There is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent, a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea. It is the Thanksgiving table of the nation. They will come from the East and the West and the North and the South and sit at it. On it are smoking the products of all lands, birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of Maryland, the apple orchards of Western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio and the nuts thrashed from New England woods. The bread is white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters are adorned with California gold, and the table is agleam with Nevada silver, and the feast is warmed with the silver, and the feast is warmed with Nevada silver, and the feast is warmed with the fire grates heaped up with Pennsylvania coal. The hall is spread with carpets from Lowell mills, and at night the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture.

Welcome Thanksgiving Dayl, Whatever

goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if on this year's Thanksgiving in church and homestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer and the pen, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. and nomestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer and the pen, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men and get your dyes as far as Lean

the husbands, the sons and brothers at the entrance of the pew is a custom which the entrance of the pew is a custom which the custom which the entrance of the pew is a custom which the strength of an Alphae the strength of a strength came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless portion of the family. But now how changed! Severe penalties are threatened against any one who shall interrupt religious services, and annually, at the command of the highest official in the United States, we gather together for thanksgiving and holy worship. To-day I would stir your souls to joyful thanksgiving while I speak of the mercies of God and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and the pen.

while I speak of the mercies of God and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and the pen.

Most of the implements of husbandry have been superseded by modern inventions, but the plow has never lost its reign. It has furrowed its way through all the ages. Its victories have been waved by the barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the ricestalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned up the mammoth of Siberia, the mastadon of Egypt and the pine groves of Thessaly. Its iron foot hath marched where Moses wrote and Homer eang and Aristotle taught and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung its colter on Norwegian wilds and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushing its way through the savannahs of the Carolinas and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of its clevises, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phoenicians so particularly extolled husbandry or that Cincinnatus went from the consulship to the plow or that Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him or that the Egyptians in their paganism worshiped the ox as a tiller of their lands.

To get an appreciation of what the American plow has accomplished I take you into the western wilderness. Here in the dense forest I find a collection of Indian wigwams. With helts of wampum the men lazily sit on the skins of deer, smoking their feathered calumets, or, driven forth by hunger, I track their moccasins far away as they make the forest

smoking their feathered calumets, or, driven forth by hunger, I track their moccasins far away as they make the forest echoes crazy with their wild halloo or fish in the waters of the still lake. Now tribes challenge and council fires blaze, and wa whoops ring, and chiefs lift the tomahawks for battle. After awhile wagons from the Atlantic coast come to those forests. By day trees are felled, and by night bonfires keep off the wolves. Log cabins rise, and the great trees begin to throw their branches in the path of the conquering white man. Farms are cleared. Stumps, the monuments of slain forests, crumble and are buined. Villages appear, with smiths at the bellows, masons on the wall, carpenters on the Fousetop. Churches rise in honor of the Great Spirit whom the red men ignorantly worship. Steamers on the lake convey merchandise to her wharf and carry east the uncounted bushels that have come to the market. Bring hither wreaths of wheat and crowns of rye, and let the mills and the machinery of barn and field unite their voices to celebrate the triumph, for the wilderness hath retreated and the plow hath conquered.

Within our time the Presidential Cabin-

hath retreated and the plow hath conquered.

Within our time the Presidential Cabinet has added a Secretaryship of Agriculture. Societies are constantly being establish I for the education of the plow. Journal devoted to this department are circulated through all the country. Farmers through such culture have learned the attributes of soils and found out that almost every field has its peculiar preferences. Lands have their choice as to which product they will bear. Marshy lowlands touched by the plow rise and wring out their wet locks in the trenches. Islands born down on the coast of Peru and Bolivia are transported to our fields

TIME FOR REJOICING.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks of Peans of Praise for the Victories of Peace.

