Dentocratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 18, 1898.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The Lord of the harvest walked forth one day Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,

Where those he had sent in the early morn Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat. He had chosen a place for each faithful one, And bidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others, with troubled voice, Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain "The master has given no work to me, And my coming hither has been in vain :

The reapers with gladness and song will come, But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest home

He heard the complaint and he called her name "Dear child, why standest thou idle here? Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream And bring it to those who are toiling near;

I will bless thy labor, and it shall be Kept in remembrance as done for Me."

Twas a little service, but grateful hearts Thanked God for the water so cool and clear;

And some who were fainting through thirst an heat

Went forth with new strength to the work s dear;

And many a weary soul looked up Revived and cheered by the little cup.

Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart On those who were reaping the golden grain, I have thought in Thy work I had no part, And mourned that my life was lived in vain, But now Thou hast opened my eyes to see That Thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labor of love is mine. To gladden the heart of some toiling saint, To whisper some words that shall cheer the weak Do something to comfort the worn and faint-Though small be the service I will not grieve, Content just a cup of cold water to give.

And when the Lord of the harvest shall come, And the laborers home from the field shall call. He will not look for my gathered sheaves; But his loving words on my ear will fall; "Thou gavest a cup of cold water to me, A heavenly home thy reward shall be.'

-Helen Hunt Jackson

TALE OF AN OPEN DOOR.

There really was no telling how long she had been living there all alone except for the two servants. Even the servants themselves could not have told. Susan, the cook, if you had asked her about it, would have said :

'Law, chile, don't ask me no sech questions. I've been shet up in dissher house so long I'se got plum moldy."

And if the years had not left mold on the mind and the heart of the lonely old woman in the upper rooms it was not because the time had been short. People wondered what kind of a woman she could have been when she was young, but that did not really matter. They all knew very well what kind of a woman she was now Not that she was so very old, either. She had simply made herself old by sitting alone and shutting out the sunlight and thinking hard, bitter thoughts and getting and stare at her. wrinkles in her face and gray hair in her hair. Any one can do that who tries very hard, but whether it is the best thing to do, that is the question.

Imaginative people said that she had been embittered by a great disappointment long ago and that it had turned her into a sour, gloomy old recluse, hating the world and everybody in it, but, after all, when you came to ask about these stories they were all hearsay.

Of the two servants in the kitchen, one was Susan, who just when to do

and scratch them with all its claws at once! laughed at that-a thin little laugh that How it scampered about, playing hide and seek with its own tail! How it swarmed brought the tears to her eyes. Oh, it was wonderful how those eyes of hers were imup the curtains and the table covers and proving ! And yet she did not say a word looked at itself in the glass and rolled itto him except to ask him where he lived. self up in the Persian rug and enjoyed And then she told Jane to take care of the boy and the kitten until she came back, every minute of the time! In short, if ever there was a kitten that just simply took possession of a room and made itself and she wrapped herself up and went out. took possession of a room and made itself She was gone a long time. When she thoroughly at home there, this was that came back, her eyes were bright and moist and looked almost like a pair of new eyes.

When Jane went up stairs to announce She sat down and took the child and the the next meal, as was her custom, she re- kitten both in her lap. turned to the kitchen almost tottering and "Little man," she said, "I've been to with distended eyes.

"I bleebe Mis' Arnam done gone crazy !" she cried. "She sottin up dere wif a kit- of their own children. And so I'm going and Romans had festival seasons in honor ten in her lap, and she say for you to fotch to send them all, the whole family, out to of Demeter, or Ceres, the goddess of agride kitten !'

kitten

"G'way from here, niggah !" cried Suto stay with me and be my little boy. san, and she hurried to her mistress' room The child contemplated her with serious to disprove Jane's story. She returned eyes. After a while he asked doubtfully : with slower footsteps and a frightened face. Mrs. Arnam had said to her :

"Yes, I want my dinner here, Susan. until the kitten gets used to the house. I have never had a kitten before. I don't know why I have never thought of it."

all three of them, and such a hungry boy as that was, and what a pleasure it was to "Dey's somefin wrong wif Mis' Liza-beth," said Susan when she had gained the shut up in her own gloomy thoughts, had sacred precincts of the kitchen and Jane never dreamed there could be a child as had assured her that she "shoo'ly did look hungry as that in all the world !

