

O HEART, GIVE THANKS.

O heart, give thanks for strength to-day, To wait, to run, to work to play!

AUNT NABBY'S THANKSGIVING.

It was "in war time." November had come; with it good Governor Andrew's Thanksgiving Proclamation, and before their comfortable fireside sat farmer Allen and his kind old wife.

He was enjoying his evening pipe; she, in her split-bottom rocker, was busy with her knitting.

He had just laid down his daily paper with some word of praise for the honored governor, and his wife, picking up the thread of a conversation dropped shortly before, said earnestly, "It lies heavy on my conscience, Timothy; it can't sleep nights for worrying of it. A Thanksgiving without a big dinner—think of it!"

"Uncle Timothy took the pipe from his mouth and looked into the fire. "It does make a gloomy enough picture, you're right," he said; "but I don't know how you're going to make it brighter without a sight of work, Nabby."

"Work?" exclaimed the little old lady, shaking her cap strings energetically. "Who minds a bit of work when it will be rewarded by the sound of merry voices and the satisfaction of knowing that those children have had enough to eat for once. Why, father, if you could have been there yesterday, you'd be as downright worked up as I am."

"When I looked into Emily's cottage and took that poor, puny baby in my arms, the tears rolled right down my cheeks; I couldn't help it; and Emily, she cried too. Timothy Allen, I made up my mind then and there it was our Christian duty to have 'em all here for Thanksgiving, so long as the dear old man is off to the war a-fighting for his country."

Uncle Timothy wiped the sympathetic tears from his eyes and brought his fist down emphatically on the broad arm of his oaken chair.

"You're right, mother, and we'll do it," he said. "You ain't had a big Thanksgiving dinner in this room for these ten years, and it'll be right nice to bring the old times back again. Now, let me see," he added slowly, "that biggest turkey is the one. The ducks are in prime condition, and the pumpkins are the largest I've raised for twenty years."

"I'd better begin on my pies to-morrow, don't you think so?" put in his wife; "we must have a powerful lot of 'em. I shall see to all that, but Dinah can take the poultry right off my hands. I must be sure and make some cymbals for the boys and—acquire—I nearly forgot the plum pudding!"

Aunt Nabby started so at having forgotten such an important part of the feast that she actually awoke the gray cat that had been lying peacefully asleep on the hearth.

"This is the place for 'blind man's bluff,'" said the old man, who in fancy was a boy again, enjoying his Thanksgiving evening. "I must have Ben bring up some nuts from the wood-house to-morrow," he added, "and be sure you have plenty of raisins, Nabby; children are always fond of 'em."

Next day—what a busy day it was!—Aunt Nabby's cap strings weren't still for five minutes at a time, and Dinah's face wore a perpetual smile.

"Law, missus," she exclaimed as she looked at the pantry shelves that evening, "them pumpkin pies looks as sweet an' yaller as a son of a gun, and them raisins jus' tickling to pull the feathers off that prond turkey in the barn-yard, yander."

"They do look good," said Aunt Nabby, clasping her dear old hands with satisfaction. "Now, I am going to clap on my cloak and hood and run over to Emily's with one of 'em, and let her know the nest's bother about her Thanksgiving dinner. No, I don't mind the walk. You tell father where I am when he comes in."

Dear old son! He hurried along beneath the darkening sky, humming a little song to herself, she was so happy.

How quickly her knock was answered at the door of the cottage, and there she found the young mother with her children gathered about her, warming themselves before the scanty fire.

With what joy the old lady's invitation was received! How she comforted and cheered and helped where it was so hard to help, for they were of the proud and silent poor—those who suffer and say nothing.

"Yes," she said as she arose to go, "we'll have a real jolly time; and, by the way, here's one of my pies. Dinah and I finished 'em to-day, and I brought this for you to try. Now, father will drive over for you real early Thursday morning, so we can have a long day of it. I brought you the paper, too, Emily; thought you might like to see the war news. And now I really must be off."

The sun arose on Thanksgiving Day, wearing his happiest smile, and called out all the tiny diamonds to sparkle on the scanty covert of snow that had fallen over the earth the night before.

Dinah was up with the sun and had that fat turkey dressed and ready for the oven not to mention the two ducks. Aunt Nabby was trotting briskly here and there all the morning, and there was entirely too much bustle about the kitchen to suit the gray cat, so she went off and staid till dinner time in the woodshed.

And what a dinner it was! The long table stretched out before the great fireplace did literally glow beneath its weight of good things. For, as Uncle Timothy said, it was "rather weak in the legs and you must be careful and not run against it hard."

