behind him on an elephantine charge, and caught the boat just as it was beginning to move from the pier.

Now, who should be on the boat but Mr. Ray himself, just going home after a hurried visit to police headquarters. Bob's desperate spring from the deck had made him an object of general attention, and his cry of "That man's a kidnaper!" diverted it to the man with the baby in his arms.

Seeing himself detected, the man, still holding the child, sprang from the rear of the boat into the water. Bob unhesitatingly sprang after him. On the deck everything was in confusion on the instant, and Mr. Ray's voice in tones of strong emotion, denouncing the babel, had such an effect that the wheels were stopped, the baby and Bob rescued and the kidnaper hauled on board the police boat, which appeared among a crowd of others. Bob is now one of Mr. Ray's most trusted and best paid salesmen, and the whole family have an indefinite prospect of turkey dinners on every Thanksgiving day to come.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

One of the great features of Thanksgiving time was what we called the 'turkey drunk.'"

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE E, EFFECTIVE NOV. 15, 1909. Schedule figures published as information and not guarantee. Eastern Time.

STREET CAR SCHEDULE IN EFFECT OCT. 17TH, 1909. Zillicoa & Return Riverside Park 6:30 and every 15 minutes until 8:00 p. m. then every hour until 11:00 p. m.



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