

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Thanksgiving.

The custom of giving public thanks to God for the blessings of the year is almost as old as history. Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish feast of the Tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs and picturesque festivities. The Jewish nation, to the number of millions, assembled in Jerusalem and its environs. For seven days the families lived in booths made of the palm, the olive and the pine and decorated with fruits and garlands of flowers.

There were grand processions. Hallelu was sung, while luteled waved, and the silver trumpets led the stately march of choruses in the grandest oratorios the world has ever heard. The Psalms of Thanksgiving were sung:

"Praise, oh praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

"Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

"Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

"And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

It was the harvest feast. Its glory passed away centuries ago, though it is still observed by the Jews in all lands. Disraeli gives a glowing picture of its modern observance by the dispersed congregations of Israel in Tancred. But the spirit of the day entered into the harvest observances of most Christian lands.

The Greeks and the Romans had their harvest festivals; fetes of Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage; offerings to Diana and to Joye.

But the Greek and the Roman gave thanks for bloody victories over enemies; for contests which flattered their pride and ambition; for purely material good fortune, such as prosperous crops, or the passing away of a plague, or a terrific storm. In much the like manner the savages of Borneo make loud, thankful rejoicing over the slaughter of hostile tribes or the reception of material good things which made them more comfortable.

In the early days of the Puritan colony at Plymouth there came a period of sickness, drought and threatened famine. The people assembled and prayed for rain. The prayer was answered and their crops were saved. Then they appointed a Thanksgiving. This was the beginning of New England annual Thanksgivings.

Thanksgiving was meant by its sponsors to celebrate as much moral and intellectual as material benefits. And so at least the most thoughtful and enlightened, when offering the annual thanksgiving gratitude to the throne of heaven, the evidences of intellectual and moral advance, the increasing education, the greater submission to religious ideas, the better accord between nation and nation, and between neighbor and neighbor, as well as material prosperity, and the triumphs of the arts of industry and peace.

Religious Intelligence.

The revised version is being widely adopted by the Congregational churches.

The Baptists have in Ohio 635 Sunday-schools, 8,736 officers and teachers, and 53,248 scholars.

There are in Canton, China, three Presbyterian churches with a total membership of nearly 400.

The world's council of Methodists lately held in London strongly condemned the practice of traveling on Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Harrison is the revivalist well known as the "boy preacher," and is working with success in San Francisco.

The venerable Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, of New York, lost his valuable library and many household goods in the recent burning of Morrell's storehouse.

The number of Baptist associations in the United States is 1,095; churches, 24,794; ordained ministers, 15,401; baptisms the past year, 78,924; members, 2,133,014.

The contributions paid in and pledged for the erection of a Christian church in Washington, to take the place of the one which President Garfield and his family attended, amount to over \$21,000. The number of members added to the denomination in eight States during the past year is 2,884.

The *Courier-Journal*, in a leader on "the abominable pistol," says "we would have a tax of \$25 levied on the vendor of firearms for every weapon sold; a license tax of \$20 on every person who carries a revolver, and \$50 fine on every person found carrying a pistol without a license. In every instance when a pistol is used and a wound results it would be well to send the offender to the penitentiary for six years."

Edison and the Goose's Eggs.

I have spoken about Edison's patience and perseverance. A funny story, the truth of which several of his friends attest, has been told me by one of his enthusiastic admirers to throw into relief these qualities. Ganders, as rural folk will know, flog with their wings children who show themselves disposed to interfere with hatching geese. When Edison was a boy of seven or eight, and still wearing petticoats, boys' clothing being thought by his people too dear, it was observed by them, at the farm in Michigan where he was brought up, that his bare legs were often badly beaten by the gander. He was told to keep out of that bird's way, and to let the geese alone. The next spring hostilities were again declared between him and the gander. One fine morning Edison disappeared. It was ascertained that he took with him a store of food. As he was still missing at night, great uneasiness was felt. A search was begun next day. The child was found in a wood, sitting down and holding out his skirts over a sort of straw nest that he had made and filled with eggs which he had taken from under an incubating goose. He wanted to see whether he could not hatch just as well as that bird. The idea had set him in a fever twelve months previously, and he had not abandoned it. Unphilosophical parents whipped and scolded him.