But, nevertheless, how many things it held! The turkey—never was there a larger or better one, and just done to taste too—"a regular buster!" as Billy delightedly exclaimed. It would be impossible to describe the ducks, and as for the vegetables—the potatoes, the squash, the onions, the parsnips, and all the rest—my! it just makes me hungry to think of them.

And there behind the turkey sat Uncle Timothy, his face running over with smiles; and right opposite was Aunt Nabby in her best cap and lavender ribbons, looking quite as happy as he. Then, to manage the ducks, there was their son Andrew with his rosy-cheeked boys on either side of him, and his bright-eyed wife to help to the potatoes and parsnips; and along the other side of the table sat Emily's two little girls, and the baby in his high chair (one that Aunt Nabby had brought down from the attic), and there was Emily herself looking pretty and happy.

Behind Aunt Nabby stood Dinah, ready to put on the children's bibs, and near Uncle Timothy was Ben—Dinah's "ole man"—waiting to pass the turkey around; and, bless me! the gray cat was there, too, going from chair to chair and sniffing the odorous things as eagerly as any of them.

But before they began this feast even the smallest head was bowed, and Uncle Timothy, his honest, hard, old hands clasped before him, asking a blessing for them and thanked the dear Lord for his goodness.

After that they were all helped. And how they did eat! Uncle Timothy looked down the long table, a smile of satisfaction brightening his face.

"Now, if Harry was only here we would be complete," he said.

"Yes, if Harry was only here," murmured Aunt Nabby, but as she spoke she saw the sunshine vanish from Emily's face and two big tears appear in her eyes, so the old lady made haste to change the subject by asking her if the dressing of the turkey was seasoned as her mother used to season dressing.

Well, after those good things were stowed away, the splendid plum pudding and the toothsome pies were brought on and oh, such lots of nuts and raisins.

It took a long time, that dressing of the turkey, and it really was over the children were glad to gather quietly about the fire and roast chestnuts while Uncle Timothy and Aunt Nabby told about the long-ago Thanksgivings and of the good times they used to have.

So the afternoon wore away, and the sun smiled good-night and went to bed behind the hills, and the soft twilight shadows crept in at the windows.

Then the children wandered away to find Dinah and beg a piece of pie or some of Aunt Nabby's "cymbals," as she called her tempting doughnuts; and when darkness had fairly come, Ben and Emily, dressed in their best, and with their hats and coats on, stepped aside to let the horses go, and Dinah stood waiting her apron, then it was that Uncle Timothy put his arm about his dear old wife; and giving her a hearty kiss said huskily; "God bless you, mother!"

So ended Aunt Nabby's Thanksgiving. "I have played blindman's bluff for half a century," he said, "but, nevertheless, he took off his spectacles and laid down his pipe and let Dolly bind the handkerchief about his eyes.

What a jolly time they had! Uncle Timothy made a capital "blind man," and Uncle Andrew and Sally, just in the game, too; and, bless you, Aunt Nabby was not going to be left behind; she ran about with the children and briskly as any of them.

In fact, the only one who did not join in the sport was Emily; but she sat by the fire, with baby in her arms, and enjoyed as merrily as any one, while Ben and Dinah stood in the doorway and watched the gay scene. The gray cat alone surveyed it from a secluded corner.

But Emily had to join in the game in spite of herself.

You see, the children were flying here and there, and Uncle Timothy standing in the middle of the floor, not knowing where to turn next, when Emily started to cross the room, and hearing a footstep near him, the old man sprang forward. Before she could say a word he had caught her, and snatching the handkerchief from his own eyes tried to blind her about her.

"Oh, but I can't play," pleaded Emily, endeavoring to take away the handkerchief.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, tying the knot still harder. "I guess, if I can—an old chap like me—you haven't forgotten how to here, Dinah, take the bow. Now, children, for a frolic!"

"Oh, I always did make a very poor blindman," she said, laughing. "You don't want me to play with you."

"But please, oh, please," cried the children, while Dinah whispered confidentially: "Go on! jine in, honey. You'll take care of the baby. Go on!" So Emily gave in to their wishes and did her best to enjoy the sport.

And now it came—the best part of the whole Thanksgiving Day.

It was when Emily was trying in vain to catch Uncle Andrew; when Billy was up on the table and Tommy was under it; it was just as the gray cat had rushed down the cellar stairs, and Dolly and Mab were hiding behind Aunt Nabby's rocker, that the door suddenly opened, and there stood a tall, handsome man in a soldier's cloak.

