

**THANKSGIVING HYMN.**

We come from far, and come from near,  
Remembering all that we receive;  
Offer to God our grateful love,  
No other gift is ours to give.  
Praise, praise His name!

To count the mercies of the year,  
Forgetting not one favoring call,  
Or lifted load, or cheering smile,  
The half to tell, the time would fail!  
Praise, praise His name!

Heap high the board, and gather round,  
The old, the young—the faces dear;  
The Nation's heart throbs high with joy,  
While heart-fires glow with warmth and cheer.  
Praise, praise His name!

Yes, thanks unstinted offer now,  
Whate'er the coming days may bring,  
Sharing our gifts with brothers poor,  
Adding fresh notes the while we sing—  
Praise to His name!

**Danny's Thanksgiving.**

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

YOU never would have taken Danny for a tramp, but he was one for all that.

Danny wasn't dirty or ragged. His face was very clean, and his clothing, though poor and patched, was neat. The dogs didn't bark at him as they did at most of the tramps who came along the country road, but ran up to him and, after sniffing at him a bit, trotted along contentedly at his heels as if saying, "There isn't a bad sort of a boy, after all."

And yet Danny was a tramp. He had slept in haylofts, barrels, under trees and on doorsteps for many a night, with only the stars to watch over him. He had been hungry and cold and wet and tired out, but through it all the boy had kept up a stout heart, for he was tramping home—or at least back to the place where he was born.

It all happened in this way. Danny's father once owned a small farm up among the hills in Western New York. There was a big red farmhouse on the slope, with woods behind it and lilac bushes in the front yard. There was a barn filled with sweet-scented hay and lowing cattle. There was a fine fat pig back of the barn, and there were beehives near the orchard and a dog that leapt with joy when Danny came home from school, and a big, lazy cat that sunned herself on the east porch of a fine morning.

Danny remembered all these delights perfectly, for he was eight years old when his father sold the farm and moved to New York. Danny remembered everything else that had happened in the last five dreadful years; his father's white face and cry of terror when he found he had been robbed of all the money he had on earth; the poverty, the sickness, the dreary hunt for work; the fever that took his father away, and the cough that killed his mother. Danny didn't like to think of these things as he tramped along day after day.

It was just before his mother died that she called him to her bedside and told him that after she was gone she wanted him to go back to the country. "Don't stay here in this dreadful city, my boy," she murmured. "It has killed your father and me. Go back to the hills and the woods. You'll find friends there. Tell them who you are, and they'll take you in and give you work and start you in life. I can rest better if you'll promise me."

So Danny promised. And the day after his mother's funeral he took a prolonged survey of the bare, cheerless room in an east side back tenement, packed up one or two little keepsakes of his mother, said good-by to the sobbing, kindly Irish woman who had mothered him in his sorrow, and set his little face westward.

That's why Danny became a tramp. It was late in the fall when he struck Allegany County. The leaves were gone from the trees and the ground was stiff and hard. Here and there as he pegged along he met great wagons loaded with rosy apples and golden pumpkins. Sometimes the farmers who drove them would toss him an apple, and oh! how good it tasted to the hungry boy, whose appetite was whetted by the keen air.

His mother had told him to seek the village of Clifton and inquire for Squire Josiah Brown. Mrs. Brown was her schoolgirl friend, she had said, and would take him in until he could get a place to work, while the Squire was a just and kindly man who would do what was right by him for his parents' sake. So Danny's inquiries were ever for the village of Clifton, just on the line between Cattaraugus and Allegany counties.

It was the day before Thanksgiving when the footsore and weary lad sat down in the woods to rest and eat the

scraps of food a farmer's wife had given him. The sun shone brightly, though the air was biting.

The boy was so tired that in spite of his efforts to keep awake he was dozing, when he was suddenly roused by childish voices, and, starting up, saw two little girls with baskets in their hands regarding him gravely. They were evidently on a nutting excursion, and presently the elder, a little maid of about nine, ventured to approach him and offer him some of their spoils. Danny bashfully accepted the nuts, and entered far enough into conversation to learn that they lived "over there," pointing vaguely across the cut, where the track ran, and that they were gathering nuts for the Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow.

Danny noted their neat frocks, clean pinafores and warm coats, and, feeling rather ashamed of his patches and the shoes through which his bruised feet were bursting, volunteered no information about himself, but rather hoped they would soon go, though their friendliness had warmed his lonely heart. But he was anxious

ly asked the big, tender-hearted engineer, who was holding him.

