

### THE HOME FESTIVAL.

The circle of the months once more  
Rounds out the swiftly flying year;  
The summer revels all are o'er—  
The day of retrospect is here.  
Not now spring's joyful spirit rings  
Its jubilant notes to earth and sky;  
Her nameless, sweet, enchanting things  
Burst forth to please and pass us by.  
Midsummer, with its pomp and flame,  
The pageantry of leaves and flowers,  
Are now as some remembered name  
Close interlinked with happy hours—  
The gauzy wreath of October bright,  
That beckons us with summer's light,  
To lay our withered palm and nut,  
And where they flamed death reigns in  
stead.  
But not in vain the seasons pass  
With various charms their annual race;  
The harvest that we sought are won,  
And gifts to match our needs are found.  
If, on the sore November plain,  
The sun casts down a dimmer ray,  
Deep joy—not sorrow—fills the strain  
With which we greet Thanksgiving Day.  
—*Just Boston.*

### Phylida's Pumokin Pie.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Well, what is it?"  
"That was one of the things the girls detected about Aunt Martha. She always took it for granted that visits were made for a special reason and with a particular motive, and these she demanded in much the same fashion as a highwayman demands money."  
"Thursday," replies Miss Millburn, "will be Thanksgiving Day, and—"  
"I know that," snapped Mrs. Benjamin.  
"And we thought—we hoped," hurried on Adele, "that you would come and dine with us on that day."  
"You did?"  
"Yes, aunt."  
She was the latest nervous of women, this tall, dark, stately young lady, but she grew a trifle uncomfortable under the glistening scrutiny of Mrs. Benjamin's little black eyes.  
"What," queried that terrible old lady, after a deliberate pause, "are you going to have for dinner?"  
The question rather dazed Miss Millburn.  
"—I don't know exactly, Phylida always sees to the meals. I suppose whatever is right."  
"Right!" disgustedly. "Was it right when I dined with you last Christmas, and you had turkey and lemon pie for dinner, when you should have had goose, and spiced beef, and plum-pudding? I dare say, you'll have goose on Thanksgiving."  
"This with the most soothing sarcasm."  
"Oh, no!" indignantly. "Turkey. One Phylida raised herself."  
"And cranberry sauce?"  
Adele nodded emphatically.  
"—An apple—real—good, old-fashioned—pumpkin pie."  
"Yes, really and positively."  
Phylida had said anything about the pie, but her sister had no doubt she would be forthcoming.  
"—If I thought that pie would be extra good," suddenly cogitated the old lady.  
Adele trembled slightly.  
"—Phylida's pies are always good," she asserted, with some stiffness.  
"—Well, yes," graciously assented Mrs. Benjamin. "You may tell the girls I'll go."

"Refresh yourself on these!" advised Phylida, extending her a bag of fruit tablets.  
A rather staid, roomy table in which the girls sat, but one betraying the fact that its habitues were people of refinement.  
"—Oh, Phil," said Miss Millburn, popping a strawberry square into her pretty mouth, "she asked me if we'd have pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving Day. I told her yes. But you didn't say anything about it. Shall we?"  
"—I think so," responded Phylida, rather doubtfully.



WITH HIS IN HAND AND DOG AT HEELS.

