



**GIVE THANKS**  
I've thanks! Give thanks! Hear the bells a ringing! Give thanks! Give thanks! Hear the choir singing!  
While some souls are crying out, "What shall I give thanks about?"  
"My child is gone!" "My wife is dead!" "My fortune's lost!" "I'll curse instead!"  
"Cease, ye bells a ringing; hush the choir singing!"  
Woe my soul is stinging; heart in anguish ringing.  
No place hath praise, within me here, But all is anger, pain and tear."  
Hold ye! Hold ye! List the promise given: Bless shall they be, who, in sorrow driven, Pass beneath the chast'ning rod, Loving ever, trusting God.  
Be strong; fall not, bend low the head, So, in sweet peace, shall ye be led.  
Ever in the joyful singing: "To the cross I'm clinging."  
Angels' round thee winging, while the bells are ringing:  
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below."  
Amen.  
WILL VISSCHER.



**A Thanksgiving Experience.**  
BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.  
They were a very young couple; this accounted for it largely, and while the affair was certainly ludicrous it was not without a touch of pathos. They both declare that they have better sense now, and that they like, with them at least, shall never occur again, so there can scarcely be any harm in telling all about it.

When they went to housekeeping in a modest way in a fashionable street in the national capital rents were not so high as they are now. They had many friends, some of them very wealthy ones, and, as her entire life had been spent in Washington, she felt that a change from single to double blessedness would not alter things materially.

While the streets and her friends remained unchanged there was a certain indefinable something that shaped itself presently—she could not entertain as she had been used to in her father's house; neither on such a scale, nor with such lavish hospitality.

She fretted a little, at first quietly, then she confided her woes to her husband, for she told him everything, and he, good fellow, took it very much to heart.

Being a lawyer without any considerable practice, for he was a young man in his profession, he did not see his way out of it in that direction. But the idea suddenly struck him that he would try to get some kind of an official position. They had influential friends in the political world, and it appeared quite clear sailing.

The plan met with his wife's prompt approval and she concluded on the spot to begin the siege by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. Some people might have thought it wiser to first get the desired position and then give thanks, but she looked upon it differently, from the point of view of the almanac as it were.

A presidential candidate had just

been elected and would take his seat the following March. The minister of the church they attended was also the pastor and intimate friend of his excellency-elect, and it seemed very fitting and auspicious that he, together with his wife, should be honored guests. There was, also, a certain distant cousin of the successful candidate, a very pompous old lady with a terrible predilection for her neighbor's affairs, whom it was considered wise to ask, and to entertain her there was young Mr. de Post, who led cotillions and gossip with equal facility.

While Mrs. Grimm had very pretty glass and china, in keeping with the rest of her modest establishment, it did not seem grand enough for such a distinguished and critical company, so she borrowed her mother's service, from the silver soup tureen to the nut crackers.

This plan was readily feasible, as her parents took dinner with an elder sister upon that day. No sooner was this arrangement completed than it seemed very out of place to let Fanny, the colored maid, wait at table with such accompanying magnificence—they ought to have a butler. They got one in the person of Fanny's father, who had come up from Manassas Junction to spend the day with his family, and that was where the trouble began.

He was an eminently respectable old man, and when he had gotten himself, after much groaning and the assistance of his wife, the cook, into an old dress suit of Mr. Grimm's, he looked as if he knew the proper thing to do, which was far from the case. His wife had been doubtful from the first. "He kin drive a kerriage jest lovely," Miss Maria," she said, "but he don know nuthin' 'bout waitin'."

"But Fanny can drill him," Miss Maria had said, airily, as she set out to Thanksgiving services in company with her husband.

Fanny, dressed in a new gown and with a huge white cap on her very black head, admitted the guests with a gravity of countenance that would have belittled a servitor of fifty years. Fanny had wonderful misgivings. Jupiter, her father, had not proven a very apt pupil. He asked many strange questions after he had insisted that he understood everything. The butler's pantry was too small to hold them both or she would have remained by her parent during the ordeal; but she stationed herself at the foot of the dumb waiter to admonish in stage whispers if necessary.

Jupiter wiped the perspiration from his brow with a red bandanna and ear



JUPITER CARRIED IN THE SOUP.

ried the silver tureen. With the exception that he put his thumb in Mr. de Post's soup and then wiped it dry with his bandanna, that portion of the banquet progressed favorably. But when the raw oysters were served he took a plate of macaroons from the sideboard, and, doubtless mistaking them for a new variety of crackers, gravely offered them. The hostess flushed violently and tried to distract attention from her husband who, though he said only a few words to Jupiter, had looked such unutterable things as to cause

him to drop the dish on the sideboard with a bang. Presently he barely grazed the minister's head with the turkey platter. Feeling that energy might compensate for the vacuity existing in his mind, Jupiter proceeded to ply every one with the dishes on the table. Sautéed almonds and bonbons careered about the board with lightning rapidity. He even grasped the macaroons again, but a sudden mistrust seemed to seize him and he dropped the dish. He was breathing heavily and each moment his unwonted apparel seemed to grow smaller for him.

The hostess strove bravely to appear as if this was a daily occurrence in every well regulated household, and that a stream of gray extending across the cloth and down a breadth of her best gown was merely an adjunct of Thanksgiving. The host forgot all the speeches he had intended to make in praise of the president-elect and all the subtle antennae of diplomacy that he was going to put forth to the minister by way of starting affairs. He could only feel rather than see, for he scarce dared look up. That Mr. de Post and the executive-elect's cousin were storing a fund of anecdote that would regale many a dinner table—he had caught sufficient of their exchange of glances to rest assured of.

As for the minister, his kindness of heart was as proverbial as was his sense of humor. If he laughed rather more heartily at his own stories than was his wont both host and hostess were thankful to him for diverting some small degree of attention from Jupiter's aimless and comical gyrations. "Jupiter, you have not served the tomatoes," said Mrs. Grimm. Mr. Grimm felt the perspiration start out on the back of his neck; he was wondering what new catastrophe was in store. As for Jupiter, he smiled blandly. Here at least was something he could engineer. "Tomattuses," he ordered of Fanny. A great whispering ensued, then came a pounding on the dumb-



"SEND UP THEM TOMATTUSES."

waiter that set all the glasses and crockery on the pantry shelves to jingling in unison.

A family altercation was in energetic progress. The guests looked at each other and the hostess tried to chatter it down. But no one human throat was powerful enough for that.

"Send up them tomattuses."  
"I tell you they ain't none."  
"They is," Miss Maria says they is."  
"I tell you they ain't, you ole black fool you," the voice was that of the cook. "I dun forget to open 'em, I dun tell you. If you don't b'lieve me use your own eyes, you ole country nigger in Maw's jaw's putty close, a lookin' like a scarecrow in a cawn field. Now look!"

The waiter came up with a bang. All was still. Jupiter was doubtless "looking." Presently the guests looked too. He appeared upon the scene with an unopened can, glowing with a gorgeous label, in either hand. "Bug pawdon, 'Miss Maria, but that ole—" He got no further. There had been a swish of skirts on the stairs. Fanny darted across the room, pushed

her surprised parent into the pantry and turned the key. With an air of elaborate indifference as though nothing had happened to mar the occasion, she removed the plates and the dinner progressed. From the depths of the pantry could be heard the wailing of Jupiter: "If I kain't wait I'm powful at drivin', an' it ain't no earthly use a tryin' to appeah what you ain't. Ole Miss dun say—" There was a peremptory command from below to "come down this minnit," a great creaking of the waiter and Jupiter had descended on the vehicle of his woe.

Mr. Grimm looked at his wife and she in turn looked at him. Between them extended a massive epergne of silver weighted with fruit and flowers; tall candelabras and dainty bonbon dishes, strangely out of keeping with the furniture and the tiny dining-room. There was a look in his eyes that lightened things, though, and the verge of tearfulness was banished. After, however, when the guests were gone and she had had a good cry in his arms, she said: "John, Jupiter was right. We have no business trying to appear what we are not, and whether we get the position or whether we're never a cent richer, I've that good lesson to be thankful for to-day and for the rest of my life."

### DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Saturday morning about one o'clock and alarm of fire was sounded, and it was soon located at the planing mill of Charles Krug, situated below the D. L. & W. railroad and fronting on Seventh street. When discovered the fire had already spread over a large portion of the building, which being frame with tin roof, burned rapidly. When the fire companies arrived they could do nothing toward saving the building, as it was already nearly destroyed, and the flames spread to the office and hardware room and agricultural building of H. V. White & Co. The firemen directed their attention to the grain elevator and mill and storage room of H. V. White & Co. The roof being shingle soon caught fire, as well as the sides of the building by diligent efforts the building was saved, but the water played havoc with the contents of wheat, flour, meals and fertilizers. Charles Krug's was a total loss of about \$6000, without any insurance. H. V. White & Co. lost in their office, hardware, agricultural implements, about \$2,000. In their grain house the wheat, about 3000 bushels, and rye, about 500 bushels, was completely soaked, as well as a car load of flour. About two tons of binder twine and all their sacks were destroyed. Their total loss will reach about \$5,000, covered by an insurance of \$2,000. The origin of the fire is a mystery. For some days past Mr. Krug had been running the mill at its full capacity on a special contract for doors, and it may be possible some journal became overheated.