The Triumphs of Husbandry—Conquests of the Pen.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a national congratulation over the achievements of brain and hand during the past twelve months. The texts are: I Corinthians ix, 10, "He that ploweth shall plow in hope;" Isaiah xli, 7, "He that smootheth with the hammer;" Judges v. 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

There is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent, a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea. It is the Thanksgiving table of the

eaves.
Praise God for the great harvests that Praise God for the great harvests that have been reaped this last year! Some of them injured by drought or insects or freshets were not as bountiful as usual, others far in excess of what have ever before been gathered, while higher prices will help make up for any decreased supply. Sure sign of agricultural prosperity we have in the fact that cattle and horses and sheep and swine and all form spinels. and sheep and swine and all farm animals have during the last two years increased in value. Twenty million swine slaughtin value. Twenty million swine slaught-ered this last year, and yet so many hogs

left.

If the ancients in their festivals presented their rejoicings before Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage, shall we neglect to rejoice in the presence of the great God now? From Atlantic to Pacific let the American nation celebrate the victories of the plow.

coal. The hall is spread with carpets from Lowell mills, and at night the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture.

Welcome, Thanksgiving Day! Whatever we may think of New England theology, we all like New England Thanksgiving Day. What means the steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth and the Southern railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farm house; ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills; ask all the plantations of the South which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hands, ve people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and branches and tunnels dug under mountains and

ers, some of them fixed stars and some meteors.

Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men and get your dues as far as I can pay them.

Things have marvelously changed. Time was when the stern edict of governments forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the universe were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open, and down upon the church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of having the fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers at glacier.

meteors.

As the pen has advanced our colleges and universities and observatories have followed the waving of its plume. Our literature is of two kinds—that on foot and that on the wing. By the former I mean the firm and substantial works which will go down through the centuries. When, on the wing, I mean the newspapers of the land. They fly swiftly and vanish, but leave permanent results upon the public mind. They fall noiselessly as a snow flake, but with the strength of an Alpine glacier.

sence will either make or break Every morning and evening our telegraph offices, with huge wire rakes, gather up the news of the nation and of the whole world, and men write to some purpose when they make a pen out of a thunder-bolt.

It needs great energy and decision and

perseverance for a man to be ignorant in this country to-day. It seems to me that it requires more effort for him to keep out knowledge than to let it in. The mail bags at the smallest postofices disgorge large packages of intelligence for the people. Academics with maps, globes and philosophic apparatus have been taking the places of those institutions where thirty or forty years ago you were put to the torture. Men selected for their qualifications are intrusted with the education of our youth instead of those teachers who formerly with a drover's shout and goad compelled the young generations up the hill of science. Happy childhood! What with broken tops and torn kites and the trial of losing the best marble and stumping your foot against a stone and somebody sticking a pin into you to see whether you will jump and examination day, with four or five wise men looking over their spectacles to see if you can parse the first page in Young's "Night Thoughts" until verbs and conjunctions and participles and prepositions get into a grand riot. How things have marvelously changed! We used to cry because we had to go to school. Now children cry if they cannot go. Many of them can intelligently discuss political topics long before they have seen a ballot box or, teased by some poetic muse, can compose articles for the newspapers. Philosophy and astronomy and chemistry have been so improved that he must be a genins at dullness who knows nothing about them.

On one shelf of a poor man's library is more practical knowledge than in the 400.000 volumes of ancient Elexandria. and education is possible for the most indigent, and no legislature or congress for the last fifty years has assembled which has not had it in rail splitters and farmers and drovers or men who have been accustomed to toiling with the hand and the foot.

Lift up your eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects! Build larger your barns for the harvests; dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards; enlarge the warehouses for the m

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He Had Another Brother.

Judge Crouse, Indian agent at White River, Arizona, in a letter recently to L. Rice, related a story told him at the fort. Some time ago an officer stationed there accidentally shot and killed a friendly Apache. The officer regretted the occurrence as deeply as if the victim had been a white man. A human being was a human being to him, whatever his color. Besides, he feared that the Indians might not regard the shooting as an accident and serious trouble might

The Indian had a brother, who came around the fort threatening an outbreak. He refused to accept the accident theory, and intimated the United States had put its foot in it through the action of its military representative, and had canceled all the friendly relations which had exsted between the republic and the Apaches. He hinted at the war path and the desolated homes of white men.