No one saw him but Dinah, and to her he raised a warning finger. The next minute, as Emily darted across the room, in pursuit of Uncle Andrew, she ran right into a pair of strong arms.

Did she have to guess whom she had caught—or, more correctly speaking, who had caught her?

Al, there was only one shoulder in the world that was such a perfect rest for her weary head; only one pair of lips that her forehead just reached; one arm alone that could hold her so perfectly, and with a cry of joy and wonder she tore the 'kerchief from her eyes.

She had left her burden of care in that game of blindman's bluff, and when the handkerchief fell away the anxious look went with it, and the eyes she raised to her husband's, though overflowing with tears, were as bright as the eyes he had looked into when he went away.

But it takes so much longer to tell than it did to happen. Long before this Dolly and Mab and the boys were clinging to his knees, Aunt Nabby was sobbing on his shoulder, while Uncle Timothy held his hand and blessed him, and Aunt Sally was crying for joy in Uncle Andrew's arms.

Dinah was weeping over the baby, too, and Ben was praising the Lord with all his kind old heart; but how happy they were in spite of all the tears.

When the first great joy and surprise was over, they gathered about the fire and learned how Harry had served his country and now had come home to stay with them all.

"I made up my mind to get here by Thanksgiving Day," he said, "while he sat with Emily's hand in his and Dolly on his knee, and as I left the train and was hurrying towards the cottage I saw the light streaming out of these windows like

a welcome, and I could not help looking in. Then I saw you all running about and my dear girl taking part in the game to help make the evening brighter in spite of her heavy heart; I could think of no better way of making myself known than by joining in the fun."

"These children have been a better way," said Emily, laying her cheek against his arm. "Oh, Harry, when I felt your arm about me, I forgot all the worry and trouble; I only 'new you had come home to us—and—and—"

"Never mind, dear," he whispered, "I understand; but it is over now, and here I am. What a glorious Thanksgiving Day it is!"

His words found a grateful echo in every heart, and no one spoke until Billy, tired of solemnity, broke the silence.

"How many men did you shoot, Cousin Harry?" he asked.

"I never mind, I hope, my dear boy," answered Harry, looking into the fire. "War is a very dreadful thing. I can scarcely see how I am sitting here now all safe and sound."

"Oh, I think it's fun," cried Tommy. "When were men were going to go to war, I was a child, and those wicked old things 'Ain't' you, Bill? I guess they'll be sorry then."

"I guess you'll be sorry, too," said Mab, with a shudder. "How could you bear to hurt 'em?" And she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"You needn't worry, pet," he said, stroking her hair. "It will be some time before Tommy and Billy are men, and ere that this cruel war will be over, please God."

"Let us hope so," said dear Aunt Nabby, clasping her peaceful hands.

"Mamma, might I enquire how 't'ings is goin' down dar?" spoke up Ben from the doorway.

"Pretty badly, Ben, pretty badly. You and Dinah do well to be up here. But we will see happier days before long, I am sure."

"May it please de Lord's mercy, sar," replied the old darky, solemnly shaking his head.

So they sat and talked before the fire till Ben brought his violin, and then they all sang "Home, Sweet Home," even the children feeling how much the words contained.

Thus the day came to a close. Aunt Sally having in the boys' caps and coats and heavy loaves that made the fire leap and dance so merrily it kept them all busy running away from the sparks.

"Now for blindman's bluff," exclaimed the little ones. So Dolly was blindfolded and away they all went, dodging here and there, tumbling over chairs and tables, till the little girl grew tired chasing them, and, darting over to the fire-place, clasped her arms about Uncle Timothy's neck and cried merrily, "I've caught uncle; I feel the shiny spot on his head!"

How uncle did laugh!

"Why bless you, pet," he said. "I haven't played blindman's bluff for half a century," he said, "but, nevertheless, he took off his spectacles and laid down his pipe and let Dolly bind the handkerchief about his eyes.

What a jolly time they had! Uncle Timothy made a capital "blind man," and Uncle Andrew and Sally, just in the game, too; and, bless you, Aunt Nabby was not going to be left behind; she ran about with the children and briskly as any of them.

In fact, the only one who did not join in the sport was Emily; but she sat by the fire, with baby in her arms, and enjoyed as merrily as any one, while Ben and Dinah stood in the doorway and watched the gay scene. The gray cat alone surveyed it from a secluded corner.

But Emily had to join in the game in spite of herself.

You see, the children were flying here and there, and Uncle Timothy standing in the middle of the floor, not knowing where to turn next, when Emily started to cross the room, and hearing a footstep near him, the old man sprang forward. Before she could say a word he had caught her, and snatching the handkerchief from his own eyes tried to blind her about her.

"Oh, but I can't play," pleaded Emily, endeavoring to take away the handkerchief.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, tying the knot still harder. "I guess, if I can—an old chap like me—you haven't forgotten how to here, Dinah, take the bow. Now, children, for a frolic!"

"Oh, I always did make a very poor blindman," she said, laughing. "You don't want me to play with you."

"But please, oh, please," cried the children, while Dinah whispered confidentially: "Go on! jine in, honey. You'll take care of the baby. Go on!" So Emily gave in to their wishes and did her best to enjoy the sport.

And now it came—the best part of the whole Thanksgiving Day.

It was when Emily was trying in vain to catch Uncle Andrew; when Billy was up on the table and Tommy was under it; it was just as the gray cat had rushed down the cellar stairs, and Dolly and Mab were hiding behind Aunt Nabby's rocker, that the door suddenly opened, and there stood a tall, handsome man in a soldier's cloak.

No one saw him but Dinah, and to her he raised a warning finger. The next minute, as Emily darted across the room, in pursuit of Uncle Andrew, she ran right into a pair of strong arms.

Did she have to guess whom she had caught—or, more correctly speaking, who had caught her?

Al, there was only one shoulder in the world that was such a perfect rest for her weary head; only one pair of lips that her forehead just reached; one arm alone that could hold her so perfectly, and with a cry of joy and wonder she tore the 'kerchief from her eyes.

She had left her burden of care in that game of blindman's bluff, and when the handkerchief fell away the anxious look went with it, and the eyes she raised to her husband's, though overflowing with tears, were as bright as the eyes he had looked into when he went away.

But it takes so much longer to tell than it did to happen. Long before this Dolly and Mab and the boys were clinging to his knees, Aunt Nabby was sobbing on his shoulder, while Uncle Timothy held his hand and blessed him, and Aunt Sally was crying for joy in Uncle Andrew's arms.

Dinah was weeping over the baby, too, and Ben was praising the Lord with all his kind old heart; but how happy they were in spite of all the tears.

When the first great joy and surprise was over, they gathered about the fire and learned how Harry had served his country and now had come home to stay with them all.

"I made up my mind to get here by Thanksgiving Day," he said, "while he sat with Emily's hand in his and Dolly on his knee, and as I left the train and was hurrying towards the cottage I saw the light streaming out of these windows like

The People of Siberia.

Not Four Per Cent. of Them Convicts or Political Exiles.

Statistics have their value when given comparatively. In following up the analogy which was always present in my mind in crossing Siberia, the analogy between that country and the United States, it is interesting to compare the area and the population of both. Siberia has 5,000,000 square miles to our 3,000,000, while our population of 70,000,000 over shadows the 5,750, 000 of Russia's Asiatic possessions, says Anna X. Benjamin in *Amateur's*. Of this number, 65 per cent. are Russians, the rest indigenous. But this average is brought down by the low per cent. of Russians in the extreme North, which, as in Northern Canada, is left almost entirely to the aboriginal Eskimo, and to the hardy trader, while in Southern Siberia from 60 to 90 per cent. are Russians. Not 4 per cent. of all the Russians are convicts or political exiles. The number of convicts varies in the different sections. In the government of Tomsk, in the West, they only amount to one-sixth per cent. which necessarily makes a much higher average in some of the other provinces.

These facts are fatal to the theory that the Siberian population is composed mostly of criminals and the sons of criminals. The Russians find the great northern steppes as bleak and as inhospitable as do the Canadians. Yet the mineral deposits of the fur trade attract a certain population. It is extraordinary to read of the early conquests of the Russians in this country and of their first settlements here, though there were no visions of an El Dorado to draw men on.

None of the country north of the Amur ever belonged to China, though that is the popular idea. It was inhabited by independent tribes, some of which were subjected to the Chinese throne in a very roundabout way, paying tribute to a Manchu Khan, who in return, paid tribute to the Son of Heaven. In finally obtaining possession of the region, the Chinese have not been content with their individual representatives there, not by its own avowed policy, as it is to-day. The chief of these was Muraviev, whose name will ever be connected with Siberia as the name of Washington is with our own country. In 1858, in a treaty drawn up at Aigun, where the Russian and Chinese had met, the Chinese gave up all their claims to the left bank of the great river. From that time dates Southern Siberia's mushroom growth. Vladivostok is one of the fruits of it; Khabarovsk, at the end of this eastern section of railroad, is another. Each city is less than fifty years old, but has been strikingly successful. As do all the Siberian cities, to our centres of quick growth in the West. Only a large garrison creates a military society, which element of the population differentiates these cities from ours. Absent, too, is the atmosphere of nervous enterprise and business which is so essential to making money, which speaks well for Siberia.