"I guess so," said Danny, rather feebly, as he drank from the cup held to his lips. "Is the baby safe?"

"Yes, you little hero," cried a young man in the group. "It was the bravest deed ever done."

Just then there was a stir and a commotion, and a tall man, dressed in overalls and wearing a flapping broad-brimmed hat, hurried up, exclaiming: "What's the boy that saved my little Janie? Let me have him," and he lifted him right out of the engineer's arms. "You brave little man, where d'ye come from?"

"From New York," said Danny, faintly.

"Hain't got no home?"

"No."

"What's your folks—your pa and ma?"

"They're dead, sir."

There was silence for a moment, and then the farmer cried: "Then all you gentlemen here witness what I say. From this moment this 'ere boy's my son, to raise and care fur."

"I'd like to stay," said Danny, whose heart was overflowing now, "if Squire Brown thinks best."

At this the farmer shouted with glee. "Squire Brown's all right," he said. "Fer Danny, my boy, he ain't justice of the peace no longer. He's a plain farmer, now, an' he bought this here farm two years ago. Danny, my boy, I'm Squire Brown," and then and there, the Squire arose, and snapping his fingers, proceeded from very joy to dance an ungainly double shuffle on the kitchen floor.

Well, Danny's long tramp was over. He was home again at last. Home in time for the happiest of Thanksgivings, including probably the finest dinner to which a boy ever sat down.

**Freddy's Fear.**

It was at the Thanksgiving dinner, and Freddy, aged six, was seated at the festive board. He caught sight of a reflection of himself in the concave curve of some fluted silver, and a great look of fear stole over his chubby face.



**BRINGING HOME THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.**

to push on to Clifton, which he knew was now only a mile or so away.

The little girls soon said "good-by," and, taking the path the other side of the brook, passed down the slope to the deep cut where the railroad track lay.

Danny was just stooping over to pick up his poor little bundle, preparatory to resuming his tramp, when he heard an awful scream of distress.

He dropped his bundle, and, running to the edge of the ravine, looked over.

The elder of the little girls had crossed the track in safety and stood on the opposite side screaming madly: "Baby, baby; come, come quick!"

Baby, only five, stood right on the track, seemingly fascinated by the sight of the great shining monster dashing round the curve straight upon her.

The engineer was leaning half way out the cab, with a face as white as death. The bell was wildly ringing and the whistle blowing frantically, but baby did not move.

Poor Danny was only a boy, you know. He felt his heart leap to his throat and his legs shake under him, but he didn't hesitate. He gave one jump, landed by baby, pushed her off the track and rolled after her, just as the cowcatcher struck his shoulder.

When Danny came to himself he was lying in the arms of a big, braveny man, down whose rugged cheeks tears were dropping. There was a group of men about him. A white-haired man held something to his lips, and Danny heard him say, "He's coming round all right. But what a marvelous escape!"

"Are ye all right, me boy?" anxious-

ly asked the big, tender-hearted engineer, who was holding him. "You're awful kind sir, but my mother made me promise to find Squire Brown, of Clifton, and he would help me to get work. Maybe you know him?"

The farmer's face wore a queer expression as he said: "Wall, yes, I know him. Who was your mother, son?"

Danny told him all his story. The farmer listened intently, and when the boy had finished said: "Wall, you must spend Thanksgiving with us, anyhow, and if you don't want to stay longer, we'll see what Squire Brown will do."

Half-way across the fields they came upon the farmer's wife hastening to meet them. She literally fell on Danny and hugged him much to his embarrassment.

When they passed through the orchard Danny gave a great start; when he saw the barn he rubbed his eyes as if he were half awake, and when they entered the big kitchen of the red farmhouse he turned pale and trembled.

"My—what—why," Danny stammered, looking about.

"My boy," said the farmer solemnly, as he took the little wanderer's hands, "you've come home. This was your father's farm. You see, you've approached it from the back. If you'd gone ter the village you'd have come another way and mebbe wouldn't have been turned round. But you're some home—your home as long as you want ter stay. This here's your mother, if you kin call her that, and that baby there whose life you've saved is your little sister."

"Mamma, mamma," he cried, "Am I like that? Am I like that?"

His mother looked and saw nothing unusual. Of course the reflection represented the little boy's head upside down, but she didn't think of that, and informed the youth that he did resemble the image.

"Well, mamma," said Freddy, his eyes filling with tears, "will you please leave Susan put me to bed? If—if I've already g—got upside down"—here he began to cry, "I can't have any more dinner. Is—up—pose."

