Devoted to Bolitics, Tilerature, Agriculture, the Barkets and General Information.

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THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT

JOB PRINTING

is fully prepared to do work with MEATNESS, DISPATON,

ERT TA CHA VERY LOWEST PRICES

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Ireland's population is increasing at | the rate of 60,000 a year.

New Jersey comes to the front with a water trust. This is a brand-new kink.

Since the 1st of January twenty-eight different men in this country have murdered girls who refused to marry them.

which are already being made, promises to show in the United States a populati n of more than 70,000,000.

The census of 1890, preparations for

It is estimated that one-half of all the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent medicine.

The tree from the milk of which the india rubber of commerce is made grows well in Southern California, and extensive preparations are being made for planting it.

A new device of the Patriotic League of France is to engrave on monuments the figures 1870-18-, the blank being the date of the War of Revenge, which is left to the imagination.

The reports of the Hpdrographic Bureau at Washington declare that the sailing tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this relative proportion is likely to be main-

The king cruiser of all will be the last ordered by the British Admiralty, to be named the Blenheim. She will be of 9000 tons, with twin screws, engines of 20,000 horse power, and a speed or twenty-two knots.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, claims to be the healthiest city on the continent, the death rate the past year having been lower than in any other American city. Not a single case of diphtheria has been reported within the last six months.

According to the Jowish Gazette, of the 241 clothing manufacturers in the City of New York 234 are Hebrew firms. The Hebrews are also largely engaged in cigarmaking, employing over eight thousand hands and producing over six hundred million cigars yearly.

The Austrian Consul at Yokohoma, Japan, reports great difference in com mercial morality between the merchants of China and Japan. The Japanese, he says, are neither enterprising nor upright, but the Chinamen are solid and trustworthy in every respect.

Statistics have just been published on accidents brought about by avalauches in the Tyrol of Switzerland. Last year fifty-three people were killed. The value of the cattle buried by avalanches is estimated at upward of \$9000, while the total amount of property destroyed figures at \$135,000.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations, the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns) and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

Joachim, the famous Hungarian violinist, is said to have hopelessly injured one of his fingers in an endeavor to increase his technical skill. He is not the first man who has done this, as Schumann, the great composer, attempted the same kind of experiment, in severing some of the chords of his right hand in order to shorten the time of practice. He was permanently disabled as a piano-

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school

N. J. Colman, Commissioner of Agri culture, has charge of the arrangements for the display of Americau agricultura. products at the Paris Exposition next spring. A large sum of money was appropriated by the general Government to defray the expenses of the entire display, and of the total amount \$50,000 was set apart for the agricultural in- the sky.

People who fancy the newspaper re porter's life is a bed of roses observes the New York Telegram, can have their ideas changed by reading accounts of the Chicago car riots. Reporters were the only passengers in the cars run through howling mobs and showers of brickbats. Several of them were badly injured. They faced danger and duty, beside the armed officers of the law, just as they are always facing the horrors of a scourge, the fury of storms and blizzards and the horrors of enormous confagrations.

"The cotton planters of the South, have shown," asserts the Boston Cu'tiva tor, "what cooperation among the farmers may accomplish in breaking down a grasping monopoly. A "jute bagging trust" attempted to force the planters to pay exorbitant prices for the jute bagging used as a covering for cotton bales. Experiments have been made with coarse potton sheeting, which is much cheaper, and which is considered satisfactory by the New York Cotton Exchange and the Liverpool Cotton Association. Thus the take the place of artificially dear jute mother's recipe, and I'm sure they are bagging."

THANKSGIVING.

We look to the hills for rest; For strength we turn to the sea; For the boon of these, and fair bequest Of teeming lands to the seaways, we With joy give thanks.

Best thanks for the favor is The fullest use of the gift; And pleasure expressed is song of praise, And praise is a prayer whereby we lift Unceasing thanks.

Now at the time of the feast, And of bursting granaries, Now sound of scythe on the grass has ceased, And reapers rest, with a smile of ease, Do we give thanks.

