THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN,
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Circulation, - - 1,200

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
do if not paid within 3 months..1.75
do if not paid within 9 months..2.00
do if not paid within the year..2.25
To persons residing outside of the county add additional per year will be charged to pay postage.
In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not expect to be relieved on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.
Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop you intend. Notice will be taken of no other request.
Write plainly and be short about it.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XXII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1888. NUMBER 45.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch,	3 times	$1.50
1 "	3 months	4.50
1 "	6 months	5.50
1 "	1 year	7.00
2 "	6 months	6.00
2 "	1 year	10.00
3 "	6 months	8.00
3 "	1 year	12.00
¼ col'n	6 months	16.00
¼ "	1 year	25.00
½ "	6 months	25.00
½ "	1 year	40.00
1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	70.00

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices.....2.50
Auditor's Notices.....2.00
Stray and similar Notices.....1.50

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER,
And Manufacturer & Dealer in
HOME AND CITYMADE
FURNITURE
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.
1005 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
ALTOONA, PENN'A
Residents of Cambria County and all who wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at home prices are reserved fully asked to call and see for themselves before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can see every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

THE MILLER ORGAN
IN THE FINEST AND BEST.
Unequalled in Construction.
Elegant in Design.
Sounds at the head of all good organs. Those who desire to have the best organ should acquaint themselves with the merits of our instruments. Don't take our word for what we say, but see and test our instruments. If no dealer sells our organs in your locality, write to the factory.
BUY NO OTHER.
Address, MILLER ORGAN CO., Manufacturers, etc., Inc., LEBANON, Pa.

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS
FOUTZ
No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever if Foutz's Powders are given in time. Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls, Foutz's Powders will cure Scours in Calves, and cream among pot-pie, and increase the butter from milk. Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject. Foutz's Powders will give satisfaction. Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.
For sale at DAVISON'S Drug Store.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER
You will Save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and Will Cure CATARRH By Using —ELY'S— CREAM BALM.
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail registered 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

Kemp's Manure Spreader
Valuable Improvements for 1888.
25 Per Cent. Cheaper than any other, all things considered.
Built nearer the market. References from every State in the Union. Illustrated Circular free. KEMP & BURDICK MFG CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

KNABE
PIANO-FORTES.
UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO
124 & 126 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
Warerooms, New York.

CURE FITS!
When I say a cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not giving your case to me. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

WANTED YOUNG MEN & LADIES TO LEARN TELEGRAPHY.
Situations procured by the Business and Telegraph School, Cincinnati, O. Address SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, O.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL St., NEW YORK.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
CANDEE
RUBBERS
TO
H. CHILDS & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES
AND
RUBBERS,
511 WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH.

The Teacher
Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.
"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.
"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from
General Debility.
A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.
"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia, resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, has greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Molunkus, Me.
"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effects."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.
"I suffered from
Nervous Prostration,
with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.
Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER
at the Advertising Bureau of
REMINGTON BROS.
Will contract for it at the lowest rates.

THANKSGIVING.

In the Days of Auld Lang Syne.

In one of the old volumes of The Spectator the French are said to speak of the "gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves."

Not so did the children think of this much maligned month in the early days of our American Independence! That day was one of glorious rides in the woods, which were still carpeted with rich-tinted autumn leaves, and of merry nutting excursions, for nuts were always associated with the thoughts of Thanksgiving!

Long before the holidays the parents began a series of grave consultations about their guests and the table.

"Now, boys," the father would say, "it's time that the old king gobbler was separated from those to be kept over. Take good care of him. Give him warm Indian mush for breakfast these cold mornings, with a little red pepper in it. Give him all the corn he can eat. Perhaps Ma will find you some refuse rice, which you can boil for him. We must have the old fellow fat for Thanksgiving, you know."

"Oh, Thanksgiving is coming! Thanksgiving is coming! Goody! goody!" shout the little ones, clapping their hands and dancing about in high glee.