pale. Long as I been stayin here, she And, afterward, when he insisted ain't never eat in her room yit, and now on wearing his new shoes to bed, Jane and she gwine ter eat dere on account ob a Susan had to be called up to see that, and measly little cat." they made a holiday of it. I don't know

On the second day a queer thing hap- how many years it had been since the old pened. The kitten had performed what it walls had echoed to such laughter. When considered a great feat, and Mrs. Arnam laughed. The sound of the laugh fright-actually persuading the child to let the ened her, and it sent the kitten skurrying shoes lie in a chair where he could touch under the bed. It came out presently and them, and when she saw her put the kitten growled at her as a gentle intimation not into his arms, she remarked to Jane in an to try that any more, and that made her awestruck whisper : laugh again. Jane, sweeping in the next

"Hit do 'pear to me like de merlenninm room, heard it, and left her work unfinmus' be jes' ron de corner." And that wasn't the end of it ! No, inished to tell Susan, but Susan scornfully

warned her not to come "tellin her no deed! Why, the very next day a minister tice of proclaiming an autumnal Thankssech trash." There were bounds beyond whose work lay among the poor and destiwhich Susan's credulity could not go. tute, received a summons to call on an old Of course Jane left the doors open again woman who had refused to see him when before the week was out. She declared he had called at her door once before. And that she "shet ebery one ob'em." But she when he went, there she was with a small must have left them open, for how else did the kitten get out? At any rate, before in her face that did not come from the fireany one knew it, the kitten was gone and light as she said : was not to be found anywhere in the house.

'An the kitten too?"

'kitten too.'

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried the old woman,

They had supper there together afterward,

"I have just found out what poverty is. When mistress and servants had searched everywhere in vain, Mrs. Arnam shut herself up in her room again and sat down before the fire. The little creature that had is changed. I want you to take this distracted her thoughts for a few days and money and see how far it will go in giving lected for the date. Our universities make had made her forget herself was gone, and all the poor you know a little supply of once more she was a lonely old womanfuel and a good Thanksgiving dinner. And will you come back to me when that more lonely and miserable than she had been before. She sat there looking at is gone? I want the dinner to be a good gloomy scenes in the glowing coals until one, mind, a regular, generous, old fashshe could endure it no longer, and then she ioned Thanksgiving dinner."

arose and walked about the room and fi-Oh, it was a great time in that old womnally threw up a window to get rid of the an's life; but that was not all, she sent for choking pain in the heart. And when she an architect that very evening and began leaned out into the cold air, what do you to talk over plans for a home for homeless think she saw? Just below her, seated on children, and while she talked the child the doorstep, was a ragged little boy with was leaning against her knee and she fondled his thin little hand. After the In a moment she was down stairs and architect was gone she still sat there mushad the door open and had frightened the ing. Late as it was, she said to herself, child so that he could do nothing but stand she might still atone for her idle, selfish, lonely life. "What are you doing with my kitten lit-

And that was not all yet, for when Jane came to the door and said, with a broad grin spreading all over her face, somebody "' 'Tain't your kitten ! It's mine !" he to see you, Mis' Arnam," she did not hear 'How did it happen to be yours, I until the somebody came in and stood beshould like to know?" asked the angry side her and asked :

"Mother, can you forgive me yet?" she "It was borned mine," was the simple explanation, and then the woman's heart sunk. She had never once thought the kitten might be somebody's property be-fore it came to her, and behold, she had no intervente to for the most neutral and eloquent addresses mouth as firm as her own—but in a mo-ment she had awakened and was in his intervente to for the most neutral and eloquent addresses of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hall, Dr. E. H. Chapin and other preaching celebrities have owed themselves and give a moonlight picnic for me." arms, crying out to him while the tears She was about to go in and close the rained down her cheeks : door, but she paused to ask coldly : "Oh, Dick, my little boy, my own little "What were you doing on my door-

Thanksgiving Day.

Thoughts Suggested by the Annual Harvest Festival, The Day's True Significance.-Its Origin and Ancient Manner of Observance-Its Modern Significance-The Country Feast-A Tempting Banquet. The Perfect Form of Giving Thanks.