An acquaintance, to whom a Michigan farmer had told this anecdote, went to Edison and asked whether it was not fabulous. "No, it is quite true," he replied. "I was terribly disappointed when they pulled me off my nest, and had not the courage to try again. But if I went now to hatch those goose's eggs I should succeed. I have more perseverance."—*Indiana Daily News.*

Germany's Gold.

In a dark cellar of the Julius Tower at Spandau, Prussia, lies a vast bulk of gold coin equal to about thirty million dollars, laid aside from Germany's gains by the war of 1870-71, as a provision of hard cash wherewith to defray the mobilization and other preliminary expenses of the next campaign undertaken by the empire. The fund is absolutely unproductive, and may be said to have cost the German nation half its total amount in foregone interest since it was first lodged in its subterranean repository. A few days ago the annual inspection of the treasure by the imperial commissioners took place. A specially detailed section of the guard assisted the two commissioners in their laborious task of counting over the contents of twelve hundred canvas bags, each containing one hundred thousand marks, or twenty-five thousand dollars. The massive iron door, closing the domicile of all this wealth, can only be opened by the simultaneous action of two keys, masterpieces of the locksmith's art, one of which is in the possession of either commissioner. The exact times at which the door is unlocked and relocked, as well as every circumstance, however minute, connected with the process of revision, are registered on the spot in a protocol signed by the officials before leaving the fortress, and attested by the governor in person. During the inspection the tower guards are doubled; at its conclusion the commissioners turn their keys in the locks at one and the same moment, are escorted to the gates of the fortress, and take their departure for Berlin, leaving the infructuous millions to darkness and seclusion for another year.

A Tailed Race.

Rumors of a tailed race of men living in the interior of Borneo have often been heard, though probably no one seriously believed them. Carl Bock, a recent traveler in Borneo, was, however, assured by some of his native companions that such a race really did exist in the interior somewhere about the upper course of the Barita. Mr. Bock tells us that, tempted by a large reward, one of his native guides undertook to visit the territory of the chief of this so-called tailed race, and the result was that the chief, feeling insulted, made active preparations for war. It seems that the suite in attendance on the sultan of Fassir is known as his "tail people," and out of this it can easily be seen how all the rest would arise.

Grit.

The force of will is a potent element in determining longevity. This single point must be granted without argument, that of two men, every way alike and similarly circumstanced, the one who has the greater courage and grit will be the longer lived. One does not need to practice medicine long to learn that men die who might just as well live if they resolved to live, and that myriads who are invalids could become strong if they had the native or acquired will to vow they would do so. Those who have no other quality favorable to life, whose bodily organs are nearly all diseased, to whom each day is a day of pain, who are beset by life-shortening influences, yet do live by will alone.—*Dr. George M. Beard.*

A WESTERN STAGE ROBBER.

"Gentlemen, Please Climb Down"—A Road Agent With a Record.

There is in the Detroit workhouse today a prisoner whose smile is as soft and sweet as a woman's, and the stranger who meets him is instinctively drawn toward him by his clear, blue eye, soft voice and gentle smile. And yet that very man is accounted the shrewdest, sharpest and most "nervy" prisoner of the lot. The fact that two officers rode over a thousand miles with him handcuffed and shackled and constantly watched is proof of the above assertion. When they turned him over at last to the custody of the superintendent, they left the following record on the books:

"Prisoner has been engaged in one train robbery at least and in half a dozen stage and highway robberies.

"Has broken jail three times and bears the scars of several wounds.

"Has the reputation of being a shooter and a fighter; has killed at least three men; was a pal of Wild Bill; is supposed to know all the leading outlaws of the far West. Is sharp and crafty and has great nerve. Look out for him. Offense: Highway robbery."

The "Smiler" has not yet exhibited the slightest desire to see the outside walls of the workhouse, but is reported as one of the most orderly and quiet prisoners in the institution.

"GENTLEMEN, PLEASE CLIMB DOWN."

The first Deadwood line stage robbed was the work of a single man, and if that man was not the prisoner we write of then he has a twin brother. The robbery occurred just at sunset six miles from Deadwood. The stage contained seven men, all well armed. It was just rounding a thicket when a man stepped in front of the horses, halted them, and quietly said to the driver:

"If you pull a line until I am through I'll send a bullet through your head!"

This was accompanied by such a soft, bland smile that the astonished driver yelled back:

"Stop your fooling, or I'll run over you!"

THAT DECEIVING SMILE.

But the smile was deceiving. Up came a navy revolver on line with the driver's eye, and his teeth chattered as he loosened the reins and soothed the horses. Yells and shouts were heard inside the stage, but none of the passengers suspected what was happening until the road agent pulled open one of the doors and called out:

"Now, then, gentlemen, please climb down!"

"Who the deuce are you?" was shouted at him by three or four in chorus, and his smile was honey itself as he answered:

"I'll introduce myself directly. Come, gents—these shooters are in a hurry to hurt some one!"

He backed off a few feet, a revolver in either hand, and the passengers began climbing down.

"Leave your arms in the stage!" shouted the "Smiler." "I'll pop the man who brings out any sort of weapon with him! Come, now—sun's going down fast!"

There were seven revolvers and three Winchester rifles among the passengers, but that one man had the bulge on the crowd. Men are half disarmed when surprised. Coop them up in addition to the surprise and pluck is gone. The road-agent knows this, and the fact is as good as half a dozen men behind him. One by one the seven climbed down and stood in a row, and as the last man left the coach the "Smiler" confronted the line and softly remarked:

"I will now trouble you to deposit your watches and money on the ground!"

With many a groan and curse and sigh the request was complied with. Those who had wallets lost all; those who had divided their money in different pockets saved half. Two of the seven had no watches to lose. After the last man had "deposited" the robber pointed to the open door of the stage and said:

"It's a tough country and I won't take your weapons. Please climb in."

As the last man mounted the step the robber slipped behind the coach and called to the driver to go on at a gallop, at the same time firing three bullets over the coach to start thing with a rush. Half a mile away the coach halted and the seven victims jumped down with their arms, but the "Smiler" had disappeared with his booty.

Less than a month after the robbery related above, the "Smiler" was half asleep in a Custer City saloon when in came a sharp known as "Grizzly," accompanied by three or four men, whose admiration for his brag and bluster made them his backers. "Grizzly" wanted to fight some one, but he wanted to pick his man. When he saw the "Smiler" dozing away in his chair he thought he had discovered a "tender-foot" whom he could wallop. Without a word of warning he advanced and pulled the sleeper's nose. The soft smile came to the little man's face as he slowly rose up, and his voice was no more than a whisper as he inquired:

"Stranger, did you mean that?"

"You bet!"

"Then sich of this crowd as don't like bullets had better git!"

Three or four men rushed out just as the revolvers commenced to speak. The "Smiler" was alone—the bully had three backers. For three or four minutes there was a constant pop! pop! of revolvers, and then two of "Grizzly's" friends rushed out and ran away, both wounded. Those who rushed in found the bully down and severely wounded and the other one stone dead, while the "Smiler" was sitting on a bench reloading one of his revolvers. Thirty shots had been fired at him from a distance of twelve feet, and yet he had received only one slight flesh wound.

One day as four men rode out from Julesburg, Col., they encountered a smiling stranger, who made several inquiries regarding mines. They were giving him all possible information, when he suddenly interrupted the conversation with:

"Gentlemen, dismount and hold up!"

At the same time he covered the crowd with his shooters, and there was no alternative but to yield. The crowd left him over \$1,600, but it was his last robbery. A large party were soon on his trail, and after dodging them for two or three days he was captured and given a sentence of ten years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Caught In His Own Trap.