"Ma" quicts the confusion by gently saying.—

"Why, Pa! don't you think we should have two of the largest turkeys fattened? Grandpa and grandma and uncle and aunt, with perhaps some of their young folks, are coming, you know. Do you think one will be enough?"

"Well, I guess ma is 'bout right. Shut up the next best, boys. How many chickens and ducks will you want? May as well shut up now all that you need with those fattening for market."

POULTRY AND BARTER.

As the day drew near a division of labor was talked over, and the work for each person, and the time to be devoted to it, decided upon. School duties must not be neglected; but work for so great an event as a New England Thanksgiving Dinner, could be done in spare hours, at early morning, and in the long winter evenings, without infringing on the lesson for the next day.

The hogs, poultry and eggs—not needed in the family—and choice fruit and vegetables, found ready sales, in Providence or Boston, forty or fifty miles distant. These must furnish the luxuries for that great day, as also the groceries for the feast. So the hogs were killed and left to cool one night and day; the boys "took turns" in picking geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens, sometimes working all night—in an out-house—with a good fire under the "kettle-set," which later was filled with water, kept at boiling heat, for the occasion.

On the evening before market-day, the hogs, poultry, eggs and other produce were packed in a huge baggage-wagon. After a substantial supper, the father started on his journey—not always a safe one in those unsettled days—and if he was not hindered, he reached the city market by daybreak. Such produce always commanded a ready sale, and no time was lost in making the needed purchases, so that he could begin his return journey early in the afternoon. By midnight he reached home and was noisily received by the waiting family.

PREPARING FOR THE DINNER.

The preliminary work for the festival must now begin. The "hired-man" has all the poultry killed, and he is ready to join the boys in picking and dressing it. The school does for a week, and while Ma prepares the meat and suet for mince-pies, some of the children help to clean it, while others pare the apples—pound or grind the spices—no spices ready ground could be bought then—stone the raisins, or wash and dry the currants. Then wood must be sought in and piled near the two large brick ovens, for the wonderful baking of the next day, when the daughters take charge of one oven, and Ma of the other; in both of which mince-pies are to be baked.

The two brick ovens were promptly heated, and when the coals were cleaned out, were filled with pies, and as fast as they were done the ovens were re-heated and filled time and time again, till a broad shelf in the cold "cheese-room," covered with white paper, was loaded with mince-pies. These pies had most delicate and "flaky" crusts.

The pumpkins—great, coarse, yellow pumpkins—are now to be pared, stewed and sifted; spice in unlimited quantities to be pounded or ground; apples are to be pared; eggs to be beaten; coffee to be roasted; the wood for constantly renewing the heat in the ovens to be kept close by; all being ever mindful to save the mother from any additional labor, for with so many willing helpers, "hired help" would have spoiled half the pleasure.

Great pans of bread put to rise, while pies and plum-puddings are baked. The large wooden bread-trough—filled with the best, old-fashioned brown-bread dough—and the Indian suet-pudding, dark with huckleberries, stand by, waiting for the brick oven, which will be re-heated and receive them in the afternoon, holding them all night, and until they are taken out rich and hot—for Thanksgiving Dinner. Who could have had Thanksgiving Dinner then without the time-honored brown-bread and suet pudding?

The day dawns at last. The nuts are to be cracked by those not otherwise engaged, and the chestnuts placed ready to be boiled while dishing the dinner.

GOING TO CHURCH.

These things done, the old-fashioned family-carriage is filled with those who can be spared, and Charley and Dick, evidently conscious of the dignity of the occasion, demurely carry them four miles to church. Before the sermon the minister solemnly unrolls a huge sheet—The Proclamation of Thanksgiving—and reads a long document, giving the reason for "Thanksgiving to the Giver of all Good," and closes with the only thing which seems to interest the younger members of the congregation.

No doubt the sermon was very edifying—father said so! but it must be confessed the giddy young people seemed not at all reluctant to turn their faces homeward, which they did.

Grandpa and grandma are just coming up the lane, with the old gray horse and "leather-topped chaise," and the other guests are not far behind.