An annual harvest festival of Thanksgiving has been by no means peculiar to this country or even to modern ages. deed the Hebrews had their harvest festivals, the principal one being the autumn feast of ingathering (feast of the Tabernacles), a thanksgiving for the whole produce see your uncle and aunt. They've had of the wine press, of the fruit orchards and sickness and haven't been able to take care the cornfields. Similarly, too, the Greeks a great big farm of mine. where they'll get culture. All these were sanctioned by well and make a living, and you are going religious rite, games and joyous indulgence the pleasures of the table. So our Thanksgiving day has a noble descent in history, and the Puritans of Massachusetts not only showed their piety, but their senolarship, in some of the old sermons still extant. A discourse of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather on Thanksgiving is curious in its learning concerning the prototypes of the Puritan festival among the nations of the past. It shows how well

the fathers knew they had linked themselves with a great historic observance. However the day has become shorn of its religious quality in the minds of the masses,

who sacredly enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey, its connection with worship is always earnestly enjoined by state and federal proclamations. It is indeed the sole relig-ious festival observed in the United States by virtue of civil authority. The annual practice in New England during colonial times was imitated after awhile by the Dutch and England governors of New York, and the continental congress proclaimed the festival annually during the great war struggle. It remained afterward, however, a purely state affair till, in 1863, President Lincoln began the prac-

giving annually. In the earlier time Thanksgiving day was the most important of American fes

tivals, for Christmas was looked on with riding she says is unlady-like." boy and a kitten, and there was a radiance tans. Aside from church going, shooting with the rifle at turkeys was the most wide spread habit of the day. This is still prac-You see a great deal of it, I am told. Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving. I have overshadowing feature of the holiday in ting you?' the way of amusements is the prevalence of the great foot-ball and other games semore important of these friendly battles

the cognate branches of the Teuton family,

always look in some way toward matters of national gratitude rather than those of individual thanks. So we expect the church addresses to be largely of a political character, dealing with topics of public Our ministers naturally avail morals. themselves of this escape valve to discharge views of political questions once a year,

Two Girls and Another.

Talk Punctuated With Spoonfuls of Ice Cream. It was in one of the Chestnut street ice

cream saloons, where all good Philadelphians go to eat ice cream because their grandmothers and great-grandmothers went

there. A girl whose enormous pompadour looked as if it were dressed over a horse collar was busily engaged in making an excavation in a large dish of ice cream. A girl with a manly stride came in and the

two shook hands like college boys. "Well, she's gone," exclaimed the girl she sank into a chair opposite.

"Who's gone?" "That girl from the South that's been visiting me. I've just taken her to the station and put her in her seat and checked her baggage and bought her ticket and helped her off with her jacket and done everything else but order her dinner for her, so now I hope to goodness she will get home without falling off the train.' "Dear me. couldn't she do those thing

for herself?' "I know it's dreadful to talk about one's

one of those 'clinging vines' and she's al- volunteer regiments have remained at their most worn me to a shadow. When she gets posts of duty, in most cases at great pera little older she be what Howells calls a hen-minded woman."

"Tell me, what did she do, what did she say that seems to have stirred you up so much ?" asked the girl with the pompadour interestedly. "Well, for one thing, she was always

getting lost and wouldn't ask anything from a policeman because she said it was 'so conspicuous.' She came so near being run over by bicycles, trolley cars and carriages Jubilee week that I thought my hair would turn white. If anything was coming she would stop right on the crossing and and 2,083 enlisted men. squeal."

'How stupid !"

dreadful for them to play bare-headed and to roll up their sleeves. She thinks girls who play tennis are tomboys and bicycle

"The idea ! What did she like to do?" "Oh, she would sit for hours embroidering dolies, polishing her finger nails and waiting for the men to call. She was from ticed to some extent in the purely rural the South, you know. Don't you hate

Well, I should say so; she didn't do all that, did she?"

"Yes she did, every night and morning, and she had those abominably soft little hands that squeeze up into nothing. They give me the creeps. She always went to bed in gloves that smelled of glycerine and terer to furnish them necessary food, can

"How ridiculous ! Just think how we used to hang out of the window this sum- for without previously received instrucmer to get our hands tanned." "She had those innocent, helpless-looking eyes and when we were in a crowd she

always hung to my arm and called herself 'a poor frightened little kitten.' " 'Horrible !"

'Yes, and evenings she played 'Sparkling Waves' on the piano and sang things about | tions. the murmuring sea." "Didn't you feel like shaking her?"