**Thanksgiving and Giving.**

The institution of Thanksgiving is an old one, and a very sweet and precious one it is. It seems very meet to give thanks for what we receive, and there is never a time when we do not have something to be thankful for. The Hebrews always gave a tenth of their increase to the Lord, and they were blessed in so doing. It is nothing that we of to-day cannot do, and receive like blessing. We are not called upon to sacrifice our live stock on formal altars, but we can lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven by giving of what we have to those who need. "Eh? That hath pity on the poor lengtheneth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

**In St. Petersburg.**

"What part of the turkey do you prefer?" asked the American minister at his Thanksgiving dinner.

"Eh? Constantinople," replied his Imperial majesty of Russia absently.

**Jealous of the Canary.**

A lonely turkey trembling sang  
"Oh, what a lovely thing  
My lot would be, if 'twere to sit  
Inside a cage, and sing."

**Thanksgiving Day Pastry.**

In the English homes of the Colonists, a deep-sided baking dish was filled with fruit, flavored toothsome with spice and well-sprinkled with sugar. An inverted cup was placed in the center to draw the juices away from the edge, and the whole was covered with a great roof of rich pastry and baked till crust and contents were done. This was a fruit pudding. A tart was made by covering the bottom of a shallow dish with rolled-out pastry spread thickly with cooked fruit, which in turn was pressed and over-crossed with strips of paste and baked in an oven.

The Colonial modification of these dainties was the truly American pie. Of household and garden fruits, to make it with there was no supply, but the undergrowth of the bush and bramble that the virgin forests shadowed, gave a rich harvest of raspberries, whortleberries and blackberries which were delicious both before and after cooking and when carefully dried, most useful through the winter as piefillers. What little of the precious sugar of commerce was possessed by the early settlers was carefully preserved in silver or old china sugar bowls for the use of invalids, but such friendly Indians as became willing, if independent, servitors of the whites, soon communicated the secret of the inexhaustible sweetness that hid in the maple trees. The aboriginal method of sugaring the sap was adopted and improved upon, and before long maple sugar was a very desirable commodity, easily exchanged, on the arrival of trading ships, for their coveted merchandise.

It would be interesting to know when pumpkins and their resulting pies became known, but sure it is, that ever since the dawn of pumpkin pie, it has had in American hearts a significance synonymous with patriotism, and also symbolic of gratitude, for since its invention it has been indispensable at the Thanksgiving feast whether public or private. Whittier, our most loyal poet, gives a song in its praise:

"On Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before—  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,  
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?"

But why put a p in the middle of the pumpkin? The letter was silent on the lips of our ancestors and is unuttered by all of their descendants except the ultra precise. The word is not correct either with or without the silent letter; the big yellow fruit of the vine being really a pompon, so it is thek that should be abstained from by scholarly pie-eaters.

**Said the Football Player to the Turkey.**



"Old bird, you're not in it any more."

**Culinary Hint for Thanksgiving.**

If the Thanksgiving turkey presents itself rather lean and dry, strips of salt pork laid over it and under it will be found to much improve its flavor. Use the liquid to baste it thoroughly. A half pound of pork to a six-pound turkey is about the right proportion. If the double roasting pan is used, doing away with basting, two or three slices only should be placed on top of the fowl.

**Turkey-Dressing.**

Thanksgiving is the day of all the year when the cranberry crop gets saucy.

The American public to the turkey gobbler: "I've got a bone to pick with you to-morrow."

Thanksgiving day is supposed to be a time for giving thanks and not for "kicking," and yet the day is devoted all over the country to football.

First Turkey Gobbler—"Where's that brat of mine that was playing about here a minute ago?" Second Gobbler—"Just gone into the house to be dressed for dinner."

**DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.**

Ernest Huhn, Superintendent of the Eagle Bird Mine at Maybart, California, fell 600 feet down the shaft, and was instantly killed.

The schooner Antelope capsized near the mouth of Grand Haven Harbor, Michigan, and the three men composing her crew were drowned.

George Smith was shot in mistake for a deer by a companion, Richard Baynor, near Bohemia, Long Island, and died of his injuries.

School boys dug a cave on a vacant lot in St. Louis, and the roof caved in. Henry Raedner, aged 8 years, was killed, and Herman Walkinford, aged 12 years, was badly hurt.

A fierce sand storm has prevailed at Oklahoma and Cherokee strip for the past week. At Perry the fires in the business section were extinguished by order of the city authorities.