The greetings over, dinner is soon on the table. All stand by their chairs, "while the blessing," much longer than usual, is asked. Then the elders took their places; and the young ones are seated with about as much racket as used to follow the prayers at church, during which—raising their seats—all stood, and when the Amen was said, instantly shut down the seats with a loud noise.

THE DINNER AND DISHES.

Before the mistress was placed a huge chicken pie, ornamented with leaves and flowers, made of the lightest of pastry. On either side of the table were great platters of roasted duck, chicken and goose, with the appropriate gravies,—gravy delicious brown. Beets, carrots and turnips,—like a pyramid,—in alternate layers of different colors, were placed on one side, and a switch dish of ruby cranberry sauce on the opposite side.

Crooked-neck squash, cooked and prepared just right, pickles, apple-butter, with plates of the rich-colored, hot Brown bread and the whitest and sweetest of wheat bread, and plates of golden butter, filled up every available space of that long table.

What a loaded table! And how tempting was everything—made more so by the happy faces of all ages that surrounded it.

Its beauties were partaken of leisurely. The aged grandparents entertained the young folks with many reminiscences of what they then called "the old times," when no Thanksgiving dinners were prepared, but when they partook of food often scant and hastily eaten, with loaded guns close by.

Without haste or confusion, the meats and vegetables were removed. The plum and Indian puddings were set before the host—before the mistress. Afterwards came pies of every variety—mince, pumpkin, apple, custard and cranberry, with plates of home-made cheese. These bounties distributed, next came tea and coffee,—the latter a luxury not in daily use, but only on state occasions. Sometimes "rye coffee" was substituted. Apples, pears, walnuts and chestnuts were now placed within reach of all.

From the dining-room now, all adjourn to the parlor for the crowning honors of the feast. Tall and dignified the father stands by a table, on which is a punch-bowl filled with "lemon punch," surrounded by tiny wine-glasses, which he proceeds to fill, with a merry twinkle in the eye and a grave bow.

He puts the first glass to his own lips with.—

"Here's health, happiness and long life to all, and many returns of this happy day, if it be God's will."

A glass is then handed to each one. When all had tasted, the children spring forward to get the first kiss "all round," which was the finale of this time-honored ceremony.

EVENING GAMES.

After supper, with nuts, apples, pears and cider on the table for any who wished, the children begin their plays—"odd or even," "hull gull," "blind man's buff," "hunt the slipper," etc., while the elder ones who are not obliged to return to their homes that night—look on, well pleased with the enjoyments of the young ones, and sometimes taking part in the games themselves.

Such was the New England Thanksgiving Day of many years ago. Who can wonder that the day as our children know it seems tame and commonplace in comparison?

THE ONLY PUMPKIN.

A Thanksgiving Story by CLARA MERWIN.

It was on Thanksgiving night, after all the friends and relatives who had spent a merry evening at his home, had taken themselves away with loud laughter and invitations to "come over soon," shouted out of the darkness as the wagon rolled away—after the children had been sent to bed, and while his wife was still putting away the silver and table-linen—that Farmer French went out alone, with a lantern swinging in his hand, to take a last look at the stable and cow-house, and make sure that the great barn-door was properly fastened.

He should have returned in ten minutes, but ten, twenty, half-an-hour passed, when his wife, looking at the clock, asked herself in surprise, what Henry could have found to do? And when ten more followed without bringing him, she grew alarmed, and tossing a shawl over her head, went to the barn, calling: "Henry! Henry!" There was no answer. "Henry!" she called again, her voice taking on that shrill tone which fright brings with it. "Henry! Where are you?" She stood by the barn-door now, and it was wide open, and within all was silent and dark. Fleecy clouds passed across the face of the moon, and by their light she saw a glimmer of light from the lantern. Surely her husband would not have left the barn open like that? Surely if he were there, she should hear him. "Oh Henry!" she cried. "Don't try to scare me, dear! for indeed I'm so

74 a 2

There she paused, struck dumb with terror. She had taken a step forward, and her foot had struck something with a dull heavy thud that lay on the barn floor. She guessed what it was her foot had touched. She did not utter his name now. She knelt down and felt about. The first thing she touched was a cold, limp hand. Then felt upward, and touched a cold face. She gathered it up to her breast. Dark as it was she knew well enough that it was the head that had rested there so often, her hand went through his curls and a moan escaped her. "Dead," she sobbed, "dead, dead." And then her voice came back in a wail that sang out upon the night-air and brought from the kitchen Mollie, and Bill, "the help."