The officer proceeded in the right way to restore a cordiale entente. Of course a brother could not be called back out of the arms of death, but there were other things in this world which would take the wire edge off grief; for instance, ponies and guns. The bereft brother became interested, and a settlement was soon reached which had for its basis a horse and saddle, a rifle, and a lot of blankets. The Indian returned later to receive the property. It was turned over to him according to the terms of peace treaty. The officer threw in besides a great lot of things the mourning relative had not asked for. The Indian packed the unexpected gifts and the blankets on the horse, and, mounting, turned to the officer and said: "Me got another brother;" which the officer understood to mean not mere casual information about the extent of the family, but that the price of brothers would not be raised in the case of another accidental and fatal shot.-Arizona Republican.

### Length of a Dream.

How long does a dream last? To the dreamer they sometimes seem to endure for hours, and the general impression is that they continue for minutes at least, while the fact is that the longest dream appears to be confined within a solitary second, even though the events of it may impress the dreamer for days.

Three physicians were discussing the matter in Bellevue Hospital (New York) a day or two ago, when one of them related a strange experience.

"Yesterday afternoon," he said, "I called to see a patient, and much to my satisfaction I found him sleeping soundly. I sat by his bed, felt of his pulse without disturbing him and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a junk dealer's cart with discordant ringing bells turned into the street, and as their first tones reached us my patient opened his eyes.

'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me, for I have been tortured by a most distressing dream, that must have lasted for several hours. I dreamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horribly sounding sleigh bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be an interminable time. I am so glad you awoke me.'

"The ringing of those bells for onesecond had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment."-New York Herald.

## Blessed Be Hot Water.

Hot water tipplers are convinced that they have found a cure-all for the aver-age ills. When tired, drink it as a tonic. When hot and thirsty, dring it as a cooler, for it never disappoints, and dear me how cheap it is and how good when one has formed the habit.

Headache almost always yield to the imultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water,

quickly wrung out, and applied quickly over the seat of pain will in most cases promptly relieve toothache and neural-A strip of flannel or towel folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot

water, then slightly wrung out and ap-plied about the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of croup, will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes if the flannel is kept hot. Hot water, if taken freely a half hour

before bedtime, is one of the best possible cathartics in severe cases of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. There is no domestic remedy that so

promptly cuts short congestion of the ungs, sore throat or rheumatism as will hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Worth Knowing About.

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need to apply burning plasters to the fleeh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, mouth, stomach, large tumors, ugly cancers, eating, festering sores, persistent pimples, blood poison, catarrh, rheumatism, terrible itching, scabby skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated and cured by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Druggists, \$1. Sample of medicine sent free, also many teatimonials, by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.

The largest needle factory in the world is at Redditch, Worcestshire, England. Over 70,000,000 needles are made weekly.

The first fire engine used in the United States was brought from England to New York City in 1731.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

The "heart wood" of a tree has ceased to take any part in the vegetative economy of the tree. Its use is to strengthen

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Chency for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The longest State is California, 770 miles; the widest, Texas, 760. The next in breadth is Montana, 580.

### Best For the Bowels.

No matter what any you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascamers help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the gennine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The sign painter, at least, can always make a name for himself.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial boitle and treatise free Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Ph.is. Ps.

Some people regard their friends simply as something to blame things on. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children

teething, soften the gums, reduces inflamma-tien, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle The fact that one good turn deserves another is what keeps things going.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consump on has an equal for coughs and colds .- John F. Boyen, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. You can't always tell a polished man by his shoes.

### Bad Men.

"Philadelphia politicians, then, are very corrupt? "Oh, yes! Tammany Hall could go over there and run a reform movement. -From Puck.



A Boon To. Humanity

Is what everybody says who

## St. Jacobs Oil

cult cases of Rheumatism-after every other form of treatment has failed.