### BUTLER-HARMAN.

Miss Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Harman, and Mr. Daniel Butler were married in St. Paul's Church on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, the rector, Rev. W. C. Leverett, officiating. The chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers. No invitations had been issued, but it was understood that any of their friends were welcome to witness the ceremony, and a goodly number were present. Miss Etta Geiger was maid of honor, and J. Lee Harman was best man. Freeze Quick and Daniel Butler Jr., served as ushers.

In the absence of the organist, who was called to Wyoming county, on business, Miss Maud Runyan, organist of the Presbyterian Church, played the wedding marches. After the ceremony a quiet reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, on Iron street, which was attended by the families and relatives. We extend congratulations, and wish Mr. and Mrs. Butler a long and happy life.

### ADJOURNED COURT.

Pursuant to adjournment Court convened last Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, President Judge Ikeler and Associate Millard on the bench. On motion of plaintiff's counsel the hearing in the matter of the bill in equity of the B. & S. R. Co. vs. al., was continued.

The hotel license of D. L. Husted, in Sugarloaf, was transferred to Joseph Carpenter.

H. O. Stine vs. H. W. Smith, habeas corpus. Defendant was arrested by plaintiff on a charge of forgery. He was held in \$300 bail for his appearance at Court.

### BALL AND VENISON SUPPER.

On Christmas night, December 25th, J. Boyd McHenry, the genial landlord of the McHenry House, at Benton, will give a grand ball and venison supper. It will be a great event.

### RE-DEDICATION.

The Lutheran Church which has undergone repairs for the last three months, was, according to announcement, re-dedicated Sunday, November 26th. From outward appearances there would seem to be but little change over the former edifice, the old tower being removed and a smaller one substituted; the old style roof giving place to sheet iron roof. On the old dusky paper was removed and a bright cheertal pattern substituted, the old windows and blinds removed and beautiful stained glass placed therein. The old gallery changed and elevated seats take its place. A new large Estey organ occupies the left of the front of the church and an elevation made for the choir. The entire church is recarpeted with a beautiful design of Brussels carpet, new cushions provided for all the seats, and all the wood work repainted and varnished. The church is wired for electric light. The interior is so changed that it appears like a new edifice, scarcely a vestige of the old remains.

On the morning of dedication the altar was handsomely decked with flowers. The organist, Prof. Niles, had secured the services of the Y. M. C. A. male choir, in addition to the instruments of Davis Brook, with cornet, H. G. Eshleman with clarinet, Miss Dora Niles and Mr. Stauffer with violins. The morning services began with an instrumental piece entitled "O God, Thou Art My God," followed with the usual morning service, and a song by the Y. M. C. A. choir. The scripture lesson was read and prayer offered by Rev. F. P. Manhart, Superintendent of Missionary Institute, Selingsgrove. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. Yutzky, president of Susquehanna Synod, who selected his text from Haggai, second chapter and 9th verse, as follows: "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." He briefly referred to the progress of the Lutheran Church in this town from its beginning and referred to what was in store for the future. He spoke of the necessity of making beautiful temples for the worship of God, and referred to the Temple at Jerusalem when God himself himself selected the material and the ornaments with which it should be bedecked. His sermon was very interesting and instructive. At its close Mr. D. W. Kitchen, chairman of the building committee was called upon and made a report of the expense incurred in repairing. His statement showed that the entire cost was \$3,627.75, all of which was provided for except about \$900. Cards were passed through the audience and the greater portion of the deficit was raised.

The afternoon services began at 3 o'clock, with an instrumental selection followed by addresses from Rev. U. Meyts, Catawissa, Rev. F. P. Manhart, and pastors of the various churches of the town. These addresses were followed by the dedication or re-consecration proper, which was commenced by Rev. Yutzky, president of the Synod, and concluded by Rev. P. A. Heilman, the pastor. The male choir and orchestra furnished music.

The evening service was a praise service, opened by instrumental music, followed with several pieces from the male choir, after which Rev. E. A. Sharretts, who was pastor of the church when the present edifice was first built in 1856, gave an interesting address recounting how the church was first built and some of the difficulties. His address was followed by closing remarks of Thanksgiving, and praise from Rev. J. Yutzky, and the day of re-dedication was closed.

There were two handsome windows donated. The one in the rear of the pulpit shows the face of the Saviour and the other in the front of the church containing an open Bible and the head of Martin Luther. New altar furniture was given also which unfortunately did not arrive in time for the dedication.

### ST. PAUL'S PARISH NOTES.

The ladies of St. Paul's congregation will hold a Bazaar in the Parish House on December 14th, when they will offer for sale a large number of articles, many of which will be suitable for Christmas gifts. A lunch will be served the same day. If necessary the sale will continue another day.

All those who have articles of any description for the Bazaar are requested to send them to the Parish House on Wednesday, December 6th.

Next Sunday evening the Advent service of the Sunday School will be held in the church at 7 o'clock.

The Wednesday evening service and lecture will be resumed next week, at 7:30 in the Parish House.

The apparatus for the gymnasium, at the Normal, was received this week.

### BRIEF MENTION.

About People You Know.

Mrs. W. S. Rishton is visiting her mother in Philadelphia.

John A. Garman, District Attorney of Luzerne county, was in town on Wednesday.

Dr. J. Bruce Hess has located in Benton, and occupies the office of the late Dr. C. S. O'Brien. He is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College.

A. C. Freas, Esq., has moved from Bloomsburg to Wilkes-Barre, where he is engaged in the life and accident insurance business.

Messrs. Ratti, Oswald, Yorks and Hartzell, form a quartet of equestrians who have been taking long rides on horseback recently.

Dr. D. J. Waller, Jr., of Indiana Normal School, and Dr. Geo. P. Waller, of Nebraska, are both at home, having been called here by the serious illness of their father—Dr. George P. Waller reached Northumberland on Sunday, and drove up from there, as no trains were running.

A change in time of some of the trains on the D. L. & W. Railroad was made last Monday, viz: 6:29 p. m. train north to 6:39, and the 8:18 p. m. train south to 8:30.

The *Montour American*, published at Danville, was sold by the executor Monday, November 20th. The name of the purchaser has not yet been made known; but the paper is issued regularly and publishers will be announced later.

Hon. Geo. R. Wendling will deliver a lecture in the Normal Auditorium on Monday evening, December 4th, subject, "The Man of Galilee." This is the second entertainment in the Normal Lecture Course. Tickets can be procured at Brooke & Co's. book store, or at the door.

W. H. Slate took possession of the stationery store of W. H. Brooke & Co. on Monday. Mr. Slate is a young man of experience, and while he is almost a stranger here, he comes from Williamsport with the very highest references. He will continue the business at the well-known stand in the Exchange Hotel building, and purposes making many additions and improvements.

Notification of the change in the form of postoffice money orders has just been sent out by the postoffice department. This introduces into the order the name of the payee, and makes the order negotiable like a bank check. The new forms will be sent to all post offices as rapidly as the old ones which they now have are used up.

W. H. Brooke & Company went out of business on Monday. For a number of years Mr. Brooke has had active charge of the business, and he was uniformly courteous and obliging to all his customers. He has not yet determined his future course, but it is to be hoped that he will remain in Bloomsburg, as the departure of such a man and such a family as his, would be a loss to any community.

Geo. C. Staley, the comedian, will appear in Bloomsburg Opera House, Friday, December 1st, in a new and original and romantic comedy, by John Stapleton, entitled *Antony, the Trumpeter*, a tale of the Knickerbockers in three acts. A special feature of the play will be the *Pans Pnixster* dance, by the ladies and gentlemen of the company, in the characteristic wooden shoes of the period. Secure your seats early at Dentler's shoe store.

The investigating committee appointed to inquire into the matter concerning the rumors relative to County Superintendent Johnston, had a session last Saturday, but on account of the absence of Dr. McCrea, who was called on professional service, no action was taken, further than considering some preliminary matters, necessary for a subsequent meeting. A meeting of the committee will be held Saturday, December 2nd, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

A man driving a double team down Third street Tuesday morning met with an accident that might have been even more serious. In crossing the deep gutter at the intersection of Centre street, the axle of the front broke through the centre and wheels were only held by the platform springs. He had a young team, but succeeded in stopping them. The crossing is the most dangerous one in the town, and should be repaired at once. There may yet be some loss of life by some one being thrown out or a runaway caused.