Bill, a great, stalwart fellow, lifted the master in his arms and carried him into the kitchen, for how Susan French got back into the house she never knew, but as she knelt by the settee and wondered whether, with all those babies up stairs, it was right for her to pray to die too, hope came back to her in a word from Bill.

"Missis," he said, "boss an't dead—he an't, no such a thing; he's stunned like. No doubt he's hurt mighty bad, but not dead. I wouldn't say so if I wasn't sure. I'll fetch him into bed, missis, and go for the doctor. He'll come to—he'll come to."

Then it seemed to the poor woman as if heaven had opened its gates and given her a glimpse of glory. She bent over him as he lay on his pillow and listened, the patter of the horses' hoofs over the hard road, on the highway leading townward. How long would it be before the doctor came? Meanwhile, she bathed the poor bleeding head, while Mollie chafed the cold hands. And at last she saw that he did lift his eyes opened, but when she spoke to him, he answered her only with groans. The door opened, and—thank Heaven!—the doctor! but, worse than that, Bill, with horror in his eyes, and a hand pointing over his shoulder toward the red glare that dashed up toward the sky. The barn was on fire; and while the poor wife within the shuttered room had one thought only, "Will he live better than the world beside, live or die?" despite the fruitless aid that came too late, though it was freely offered, barn and stable, hay and cattle, were picked up by the devouring flames. And all the efforts of the neighbors only availed to save the little homestead and one cow.

"A poor Thanksgiving for Mrs. French," said many a kindly matron as she heard the news next morning. Yet Susan French was at that very hour thanking God for, as the doctor went away, he said: "Keep up your heart, Susan—keep up your heart. We'll get him through yet. You'll not be a widow this time."

He would live, and what did she care for barn or stock. Let all go, so that she had him. Brighter was a weary time before her—days of fever and delirium, days of weak misery, when the strong man had become like a fretful child. Susan's cheeks grew thin, and her hands began to show their bones. Often she wondered whether she could keep on for feet much longer, but she did; and after three months, Henry got about again, gaunt and sallow, and was enough himself to make it necessary that he should be told what had happened.

"I suppose my lantern broke in the hay," he said, when he could speak. "I found the door open, and went in, and there was one there, I grappled him, and he struck me—that's all I know. Either my lantern did it, or the man was there to fire the barn. However it was, it is all over now. It will take—Susan, you took care of my pocket-book?"

She came across the room and took his hands. "Darling," she said, "have patience. Your pocket-book has not been found. I thought you might remember where—"

"I always wore it in my vest," he said, "you know that. I kept my coupon bonds in it. I kept all I had about me. There were six hundred dollars in money too, and receipts I dare not lose, for they are signed by rascals. Susan, ever—[illegible] of retrieving my losses is gone, gone forever. I suppose I was robbed as I lay senseless, and I thought my own person better and safer than any bank. Look at me now, a miserable, shaking shadow, that a child could master."

"But you'll get strong again," said Susan, "and we've the house and the land." But Henry was too weak to feel any hope or courage. He took to his bed again, and lay there when it was time for a farmer to be busy.

However, he did not die, and there was another convalescence. Susan had not had time to be ill. She dared not. What she could do, she had done. But a farm needs a master. If they raised enough for food that year, that was all they could do. And it was a poor year. No fruit to speak of; vegetables small and mean, and corn a disappointment.

Moreover, one of French's creditors, a Boston man, who had trusted the farmer sworn to having paid his debt, there was no receipt to be found, and a mortgage of the land was the consequence. Often the discouraged man declared that he wished the thief had also murdered him. But Susan French kept her courage up, and now that her husband was fairly on his feet, would have been perfectly happy, could she have made him so.

And thus Thanksgiving came about again, and friends shook their heads once more, and said: "Poor Mrs. French would have a different Thanksgiving from what she'd been used to." And many invitations were sent to those who had entertained so freely, while they could; but Henry would have none of them, and, to tell the truth, little foes were out, and little dresses were not fresh and holiday-like.

"We'll keep Thanksgiving at home," said Susan French.

"Thanksgiving!" said Henry, sadly. "Well, it won't be much of a one, and I can't say I feel thankful much either."

"And then there ain't any punkens," said little Lilly, "and no turkey."

"There is a pumpkin," said the mother, triumphantly—"a good one—I've kept watch over it. It's all right. And, I think roast pork with apple sauce is good as turkey. We have got two barrels of apples. I shall keep Thanksgiving. I wouldn't miss it, and, Henry, you go to church and take John, and I'll get dinner for you—I and Lilly and Susie."

"Church!" said Henry French.

"Yes, church," said his wife. And she had her way. And now, having tidied the house, she went out doors to look for eggs. But her search was not as successful as usual. Speckled grey had taken to hiding her eggs, and according to calculations there must be three or four somewhere. At last Susan heard a cackle, and looking, espied speckled grey's head protruding from the ruins of the barn. Beams and boards had so fallen as to make a hiding-place for speckle, and thither she was wending her way. Susan followed her. She could see, by crouching low, the great white pearls that where to make her one pumpkin pie richer. She put in her hand and drew them forth—four—five—and then—What was that lying there—that blackened thing. Was it—yes, it was a soft, flat pocket-book—the pocket-book in which Henry French had carried his wealth about his person. Susan drew it out, and, trembling, looked at it. It was stained and wrinkled, but somehow only on the outside. As she tore it open she saw that within was discolored, but not burnt. Their little fortune was safe; there was hope and courage for Henry now. Susan got back into the kitchen and flung herself upon her knees, and wept and prayed together and grew strong again.

"I smell fire," said little John, hurrying in after church. "Ain't it good though. Pa, dinner is ready."

"And I'm ready for it," said the farmer. "How bright you all look, girls. What is it, the one pumpkin?" He spoke blessing as he uttered the last words and drew his chair to the table. There stood the pork, the potatoes, the great golden pie, a dish of

74 a 3

apple-sauce, and another—covered.

"What's that?" asked little John.

"Oh, John!" cried Susie.

"Hush!" said Lilly.

"Will you give thanks, Henry!" said his wife.

"I suppose I ought," said Henry. "We've got a house over us this year. Next, perhaps,—no matter." He bent his head, and uttered a few words of Thanksgiving, thinking of all that a disappointed man does think even then. Then he leaned back in his chair.

"Take the cover off the little dish, Pa," cried Lilly.

"Why, what is in the little dish?" asked Henry. "Why do you all look so?"

Mrs. French reached across and lifted the lid; and Henry knew.

Everything was safe—the coupon bonds, the money, the receipts—that of the wicked creditor included. In contrast with his state yesterday Henry felt himself a rich man, and he had the opportunity of starting fair and even with the world again, at least.

Susan was not the only one down whose cheeks tears ran that day—tears of joy and thankfulness.

And it all came about, says Henry today, because my Susan kept up her heart so well; was thankful to Heaven for all its mercies, and made the best she could of our "only pumpkin."

OPINIONS ABOUT INSECTS.

Some of Them Superstitious and All of Them Interesting.

The Koran says all flies shall perish save one, the bee fly.

It is regarded as a death warning in Germany to hear a cricket's cry.

The Tupuya Indians in South America say the devil assumes the form of a fly.

Bats is, in some parts of our own country, expected to follow unusually loud chirping of crickets.

Flies are sometimes regarded as furnishing prognostications in the weather, and of many other events.

Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, believed that spiders indicated gold, where they were found in abundance.

Although a sacred insect among the Egyptians, the beetle receives but little notice in folk lore. It is unlucky in England to kill one.