St. Jacobs Oil never fails.

It Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 5oc. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE

## "WHAR DEW I CUM IN?"

(Being the Sollloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

Thar's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'N the wonderful prosperity that beet growin' invites.
Thar's a heap or foolish crowin' 'n the "beats" begin ter shout
'm soller for the l'ariff ter keep free raw sugar out! But I notis that the beet-producin' farms are very few, An' the farmers through the country aint got much ef it ter dew. The hull land aint a-raisin' beets, 'n aint goin' ter begin, Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess-but, whar dew I cum in 2

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets-A handsom price, I must allow-but hidin' sum deceits. Beet sugar manyfacterers admit es they hev found Thet "granylated" costs 'em sumthin' like tew cents a pound. In fact that leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive And-if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE ? It seems ter me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin-But-if thar's any benefit-waal,-whar dew I cum in ?

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out, 'N we'll stand all the taxes thet are needed, never doubt. But when his pocket-book's well lined an' nary cent he lacks, Et seems ter me his duty's ter repeal thet sugar tax. Them fellers wot is interested sez its to protect The beet-producin' farmer that the duty they collect, But I guess thet explanation es a little bit too thin-The sugar maker,-he's all right;-but-whar dew we cum in?

Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall, To everybody's benefit, fer sugar's used by all. The poor will bless the Government thet placed it in thar reach-('n millions of our citizens free sugar now beseech) The dealer 'll be delighted-less expenditure fer him-More demand 'n bigger profits-which at present are but slim. An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yet hes ben-But he'll buy his sugar cheaper-thet's whar he an' I'll cum in,

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day, When our treasury's a-bulgin' an' we hev no debts ter pay? The duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year-An' the people's got ter pay it-thet's a fact thet's very clear. Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too, Why should they tax ALL the people—just ter help a scattered FEW? And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers? Whar dew you an' I cum in ?

The farmer growin' beets hes got a contract price fer years-Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' of it he hes no fears, But mebbe, like myself-he's also growing fruit so nice-Ter preserve it-at a profit-he needs sugar-at a price! The repealing of the duty, surely cuts the price in two-Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you! Let the sugar manyfacterer make such profits as he kin-Ter him it may seem right enuff-but whar dew I cum in ?

An' I aint agoin' ter swaller all the argyments they shout Thet the farmers need protection-an' must bar raw sugar out. Common sense is plainly showin' that the people in the land Want raw sugar free in future-an' its freedom will demand. 'Tis a tax no longer needed-hateful to the public view,-Taxing millions of our people to enrich a favored few. They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin,-While they're busy making money-whar dew you an' I come in ?

I'm agoin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my frends.—Aint no sense in lettin' others gain thar selfish privet ends. I'm agoin' ter write termorrer to my Congressman 'nd say Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay! Feller-farmers, do your utmost-whether you grow beets or not To repeal the tax on sugar-you can but improve your lot! Cheaper sugar helps your pocket, greater blessings you can win-When we've three-cent granylated-that's whar you an' I cum in !"



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Insist upon having W. L. Donglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes sent anywhere on receipt of price and 25 cents additional for width usually worn; plain or capture; heavy, medium or light soles. W. L. DOUCLAS, Brockton. Mass.

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is due to the originality and simplicity of the combination and also to the method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig. Syrup Co. only, and which ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product essential to the ideal home laxative. In order to get

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For sale by all druggists ---- Price fifty cents per bottle.

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of a laxative of known value and distinctive action is rapidly growing in public favor, along with the many other material improvements of the age. The many

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must understand quite clearly, that in order to meet the above conditions a laxative should be wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance, with its component parts simple and wholesome and it should act pleasantly and gently without disturbing the natural functions in any way. The laxative which fulfils most perfectly the requirements, in the highest degree, is

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The sale of millions of bottles annually for many years past, and the universal satisfaction which it has given confirm the claim we make, that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor.