

THANKSGIVING DAY

FLORENCE J. BOYCE

Bare are the stubbled fields and brown,
And the orchard trees are bare;
The sun is veiled and the heavens frown
And snowflakes whirl in the air;
But out of the chimney the blue smoke rises,
And the children romp and play,
And laughter dimples the rosy cheeks
On the farm Thanksgiving Day.

Down in the cellar cool and dim,
Where cobwebs cling to the wall,
Loaded and heaped are shelf and bin
With the harvested fruits of fall.
The barn a promise of plenty seems
To the rows of stanchioned cows
Where the winter store from floor to beams
Is filling the fragrant mows.

What matter if bare are the fields and brown,
And the orchard trees are bare?
What matter if wind and weather frown
And snowflakes whirl in the air?
We have garnered the fruitage of summer's lease,
And the children romp and play,
And men thank God for plenty and peace
And a glad Thanksgiving Day.

—Farm Journal.

Mary's Thanksgiving Proclamation

BY REV. JOHN T. FARIS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is based on fact; it is true so far as the two letters are concerned, which actually passed between a little girl and a governor.

The day before Thanksgiving, and Mary Tolliver was sick. Poor Mary! How she had looked forward to the annual festival! For weeks she had counted the days. Grandpa and all the rest had been invited for that day. And now she was sick. She had tried to think she was well when her head ached the night before. But in the morning the little face was flushed with fever, and there was a family consultation. Then the doctor was called in.

"Just a little ague," the doctor said. Mary knew what ague was; she had had it before, but never at Thanksgiving time.

"Can you get me well for to-morrow?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," the doctor answered, with a kindly smile. "You must be quiet for a few days, and maybe you can have your Thanksgiving next week."

So word was sent to the relatives not to come next day, as there would be no Thanksgiving dinner at the Tolliver



"JUST TO THINK HE DID THIS FOR ME!"

house. Two days after Thanksgiving the fever was all gone, and Mary was very quiet.

"What is my little girl thinking of?" Mother Tolliver asked.

"I was wondering if we could have a Thanksgiving day next week, as Dr. Brown said," Mary answered.

"Oh, no! Mary," she was told; "not till next year. You know the governor makes what he calls a 'proclamation,' and tells us when to have Thanksgiving."

But Mary was not satisfied. She thought all day, and made her plans. Monday morning she asked if she might write a letter. "Just my very own," she said.

Mother Tolliver gave leave very willingly. "But it must be short," she added.

It was a short letter which Mary handed to her mother two hours later. This is what she said:

"Dear Governor: Please can we have another Thanksgiving Day, and have it next Thursday? I was sick, and so Grandpa and the others didn't come, and I could not eat any Turkey. I ain't very big, but I like Turkey. Please let us have it."

"Your friend,
"MARY TOLLIVER."

"Won't you send it, mamma?" she pleaded.

Mother Tolliver thought it would not hurt to send it, so the letter went that night.

At the capitol the governor was very busy. It was near the end of his term, and he had a great deal to do. But he

read Mary Tolliver's letter twice, and then called a messenger.

"Billie," he said, "go down town and buy the biggest turkey you can get, and express it, with a lot of cranberries and celery, and all sorts of Thanksgiving goodies, to this address."

Then he called his clerk, and sent Mary a letter.

Wednesday morning Mother Tolliver handed her the big envelope. This is what she spelled out:

"Having been informed that Mary Tolliver was ill on the 25th of November, and was thus prevented from joining in the festivities incident to Thanksgiving Day, I therefore recommend that at a convenient hour on Thursday, December 5, Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver, together with their family and such young friends as Mary may choose to invite, assemble in the dining-room, and there with hearts full of thankfulness for country, for home, and for the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for National Thanksgiving, and that special attention be given that Mary shall be bountifully supplied with such portions of the national bird, and with such other delicacies, as are most congenial to her."

"Just see his name at the bottom, mamma—the governor's name!" shouted Mary. "And the letter is all ribbons and red wax on the back. Just to think he did this for me!"

"Yes, he did it for you, Mary, and you shall have your own Thanksgiving Day. But what will you be thankful for, a week after the time?"

"Oh! I'll be thankful I'm so well again. Will that do? And can't I just as well be thankful this week as last?"

And Mother Tolliver thought she could.

—S. S. Times.

THE FAMILY REUNION.