In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spring his web downwards towards you, but bad luck when he rises towards you.

The grasshopper is a sufficiently unwelcome visitant of himself in this country, but in Germany his presence is further said to announce strange guests.

A Welsh tradition says bees came from Paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing, so that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass.

The ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees."

It is said that upon the back of the seven year locust there sometimes appear marks like a letter of the alphabet. When this looks like a W it is thought that war is imminent.

German tribes regard stag beetles as diabolic, and all beetles are detested in Ireland, more especially a bronze variety known as "goeddie." It is also believed that to see a beetle will bring on a rainstorm the next day.

There are said to be no spiders in Ireland, nor will spiders spin their web in an Irish oak nor on a cedar roof. A spider is said to have saved Mohammed from his pursuers by spinning its web across a cave where he sought refuge. The same is said of David in the Cave of Adullam.

Don't Be a Clam!

"Laura," exclaimed the youth, as he laid his arm timidly on the back of her chair, "now that you have promised to be mine, it surely does not seem like asking too much, if I—"

"Well, George?"

George took her hand in his, swallowed once or twice spasmodically, and proceeded:

"As your affianced husband, Laura, whom you will some day promise in the sight of high heaven to love, honor, and—er—cherish, you will not think me presuming, dearest, I hope, if—if—"

"Well, George?"

"—If I venture to claim the privilege of a k—of a kiss?"

The lovely maiden laid her head trustingly on the young man's shoulder, a tender light shone in her dreamy eyes, and her fragrant breath swept the cheek of the rapturous lover as she softly murmured:

"George, don't be a clam!"—Chicago Tribune.

Thanksgiving, Then and Now.

Many of the States formerly regarded New England's Thanksgiving with feelings akin to those which move the stiff Highlander to sniff at "the little government Sunday, that they call the Fast."

But time and the appropriateness of the custom have worked the day into general observance, so that now in almost all the States, the day is not only observed, but the preceding week bristles with preparations to honor the Nation's Harvest Home.

"Thanksgiving" originated in the pious sentiment that to the Lord of the Harvest were due the public thanks of the harvesters. The Pilgrims of Plymouth began it. Prompted by their sympathy with the Jewish "Feast of Harvest," and by the fitness of things, they set apart a day on which to rejoice together, "before the Lord," for the yield of "twenty acres of Indian corn" and "six acres of barley and pease."

In the spring of 1621, "when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ear of a mouse"—that being the Indian season for planting—they "set" the corn and sowed the barley and peas.

"Squanto," the friendly Indian who had been kidnapped by lawless Englishmen, showed them "how to set, fish-dress and tend" the corn.

So thoroughly did they manure the ground with herrings, that their old chronicler writes: "God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good; but our pease not worth gathering, for we feared they were too late sown."

It was one year after the Pilgrims had sighted from the deck of the Mayflower the sands of Cape Cod. "Our harvest being gotten in," writes the chronicler, "the Governor [Bradford] sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors."

Thus began New England's Thanksgiving—a Harvest Home, celebrated when seven long hours belonged to Sunday.

Nine years after, the Puritans of the Massachusetts Colony observed their first Thanksgiving. It commemorated the arrival of the provision ship which saved the people from starvation.

Gov. Winthrop, seeing that the supply of food was likely to run short, had sent the ship Lyon to England for a load of provisions. Storms and contrary winds detained the ship so long that the people of Boston were forced to live on clams, mussels, groundnuts and acorns.

They became discontented and murmured. A day of Fasting and Prayer was appointed. Winthrop had put his last batch of bread in the oven, and was distributing his last handful of meal to a poor man.

Suddenly some one saw a ship at the mouth of the harbor. The half-starved people flocked to the beach. The good ship Lyon dropped her anchor, and her

74 a 6

cargo of provisions was distributed according to each man's necessities. The day of Fasting was changed into a day of Thanksgiving.

