

THANKSGIVING DAY.

TILL thy winds, O wild November; let thy angry music sleep! Give us Sabbath o'er the city; hush thy tempest on the deep! With the golden sheaf of autumn lifted in its stalwart hands, At the threshold of the winter, lo, a grateful nation stands! Up the year's long path of blessings, heedless, thankless, we have trod; But, to-day, the people's altar sends its incense up to God; Ring aloud, in spire and turret—in your windy prison cells— Ring the morning in with anthems of thanksgiving, O ye bells! Gather, O ye people, gather, where the ruddy hearths are bright, And the shades of care and sorrow vanish backward from the light! Link anew the charmed circle of the household's broken chain; Let the land be full of worship, and the heart of love again. Moon by moon the year has circled and before us is enrolled All the season's perfect drama, as in countless years of old; In the valley sank the snow drift, and the snow drop sprang anew. And anon earth woke in flowers from a summer dream of dew. Winter, spring and summer faded not, and she drank the light and rain, Till the sun-lit heaven lay mirrored in her waving fields of grain. O'er the wave the white-winged vessel came, as went the ships of Greece— Happy Argonauts, returning with the prairie's golden fleece. O'er the land the song of labor, in the workshop and the field. Forth from ocean unto ocean, in a choral wave has pealed. Therefore wake, in all your turrets—in your windy prison cells— Ring the morning in with anthems of thanksgiving, O ye bells! —David Gray, in Union Signal.

MISS HESTER'S PROXY THANKSGIVING DINNER

EVERYBODY smiled when Miss Hester announced, early in the autumn, that this year she would accept no one's invitation for Thanksgiving dinner, but would pay a few of her social debts. Not that she could not afford to entertain the whole village if she cared to; but her tiny dining-room was a tight fit for six persons, and her parlor and sitting-rooms equally diminutive.

Five years before, when her father and mother died, Miss Hester had left the big farm and moved to the village, because it was so lonely at the old home. Here she led a busy, happy life with her books and flowers, a blessing to the whole neighborhood. In sickness and sorrow, Miss Hester was always first to offer assistance, and no social gathering was complete without her. Consequently she never lacked invitations and, during her five years of town life, had eaten Thanksgiving dinner in five different homes.

Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Blake talked the matter over on the way home from prayer meeting, and each lady expressed the fear that her family might be the elected one. "I don't know what I should do," said Mrs. Blake in despair, "if Miss Hester invites us. My boys simply cannot keep still one minute, and they would be sure to do something dreadful. Mr. Blake and I take turns keeping them, while the other goes to church. What would become of Miss Hester's precious china in that small dining-room?"

"Your boys are not a bit worse than my three girls," said Mrs. Gray. "If she asks us, I'll get sister Nellie to come over and keep house for me that day; but I hope she has invited some one else."

Not only these two ladies, but many more who delighted to entertain Miss Hester made plans to dispose of lively children on that eventful day in case they should be invited; but when the evening of the 25th of November came, a general sigh of relief went up from the anxious mothers, for tomorrow would be Thanksgiving, and as yet no one had been bidden to the feast.

For surely there was a feast in store for some one. Callers at Miss Hester's could not fail to notice the spicy fragrance that penetrated the whole house, and the unusual activity of the mistress and her neat maid. The grocery wagon was seen to rattle up to the back door three times in one day, and the man from her farm brought in mysterious parcels in abundance.

"Thanksgiving day dawned clear and crisp. The light breeze fluttered millions of red and yellow leaves under the big maple trees. The windows of Miss Hester's kitchen were open, and church-goers caught glimpses of her and Mary in plain dresses, hurrying to and fro. For the first time in many weeks, her seat in the church was vacant, and the congregation concluded that company from the city must be expected at the cottage, for no slight thing kept Miss Hester from services.

"I think the very last person has gone to church," said Miss Hester, briskly. "It will be safe to start now, Mary."

"All right. I'll run and tell Rob to bring the wagon around," said Mary, giving the turkeys a final basting.