A story—quite as good for being true—is told of two medical students, the one a very large, and the other a very small person, who were room-mates and bedfellows. On a certain warm night the big man, who was on the inner side, awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good-sized reservation in the middle of the bed. By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and dispatch, he gently adjusted his soles and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him on the carpet. The ejected one showed no signs of resentment until several nights later, when, finding his bulky companion occupying a position similar to the one in which he had given offense, he plotted a revenge. Stealthily clambering over the high form, he braced his back against the wall and planting a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and if not just what had been anticipated, was certainly in strict accordance with nature's laws. The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between itself and the wall, through which the little man immediately dropped to the floor, where he doubtless had a chance to recover from his astonishment and reflect on the reasons why another good plan had gone wrong.

Losses in the Civil War.

From the official reports of the United States war department the following facts are taken: 1. The aggregate of Federal troops furnished for all periods of service—from three months to three years' time—was 2,859,132; reduced to a uniform three years' standard, the whole number of troops amounted to 2,320,272. The number killed in battle, according to the report of the provost marshal general in 1866, was 61,362. The number of those who died of wounds was 34,727; died of disease, 183,287; total died, 279,376; total deserted, 109,105. The adjutant general of the Confederate army, in a statement made since the close of the war, estimated that the entire available force capable of active service at 600,000; of this number not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any one time, and the Confederate States had never in the field at once more than 200,000 men. The number of Confederate soldiers who died of wounds or disease was 133,821, a statement which in the nature of the case is but partial, and the deserters numbered 104,428, also a partial statement. The great struggle between General Grant and General Lee in the Wilderness was attended by immense losses to the Union forces and to the Confederates. For the particulars of this sanguinary conflict the best histories should be consulted, as figures give but an imperfect idea of the contest, and the losses inflicted.

He Let Him Alone.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

The First Thanksgiving Day.

We reproduce a brief but graphic sketch of the first Thanksgiving day on the American continent. It was in the middle of November the Pilgrims first sighted the dreary sand hills. It was beyond the middle of December, that, after various explorations, having chosen their landing place, they began to disembark. Then they set to building their village. They reared seven log cabins, daubed with mud, and four other buildings.

Meanwhile death had been busy. The voyage had been terrible. The time of year was wintry on that hostile coast. They were racked with coughs; they were wrenched with rheumatism; they were weakened through scanty food. In December six died. In January eight. In February seventeen. In March fourteen. They had landed but about a hundred strong. Now, in four months, forty-four of their number had been laid away on Cole's Hill.

But the spring began to smite the winter, and break its chains. In March warm winds blew gently from the South, and in the woods there was the pleasant singing of the birds. So they turned their thoughts toward sowing. They planted twenty acres of corn and beans, six acres of barley. It was stiff work. It was all done by hand. They had neither plows nor cattle. So the March shimmer of sun light and sun warmth passed on into the staid genialness of April.

All this time they had one tie still binding them to the distant country beyond the sea. Out in the harbor, with furled sails, the Mayflower had ridden out the winter storms at anchor. But now, in this April weather, she shook out her sails and lifted her anchor and stood for England.

But not a man or woman faltered. No one would leave the high enterprise on whose threshold they were standing. They watched her from those sandy shores, until she blent herself indistinguishable with the green and blue of the distant sea and sky. The day after that cutting of the last tie, Governor Carver died. He was working in the field, was seized with a sudden sickness, and was almost immediately smitten down.

They were very sore of heart, but they would not despair. Before they had started from their Leyden home in Holland they had looked the whole thing over, and had said: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." They were possessed of "answerable courages." They put Governor Bradford in the place of Governor Carver, and held on.

So the summer months moved slowly along. They were consumed in tillage, in treaties with the Indians, in various expeditions—to Manhaaket, now Middleborough; to Nauset, now Eastham; Shawmut and its vicinity, now Boston and Charlestown.

Then the green of summer began to pass into the autumn gold. They gathered in their first harvest. The corn, as the old record has it, yielded well; the barley indifferently good; the peas were a failure, owing to drought and late sowing.