The festival met the social wants of our plain, but precise, ancestors. They had but little time for merry-making, and they rejected Christmas because to them it was associated with superstitious actions and unseemly practices. But some festival was needed to interrupt the monotonous toil of the year and give expression to their social and pious feelings.

Thanksgiving struck its roots deeply in New England's soil, because it symbolized both the Godward and the manward side of the people's life. It expressed thankfulness to the Bountiful Giver; it extended hospitality and charity to man.

Associated with the ingathering of harvests and families, it became the climax of New England's social life; the crisis of its feasting, its day of "holy convocation."

Now, as when first set apart from the days of the year, it is both a domestic and a religious festival. It is the day that brings back children and children's children to the old home. Its point of attraction is the family, that vital unit and subtle nexus, whose spiritual gravitation moulds a tear, preserves the man and guides a nation.

Thanksgiving compacts together these old homes, "new Jerusalems," are they, scattered throughout the land. Beneath the family roof-tree pleasant memories are revived and old vows renewed. Children's children become sensitive to the family ties, and glow with the home-sentiment. There the tired heart rests, the disconsolate are exhilarated, and the past, with its sacred moulding associations, becomes the present.

Thousands will go out from this Harvest Home with hearts pulsating to a mother's touch, determined that their life shall grow into a harvest of noble deeds and holy charities. The Jewish Feast of Harvest was a time of dedication. All through the land the people, swayed by the generous gifts of the earth, dedicated the harvest with thanksgiving, and themselves with prayer and holy vows, to Him who openeth His hand and filleth all with good.

AN ANECDOTE OF GREELEY.

How the Fine Old Man Started on a Patriotic Rampage.

Horace Greeley, as is well known, was a very pronounced non-resistant, yet he was one of the most pugnacious men in the world.

A curious instance of this incongruous temperament and its result came under the writer's observation on one occasion, occasioning him some surprise.

It was the general opinion that the old fellow was a coward at heart, and made use of his non-resistant professions as a screen to protect himself from personal injury at the hands of an opponent.

It was a Sunday morning in New York at the very commencement of the war, just after the great Bull Run scare, and the Government authorities at Washington were frantically calling for troops. The Metropolitan Hotel, of New York, then the great up-town exchange, was filled by a motley crowd, drinking, smoking and discussing the situation of beleaguered Washington.

Among the crowd were several army officers in full uniform, smoking their cigars and criticising Lincoln as commander-in-chief in a sneering way, when a commotion occurred in the doorway, and Greeley, with his old felt hat on the back of his head, rushed through the crowd and up to the group of officers and addressed them somewhat after this style:

"Why are you loafing about here, you miserable cowards? Why are you not reporting yourselves at Washington? This is a resort for skulkers. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

The biggest fellow of the group was terribly angry, and lifting his heavy sword, he thundered out:

"Repeat those words, old man, and I'll split your skull!"

Greeley threw off the old felt hat, exclaiming:

"Strike as soon as you please; I repeat what I have already said."

Every one present expected that the old man would be cut down; instead, the fellow turned on his heel, saying:

"Come away, boys, I won't strike the a——d lunatic."

Greeley gave them one contemptuous look, and took his departure.

Tit for Tat.

Dudely Canesucker (who is not as big a fool as he looks)—"Did you, an, give my card to Mith Bondelipper?"

Servant—"Yes, sir."

Dudely—"What did she thay?"

Servant—"She told me to tell you, sir, that she was sorry that she was not in."

Dudely—"Ah, indeed! Please tell your mithtress that I said I watn glad I didn't call."—Mocking Bird.

ANGLO-JEWISH NAMES.

The Meanings of Cowan, Hart, Lion, Sachs, Brown, Wolf, Fisher, Etc.

It is not quite correct to say that Jews ever change their original names. In the synagogues they bear throughout their lives the Hebrew names—in the traditional Oriental form of So-and-so son of So-and-so—given to them shortly after their birth.

The instability of the names by which they are known to the world is due to the fact that originally, like all Oriental peoples, they had no family names, and that wherever they have congregated very closely together the secular use of the traditional genealogical forms has been tenaciously preserved. In some countries, such as Germany and Austria, special legislation has been found necessary to compel them to adopt fixed surnames.

As, at different times, they have come into closer contact with the Gentile world, they have themselves seen the necessity of surnames; and it is not surprising, if, under these circumstances, some of them should have chosen the most sonorous and distinguished they could find.

The foreign surnames and place names preserved by the Jews of England form a small epitome of the history of the Israelitish dispersion. Side by side with the Hebrew Abraham are the Egyptian Moses, and the English Mordaunt, the Greek Alexander and Marcelles, the Latin Marcus, and the Arabic Mocatta.

Those derived from mediæval house signs are Rothschild, Adler, Ganz, Schiff, Strauss, Silberkron, etc.

Some of the occupation names are interesting. Rophe is Hebrew for physician, and Rapoport is a corruption of Rophe d' Oporto; Jalfon is Hebrew for money changer, and Mocatta is Arabic for mason.

More strictly Anglo-Jewish are the natural assimilations of Hebrew and Jewish names to English forms. Thus, Coleman is a corruption of Kalman, which is an abbreviation of Kelonymos, the Greek translation of the Hebrew *Shem Tob* (Good Name).

Bonny is derived through Bondi, from a Latin translation of *Yom Tob* (Good Day).

Phillips comes from the Hebrew Uri or Meier, both meaning "light," through the Greek equivalent Phœbus and its German-Polish diminutive Phœbul.

Saville is a more natural corruption of Samuel than is generally imagined, seeing that in Germany the Scriptural name has been shortened into Sewel, and in England we have the authority of Mr. Weller, senior, to spell it with a "we."

Freeman is from the German Friedmann, a translation and apocopation of Shalom ben Menachem.

Hayman is derived through Hyman and Hyan from the Hebrew Haim (life). Jessel is from Echeskel, the Hebrew pronunciation of Ezekiel.

Yates is from Goetz, an abbreviation of Gottschalk, which in Low German means "God's servant," and is a literal translation of Eljakim.

Among simpler changes are Cowan—Cohen, Lewin—Levi, Victor—Avigdor, Archer—Asher, Jesson—Joseph, and Soman and Slowman—Solomon.

Curious instances of misdirected translations are afforded by the names Marchant and Chapman, both of which are Anglicizations of the German Kaufmann or Handelsmann. Originally, however, neither of these names meant "merchant" among the Teutonic Jews.

Kaufmann is a corruption of Koppelman, of which the first two syllables are a German diminutive of Jacob and the third an abbreviation of Menachem, the whole being a contraction of Jacob ben Menachem.

Handelsmann has a similar history, being derived from Elchanon ben Menachem, through Handl, a recognized German diminutive of Elchanon.

In the same way Seligman is a contraction of Selig ben Menachem, and Felbermann a corrupted contraction of Phœbus (Uri) ben Menachem.

Katz, which one of these days will perhaps be Anglicized into Cat, is derived from the initials of *Kohen Tzedek* (priest of righteousness). Sebatz, which in Hungary has actually been translated into Kincz, the Magyar for "treasure," is from Schliach Tribur (Messenger of the Congregation); Babad is from Ben Ab Beth Din (Son of the President of the House of Judgment); Sach is from Sera Kadosh (Holy Posterity), and when the name of a town beginning with S is added—as, for example, Sera Kadosh Speyer (Holy Posterity of Speyer)—it becomes Sake or Sachs, which has been frequently mistaken for an abbreviation of Sachsen (Saxony). Bram is from Ben Rabbi Moses, Bram (corrupted into Brasn, and translated into Brown), from Ben Rabbi Nachman; Bard, from Ben Rabbi David; Bersal, from Ben Rabbi Solomon, the Levite, and Bril, from Ben Rabbi Judah the Levite.

The exegetical names are also peculiarly Jewish. They consist of equivalents for Hebrew names derived from collocations in Biblical texts.

Thus the comparisons in Jacob's blessing furnish equivalents for Benjamin in Wolf, for Judah in Lion, and for