No Other Day in All the Year Serves the Purpose of Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving day serves a purpose supplied by no other day in the year, says a writer in Christian Work. It brings the members of the old home together once more; it brings up the old times and recalls to mind the dear ones, some giving thanks in far-away homes of their own, some of them, alas! not to unite with us at the Thanksgiving board as in former years. But none the less hearty and all the more tender will be the thanksgiving offered, with gratitude for what she was—so sweet, so loving, so exalted her pure life; and there are other blessed ones of earlier years.

At this time, then, of family gatherings and family rejoicing, let devout thankfulness lodge in the heart and find expression from the lips, as we recall the blessings of the family relation—the love, the joy, the hope, the blessed memories it nurtures; for these it is which make a paradise on earth and open up a vision of that endless Thanksgiving in the Paradise of God.

RIDICULOUS.



Mrs. Turkey—Where have you been, pa?

Mr. Turkey—I've been seeing that old hen around the corner, who tells fortunes. She's a fraud. You ought to have heard the character she gave me. Said I was flighty and likely to lose my head; told me I was going to be mixed up in some kind of an affair with a dark lady, and warned me to look out for a bald-headed man with an ax. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN AWFUL CRASH.

Trains Collide in a Deep Cut Near Tremont, Ill.

Thirty-one Men Killed and 15 Others Injured on the Big Four Road—One Boiler Explodes—Wreckage Piled 30 Feet High on the Tracks.

Peoria, Ill., Nov. 20.—Thirty-one men were killed and at least 15 injured in a head-end collision between a freight train and a work train on the Big Four railroad between Mackinaw and Tremont Thursday afternoon. Bodies of 26 of the victims have been taken from the wreck, which is piled 30 feet high on the tracks. Five bodies yet remain buried under the huge pile of broken timber, twisted and distorted iron and steel.

All the dead and most of the injured were members of the work train, the crews on both engines jumping in time to save their lives. The collision occurred in a deep cut, at the beginning of a sharp curve, neither train being visible to the crew of the other until they were within 50 feet of each other. The engineers set the brakes, sounded the whistles and then leaped from their cabs, the two trains striking with such force that the sound was heard for miles.

A second after the collision the boiler of the work train engine exploded, throwing heavy iron bars and splinters of wood 200 feet.

Conductor John W. Judge, of Indianapolis, who had charge of the freight train, received orders at Urbana to wait at Mackinaw for the work train, which was due there at 2:40 p. m. Instead of doing this he failed to stop. The engineer of the work train, George Becker, had also received orders to pass the freight at Mackinaw and was on the way to that station. The work train was perhaps five minutes late and was running at full speed. The collision was witnessed by Russell Noonan, a farmer's boy, 14 years of age, who hastened to a nearby house and telephoned to Tremont.

A special train with four physicians was made up in a few minutes and in less than half an hour was on the scene. At the same time another train arrived from Pekin bearing Superintendent Barnard, of the Big Four, and three physicians. The second train bore a lot of rugs and these were utilized to carry out the mangled corpses of the victims.

After working two hours the remains of 26 men were taken out.

One of the last bodies recovered was that of William Bailey, of Mackinaw, who had been lifted 30 feet into the air and held in place by two steel rails which had been pushed up between the engine and the tender of the work train.

The workmen had been engaged in laying steel rails at different points along the track and three of the freight cars were heavily loaded. The dead are residents of neighboring towns and the scenes about the wreck last evening were beyond description. Wives and children of men who were missing thronged around, asking if their husbands or fathers had been killed. Out of 35 men who constituted the crew of the work train only four are living and two of these are seriously injured.

HIS HEAD CRUSHED IN.

A Telegraph Operator is Murdered at His Post of Duty.

Elimira, N. Y., Nov. 20.—W. H. Clendenen, a telegraph operator at Brown, Pa., a station 15 miles north of Williamsport on the Beech Creek division of the New York Central railway, was found dead in the telegraph tower shortly after 7 o'clock last evening. At 6:30 the operator at Oak Grove received this message Clendenen:

"Send switch engine quick to me. I am being murdered by ———." The wire opened and not another word came. A switch engine was sent to the scene. The body was found lying under the desk, the head crushed in. A bloody spike maul lay on the floor beside it. Robbery apparently was the motive, the watch and money of the operator being missing.

No trace of the murderer has been found. Clendenen was 28 years of age and single. He evidently recognized his assailant and was about to wire his name when he was struck dead at the key.

HALF A LAW.