But now at the feast, alone, But ever, from June to June, While the harvest is budded and blown, By the glad thought of the heart in tune,

Do we give thanks. By full deep pleasure one has,' And so by he weet, swift joy, A light of color and bloom of grass, Or the touch of winds, unceasingly Do we give thanks.

For suns that mellow the fruit; For strong, clean winds and the snows Like a fold of fleece upon the root Of the oak, and the root of the rose, Do we give thanks.

For dews and for warm, soft rains, That infuse new blood in the wood. For the herb and vine that flushed the lanes Through waving fields at the Summer's flood.

Do we give thanks. For thrill on the line of nerves, That leap in a quick response To music's touch, and the thrill that serves As the soul's applause to eloquence,

Do we give thanks. For strength of the firm, lithe limbs, And wealth of body and long Deep reach of thought, and hope that skim Like a bird, our heaven for light, with

Do we give thanks.

For subtle force of the brain's Keen power, and the fire thereof For the jubilant blood in our veins, That leaps and bounds, when life is enough Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By color of fields and flow of seas, Do we give thanks. -Jennie Maxwell Paine.

HER THANKSGIVING DAY

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES. been sweeps of stormy rain, with ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon, and a raw chilliness in the atmos-"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Elston,

glancing out of the kitchen window occaionally, as she went about her daily work, a bad Thanksgiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines; but it is provoking, when one has invited company from a distance. And Uncle Lenuel won't drive over from Bayport with Aunt Rhoda, if it snows; and Sue Starkey can't venture out in a storm,

with her weak chest, and everything Toward night, however, the burst triumphantly through the clouds, lightning up the sombre aisles of the leatless woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the waves that broke sullenly

on Woodford Point. "It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. And she burst into little roulades of song, as she picked over the red Baldwin apples, set away the yel'ow, earthen bowl of stewed cranberries, counted the was all plucked and dressed, ready for the morrow's oven.

For Lizzie Elston kept neither cook nor waitress, but depended on herself only for all these household details, and no one understood better the necessity for a careful economy of time. She had invited Uncle Lemuel and

Aunt Rhoda, from Bayport, Miss Starkey, her whilom schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the

It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success. "But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and

plates, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dullest shade of pink-and the young wife, looking down the road, saw Frank Elston coming up from the wharf, a dark silhouette against the red glow of "i'll go and meet him," she said to

For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all these graceful memories of the honcymoon time. Frank Elston, the captain of the little boat that plied between Bayport Landing and the nearest large town, met her with a smile and a kiss.



"What have you got in the basket, Frank?" cried Lizzie, standing on tiptoe heard such impudence in my life!" o peep under the lid of the willow receptacle that he carried.

"Oranges, puss!" said he, with a nod around in York State," said she, "when of triumph. "And some Concord grapes I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, that were left of our last consignment, and Bettley let me have 'em cheap." "Oh, Frank, how nice!" exclaimed the like to undertake the care of her!" housewife, clapping her hands. "It will be just what I want to give color and decoration to my table. And I baked cheap sheeting will doubtless largely the chicken pies to-day after your her ef Elizabeth Ann sends her away." said Lizzi

"Splendid, are they?" said Elston, smiling good humoredly at his excited little wife. "Well, I'm glad of that. But, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you - "

startled air. that you hadn't calculated on," said he. 'Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?" advice. Barbara Babcock was as "No. It's a wrinkled little old obstinate as a mule." woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a her friend. mob cap under it. She's waiting at the

I thought I'd just step up and give you word of warning." nation. "What baggage? Is she going as they were sitting around the fire,



"There's boxes and boxes!" said Frank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Willett with his wheelbarrow to hoist

'em up to the house.' "But, Frank, who is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?" "Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock,"

said the Captain of the Sea Mew. comes from the State of Bhode Island, and she says she was a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you!"

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank. 'Oh, I know now who it is Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and, oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her "All right, then," said Captain Elston;

"I'll go back and tell her so. Only, "Well?" "Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors!" "Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his red comforter around his finger. "'Who is my neighbor?"