Perhaps the most curious feature of all Siberian cities and villages is the quiet of them. The American finds it depressing. The places seem half dead, yet they are alive and thriving. Our conception of prosperity in new cities is so associated with the clang of the trolley, the smoke of the factory, the weird writhings of the steam siren, and the bustle of the population, that it is hard for us to realize that prosperity may exist in a place of dead calm.

Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Blagovestchensk and Irkutsk all present the same features. Blagovestchensk is the heart of Eastern Siberia, on the junction of the Zeya river with the Amur, is, perhaps, the most interesting city. On the central square of the city, where the market is, face two large department stores which for size, beauty of architecture and quality of stock would do credit to any American city. The building houses the museum and other business and government houses are of brick or stone. Good schools have been established, so that it is possible for a boy there, as well in all Siberian cities, to receive a thorough education. In Vladivostok a sailing school for Eastern diplomats turns out graduates accomplished in Oriental languages to begin their careers as interpreters or secretaries of legations.

Mine's Wonderful Nerve.

With His Back and Eight Ribs Broken, He Saw Doctors Set the Bones.

Michael Cinco, a Slav miner, is astonishing the doctors of Uniontown by his remarkable pluck and nerve. His back is broken, eight ribs are fractured and he is lying on his back, but he is as persistent in getting well, contrary to the hospital statement that he could live only a few hours.

Cinco was caught under a heavy fall of roof in the Coal Bluff mines a week ago and buried under tons of slate. His bones were protruding through his flesh and he was bleeding from many wounds while he lay there and directed the men who were digging him out. He chatted with the men who took him to a hospital, and when the doctors said he could not live he showed such remarkable pluck that they operated on him, while believing it was useless. He never flinched while they patched him up, set his broken bones and operated on his spine, and did not sink after the operation was over. He began to mend from the start, and the doctors now think that he will get well. Such a fracture of the spine as he had is always considered a sure death, but Cinco's great vitality and determination is pulling him through.

And Do It First.

Aski—What is your understanding of the golden rule? Does it mean "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by?"

Business—No, my interpretation is: "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by."

That Throbbing Headache.—Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit of Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. On 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by F. P. Green druggist.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Home-Made Candies for the Holidays.

Now that Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays are approaching, I venture a few timely and entirely reliable recipes for delicious homemade candies.

Before attempting to make large quantities of candy, in order to understand the different stages into which sugar passes, put over a moderately hot fire a porcelain or graniteware saucepan containing a little granulated sugar and a little water and carefully note the changes, for the success of candy-making depends chiefly upon the sugar being boiled to the right degree, and this is not easily to determine unless the sugar is watched from the minute it begins to cook.

The "ball" and the "crack" stages are those most necessary for the amateur candy maker to quickly distinguish. The former has been reached when, if a little sirup be dropped into a bowl of cold water, a ball can be formed with the fingers, and the crack stage is reached when the sirup hardens quickly and snaps asunder when eaten.

The sirup, over a moderately hot fire, may be stirred until the sugar is dissolved, and no longer. When the boiling point is reached a scant one quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar allowed to each pound of sugar will prevent the sirup from granulating. If the small bubbles which form on the sides of the saucepan are wiped away with a sponge wrung out in cold water as often as they form.

In making candy select a clear, bright day for your work and the candy will harden quickly and be dry.

FONDANT.

The base of all cream candies is fondant; it may be kept fresh for weeks by putting in a glass jar to exclude the air, and it is always well to make the fondant at least a day before the flavors, colors or nuts used in making the different bonbons are added.

To make the fondant put into the saucepan a pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water. Stir until the sugar is all dissolved, and as the sirup reaches boiling point add one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar and carefully free the saucepan of the little bubbles that form around and above the sugar. If this is not done as often as it becomes necessary the whole mass will granulate.

The boiling sirup quickly passes from one stage to another, and when large bubbles begin to appear it must be watched constantly. The "ball" stage only is required for fondant, and when it is reached it should be at once poured into a deep plate or tin lightly brushed over with sweet oil and allowed to cool until pressing with the fingers leaves a dent upon the surface. It is then ready to "work" with a wooden spoon and should be stirred constantly until it becomes a fine creamy mass soft enough to shape with the fingers.