But, for the voyage over the stormy sea, for the landing, for the village building, for protection from the Indians, for this first harvest, now ripened and garnered, for their trials even, binding them closer to each other and to God, for the hopes, too, shining above those graves which had made Cole's hill sacred, they would be thankful. So the governor sent four hunters into the wood for wild fowl. They returned soon, plentifully supplied. And then, looking backward through the year, and thanking God for his mercies and partaking of his bounty, "after a special manner" the pilgrims rejoiced together. And this is the story of the first Thanksgiving day.

"Search the Scriptures."

A certain domestic event having occurred in the family of a distinguished clergyman, he sent the following postal card to his mother:

From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six.

First thirteen words please take, and then the following six:

From Genesis, the thirty-fifth, verse seventeen, no more.

Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four;

The last two verses, chapter first, first book of Samuel.

And you will learn what on this day your loving son befall.

And others who want to learn also, must "search the Scriptures."

A Scrap of History.

Just before Blucher came to the assistance of Wellington, an aide-de-camp rode up and saluting the Iron Duke, said: "What is your Grace's opinion of advertising?" "I think," replied the conqueror of the little Corsican, "that an advertisement is a good thing, and its value is greatly enhanced by an occasional notice in local columns. Let the battle go on." The battle did go on, and Napoleon was defeated.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Beds For the Sick-Room.

Two narrow beds (iron bedsteads) with fresh hair or straw mattresses are the best. These beds are easily moved, and thus the patient will not be compelled to look constantly at the same cracks in the wall, or count the same three spots in the corner. You can move him, now in a shaded corner, now the western window, to see the sun go down, again in front of the fire, that he may look at its cheerful blaze, and anon into the most secluded corner, that he may rest and sleep. All this is an immense gain, and is sure not only to comfort the prisoner, but to shorten his sickness. The best way to manage is to have two beds, and lift the patient from one to the other. When the bed which has been in use from four to six hours is released, the mattress and blankets should be put where they can be thoroughly aired, and, if practicable, sunned. This will not only shorten and mitigate the graver stages of the malady, but it will greatly hasten the convalescence.

Smallpox Cures.

A correspondent of the *Stockton (Cal.) Herald* gives the following as a smallpox specific:

I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the smallpox though the pittings are filled. When Jenner discovered cowpox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world, that of Paris, published this recipe as a panacea for smallpox it passed unheeded. It is as unailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the smallpox. When learned physicians said the patients must die it cured:

Sulphate of zinc, one grain.

Foxglove (digitalis), one grain.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar.

Mix with two teaspoonfuls of water.

When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every three hours. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child a smaller dose, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience use this for that terrible disease.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* vouches for the efficacy of the following treatment of smallpox: Take clean common barley, boil it in water the same as you would rice, until it bursts; pour off this water and use it exclusively for your drink, adding to each day's drinking of this water fifteen grains of saltpeter. Continue to use this (which should be about milk warm) until the pocks make their appearance in the skin, which will be about three days after the fever sets in. The effect of using this drink is to cut off the blackening fever. Now stop the use of this drink, and take good wine reduced with water and sweetened with loaf sugar. Using this as a drink stimulates and fills the pocks. The use of wine, water and loaf sugar should always be commenced when the pocks make their appearance in the skin. Use no other medicine and partake of a light diet. This mode of treatment was prescribed by the celebrated Surgeon Dixon, of Ireland, and has been used in many cases with success in this country.

A Utah Character.

Mary's vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sevier river flows. It contains a mining camp, and it is the home of General Agramonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The saints call him "Big Windy," in ridicule of his remarkable conversational powers. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sevier river, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found, being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The general married Mrs. Clara Stonehouse Young, widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son, and being a gentle and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union general during the war, has adventured some in Mexico, and was for years actively and prominently identified with the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter the room where I sat and place a carbine and double-barreled shotgun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a bowie knife and slip a silver-mounted Derringer in his hip-pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of General Agramonte.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Emperor William, of Germany, is growing deaf.