That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer." Lizzie stood a minute, silently think-"Don't put yourself out, my dear,"

very old and feeble, and-'I understand," interrupted Lizzie; 'and she's my neighbor. I'll go back, Frank, and warm up one of my chicken-pies for supper. I didn't intend to have anything but bread and butter and cold pigs' feet, but of course she is tired and

chilled, poor creature!" "That's my own little girl!" said Frank, with a caressing touch to the stray locks which had escaped like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red worsted hood. "I know just how this sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the

old lady. But Lizzie could not help marveling a "we're going to have little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried-up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose and chin that met in close proximity. "So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can jest remember you when you were a leetle girl, kneehigh to a grasshopper, sewin' patchwork. Well, I'm glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Sea air al- and had no friend but me." ways did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder," she added, as she began on her second wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a-makin' silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann-sewin' strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet-rags-and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow Desire Johnson's old room and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll pies, and looked to see if the turkey be a pleasant winter's work for you and me-won't it, Elizabeth Ann? P'raps a plate and lighted; wipe it with a damp you've got some old silk gowns you you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. -terror-cotter they call it nowadays.

Works in dreadful nice." Lizzie looked bewildered: but the captain cheerily threw himself into the

we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, not wash it, for this greatly impairs the Lizzie?" said he. "Take some of these flavor and partly destroys the nourishing crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're The old woman sat down in the warm

together. 'It's warm and comfortable here,' comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Deold folks was too much care. Lucy slice of salt pork over the breast to baste Wilcox was too fine a lady to notice her it until sufficient dripping runs from the But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right pan. Use a clean towel to turn it with, over again—the kindest-hearted creetur but do not run a fork into it or you will

here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll season it with two teaspoonfuls of salt She said all this aloud, in her strange, When it has cooked about twenty mincroaking voice, although she evidently utes to each pound, dish it and keep it imagined that she was only thinking it. "Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know; she must be eighty, at the

sponded, softly. "I think your duty is full of gravy and a dish of cranberry plain in this instance, my dear." sauce. The same direction for drawing, The little old relation was busy sew- trussing and roasting will apply to other ing at her balls of parti-colored silk poultry and game. strips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly interviewed them as to the cast-off silkdress question. Each was of a different opinion, but all

were adverse to the stranger. "Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it!" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. "An old crone like that, to come here and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly. "Barbara Babcock used to visit

and there warn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't "But she's old, Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of "I won't send her away," said Lizzie.

doesn't object, and we may be feeble and friendless ourselves some day." "Frank don't know what he's under-

takin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't as "What is it, Frank?" with a half- much patience with the old creetur' as I should hev had, ef she hadn't squandered "You're going to have some company away all her money, buyin' lottery

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to "I think you are doing right, dear,"

Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so she whispered. So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Liz-"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in conster- zie's housewifely achievements; and just cracking nuts and drinking homebrewed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a

cry of terror. "Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he "She's got another stroke!" It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her

distorted face, and the words "Elizabeth Ann" quivering on her lips. And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dis-"Ef she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be

the best thing that could happen to her an' all her relations!" But Miss Barbara Babcock did not die. She lived on, all winter, into the time when crocuses began to bloom and the maple blossoms blushed redly along

the edges of the swamps. All this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the balls of vivid-colored silk rags that Lizzie ranged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her.

"It'll make a dreadful pretty sort o' curtains," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizaberh Ann shall have 'em for her own." The night before she died she suddenly

opened her eyes. Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle-work in hand, by her side. "Mind," said she, "them silk balls is Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed and sealed in the paper under

my pillow. Mind you don't forget!"
"Oh, I'll not forget," said placid Aunt Rhoda. With the early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations. "I don't want the silk rags," said

Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint in heritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?" "You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag man, if at the Wharf easily enough. But she's you can't make no better use of 'em." "No!" said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted

them to be, I can hire Melinda Proal and her loom for a month. And Melinda needs the work." But when the balls of silk were unwound-there were a hundred of them, more or less-each ball was found to be wound on a ten-dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over, And every ten-dollar bill was Lizzie Els-

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle Lemuel.

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the

greening woods. "I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island! Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, The captain patted Lizzie's bright

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiv-ing Day yet?" said he tenderly. "Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

Cooking the Thanksgiving Turkey.

The American Poultry Yard thus directs: Choose a fat, tender turkey, weighing six or seven pounds; pluck it, carefully remove the pin feathers, singe the bird-over the flame of an alcohol lamp or a few drops of alcohol poured on towel and see that it is properly drawn by slitting the skin at the back of the need a little dark blue and saffron-color neck and taking out the crop without tearing the skin of the breast; loosen the heart, liver and lungs by introducing the foretinger at the neck, and then draw them, with the entrails from the vent. Unless you have broken the gall of the entrails in drawing the bird do qualities of the flesh. Twist the tips of the wings back under the shoulders, stuff the bird with force-meat, bend the legs firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands as far up toward the breast as possible, secure the thigh bones in that position by a trussing cord or skewer; then bring constantly mutter to himself. Then he the vent. Pound the breast bone down, and was laid to rest in the desolate sire Johnson didn't want me. She said first laying a towel over it. Lay a thin graveyard. old Aunt Barby; and my Cousin Max- bird. Baste it frequently, browning it well as good as turned me out of doors. on all sides by turning it about in the that ever breathed. I'm glad I come waste its juices. When it is half done

> The Gobbler's Fate. A gobbler stood upon the fence, When all but him had fied. His form erect-his tail outspread-

and one teaspoonful of powdered herbs.

hot while you make a gravy by adding

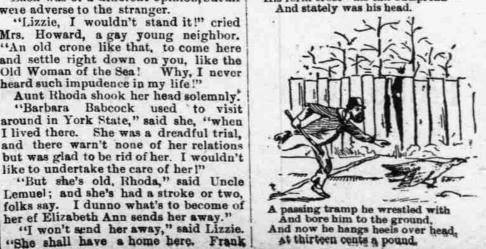
half a pint of water to the dripping in the pan, first taking off a little of the su-

perfluous fat, and thickening it if de-

sired with a teaspoonful of flour mixed

with two tablespoonfuls of cold water.

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank re- Serve the turkey hot with a gravy boat



THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air, - --And the frost is in the sod, And the yellow golden-rod, Like a fading sunset light, Withers in a blackening blight; And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow-

When hearts in festal meetings chime. When gay youth no longer sings The clear carols of its springs, And old age with stealthy tread Up behind us steals, to shed Winter snows upon the head; Yet with age's frost and snow Brings a light whose steady glow With an inner radiance scorns Thoughtless youth's best nights and morns Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,

And awakes a loftier rhyme. Then, for all that builds up life With its changing calm and strife What I was-the given base Upon which I now can place What poor figure I may have wrought

Out of all my life and thought-For the priceless providence That hath made each nerve and sense Of my boyhood but the germ Of a growth more full and firm-For the blest inheritance Of my parents' blood-for chance Even, and fate and circumstance-For the joy and sorrow turned Into hope-for wisdom learned From my folly-faith from doubt:-All within me or without That hath helped the spirit weak Its best life and truth to seek:-For all this, and more that, blind, I cannot recall to mind-

Thanks on this Thanksgiving day I would render as I may:-On this dull gray day when earth Hath no smile of spring or mirth. And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow. Christopher P. Cranch.

Let him who eats not, think he eats, 'Tis one to him who last year said, My neighbor dines on dainty sweets

He who on sugar angels fares Hath pangs beneath his silken vest; The rougher life hath fewer cares-Who fasts bath sounder rest.

His fancy bath more verge and room Who feasts upon the wind that brings The flowers of hope to bloom, So, if no smoking turkey grace This day my clean but humble board,

If rich, and thank the Lord, No gout awaits my coming age, No bulbous nose like lobster red, To vex my temper into rage,

Or fill my days with dread. Leave to the rich his roast and wine; Death waits on him who waits for all;

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways Keep me, lest it should hap be worse; Teach one to fill his mouth with praise Who never filled his purse. -F. B. Plympton.

THE UNPROBATED WILL



Austin was, he was made more desperate by the (believed to be dead) who came home to them broken in health a silent, "queer' man, as the people of Beachton called him. When Jane

Austin was a little girl the now mer, shiver over the fire in winter and

Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had chopping. done was never known. His reap earance was as sudden and unexplained as his hearty way. "Hope your Thankshis departure. He came on foot and giving will be brigh er than you anticialone, and the only thing certain about pated. "Now I'll get my gun and see

daily toil is no light affair.

But a week previous to Thankgiving

and the poor know but too bitterly what

Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,

sound sleep we enjoy."

A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

And I on coarser bread."

If lean the body, light the wings;

I'll think what might have been my case

The doctor will be there by nine, By twelve the priest will call.



old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whither he had gone. down must be snowed under except it For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative. For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little inland village in sum-

him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity | when the woman shouted: of the daughter and her husband; those connected with his last sickness and John Austin!" death heavy. A single dollar added to the outlay of any man whose only capital is his hands and only income is from

the funeral had taken place—used up but it is marked plain enough."
the last dollar of ready money and left a In mute astonishment John Austin debt to be paid. In the flickering light took up the satchel and brushed off the of the fire husband and wife sat sadly snow. It was a small affair, battered discussing the outlook, and gloomy in-deed it was. The last of the little brood might have come out of the ark. A had been tucked into bed, the fierce wind piece of buckskin was looped through of the Northern Winter was howling the handles and rudely marked: Mrs. without, the stars shone brightly but Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and coldly, and the low, heavy banks of daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton,

that means for them. "John," said his wife, after a long silence and with a heavy sigh, "to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and the caildren are reckoning upon a good dinner."
"Yes," he replied, with his head bowed and tears in his eyes, "but the good Lord only knows where it is to come from. The care and death of your ather-I don't say it complaining, wife, or you have repaid it a thousand times

-has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. However, the darlings shan't be disappointed if I can help it, and if you can manage the pies and little things I'll see what can be done about getting something in the shape of meat. Heigh ho! what a miserable thing it is to be poor and never have any money when you need

"Yes, dear, it is hard; but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and | turkey?" that is very much to be thankful tor." "And many a rich man would give more than the sum necessary to make us | neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd comfortable for our appetites and the starve," was replied in very short sen-

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as oyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, for a Thanksgiving feast.

Under ordinary circumstances hunting and then, forgetful of anger and tears, would have been recreation and one exclaimed; seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a rousing ire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest, for game, like money, has a perverse fashion of being out of the way when most

fields and in the full sweep of the icy was a letter. It was written on coarse blasts, he was glad to reach a little paper, unscaled, directed to his wife, and grove where he could find shelter and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife regain his breath. He seated himself of John Austin, forever and ever. James upon a stump and to him came the Selfr.dge. greatest temptation of his life. In a turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of has left." wild ones and with the distinctive | Little packages tied up in buckskin feather marks, it would be the easiest were taken out, and each, when opened, of how happy his wife and children much haunted the woods. would be in the eating arose before

yours, John Austin," and turning his way king was nothing compared to the steps away he answered mentally if not few hundreds to them. Then came the vocally: "No, and I'm not going to be a natural fear of being robbed, and the thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner." wealth was hastily hidden away. They Pushing on again over the broad were too much excited to even discuss meadow he struck the road—an unbroken what they would do with it and were one now-that led to the forest where frigthened nearly into convulsions when passing the log cabin of a family even with it a command to open. do upon such a day—and saw no smoke. | told how good John had been as to the Either the poor man must be dead or the afflicted family. supply of wood had given out. In-

his latter surmise was correct. wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find, "I'll run over to themselves, showed the gold, the letter neighbor Sampson's and borrow his and asked advice. It was judiciously isn't the meanest man in the world by a good action. long shot."

and they stretched out their necks and his neck and kissed him more warmly gobbled at him in the most provoking than since the days of her courtship as fashion and as if they knew what was she whispered: passing in his mind. "Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and of your own Thanksgiving dinner to get as much wood as you can haul. But help others! You dear old John."

may be some rotten stuff that is of no "All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. Istarted to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up,"

"Well, here's an axe, and you had

better leave your gun here till you come

back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys

"All right—no thanks," he replied in then relapses into sleep. what I can do for my own dinner." He had gotten some little distance "You have forgotten your satchel,

"Mine!" he questioned, returning. "Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious,

clouds gave notice of a fierce snowstorm, Pennsylvania, U. S,"

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with

the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gasped oue the single word: "John Austin," exclaimed his wife in

the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family,' and her apron was brought into requi sition to wipe away her tears.

"It's marked for you, Jane, and— where in heaven did you get that great "Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gan, which you lost, and if the

tences and broken by sobs. "But Jane-" "Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day-andand we become objects of charity-and -and-having to be fed by the neighin no fanciful dreams of turkey and a bors," and up went the apron again. huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. "Mother," broke in the eldest of the hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an

had spelled out the address, "it's your name, and such queer writing!" Thus reinforced John Austin explained take his gun, go to the woods and see if | that he had found it in a hollow log and he could not "knock over" something suggested that it be opened. The wife looked dubiously at it for an instant

investigation of the satchel, and who



quick as ever you can. Tramping along over the unbroken | He complied. The first thing he saw

"Sounds like a will," said the hustree, within easy shot, roosted numerous | band, "and we'll see what the old man

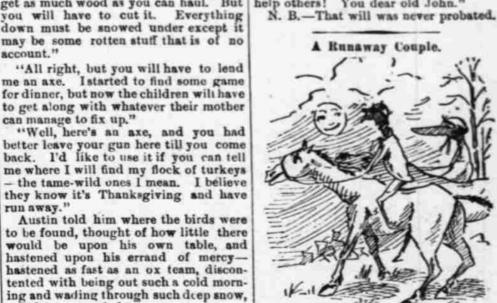
thing to secure one and pass it off, if disclosed gold, coined, dust and nugseen, as legitimate game. Great fat, gets, evidently the savings of a miser luscious fowls they were, and the vision miner, and explained why he had so Cvercome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered Almost before he was aware of the act around the table upon which it had been his gun was raised and aim taken. Then piled, and laughed and cried together. conscience whispered: "They are not The millions of merchant prince or rail-

game was likely to be found, and was a loud rap was heard on the door and poorer than his own, for the husband It was only their neighbor Sampson was lying very ill. He glanced up at with more good things, and as he sat the chimney—the most natural thing to warming his numbed hands and feet he

"And, John," he said, "I saw and stantly his own situation was forgotten heard you when talking about my turand he was not long in finding out that keys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will "Don't worry," he said to the anxious | ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

team and get you a load. There's lots given and with congratulation the farmer of dead timber on this land, and he hurried away, happy at having done a At a late hour for "country folks" their To accomplish his purpose he was dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing forced to retrace his steps and again look | with thankfulness, and when the stuffed at the temptation of the turkeys, children were dreaming the wife stole Certainly no birds ever looked so large, | behind her husband, put her arms around

> "To think I should accuse you of be ing drunk! And you giving up all hope



A Youth Asleep From His Birth. There is in a southern insane asylum, says the New Orleans Picquine, an eightyear old boy who has never been awake since the hour of his birth. He was the child of a paralytic mother, and has delicate features and a high, white forehead, with long, black curls. His arm Twice a day he is aroused enough to take a little nourishment and

On the Way to Thanksgiving Services,



GOLDEN-ROD. An idle breeze strayed up and down The rusty fields and meadows brown, Sighing a grievous sigh, "Ah, me Where can the summer blossoms be?" When suddenly a glorious face Shone on him from a weedy space,

"Good afternoon!" said Golden-Rod.

And with an airy, plumy nod,

The breeze received her courtesy And then came hurrying home to me, And eagerly this story told: "I've seen a lady dressed in gold, So shining that the very light That touches her is doubly bright-She nodded, too, a royal nod."

"Why, that," said I, "is Golden-Rod." 'Come out and see her where she stands, Gold on her head and in her hands," He cried: and I without delay Went after where he led the way; And there she stood, all light, all grace, Illumining that weedy place,

"Good afternoon!" said Go'den-Rod.

And to us both, with airy nod,

PITH AND POINT.