"Often. The first night she came she sniffled for two hours; said she was homesick because she had never been out in the part, of the militia, is totally inadequate, big world alone before. You would have thought she was an orphan starving in a garret. There our whole household was must have been dreaming of him' for she he battery of the pulpit. Not a few of looked at him as though he had been part the most powerful and eloquent addresses ny chiffon tie up at the station just now and said when L came South to see her she and give a moonlight picnic for me. to this occasion. A sermon delivered by "Are you going ?" the Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans on "Nit !"

Corbin's Report.

He Sends It to The Secretary of War-Tells of the Many Soldiers-The Total Number of Those in the Volunteer Service.-Our Losses in The War.

General Corbin has made his annual report to the secretary of war.

Discussing the volunteer army, General Corbin shows the legislation regarding it and gives in detail the different organizations called out from the various States and territories. The strength of the vol-unteer army at its highest point, which "Well, she's gone," exclaimed the girl during the month of August, was with the manly stride, in a tone of relief as 8,755 officers and 107,244 enlisted men. The aggregate strength of the regular and volunteer armies was 11,108 officers and 263,609 enlisted men.

General Corbin says that the suspension of hostilities resulted from "the short but brilliant operations of the army against Santiago." The surrender of the Spanish troops in Porto Rico, no less than the successful operation of other troops in the Philippines, lead to the determination to muster out 100,000 volunteers. He gives the details, which may have been published, and adds : "Since the signing of company, but I just must or burst. She's the protocol the officers and men of the sonal sacrifices. That they have done this cheerfully and without complaint make it all the more desirable that a speedy in-crease of the regular army be provided for

in order that the volunteers may be released from further service and be allowed

to return to their peaceful vocations." The number killed and wounded during all the campaigns is as follows : Officers killed 23, enlisted men killed 257, officers wounded 113, enlisted men wounded 1,464. The total deaths from wounds and disease up to October 3rd were 107 officers

General Corbin recommends that the men of the National Guard who entered "Yes, wasn't it? I took her out to see the volunteer army be allowed to return the girls play golf and she thought it was and be readmitted to their state organizations. Advice to those who control the National Guard is as follows : "While the yearly state encampments have been productive of positive good in imparting practical instruction to the troops participating, the experience of the recent campaign has demonstrated the absolute necessity of further assimilating the condition of encamped troops to the actual necessities of active service by making the men while in camp dependent for their subsistence on the army ration to be furnished by the state authorities, on ration returns and cooked by troops by precisely the same manner as in actual service in the field. An organization ordered to a state camp for military instruction, relying on a canever acquire that self reliance which characterizes the regular soldier on active duty tions in preparing food the natural results when called into service will be poorly cooked and wasted rations which, failing to strengthen the physician's report, making liable to febrile and stomach troubles incident to service in all kinds of weather, under distressing but unavoidable condi-

> "For this purpose, involving the issue of rations and the purpose of field cooking stoves and utensils, the annual appropriation made by Congress for the support, in and its increase, urged in past years, has now become a necessity."

Thanksgiving Day.

Governor Hastings Issues His Proclamation Naming Thursday, November 24th.

it the occasion of their most brilliant athletic contests. Out of the cities where the would naturally occur local games are arranged which perhaps evoke as much in-

terest among the spectators. It is curious to observe that among all the strong and servile nations this tendency to connect national festivals with athletic contests has been all but universal. Among the Americans, Englishmen and Germans of to-day,

this is specially noticeable. The religious exercises of Thanksgiving

and many a good stump speech, as well as

everything and just how to do it, because she done the same things at the same time every day during all those years when she was growing "moldy." The other was Jane, the housemaid. Jane had been there only six years, and Susan told her every day that if she didn't quit "disrememeverything that she was told she would certainly "git her walkin papers."

Perhaps the threat has been repeated too often and had lost its effect. At any rate Jane went on "disrememberin" with the calmness of perfect confidence in her safety and left doors open and forgot to lock gates and was altogether a trial to the methodical

Year after year this old woman had been alone. She had a great, fine house, but she lived in a little corner of it. She had great quantities of money, but she used very little of it. She had no friends, or if she had, she never saw them. In all Su- the kitten, and after a while the child besan's recollection of her she had never done anybody a kindness. The servants he slipped down to the rug at last and had orders never to feed a tramp, and as for giving money to beggars, why, dear me, such a thing was never dreamed of.

But it was Jane that ended it. Jane had gone out to the coalhouse and had come in with a scuttle of coal, and perhaps it is needless to state, knowing what we do way up stairs. As she set the scuttle down in the corner she heard the well known command :

"Shut the doors as you go back Jane." And she gave the stereotyped reply : 'Yes, Mis' Arnam, I ten to it

So she went back shutting all the doors, but it was too late then. The mischief was done. Something had whisked into the room before you could think, and before the echo of Jane's footsteps had died out of the room there was the roundest, funniest gray kitten running up Mrs. Arnam's dress and scrambling into her lap. Once there, it looked her in the eyes, stretched out its soft little paws and mewed in the most wheedling, caressing manner known to kittenhood.

The old woman did not throw the kitten down, or push it down, or shut it outside the door. She started to do all three, but instead she only sat there, looking at the little ball of gray while it closed and unclosed its paws on her folded hands.

"Well, what do you want?" she said presently.

The sound of her own voice startled her It had been so long since she had heard it except in giving orders to the servants. There never was such a kitten. The

moment she spoke to it, up it went, hand over hand, over the bosom of the black dress, and before the old woman could move a finger it was actually rubbing its pink nose on her very chin. Not only that but it mounted upon her shoulder and purred in her ear and smoothed its silky side against her cheek and actually clawed at her hair and tumbled down into her lap and ran back to her shoulder again as though it were the greatest fun in the world.

Something stirred in the stern, silent, grim old woman. The touch of a living creature against that withered face went deeper than the face. She raised a hand and stroked the kitten and spoke to it

gently. Such a frolic as that kitten had ! How it caught her hand and pretended to bite her fingers with its ridiculous little teeth

Thanksgiving day, 1860, is said to have lad, don't ask forgiveness of me! I need it so much more !' "We was a-warmin ourselves," said the And there was Susan's face in the doorchild, and this reminded him of his own way, illuminated with a radiant grin ; for

discomfort so that he began to shiver and had she not known where Mas' Dick was all this time? And had she not gone to Truly, it was a bitter day. Even in that him that very morning and told him? sunny nook the cold was intense. The "Mas' Dick, now's yo' time to make child was blue with it. She had not nofrien's wif yo' ma, for she sho'ly is like anodder woman !"

But then, there was the little boy who

had melted the hard old heart ready for

But what does it matter how the Thanks-

Direct Evidence.

Witnesses from Delaware will complete

John P. Dunning, husband of the dead

penas of the California courts and at the

expense of the city and county of San Fran-

The cost of bringing these witnesses and

"People make mistakes," said Chief

when they speak of evidence against

purely circumstantial.

maintaining them here will be over \$20,-

"Come in and warm at my fire-you and And there was the little boy in Dick's

in the very nick of time.

the kitten," she said. arms before you could think, and friends Now what had come over her? What with him from the very first minute, and magic spell had been working on that hard there was the kitten running up the table

old heart? She sat in her armchair, cover and tumbling down again and makwatching the child thaw and grow rosy red in the grateful warmth, as he sat on the hassock before the fire. There was no never was such a happy time. sound in the room but the soft crackling of Susan began that very evening making preparations for the most delightful Thanksgiving dinner that ever was eaten, and while she worked she chuckled with delight and took all the credit to herself stretched himself out there, and when the because she had brought Mas' Dick home

kitten crept into his arms he murmured : "It always sleeps wid me to keep me warm."

her kitten in his arms.

replied clasping it closer.

old woman.

step?"

to shrink together.

ticed that before

tle boy ?" she demanded grimly.

After a while the old woman arose softly and covered both the sleepers with blank-Dick's coming and there was the kitten It is needless to state, knowing what we do of her, that she left every door open on her way up stairs. As she set the southe which had brought the little boy and there was Jane who had left the door open for pretty they would be if they were brushed! the kitten, and so-The withered hand touched them softly. When had that hand ever been laid on a

giving got into the house, so that it came. child's head before ! And then, as though -Philadelphia Times. ashamed of such weakness, she sat down again and resolutely looked into the fire. What was this child more than any other? There were hundreds of such children in

Chief Lees Seems to Have a Good Case Against the streets-born thieves, every one of Mrs. Botkin. them, ready to repay kindness by stealing anything they could lay their hands on. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 13 .- Chief of Po-

But it was no use. She couldn't keep from looking at the child, and somehow it lice Lees has sent to Delaware four subpenas for as many witnesses in the case of did seem pleasant to hear his soft breaththe people of California vs Cordelia Botkin. ing in that room, that had been silent so the chain of evidence which is expected to And after she had watched and listened for a while she went into another convince twelve men that Mrs. Botkin room and opened a drawer that had been murdered Mary Elizabeth Dunning. shut I don't know how many years and took out-a child's cloak, that would surewoman; ex-Congressman Pennington, her ly cover that little figure in the other father ; Dr. Wolf, State chemist of Delaroom from head to foot. ware; Detective McVey and most of those She looked at the cloak a long time, and who were connected with the case will come westward in obedience to the sub-

once she rolled it up and put it back again, but then she took it out in a hurry and vent and sat down, with it on a chair beside her. Ah, surely that was a genial fire. That icy old heart of hers was thawing before it, as the snow thaws on the southern slopes in spring.

And in a little while she made another Lees, journey to the long shut drawers and brought out piles and piles of clothes-Mrs. Botkin as good ones, too, that might have been for the child by the fire—and shoes, too, wrapped in oiled silk, as though they were Most of it is direct evidence. kin bought candy at Haas' store. Then we have the clearest proof that she got arsenic at the Owl Drug Store. The box of candy was mailed at Dunnigan Ferry. made of gold, and the jauntiest little hat you ever saw. And then, awhile later, she touched her bell and summoned Jane, John P. Dunnigan will prove that. He is and, disregarding Jane's amazed stare, said: clerk who distributes mail for Eastern 'Give this child a warm bath, Jane, and States. He picked up the package contain-ing the candy and noticed it particularly put these clothes on him, and then bring

him here.' The little fellow was pretty in his new

blue with cold that morning. And what

because of the likeness of name on the address-Mrs. John P. Dunning-to his own. clothes despite the thin face that had been Naturally he noted also that the package

aroused and crystallized secession sentiment scarcely less than Mirabeau's oratory did the revolutionary sentiment at the convocation of the French states generals in 1789. So, while most of the Thanksgiving pulpit talking may lack pith and fire, it

sometimes becomes a projectile of monstrous force and effect. But, after all is said, one must confess that the true modern significance of Thanksgiving is that of the feast day-the family feast day. It gathers the scattered branches together from far and wide to sacrifice at the altar of family love, where are enshrined the Lares and Penates of the old ing a perfect whirligig of itself in that mad home. There is something of this feeling, pursuit after its own tail, altogether there too, at Christmas, but it chiefly touches the individuals of each family branch. Thanksgiving seeks the gathering of the clan and becomes in many cases perhaps the most beautiful and delightful occasion of the year, full of the purest joy and sweetness, a veritable fountain of refreshments. The spectacle of three or four generations of a family assembled together from distant dwelling places under the some and succulent dainties, but that it fills the soul brimful of love and sympathy, effervescing anew after long ab-This is the truest religious sacrifice sence. of the day, and so the dinner table becomes perhaps the most consecrated shrine of all. in libation there. It is in the country that the finest joys

pin and canvasback ; with sparkling apple degrees. vived again with exhilarating freshness the warming of family ties, the homely appetizing dishes, into whose concocting cook has poured the purest love and joy of the heart as well as fragrant spices and sweets, make up something which no pire. banquet of Lucullus could equal. Many a worldworn spirit has found in such an occasion a new sense flaming out of the ashes of ennui and weariness, that, after all, life is well worth living. And so may it be

always We have said nothing in this article about the giving of thanks, which the name of the day emphasizes. Well, perhaps the indulgence of love and innocent joy and the new birth of all the best sympathies of one's nature are as perfect a form of thanksgiving to the great Creator of all as prayer and psalm singing within the walls of the chapel. Without the first

"We can prove directly that Mrs. Botnamed all else is but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

-Bismarck leaves about 20,000,000 marks or \$5,000,000, to be divided among his children.

"My car of Peace and Plenty I, Love, shall guide to earth ! Speed on, ye feathered beauties ; Ere yet the morn hath birth

We'll come with garnered treasures And hold triumphant sway

Throughout the Land of Freedom This glad Thanksgiving Day.' -Hobart

Hottest American Town.