If the sugar hardens or grains it need not be wasted, but can be removed to the sauce pan with a little water and boiled again. It can then be used for other candy but not again for fondant.

II.—CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.

Form the fondant, flavored with a few drops of vanilla or rose water, into small balls and put them aside to harden.

Melt an ounce of Baker's unsweetened chocolate and add two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, the same quantity of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Press all the ingredients as smooth and then drop the fondant balls into it, and when they are quite covered remove them by slipping a fork under and lay them on waxed paper.

III.—CREAM WALNUTS.

Cream walnuts are made by pressing the two halves of the nut on opposite sides of a ball of the fondant and flattening it between them.

IV.—PEPPERMINT OR WINTERGREEN DROPS.

Melt the fondant as above directed and flavor with a few drops of essence of wintergreen or peppermint. Drop the liquid fondant off the tip of a spoon upon waxed paper.

CHOCOLATE COATED PEPPERMINTS.

Chocolate-coated peppermints may be treated to a coat of chocolate prepared as for chocolate cream drops.

V.—CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Put half a cupful of butter in a saucepan and when melted add one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of molasses and one-half cupful of cream or milk. Stir until the sugar is all dissolved, and when the boiling point is reached add three squares of grated chocolate. Boil till, when tried in cold water, a firm ball may be formed. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla after taking from the fire. Turn into buttered pans and when nearly cold mark it in inch squares and later wrap in waxed paper.

VI.—VANILLA CARAMELS.

Omit the molasses and chocolate, add a little more milk or cream and proceed as above.

VII.—GLACE NUTS.

Boil a half pound of granulated sugar and a half cupful of water to the "crack." Take it off the fire at once. Have ready a few warmed blanched almonds, walnuts or butternuts, and drop them into the sirup one at a time. When they are well covered lift them out on a fork being careful not to drain the sugar off, and place them on waxed paper. The work must be done quickly or the sirup will harden.

Sections of oranges, and single grapes having short stems attached to each one, may be treated in a like manner, when they have been exposed to the air for several hours or until their surfaces are very dry.

VIII.—BUTTERSQUICH.

Boil one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and the same of boiling water until the mixture becomes brittle, then turn it to well buttered tins. When cool mark with a pointed knife into squares.

IX.—VELVET MOLASSES.

Put into a good-sized saucepan three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of water and three-tablespoonfuls of vinegar; when the boiling point is reached add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and when the mixture is nearly done add one-half cupful of melted butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of baking soda. Stir constantly during the latter part of the cooking.

When the crack stage has arrived, pour into buttered pans, and when cold enough to handle pull and cut into proper lengths.

X.—VINEGAR CANDY.

Put into a saucepan a half cupful of butter and when it is melted add two cups of sugar and one-cupful of vinegar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and afterward occasionally until when tried in cold water it becomes brittle. Turn on buttered plate or tin to cool. Pull and cut same as molasses candy—Blanche Gillette in *The American Queen*.

Berriolo Hanged.

Has Been Twice Reprieved but Finally Got His Deserts.

Isaac Berriolo, who was convicted of wife murder last December, was hanged at Wellsboro, Friday. The condemned man accompanied by Sheriff Johnson and Deputy Lloyd, was taken from his cell to the scaffold which had been erected in the jail yard about sixty feet away. He walked the distance with firm steady step. When asked by Sheriff Johnson just finally the cap was put over his head if he had any statement to make Berriolo said: "Good-bye friends, I have nothing to confess." Twelve minutes after the drop fell he was pronounced dead.

The crime for which Berriolo was put to death was committed in Blossburg, in July, 1899. He was a barber by trade, and after a quarrel with his wife he set fire to her clothing and she was burned to death. Following his conviction strenuous efforts were made to secure him a new trial and he was reprieved three times by Governor Stone, until the supreme court finally refused the application for a new trial. The efforts in Berriolo's behalf were continued until last week, when application was made to the board of pardons for a rehearing of his case and which that body refused.

As the trap was sprung at 12:09 o'clock Berriolo's body shot downward almost nine feet. His head was almost torn from his body and blood spurted three feet into space and then fell in torrents over the dead man's bosom and clothes from the gash cut into his neck by the rope which had severed the jugular vein. It was a horrible sight, one never to be forgotten by the 200 people within the enclosure.

Tried to Kill His Wife.

Afterwards George M. Harding Blew His Brains Out.