Rob carefully packed the smoking hot viands into the wagon, and when he had finished there was barely room for the three passengers.

"Hand me that cake," commanded Mary from her perch among the jars and baskets. So Rob lifted up the wonderful white and pink loaf, and

tucked the box of roses that were to ornament it by Mary's feet. Then he turned to Miss Hester, who was anxiously counting baskets and bundles: "What can I do for you?"

"I am sure we have forgotten something," answered that lady. "Did you get the pies, Mary?"

"They are right under the front seat," said Mary, taking as complete a survey of the load as her burden permitted. "Everything is here except the lemon tarts, and you told me not to get them."

"The turkeys are still in the oven!" exclaimed Miss Hester. "Help me out, Rob. Whoever heard of a Thanksgiving dinner without turkey?"

After more packing and planning, the wagon started, and just as the town clock struck 11 they drove into the beautiful yard surrounding a huge brick building, which was known to most people as the poor house. Very few people said infirmity, or called the unfortunate inmates anything but paupers.

It took but a few minutes to explain their visit to the astonished superintendent and his wife, who were delighted to find that the wagon load of good things were for the people who led such a cheerless life in the big building.

"We tried to persuade the directors to allow our people a real Thanksgiving dinner this year; but they are up for reelection, and want the taxpayers to see how economical they are," explained Mr. Forbes. "I told Maria there would be no turkey cooked in this house to-day, unless all had a share of it."

"We did get an extra fine roast, but paid for it ourselves," said his wife. "You see, there are 28 persons here, besides our own family, and it costs a great deal to attempt anything out of the ordinary for so many. I'll just send them all out of the kitchen and dining-room, so we can have a chance to put this delicious dinner on the table before they suspect anything."

In a short time the long table was spread with Miss Hester's best cloth, and at each plate lay a beautiful white aster on the shining napkin. Everything was faultless, from the polished silver to the spotless glass and old-fashioned china. The big, bare kitchen was filled with odors foreign to that room, and the big range was loaded down with good things keeping warm till the table

turkey, turnips and cold ham still on your plate. Do you want anything else?"

"Yes," said Ben, regretfully, "but I can't hold no more."

Everyone laughed, and confessed to a similar sensation. They chatted and laughed and recalled bygone Thanksgiving dinners in happier days, until the waiters were almost starved. At last they sauntered out on the still green lawn, and Rob and Mary hastily cleared one end of the table, while the others brought in the dinner which had been saved for the hungry people who had waited three hours past the usual time for dinner.

"I could not have waited much longer," said Rob, dropping a hot dish.

"Neither could I," said Miss Hester. "These victuals are half-dried up; but nothing ever tasted better." "Don't eat too much, Nellie," said Mrs. Forbes to her daughter. "As soon as dinner is over we will have them all come into the sitting-room and you can play for them and sing."

"I'll play with pleasure, mamma, but you must not expect much singing, for I am starved."

"Let them do the singing," suggested Miss Hester. "If Miss Nellie is as hungry as I am, she cannot stop eating for a long time."

"Just the thing," said Nellie. "I can play all the old-fashioned tunes that suit them better than anything modern. I hope I did not look too much disappointed when Father Brown took the last piece of mince pie."

It was late in the evening before the dishes were washed and baskets picked up, for a concert followed the dinner, and supper followed the concert. Long after dark three tired but thoroughly satisfied people got out at Miss Hester's gate, and unloaded the empty boxes, baskets and jars. "Come at eight in the morning, Rob, and we will go for the china and silver. I am surely glad we did not attempt to bring it this evening," said Miss Hester.

"All right," responded Rob, cheerfully. "That is, if I am able to move. This is the hardest day's work I ever struck, but I enjoyed it all the same."

The friends of Miss Hester were still wondering how and where she spent Thanksgiving, for all had no-



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was finished. Mary's wonderful loaf, with its pink wreath, occupied the place of honor, flanked by mounds of sugary jumbles and soft gingerbread, such as only Miss Hester could make. At each end of the table a vine-wreathed platter was loaded with pears, peaches, grapes and apples.

