

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 he was first received in friendly conference by the king, against whom his father had rebelled and who had sought to destroy that father as a traitor, it was hoped that the differences of the past had been irrevocably buried and that a new bond of concord and union had been established between the two realms.

suspected by many, was calculated to confirm and perpetuate the political dominance of the Magyars in Hungary. If these were granted, complete reconciliation between the Magyars and their king would be assured, if not, the independence movement in Hungary would be revived, and efforts would be directed toward dissolution of the dynastic union.

The result was that while the venerable king might have been inclined to grant the Hungarian demands, the heir presumptive, the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, set his face like a flint against them, and in doing so was backed by Count Aehrenthal, and so the negotiations failed.

Private John's Office.

"When I first decided to allow the people of Tupelo 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.

"An old dandy came to greet me after the meeting. 'Marse Allen,' he said, 'I'm powerful glad to see you. I've known you since you was a baby. Know you pappy long before you all was born, too. He used to hold de same office you got now. I members how he held dat same office for years an' years.'"

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. What was in it Bob discovered when he undertook to surprise the folks at home. He surprised them all right enough, but he surprised himself also, for he found that he and the man had somehow changed baskets and that instead of a turkey he had brought home a bottle attached to a fine boy baby.

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.

"One of the Four Hundred," she said to her husband. "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."

Suddenly he was 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-o-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.

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,'" says a native of western New York. "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. They used to say that it made the turkey's last moments on earth happy and made its approaching death a matter of unconsciousness to the bird. More than that, it was believed that the brandy they filled the turkey up with gave the meat a flavor that no bird that died sober could ever have. I don't know whether that was so, but I do know that I can't get any turkey nowadays that has the peculiarly delicious flavor those brandy-soaked birds of my beloved boyhood had. The turkey drunk was a great occasion. It was witnessed by the whole family and all the invited guests. If there were any. Two hours before killing the turkey the head of the family would fill a tin cup or sometimes a glass with brandy. This he would take out to the poultry yard where the turkey which was to provide the Thanksgiving dinner would be cooped up by itself in one corner and place it on the ground in front of the turkey. Those fowls appeared to be fond of brandy, and the doomed bird would gobble up the intoxicating liquor with the relish of a confirmed old toper. Sometimes a particularly large and fat turkey would drink the entire contents of the cup.

"As soon as the bird was through drinking it would be let out of its coop, and in less than three minutes it would be staggering about the yard with as elegant a jig on as any rounder ever enjoyed. If the victim was a gobbler his efforts to maintain his dignity under the influence of his load were as funny as a circus clown's. Steadying himself by an effort, he would throw his head up, thrust his chest out, lower his wings till they dragged on the ground and then try to strut among his hens with the domineering pomposity of his sober days. His strut invariably ended in his falling ignominiously on his nose, and his struggles to regain his equilibrium were equal to the drunken gymnastics of Toadies.

"The exhibition of the intoxicated gobbler made of himself created unmitigated surprise, if not disgust, in his harem, and the hens would draw apart in groups and watch the antics of their lord in shocked silence. The turkey never failed to get drunker and drunker and at last would totter and fall and give up to the influence of the liquor. Then was the time to kill the bird, and its head was cut off while the turkey was in its stupor. That custom is fortunately obsolete now. I don't think it would be a very inspiring sight for one to witness nowadays, but in the old times the stiffest teetotaler didn't seem to see anything wrong in making the Thanksgiving turkey drunk. I suppose that would come under the head of cruelty to animals now. At any rate, it should."

Thanksgiving Conundrums. Here is a collection of conundrums which may be served up while the turkey is being served on Thanksgiving day:

What part of the turkey assists my lady in making her toilet? Comb.

What part of the turkey opens the front door? Last part—key.

What part of the turkey will appear on Wednesday, Dec. 17? Bill.

What part of a turkey is part of a sentence? Claws (clause).

What part of a turkey is used for cleaning purposes? Wings (for dust-ers).

What part of a turkey does the farmer watch with anxiety? The crop.

Why is the man who eats too fast like a turkey? Both are gobblers.

What part of the turkey is an oriental? The first part—Turk.

Why ought the turkey to be ashamed when he is being served? Because we see the turkey dressing.

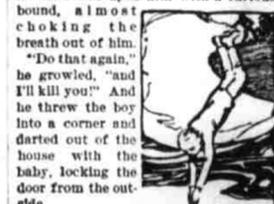
What color gets its name from the turkey? Turkey red.

When the turkey is cooking, in what country is he? In Gloucester.

Turkeys and People. I'd hate to be a turkey— Wouldn't you? Getting roasted or else being in a stew; But, though we have no feathers, we are colored and we're called turkey, and colored and we're called turkey, and colored and we're called turkey, and colored and we're called turkey.



ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.



BOB SPRANG AFTER HIM.

HOTEL BERKELEY POOL ROOM ROOM "IT'S DOWN STAIRS" The most attractive Pool Room in the City. A complete line of Imported and Domestic Cigars.

A Sewing Machine Motor Is Always Ready \$12 = \$12 And Costs Only One-Fifth of One Cent Per Hour to Run Buy One Now and Save Health and Strength ASHEVILLE ELECTRIC CO. Phone 69.

Southern Railway Schedule E, Effective Nov. 15, 1909. Table with columns for Arrives From and Departs For, listing routes and times.

Street Car Schedule in Effect Oct. 17th, 1909. Table with columns for routes (Zillicoa & Return, Riverside Park, etc.) and times.

Chichester's Pills advertisement with logo and text.

Advertisement for Stearns & Foster Mattresses. Features an illustration of a woman on a mattress and text: 'So Comfortable', 'THE STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS', 'A POSITIVE GUARANTEE ON EVERY MATTRESS.', 'BEAUMONT FURNITURE COMPANY'.

For Thanksgiving. Oh, have you got the turkey picked, and the oven hot, and ready for the pumpkin pie? I'll have to bake a lot. And curried cases and ginger snaps, Of such a heaping tray, Our boys and girls are coming home To spend Thanksgiving day.

Guns and Revolvers Can Be Had at H. L. FINKELSTEIN'S Pawn and Lawn Office. We also rent Shot Guns and Rifles by the day or week. Trunks and Leather Goods are our Specialty. 23 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Try Gazette-News Want Ad. SCOTCH NOVELTIES. You no doubt would like to see the latest vogue in Men's wear. Gray tones in soft finish Scotch and English Worsted and Wool Suitings are extremely popular. We have them. LOGAN Merchant Tailor, 14 North Park St.