-Clara Doty Bries.

Words of cheer-Hurrah! Tiger! The rag-gatherer's business is picking

A black bear that has been eaten is bruin-et. "I'm considerably worsted," as the stocking said. Stands to reason-the reasoner when

ne is tired of sitting. Instead of the French in Tunis, rouldn't it be more grammatical to say the French in tune are? - Si/tings. A wealthy old farmer who has seven good for nothing sons, says he is satisfied that there is no money in raising beats. Funny that a fast young man never begins to think about settling down un-

til it has become utterly impossible for him to settle up. Now the woodses change their color And the folkses change their clothes-Soon the head of navigation Will peep through its robe of snows.

"Oh, you have come first at last; you were always behind before," was the the first boy at school, - Detroit Free

He said that the process of making a foreign-born man a native of the United States was exceedingly pleasing .- New York News.

McGurrigan was naturalized yesterday.

There was a young maid, a Miss Howard, Who was a most pituful coward; For a cure little mouse Scared her out of the house And chased her all over the cowyard. In Russia they teach bears to dance by placing them on a hot floor. In the Chicago grain exchange they make them dance by raising the price of wheat seventy-five cents a bushel.

"Are you winking at me because you

think I'm a country jake, sir?" demand-ed the new clerk at the drug store, loudly and beligerently, as he paused in the act of drawing a glass of soda water for a customer. ".. ames," hurriedly called out the proprietor, "come and tie up this licorice for this boy. I'll wait on Mr. Rambo myself."- Chimps Tri-A Chance to Get Even .- Office Boy --'Please, sir, here's a man to see you. Impecunious Doctor-"Healthy man?"

Office Boy-"Very much healthy. Got something in his hand looks like a bill."

Impecunious Doctor(struck with a brill-

iant idea)-"Let him come in. I'll

give him fifty cents on account; he will faint, and I'll charge him two dollars for reviving him."-Time. Hadji Husse in Ghooly Khan, Most puissant Persian man, Just arrived from Teberan: "Good morning, sir. How do you do And how is Mrs. Hadji Gheo! And how are all the little Ghoos! Come tell us, Hadji, all the news, We're glad to see you, minister,

A Kentucky Terror. "Do you remember Craig Tolliver," said a drummer to a Chicago Mail re-

Oh! Zorosstrian worshiper, Take off your things, and sit right down; You are at home in Washington."

porter, "who was shot about a year ago! was down in that section of Kentucky just before he was killed, and was in Morehead on circus day. If you were never in a country town on circus day, let me tell you, you never want to be. Tolliver was known throughout Eastern Kentucky as the terror of Rowan County. He was as nervy as he was wicked, and with a little whisky aboard and a brace of good pistols, which were part of his being, he would face a band of Comanche Indians. The day I refer to Cooper & Bailey's Circus (I think that was the name) gave a performance in Morehead, the county seat of Rowan, and Tolliver came to town to see the show. He was loaded with tanglefoot whisky and tr butts of two large navy revolvers pro-truded from his hip pockets. While watching the man in a ticket wagon selling tickets an idea struck him. He went around to the opposite side of the tent, cut a long slit in the canvas, pinned back the ends, and proceeded to admit the people at half rate, in opposition to the wagon at the main entrance. Those who had no money were passed in complimentary. "The circus people came down upon him with a whoop, but he used forcible arguments, and handled his navies so

gracefully that the show contingent accepted the situation and made the best of a bad state of affairs. Fecundity of Fish. It has been calculated that, as fish

produce so many eggs, if vast numbers

of the latter and of the fish themselves

were not continually destroyed and taken, they would soon fill up every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 80,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 of cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,-000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing 6 oz. or 7 oz. is provided with about 30,-000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Bution calculated that, if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

- the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe said she. "I wonder I never thought of the legs down and fasten them close to quietly faded out from among the living they know it's Thanksgiving and have Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercyhastened as fast as an ox team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go. Tramping along after the sled Austin The night before Thanksgiving. at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward. A strong-armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said thumb. He lies on his bed year after trunk, drawing and unloading in front