"I am truly afraid there will be no room for the vegetables," said Mrs. Forbes, as she looked at the rusks, cookies, cold meats, jams and honey that were rapidly taking all the space on the table. But all was finally settled, and the dinner bell rang at the usual time.

It is impossible to describe the looks of surprise, astonishment and joy on the faces of the unfortunate people, as they came into the room. It was the first homelike table many of them had sat down to for years, and tears rolled down many furrowed cheeks, as old Father Brown reverently asked a blessing, and made special mention of the kind friends who on this joyful day remembered the helpless and forlorn.

It was a day long to be held in memory by all. To people long accustomed to plain, coarse fare, there was something inexpressibly delicious in Miss Hester's dinner. They praised Mary's cake, and Rob's lemonade, and Miss Hester's doughnuts; but enjoyed the turkey and sweet potatoes most of all.

As she filled an old lady's cup for the third time with the clear, amber fluid unknown to the poorhouse table, Miss Hester resolved that in the future all who wanted it should have good coffee every day.

"This is the first mince pie I have had since mother died," said Father Brown.

"A little more quince jelly," said a crippled boy, when Mary urged him to have something more. So a quivering pink island surrounded with rich cream caused him to give a sigh of content, as he slowly ate the dainty dessert.

"I ain't had near enough," said foolish Ben, with a broad grin, and three people flew to supply his wants.

"Why, Ben," said Forbes, "you have

the shut-up cottage on the way home from church. When the sewing circle met at Mrs. Blake's, for the first time in her life Miss Hester made a little speech. Her hands trembled slightly, and there was a becoming pink spot on each cheek; but her voice never faltered as she said: "My dear friends, you know how often I have accepted invitations from all of you, and how much I have appreciated your kindness. I knew I might never hope to return all this, so I thought of paying you all back, as the Bible tells us to do, when it says, do not invite your kindred and neighbors to your feasts. In short, I invited you all to dinner by proxy, when I went out with Rob and Mary, and we tried to make the day pleasant for the poor people at the infirmary. I told them all that it was not my dinner, but yours, and they all hoped you would want to accept my invitation that way every year. I hope you all had as good a time as we did; but I don't believe you could."

"Miss President," said the minister's wife, "I heard glowing accounts of Miss Hester's proxy dinner from my husband, who called at the infirmary to see a sick man; but I did not feel at liberty to mention it before Miss Hester did. I therefore move you that Thanksgiving dinner by proxy at the infirmary be made an annual affair, and that Miss Hester be instructed to allow some of us the pleasure of helping her each year."

"This motion needs no second," said the president, regardless of parliamentary rules. "All who are in favor of it will please rise."

"It is unanimously adopted," said the president, as all rose to their feet. "We will close by singing: 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'" —Chicago Advance.

Before Taking.

Young Phylback (before the game) — Captain, where are you going to eat your Thanksgiving dinner to-day?

Capt. Pluggler (grinding his teeth) — Judging from the looks of that rush line over there I'll eat in a hospital! —Chicago Tribune.

HONEST DEALING.

It Forms the Basic Principle of American Diplomacy.

Secretary of State Hay in an Address to Members of the New York Chamber of Commerce Defines Our Policy Toward the Other Nations of the World.

New York, Nov. 20.—The one hundred and thirty-third annual banquet of the chamber of commerce was held at Delmonico's last evening. Covers for 450 were laid in the main banquet room.

In introducing Secretary Hay, President Jesup proposed a toast to "Our Diplomacy." The secretary was warmly welcomed by the guests and his speech at various points met with great enthusiasm, especially when he mentioned the name of President McKinley. The applause was deafening when, in his peroration, he said:

"No wantonness of strength will ever induce us to drive a hard bargain with another nation because it is weak, nor will any fear of ignoble criticism tempt us to insult or defy a great power because it is strong, or even because it is friendly."

After an eloquent tribute to the memory of President McKinley, Mr. Hay said: "I come to you because you have invited me, and he would have wished it, for he held that our personal feelings should never be considered when they conflicted with a public duty. And if I fall below the standard to which he has accustomed you, the very comparisons you draw will be a tribute to his memory."