The people who flee to the mountains and seashore in summer days, as if before a pestilence, when what they know as the heated term is on, can have no idea what hot weather really is until they have spent a few days in the old town on the Colorado

river in southwestern Arizona, says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript. The people who tell agonizing tales of their suffering in the periods of temperature among the nineties in the great cities ought to come out here in summer to know what Old Sol can do in the way of heat-making when he gets really down to business What would you say to living in a spot where not a blade of grass may be seen, where there is nothing green but a few trees shimmering in the dusty sunshine, where the earth everywhere is so hot that one cannot stand upon it with bare foot, and where from June 1st to early in October the temperature is seldom below 90 degrees, and more generally about the 110th degree mark-once in a while running up ancient family rooftree is charged with the to 123 and 125 degrees? What would you heart's truest poetry. The significance is not that it surfeits the belly with tooth-not less than 97 degrees, of two weeks at a time varying from 108 to 115 degrees, and even a week at a time over 112 degrees in the shade? That is what the residents of this quaint old town of Yuma have regularly each summer. Last summer the Yumas had two spells of weather when the though no blood of the grape is poured out mercury climbed up to 117 degrees in the shade every morning for a few successive days and descended to 96 and 100 degrees of Thanksgiving are found. They go with turkey and pumpkin pie, not with terra-daily temperature ranged from 107 to 115 daily temperature ranged from 107 to 115 From June 18th to June 21st injuice, not with champagne. The crisp, pure air, the association of rural life re-

Harvesting the "Fruits."

The Sugar Trust has the honor and the glory of harvesting the "first fruits of em-

It has bought the entire sugar crop-250,000 tons-of our new Hawaiian poss sions. It will use this purchase in destroying the independent refiners. As the Sugar Trust was the most potent advocate of Hawaiian annexation, it is fitting that it should reap the rewards of its patriotism. Sugar and leprosy are the only consider-able Hawaiian products. Now that the sugar has been appropriated there remains only the leprosy. Who will harvest that?-N. Y. World.

The Manna of the Jews

The manna of the Jews is a lichen (Lichen esculentus, sive Canona esculenta). The Saharan nomads and the inhabitants of South Algeria call it Oussehel-Ard (ex-

crement of the earth). It occurs in lumps the size of a pea. The inside resembles a white farina. It must be gathered early,

for the 1ays of the sun soon wither it, but it can be kept well in closed vessels.

Provided For.

The Old Friend-I don't believe you realize the dignity of your position. The New Millionaire—Don't have to. I've a butler hired for that.

Hastings has issued the follow ing proclamation :

In accordance with a time-honored custom and pursuant to the proclamation of the President of the United States, I, Daniel H. Hastings, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, Nov. 24th, 1898, as the annual day of thanksgiving, to be observed by the citizens of this Commonwealth.

Not since the war which threatened the destruction of the Union and which brought peace to a reunited country have the people of Pennsylvania and of the country had so great cause for giving thanks to Almighty God, upon whose favor the happiness and true greatness of our people must always depend.

Prosperity has reigned within our borders, but the peace of our country, which has continued for a third of a century, has been interrupted by war, made necessary in the cause of humanity and in the interest of the peace of the world for the years that are to come. The patriotism of our entire people has been made prominent by the events that have transpired within the last six months, has given new strength to our government, has added much to the love we have for our country.

The horrors of war cannot be palliated and the losses that we know have brought sorrow to a large number of the homes in our State, yet we should all be thankful for the results that have been accomplished. To this end let our usual places of worship be attended by the ctizens of our Commonwealth on this day set apart for thanksgiving and prayer, and let us all renew our devotion to our country's best interests and render thanks to Him to whom we owe every blessing.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of State at the city of Harrisburg, this Twelfth day of November, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundredy and Ninety-eight, and of the Commonwealth, the One Hundred and Twentythird.

By the Governor, DANIEL H. HASTINGS. DAVID MARTIN,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A New Oil Well Flowing.

Second One Shot at Gaines Made Great Excitement.

The excitement in the Pine Creek oil field above Jersey Shore was increased Saturday when the drill in another well struck oil at a depth of 900 feet. This new well promises to outdo the first well that was shot about three weeks ago. The well in which oil was struck Saturday is some distance from the first one and proves that the oil producing territory is not limited as some argued. Its extent can be only defined by drilling new wells. The gas wells continue to produce good pressure and the town of Gaines is now being piped in order to supply consumers. Other wells are expected to come on next week.

The rush of oil men to the new territory continues and with the drilling of each well the excitement goes a notch higher. Land is being leased in all directions and next spring will see wells drilled much nearer this city than those now flowing.

Better Have It.

Mabel-He wants to send me his picture. Would you accept it? —You ought to take the WATCHMAN. I frame worth one hundred dollars.