She was quite unlike her sisters, this little housekeeper of the family. She was plump and peach-cheeked, with violet eyes, reddish-brown hair, and a mouth like a baby's, dewy red.  
"—You see it is this way, girls," she explained. "Mr. Miller promised to give me a fine pumpkin for my Thanksgiving pie, but last week a stranger bought out and took possession of the Miller farm. Whether he will let me have the pumpkin or not remains to be seen."  
"—Let one come along else. It is his apple," counseled Rosalie, vaguely.  
"—Rosalie was the artist of the family. Just now she was painting a bunch of withered magnolias, and expounding on its goal deal of chronic syphilis, lumbago, and zealous devotion.  
"—That is easily said," cried Phylida, who, epitome of meekness and sweetness though she was, could not resist shooting her adviser a scornful glance.  
"—But nowhere—nowhere are such pumpkins as Miller's raised! At least there are not any others as good in this part of the world. His have the regular lemon flavor."  
"—Get one of those, then," said Rosalie, dreamily, changing her advice and her brush with equal dexterity.  
"—I wish," said Phylida to herself that very afternoon, as with the sun at her feet and her blue equestrian hood behind her, she walked in a robe of maternal propriety—buttoned over her lacy little body, she made her way against a black north wind to the Miller farm— "I wish the girls would take a tiny bit more interest in the managing and the bills, if a trifle less in their merriment and painting. But then they are talented, and I am not. And whatever is best."  
With which action of questionable expediency she endeavored to encourage herself.  
She walked rapidly. Her cheeks were rosy-red, her eyes like sapphires, when she reached the gate leading into the Miller grounds.  
Swiftly she passed on toward the avenue, but she turned a curve of the avenue, she became aware of another presence. In the path just ahead of her, gun in hand and dog at heels, a gentleman was stalking.  
He looked back; he stood still; took off his hat.  
Their glances met. Not like Mr. Miller—not in the least like Mr. Miller. That individual had been small and swart and gray-haired. This gentleman was very tall, very straight-limbed, very, very handsome, and young. With a positive sinking of her heart Phylida noted that.  
The turkey was cooked to a tempting degree of puffiness and bronze; the cranberry jelly looked like rubies melted and moulded; the potatoes were whipped to snowy foaminess; the bread was perfect.  
But the pie! The pie quite captured Mrs. Benjamin. Such daintily brown and crackling-crisp and altogether unsurpassable pastry—such firm and golden and fragrant flavored filling!  
"—It's like the pumpkin pie my grandmother used to make," said Mrs. Benjamin, drawing into geniality.  
But in her heart she knew it was a great deal better.  
When three months later she heard that Phylida was to marry the new proprietor of the Miller farm, her wrinkled visage relaxed into a knowing smile.  
"—It's all that Thanksgiving Day pump-

"Well, Mr. Miller promised me a pumpkin."  
"—There—it was said!"  
"—He did? Then you assuredly shall have one. Where—to whom shall I send it?"  
For three years had Phylida obtained from Mr. Miller her Thanksgiving pumpkin. Several he offered to send it home for her. She had always chosen the smallest one she could find, and then had paid Billy Bette to carry it to Holly Hill Lodge for her. This month duty the young gentleman in question performed unaided with much cheerfulness for the sum of five cents.  
"—My name is Phylida Millburn. I live at Holly Hill Lodge."  
"—Oh, with a comprehensive lifting of thick, dark brows. "Wait a moment, please."  
He shouldered his way off through the crackling shrabbers. In a few minutes he returned, balancing on his shoulder a huge globe of gold—some assembly large enough to have formed Cinderella's coach.  
"—That," cried Phylida, in dismay, "must weigh thirty pounds, if it weighs an ounce. We couldn't use that in a year."  
But he was walking with leisurely deliberation toward Holly Hill, and she was obliged to turn and keep up with him.  
"—You've no idea," he said, coolly, "what an appetite I have for pumpkin pie, and this doesn't weigh quite thirty pounds."  
What did he mean? She actually gasped. With a quizzical expression his eyes met hers.  
"—Surely you mean to say my dinner Thursday," he said.  
"—To dinner? The efficiency of the suggestion almost took away her breath. He was pressing on the fact that she had requested a favor. And she had been mistaking him for a gentleman."  
"—Indeed, you ought," pursued that most unobtrusive of young men, "not for the sacred sake of neighborliness, then because of our parents. You, father and my father, were fast friends long ago. My name is Bertram Beady."  
"—Bertram Beady? and how good old George Beady and best to her own every-thing and every-thing's father?"  
"—I did not know," looking up with leading eyes, "what you were. His son. Of course you'll come?"  
"—And on Thanksgiving Day, can't he?"  
"—Henry Aunt Martha will be civil to him," the girls felt assuredly, fondly, longly, to each other.

### Chop Labor in Madagascar.

In Madagascar mining is carried on in a primitive way, says a proponent of a mining industry factory. The natives are not much better than slaves in point of pay and treatment. I was out to sell a mine on the island. When I explained to him the amount of labor he would need and told him the price of it he drilled at me. "Why, I can get a whole gang of men to work a lifetime for me for that money!" he exclaimed. I thought he was exaggerating things in his statement, but when I looked into the system of mining there I found he was not far from the truth. The men in these Malagassar mines work twelve and fourteen hours a day and only receive from six to ten cents per day for that hard labor. At a mine one day I saw 100 men excavating a shaft with axes and pickaxes. The mine was in a dangerous condition. The superintendent had been paying the men ten cents a day. He told the men that if they would give axes and pickaxes to work on the shaft I would raise their wages two cents a day. About fifty of the men went back to the mine and the next day the mine collapsed and 100 men of the poor fellows were killed and 100 others to death. I never saw a mining drill in Madagascar—before at ten cents a day would knock out the sides of any labor-saving machinery.—*Chicago Herald.*



WITH HIS IN HAND AND DOG AT HEELS.

### New Teeth for All.

A Russian dentist claims to have discovered a new method of supplying people with artificial teeth, which is the result of time because of war as natural teeth. He first experimented upon dogs and then upon his private customers, and in all cases the results were identical and successful. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, according to the pleasure of the patient. The root of the false teeth has holes bored into it, and these holes bored into the jaw and the teeth to be inserted. In short time tender growths start in the cavity of the false teeth, and this growth fastening the teeth become fixed in their positions. They are as brittle as the natural teeth, but they have been out of their sockets with the gums. There are some disadvantages in the description given by the dentist and it may be that the whole result will prove as fabulous as the early methods. Further details and experiments are needed before the practice can be made popular in this country.

### Best Guns for Hunters.

Edward W. Sandys, in *Gun and Gun* depicts an arm to be a gun larger than a ten gauge, and honestly believe that it would be better were the "shoulder cannon," such as four gauges, not manufactured, and the same also might be said of repeating magazine shotguns. The ordinary sizes, ten and twelve, are already too deadly in practical hands for the welfare of our diminishing supply of game. Neither is it good sport to take too great advantage of opportunities. Two barrels and a killing powder, so as far as sixty yards, should be enough to satisfy an honest sportsman.

### A Thanksgiving Dialogue.

"Which me gobbie," remarked the fat Thanksgiving turkey once, as he strutted by the small boy.  
"—That's all right," replied the small boy, "but wait till next Thursday, and feed me gobbie."

### A VACCINE FARM.

#### How the Doctors Get the Virus Used in Vaccination.

#### Manner of Conducting the Process of Inoculation.

The Board of Health maintains one of the best vaccine "farms" in the world. From this "farm" is obtained almost all, if not all, of the virus that is used for vaccinating purposes in New York hospitals and other institutions. Sanitary experts from many foreign countries, who have examined the "vaccine farm," have reported that it is a model of its kind. It is called a "farm," but it is located in an upper-story apartment on the south side of Forty-fourth street, between First and Second avenues.  
Dr. Edward L. Pardee, the Superintendent, has had charge of the establishment since it was started. He was found yesterday intently inspecting the impromptu-looking stable on the second floor of the three flat cows. Dr. Pardee knows all about vaccine virus, from its discovery by Jenner in 1776 until now. Under his care 2,000,000 vaccine "points" are produced at the Board's "farm" every year.  
The "farm" is on the second floor of the stable. It contains twelve perfectly clean stalls, the framework of which was invented by Dr. Pardee. This is so arranged that the heads of the cows are fastened between two upright hickory posts, far enough apart however to enable the animals to eat. Other pieces of hickory timber are so fixed that the cow cannot move more than an inch or two in any direction during the operation of inoculation.  
The animals are led to the upper floor by means of an incline from Forty-third street. Usually, a tone of a bell in advance of the rest of the herd. The others generally follow without trouble. After leaving the hickory timbers around them, the cows become tame quickly. They are dealt with gently, but some of them will persist in kicking to the last. However, when Dr. Pardee's frames are around them, they have only themselves to blame.

Dr. Pardee, when the reporter called, was on the right-hand side of a cow, wielding a knife and a bone saw, and his assistant, J. J. B. B. B., was on the opposite side, preparing a place for the inoculation. Mr. B. B. B. had just cut away the hair on either side just forward of the root of the tail for a space probably ten inches square. This was done with a whirling-machine. Then he followed the spot and shaved it clean with a sharp razor.  
When the place was clean-shaven, Dr. Pardee took a six-bladed knife, all the blades open at once from the same end, and scarified a spot on the clean hide about two inches square. Then he applied the virus from a bone syringe. Two inoculations were made on each side of the hind-quarters. When it was finished the cow neighed her hay contentedly, but later on she occasionally switched her tail and she thought a new kind of fly had discovered her whereabouts.  
Dr. Pardee explained that after the soles are taken off, the quills are dipped in the excoriations from the practices and are then laid away to dry. Subsequently each quill is cut into four points. One cow furnishes virus for four quills or 2000 points. The virus is almost colorless and an oblique cut is made in the skin to show the doctor which end to apply to the scarification on the arm of a patient.  
Dr. Pardee said that only the healthiest of cows were used at the "farm." Generally they were Darbans from two to four years old, raised for beef. Every cow is examined by a veterinarian surgeon before it is allowed to enter the stable and every day subsequently. If a cow shows a trace of any other disease after inoculation the virus from her is not used. Only "healthy" virus is used. The healthiest virus is the poison from a sore. When Dr. Pardee discovered the virus in 1796 he probably thought of this paradox.  
There are usually twelve cows in the city stables. They are furnished by a butcher who takes them back after they recover from the effects of the inoculation, which does not affect their quality for food. The sore heals up in a week, leaving the flesh absolutely pure. Of course, the butcher is paid something for the use of the stable.—*[New York World.]*

One of the largest hop growers on the Pacific coast got a growth of 3592 pounds of hops on an acre of 816 hills. A yield of 1000 pounds to an acre in the average year is considered fair.

### My Palace.

I built me up a palace.  
It was years and years ago,  
Long before the throats of silver  
And the wrinkles had to show,  
I peeped it with fancy  
And I reared it to the skies,  
When the rainbow life was golden  
In my youthful paradise.  
It's built with shining with satin,  
And its courts were paved with gold;  
Its halls and lawns were  
Gaudy carnivals would hold,  
And I listened to the music  
From the hidden players who  
Laid their spell to my bliss,  
From beyond the mystic blue.  
From beyond the blue of ether  
And the dreaming and the mist,  
And the veil that hid my palace  
From the common worldly list,  
All its steps of Jasper white,  
And its tappings of its fountain  
Making music in the night.  
It was built to build a palace  
Grand and noble, grand and tall;  
For it is the dream of dreamers—  
Never matter how it fall.  
I've required my cement heart  
Close unto the human heart—  
Disappointment may disrupt and tear  
Its sacred walls apart.  
So I built me up a palace  
Years and years and years ago—  
And tonight it lies in ruins,  
And tonight my hair is snow,  
But I would not give my palace  
For a king's ransom, price or look;  
For the phantoms of my fancy  
That haunt the dear old wreck.  
—*[H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.]*

### Humorous.

A heavy fellow—Cupid.  
A deaf farmer drove in his flock and herd.  
A dog in Idaho turned into bone and died. He died hard.  
The woman who cannot keep a secret manages to hold her age all right.  
"A stone's throw" is a distance that depends a good deal on the size of the stone.  
"Your husband wears his hair very short." "Yes, the cowardly wretch!" replied Mrs. Terror.  
"If great wit to madness surely is allied," there's not much doubt of the sanity of most jacks.  
When they see the bride's costume was a dream do they mean to imply that it was an illusion?  
Extraneous Circumstances—"Perhaps I don't look very cheerful," remarked the coal boss. "But consider how often I am pitched into."  
"Gaysans—This is a great day with us at home. My daughter comes out" tonight. Dumbly—"Don't say! So does my brother. He's been in for seven years."  
Johnny—A lady became old almost in a moment the other night. Mary—Nonsense! Johnny—Not at all. She was sitting in the parlor with her young man, when her father entered. Her youth departed immediately.  
The dairy maid properly called the goat.  
And, putting "she" pointed to milk.  
"I wish you had, you'd turn to milk."  
And the animal turned to fat—*Yes.*

### Brazil's Coffee Industry.

Coffee is the product on which the prosperity of Brazil chiefly depends. The plant was originally obtained from Africa, and it found in the climate and soil to which it was transplanted the conditions necessary for a maximum growth. In 1830 Brazil exported 12 bags of coffee; last year she sent abroad 6,000,000 bags of 132 pounds each. Of this quantity the United States buys as much as it sold to all Europe. For the cultivation of the berry virgin forest lands are preferred. The latter are cleared of trees and brushwood by burning, and the roots and stumps are left to natural decay. The plants are raised from seeds and planted when one year old in holes dug for their reception. At the end of four years they begin to produce, reaching their maximum of bearing at nine years and continuing to be fruitful for forty years. There are three crops annually. The berries are gathered in baskets and either spread out to dry in the sun or subjected to the same purpose to artificial heat in pans. Machinery separates the outer shells and inner husks from the beans, and the coffee is then ready for market. Its quality is greatly improved by age. From the same region are obtained Mocha, Java and other varieties which figure in the market reports. The grades are assorted in Rio de Janeiro and in New York and Brooklyn. The beans of different sizes and weights are separated mechanically and are sold as Mocha, Java, etc., according to the taste or gullibility of the consumer. For the benefit of those who know no better the light and spotted beans are dyed to a beautiful green, which is easily washed off in warm water. Probably not a ton of real Mocha enters the United States annually.—*[Washington Star.]*

### Ponies Plenty and Cheap.

Cayne ponies are seldom seen here now, but they have not become extinct by any means. On a large range opposite I met a one five or six thousand, owned by one man. A dealer reports that he was offered his pick of 400, out of a band of 1000, for \$6 per head. This is cheap enough, but there is not much demand for Indian ponies nowadays.—*[Portland Oregonian.]*



SHE WAS PLUMP AND PEACH-CHEEKED.  
"—Oh," groaned Adele, when she had taken her departure, and was walking swiftly along the road which led to the delapidated old house called Holly Hill Lodge, where she dined with her sisters.  
"—Oh, if we only weren't poor, and Aunt Martha so rich! Such a condescension as she makes of us! And we have to scrape and save for a month to have a decent dinner the day she comes. Then, if we don't ask her to dinner every festival, she goes around moaning about the ingratitude and neglect with which she is treated by her brother's children. And the minister comes to give us some paternal advice about being kind to a poor, lonely, loveless old woman. Phew! If I were a man, I'd swear."  
Reaching the mansion, which boasted an air of distinction as pronounced as Adele's own, despite its very evident need of paint and repair, Adele promptly installed to her sisters the result of her distasteful mission.  
"—But you were heroic!" commented Rosalie, with a sigh.  
Rosalie was a miniature edition of Adele, olive skin, dark hair, delicate features.