"I am asked to say something about our diplomacy. You want from me nothing but the truth; and yet, if I confine myself to the truth, I cannot help fearing I shall do my profession a wrong in the minds of those who have been in the habit of considering diplomacy an occult science, as mysterious as alchemy, and as dangerous to the morals as municipal politics. It must be admitted that this conception of the diplomatic function is not without a certain historical foundation."

"There was a time when diplomacy was a science of intrigue and falsehood, of traps and mines and counter mines. It may be another instance of that credulity with which I have often been charged by European critics when I say that I really believe the world has moved onward in diplomatic life, which now covers more years than I like to look back upon, and in the far greater record of American diplomacy, which I have studied, I can say that we have generally told squarely what we wanted, announced early in negotiations what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms. During the time in which I have been prominently concerned in our foreign relations, I can also say that we have been met by the representatives of other powers in the same spirit of sincerity."

"I think I may say that our sister republics to the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them, and peace and harmony among them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon. We are distressed when there are differences among them, but even then we should never think of trying to compose any of those differences unless by the request of both parties to it. Not even our earnest desire for peace among them will lead us to any action which might offend their national dignity or their just sense of independence. We owe them all the consideration which we claim for ourselves."

"As to what we have tried to do—what we are still trying to do—in the general field of diplomacy, there is no reason for doubt on the one hand or reticence on the other. President McKinley in his messages during the last four years has made the subject perfectly clear. We have striven, on the lines laid down by Washington, to cultivate friendly relations with all powers, but not to take part in the formation of groups or combinations among them."

Gov. Odell spoke to the toast "The State of New York," and Mayor-elect Low replied to the toast "The City of New York."

Joseph H. Choate, ambassador to England, was the next speaker. He enlarged upon the sympathy shown by the British people at the time of President McKinley's death.

Mr. Choate was followed by Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, who spoke to the toast of "The Monroe Doctrine of the Twentieth Century."

To Fortify Honolulu. Honolulu, via San Francisco, Nov. 20.—Col. William F. Heuer, president of the army board which has been selecting sites for fortifications on this island, has left for San Francisco, taking with him the report adopted by the board, which he will take to Washington. The board agreed upon a very comprehensive scheme. For over 20 miles the south coast of the island will be fortified in such a manner as to make Honolulu practically impregnable. Twelve stations for batteries have been settled upon.

Bank Burglars Well Rewarded. Mondovi, Wis., Nov. 20.—Robbers early Tuesday morning blew open the safe in the First national bank and secured between \$10,000 and \$12,000. It was the work of professionals.

A Dead Man at the Throttle. Chicago, Nov. 20.—Michael Sprath, for 35 years an engineer for the Lake Shore road, dropped dead in the cab of his engine yesterday. It was the death he had often told his friends he hoped for—coming upon him when his hand was still on the throttle. Sprath's engine had barely cleared into a siding when a passenger train whizzed past on the main track, and it is supposed the fright of his narrow escape acted fatally on his heart, which was weak. Sprath was 60 years of age and is said to have been worth \$70,000. He had no family.

RAILWAY HORROR.

Seven Men Killed and Seventeen Injured.

Two Passenger Trains on the Santa Fe Road Collide Near an Arizona Town and the Result is Terrible—Three Locomotives Demolished.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 21.—A fatal wreck occurred on the Santa Fe railroad one mile west of Franconia, Ariz., a switch station 20 miles east of Needles, Cal., early Wednesday. Seven trainmen were killed, three passengers and 14 trainmen injured. Limited trains, east and westbound, crashed together while running at full speed. The eastbound train was drawn by two engines, while the westbound train had but one locomotive. The three engines were blown to pieces by an explosion which followed the collision.

Both trains were made up of vestibule cars of the heaviest kind, and while they stood the terrific shock well and protected the passengers to a great extent, several cars took fire and burned up. The dining cars, one on each train, one Pullman and two composite cars were destroyed. The dead:

P. M. Elligott, engineer.
P. P. Goldsmith, fireman.
E. F. Bernhardt, barber.
Walter Davorage, waiter.
W. L. Case, fireman.
Sam Brown, waiter.