The steamer Crown of England was wrecked on a reef off Santa Monica, California. The news was brought to that place by the mate and five seamen; the rest of the crew were left on the reef.

A 12-year-old son of R. J. Maury was caught by a sash in a school-house window at Marion, Illinois, and was strangled to death. It is supposed that he tried to climb through the window to get his gloves, and was caught by the sash.

John Washburn, Jr., a boy at Sing Sing, New York, fired a shot-gun into a keg of powder in Abraham Jones's sporting goods store. The powder exploded, Washburn was killed and the building was destroyed by the fire that followed. The boy did not know the gun was loaded.

The steamer Creole Prince, at New York, from Trinidad and Demerara, brought two out of three survivors of the abandoned schooner Coronet, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, who were picked up at sea on the outward voyage by the same steamer. Four of the schooner's crew were washed overboard and drowned.

A fierce wind and dust storm struck the city of Denver from the north, filling the air so that it was impossible to see across the street for a long time. Many plate glass windows and awnings were destroyed. The temperature fell 26 degrees in 30 minutes, and later in the day a wet snow began falling.

**MEDIATION NOT WANTED.**

Japan Declines the Offer Made by Our Government.

The Japanese Government replied to the note of United States Minister Dun asking whether a tender by the President of the United States of his good offices in the interest of restoring peace in the East would be agreeable to Japan. The Minister is informed that, although the friendly sentiments which prompted the offer are deeply appreciated, the success of the Japanese arms has been such that China should approach Japan directly on the subject.

**MARKETS.**

BALTIMORE.	
GRAIN, ETC.	
FLOUR—Balt. Best Pat. #	6 3/8
High Grade Extra.....	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	59
CORN—No. 2 White.....	54
OATS—Southern & Penn. 35	35 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	53
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	12 00
Good to Prime.....	11 00
STRA W—Hye in car lds. 10 00	10 00
Wheat Blocks.....	5 1/2
Oat Blocks.....	7 00
CANNED GOODS.	
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3 #	4 80
No. 2.....	63
PEAS—Standard.....	1 60
Seconds.....	80
CORN—Dry Pack.....	85
Moist.....	75
HIDES.	
CITY STEERS.....	6 1/2 @ 7
City Cows.....	4 1/2 @ 4 5/8
Southern No. 2.....	3 1/2 @ 3 5/8
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.	
POTATOES—Burbanks.....	45 @ 55
ONIONS.....	40 @ 50
PROVISIONS.	
HOOG PRODUCTS—shds.....	8 @ 8
Clear ribides.....	8 1/2 @ 9
Hams.....	11 1/2 @ 12
Mess Pork, per bar.....	15 00
LARD—Crude.....	6 1/2
Best refined.....	8 1/2
BUTTER.	
BUTTER—Fine Crm.....	22 @ 24
Under fine.....	21
Creamery Holl.....	21
CHEESE.	
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.....	11 1/2 @ 11 5/8
N. Y. Hats.....	11 1/2 @ 12
Skim Cheese.....	6
EGGS.	
EGGS—State.....	22 @ 23
North Carolina.....	18 @ 19
LIVE POULTRY.	
CHICKENS—Hen.....	8 1/2 @ 9
Ducks, per lb.....	8 1/2 @ 9
TOBACCO.	
TOBACCO—Md. Infer.....	1 30 @ 2 30
Sound common.....	3 00 @ 4 00
Middling.....	6 00 @ 7 00
Fancy.....	10 00 @ 12 00
LIVE STOCK.	
BEEF—Best Beves.....	4 35 @ 4 50
Good to Fair.....	4 00 @ 4 25
SHEEP.....	1 30 @ 2 25
Hogs.....	5 10 @ 6 10
FURS AND SKINS.	
MUSKRAT.....	10 @ 11
Raccoon.....	40 @ 45
Red Fox.....	— @ 1 00
Skunk Black.....	— @ 80
Opossum.....	22 @ 23
Mink.....	— @ 60
Other.....	— @ 60
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	2 10 @ 2 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	58 1/2 @ 59 1/2
RYE—Western.....	48 @ 50
CORN—No. 2.....	5 @ 63
OATS—No. 2.....	38 @ 39 1/2
BUTTER—State.....	16 @ 25
EGGS—State.....	24 @ 25
CHEESE—State.....	8 1/2 @ 10 1/2
PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	2 00 @ 2 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	59 1/2 @ 59 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	57 1/2 @ 57 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	25 @ 25 1/2
BUTTER—State.....	16 @ 25
EGGS—Penns. ft.....	24 @ 25