The Cuban Reciprocity Bill Passes the House by a Vote of 335 to 21.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The house yesterday by a rising vote of 335 to 21 passed the bill to make effective the Cuban reciprocity treaty. The dissenting votes were about equally divided between republicans and democrats, but there was no record vote, the minority having too few votes to order the yeas and nays.

The democrats, under the leadership of Mr. Williams, sought to the last to secure amendments to the bill in accordance with the action of the democratic caucus, but were defeated steadily.

Dowle Calls for \$2,000,000.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—John Alexander Dowle, general overseer of the Christian Catholic church, has issued a call for \$2,000,000. The head of the Zion industries says to his followers: "Realize by immediate sale the cash proceeds of all your properties, invest in Zion securities or Zion land, and come with all your house to Zion City."

REBELS SUCCESSFUL.

All of Santo Domingo Except the Capital Is in the Hands of Insurgents.

San Domingo, Nov. 19.—Severe fighting took place Monday night prevented from entering the capital. The loss of the rebels is not known.

The United States cruiser Baltimore landed marines to protect American interests. Guards were placed at the American legation and consulate and the Clyde steamship agency.

Cape Haytien, Hayti, Nov. 19.—A dispatch from Monte Cristo says information has been received there from Santo Domingo that United States Min. er Powell, accompanied by the minister of foreign relations, Galvan, has been aboard the United States cruiser Baltimore. The object of their visit to the warship is unknown.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Nov. 19.—The French steamer St. Simon arrived here yesterday from Hayti and Santo Domingo. She touched at Puerto Plata, on the north coast of Santo Domingo, and reports that all of the Dominican republic except the capital, San Domingo, was in the hands of the revolutionists. The St. Simon also reported that General Jimenez, leader of the Dominican revolutionists, left Hayti November 16, and was due to arrive Friday next before San Domingo and assume direction of the siege of that city.

AGAINST SOCIALISM.

The American Federation of Labor Goes on Record.

Boston, Nov. 19.—After a long debate, chiefly noteworthy because of the bitter language of President Gompers in dealing with socialists, the American Federation of Labor yesterday defeated resolutions pledging it to socialism. Nine resolutions presented by socialists and calling for the adoption of their principles had been reported upon unfavorably by the committee on resolutions, and delegates representing a voting strength of 11,282 registered themselves in support of the committee's recommendation, while 2,185 votes were in favor of the resolutions.

All the leaders on both sides engaged in the debate. Just before the vote was taken considerable excitement was caused by Delegate Carey's condemnation of Vice President Duncan's attack upon the socialists.

The climax of the day came when President Gompers, in bitter and unqualified language, scoured socialism and what he claimed was an attempt to induce the convention to adopt its principles.

AN IMPORTANT RAID.

Counterfeiters' Apparatus and Dynamite are Found in a House in New York City.

New York, Nov. 19.—Secret service agents yesterday raided the apartments of Mrs. Josie Biondo, who had been arrested for attempting to pass counterfeit coin. They found metal molds and formulas for the composition of counterfeit coin and also four big sticks of dynamite, weighing six pounds, a coil of fuse and a supply of illuminating caps. The woman's husband was arrested.

Among the papers found in the room was a list of several hundred names, both Italian and American, which the secret service men are inclined to think has something to do with Mafia matters.

Biondo, the secret service men say, is acquainted with Morello, the leader of the gang arrested for alleged complicity in the "barrel" murder. This gang consisted of seven or eight counterfeiters who were rounded up by secret service men. It was known at the time that the gang had extensive outside connections, but these could not immediately be traced.

Remarkable Cures of Consumption.

Moscow, Nov. 19.—Remarkable cures of consumption have been effected in Russia by Kisel Zagoranski, formerly a mining engineer and now specially licensed by the Russian medical department to practice medicine in cases of tuberculosis. Zagoranski says that 30 years ago he was sent to Siberia to superintend mining works. The medical facilities there were limited and Zagoranski attended to the medical wants of the workmen. An old foreman of the mine, however, always took care of tuberculosis cases and almost invariably cured them. The foreman died, confiding his tuberculosis specific to Zagoranski.

Grafted an Ear on a Millionaire.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19.—Dr. Andrew L. Nelson, of New York, yesterday performed the operation of grafting an ear upon the head of a western millionaire whose name the surgeon says he is under bond not to reveal. The operation was to have been performed in New York, but District Attorney Jerome is said to have interfered. Dr. Nelson advertised for a man willing to sell an ear for \$5,000 and of 300 applicants he selected a young German who conducts a restaurant in New York.

Judge Phillips Dies.

Washington, Nov. 19.—Samuel F. Phillips, solicitor general of the United States under Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur, died here yesterday, aged 79 years. He was a native of New York City but while a child moved with his parents to North Carolina. He was a prominent Union man throughout the war, and was an outspoken republican in politics.

Will Sue to Prevent Secession.

Boston, Nov. 19.—A suit in equity is being prepared by the supreme lodge, A. O. U. W., against the grand lodge of Massachusetts to prevent the latter body withdrawing from the supreme lodge.

Nature's Greatest Cure for Men and Women

Swamp-Root is the Most Perfect Healer and Natural Aid to the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder Ever Discovered.

"Swamp-Root Saved My Life."

A FARMER'S STRONG TESTIMONIAL. I received promptly the sample bottle of your kidney remedy, Swamp-Root. I had an awful pain in my back, over the kidneys.



MR. T. S. APKER.

neys, and had to urinate from four to seven times a night, often with smarting and burning. Brick dust would settle in the urine. I lost twenty pounds in two weeks and thought I would soon die. I took the first dose of your Swamp-Root in the evening at bed time, and was very much surprised; I had to urinate but once that night, and the second night I did not get up until morning. I have used three bottles of Swamp-Root and today am as well as ever.

I am a farmer and am working every day, and weigh 170 pounds, the same that I weighed before I was taken sick.

Gratefully yours,
T. S. APKER,
Sec. F. A. & I. U. 504,
April 9th, 1903.
Marsh Hill, Pa.

There comes a time to both men and women when sickness and poor health bring anxiety and trouble hard to bear; disappointment seems to follow every effort of physicians in our behalf, and remedies we try have little or no effect. In many such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring, and not knowing what the disease is or what makes us sick. Kind nature warns us by certain symptoms, which are unmistakable evidence of danger, such as too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, scalding irritation, pain or dull ache in the back—they tell us in silence that our kidneys need doctoring. If neglected now, the disease advances until the face looks pale or sallow, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly.

There is comfort in knowing that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in quickly relieving such troubles. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. In taking this wonderful new discovery Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect helper and gentle aid to the kidneys that has ever been discovered.

Swamp-Root a Blessing to Women.

My kidneys and bladder gave me great trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery.



MRS. E. AUSTIN.

I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent me on my request, I experienced relief and I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without any bad symptoms whatever. Swamp-Root has proved a blessing to me.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. E. AUSTIN,
19 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy Will do for YOU, Every Reader of Our Paper May Have a Sample Bottle FREE by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you are sick or "feel badly" send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about it, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in this paper. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address; Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE

WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE

TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

The Germ in Danger. Minnesota professors have spotted the spotted fever germ and it will have to take to the woods.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "gits credit foh bein' lucky 'case dey has sense; 'an' others gits credit foh havin' sense 'cause dey's lucky."—Washington Star.

Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

Wild oats make worse bread.—Ram's Horn.

June Tint Butter Color makes top of the market butter.

Selfishness is always shortsighted.—Ram's Horn.

Men find it more and more difficult to do justice to virtuous without doing justice to themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

"Smithers always buys his cigars by the box, he says." "Humph! I thought he bought them by the bale."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Knock—"Why do you always put 'dictated' at the bottom of your letters? You have no stenographer." Knurr—"Well, you see, I'm a very poor speller."—Evening Wisconsin.

"Is trade pretty good?" we asked the great merchant. "Well," he replied—a bit evasively, we thought—"the store is crowded every day with lady shoppers."—Syracuse Herald.

"Do you drink?" inquired the young woman's mother. The young man hesitated. "Do you drink?" the lady repeated. "If you insist," replied the modest young man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Newrich had been describing her visit to Turkey. Friend—"Then, of course, you saw the Dardanelles?" Mrs. Newrich—"Why, no, we didn't. They called, but we were out."—Cincinnati Tribune.

All It Means.—Miss Romance—"When an opal, a present from one we dearly love, loses its luster, what is it a sign of?" Mr. Harthead (in the jewelry line).—"It is a sign that the opal has split."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Werren't you nervous at the wedding?" asked the sympathetic chap, "with all those people looking at you?" "I nervous?" repeated the recent benedict. "why should I be nervous? Nobody looked at me—I was only the groom, you know."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

His Private Opinion. "Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpkin, "what is the bone of contention?" "It's your mother's jawbone, my son," answered the old man, with a deep sigh, "but don't tell her I said so."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Aunt Sood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE. MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.