The bodies of the latter three are missing.

The collision is said to have been due to a disregard of orders by the crew of the westbound train, though full particulars on this point are as yet lacking. From all accounts, however, it is gathered that the eastbound train had orders to take the siding at Franconia, and await the passing of the westbound flyer, which was running two hours late and trying to make up time. The eastbound train failed to reach the siding, and as the westbound train did not wait for it, the two trains came together without warning and with an awful crash. The boiler of the westbound engine exploded immediately after the crash, scalding to death those of the engine crews who had not been killed outright.

A scene of awful confusion followed the crash. The massive engines piled up in an indescribable mass of broken and twisted steel, while the scalding steam hung in a dense, suffocating cloud over the debris, from which the agonizing cries of the injured and dying engineers could be heard. The heavy Pullmans and composite cars jammed the dining and baggage cars upon the heated pile of debris, carrying death to the dining car crews and setting the cars afire.

From the meagre details of the scenes gathered from the passengers, it is learned that the sleeping cars, with one or two exceptions, suffered slightly, and as a result the passengers were afforded comparative immunity from injury. So far as is learned, only three passengers suffered injuries of a severe character, the terrible results of the wreck being confined almost entirely to the train crews and the employes of the dining car service.

At Santa Fe headquarters at Los Angeles, it was stated that the blame had not been definitely fixed, but from all appearances it rests with the crew of the westbound train. Had they stopped at Franconia and allowed the eastbound train to reach there, as the orders are said to have read, there would have been no wreck. For some reason, yet to be learned, however, they came on at full speed.

THE WHITE RIBBONERS.

The National W. C. T. U. Convention Comes to a Close.

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 21.—The twenty-eighth national convention of the W. C. T. U. ended its regular session yesterday with the adoption of a sensational deliverance on the attitude of the reform forces in New York City with respect to the partial open saloon on Sunday. The following is the resolution, offered by Mrs. Boole, of New York:

"The victory of the fusion ticket in New York City which resulted in the overthrow of Tammany has caused general rejoicing. The victory was gained by the united efforts of good people, but we learn with regret that some of the leaders are advocating opening saloons on Sunday."

"We, the National Women's Christian Temperance union, representing the motherhood of the nation, and vitally interested in the welfare of the homes of this country, desire to enter our protest against Sunday opening or any attempt to give the liquor traffic longer hours or greater privileges. We earnestly urge the law-abiding and moral citizens of New York state to stand for a strict enforcement of the Sunday closing law and the abolition of the Raines law hotel."

A feature of the exercises was the consecration of two young infants to the cause of total abstinence. Prayer was ordered, "Precious Jewels" was sung and President Stevens tied a white ribbon to the babies' dresses.

An official statement was made that the total membership of the W. C. T. U. is about 300,000; paid membership is 160,000; number of delegates at this convention 293; largest local union is at Portland, Me., with 265 members.

A Row Over Awards.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 21.—Frederick C. Slee, of the law firm of Wheeler & Slee, is the authority for the statement that Justice Childs has ordered the taking of testimony before a referee with respect to the legality of the Pan-American exposition awards. Mr. Slee also says that the justice has issued an injunction restraining the Exposition Co. from discharging any of its officials or agents until the case is settled. The ground for the action is alleged irregularity in the make-up of the jury awards. The members of the jury have resigned.

SCORES KILLED.

Fire in the Smuggler-Union Mine at Telluride, Col.

Loss of Life May Reach Nearly 100—A Large Number of Corpses Already Taken Out—Gas ExploSION Carried Death and Destruction in Their Wake.

Telluride, Col., Nov. 21.—What is likely to prove the most disastrous accident that has ever occurred in a metallic mine in Colorado resulted yesterday from a fire which burned the building at the mouth of the Bullion tunnel, through which the Smuggler-Union mine is worked and which filled the mine with the deadly gas and smoke.

It is impossible to give even an approximate estimate of the loss of life, but it is believed that it will reach nearly, if not quite, 100. Twenty-two are known to have perished.

The fire started from a defective flue in the bunk house at the mouth of the tunnel. It quickly spread to the other buildings. The dense smoke from the burning converter house, which was saturated with oil, began pouring into the tunnel, which with the shaft of the mine acted as a chimney. The day shift had just gone on duty, and before they could be warned of their danger the levels and the slopes were filled with gas. As soon as the men became aware of their danger, efforts were made to reach the surface through various exits, and about half of the men in the mine escaped. It is impossible to ascertain the number of men in the mine on account of the gas.

The Smuggler-Union mine is one of the oldest in the district and has several abandoned openings, some of which were available. A rescuing party cut through from the Commission workings adjoining and took out some of the men. Although the buildings were partly consumed, the dense smoke continued to pour into the tunnel, and it was not until late in the afternoon that it occurred to the management to shut off the draft by blasting rock into the tunnel.

It is believed by mining men that had this been done as soon as the fire started, all loss of life might have been averted.

The property loss is about \$50,000, fully insured.

CLIMBED A 200-FOOT WALL.

American Marines Perform a Daring Feat and Capture an Insurgent Stronghold.

Manila, Nov. 21.—Maj. Waller, of the marine corps, has cabled Rear Admiral Rogers, at Manila, a full account of the attack, November 17, by the men of his command upon the rebel stronghold at Sojoton, near Bases, island of Samar.

Three insurgent camps were destroyed, 40 bamboo cannon were captured and much rice and other stores were destroyed. The rebel stronghold was almost impregnable. The trails leading to it were lined with poisoned spears sticking from the ground and were filled with hidden pitfalls. Maj. Waller's command attacked the enemy unexpectedly. To do this they had to scale a cliff 200 feet high; this they climbed barefooted over bamboo ladders. At the top they found boulders piled ready to be precipitated upon an attacking party.

Maj. Waller says he was not present at the action. He praises Capt. David D. Porter and Capt. Hiram I. Bearss for their splendid work, and says too much praise cannot be given the marines themselves, whose behavior he characterizes as brilliant in every respect. The major considers the scaling of cliffs 200 feet high as a new feature of warfare and says such men would be able to do anything anywhere. Thirty of the enemy were killed. The marines sustained a few trifling wounds.

Aguinaldo has written Gen. Chaffee, the military governor of the Philippines, asking the latter's permission to go before congress and express the desires of the Filipino people. Aguinaldo further requests to be accompanied by eight friends which he designates, four of whom are prisoners at Guam, while the others are prominent in Manila.

Sixto Lopez, who has been in the United States and Europe in the interest of the Filipino insurgents and who is now at Hong Kong, has written to Gov. Taft asking to be exempted from taking the oath of allegiance to the United States upon his arrival at Manila, asserting this action might injure his labors in behalf of peace.

A fund is being raised by the federal party in Manila for the purpose of attempting to prevent the execution of the Filipino general, Isidoro Torres, who surrendered to the American authorities in the early part of this year and who was later tried on charges of having violated the rules of warfare and sentenced to death. Several congressmen will be asked to exert their influence in favor of Torres.

Schley Will Not Accept Donations.

Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 21.—Following the report that the court of inquiry would cost Admiral Schley \$20,000, the Knoxville Sentinel sent the admiral a dispatch asking if he would consent to public subscriptions to pay the amount. The Sentinel has received a personal letter from Admiral Schley, the purport of which is that he cannot accept the offer. He says the report as to the cost is a mistake, as the amount is not so great.

Colon Is Captured.

Colon, Colombia, Nov. 21.—The liberals made an unexpected attack on Colon at 8 o'clock Tuesday night. The government was not prepared and there was little resistance. After some fighting in front of the barracks and in certain streets for an hour and a half, the liberals gained possession of the public offices and the town of Colon. The prefect, Guardia, is a prisoner. Twelve men were killed and about 30 were wounded. The United States gunboat Machias landed a detachment of marines here yesterday.