

Give Thanks.
 Give thanks! for the change of seasons,
 For the promises of spring,
 For the perfumes and the fruitage
 That the summer blossoms bring.
 Give thanks! for the autumn harvest,
 For the ripened fruit and grain.
 Give thanks! for the winter season,
 When the days are short again.
 Give thanks! for the harvest garnered;
 Then the tired earth can rest,
 And we'll gather round the fireside
 With the dear ones we love best.
 Give thanks! that the Master knoweth
 When the thirsty soil needs rain.
 Give thanks! that our choicest blessings
 Are the undergrowth of pain.
 Give thanks! that the hungry birdlings
 Are well fed from nature's yield,
 That no care for food or raiment
 Have the flowerets of the field.
 Give thanks! for the midday sunshine,
 For the glory of God's light,
 For the social hour of evening,
 For the silence of the night.
 Give thanks! that the hand of friendship
 Will uphold us when we faint;
 That the love of little children
 Hath no sinful, selfish taint.
 Give thanks! that the earth is lovely;
 Give thanks! that each life is blest
 With its trials or its blessings,
 For He knoweth which are best!

Mrs. Bardwell's Tramp.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.
 "Are you going to meeting with me, ma?" asked Mr. Bardwell, laying down his Sunday boots as he spoke, reaching after the blacking brush.
 "No, I guess not," she answered slowly. "It wouldn't do me no good, and I should be worrying all the time, for fear the turkey was burning or the water done out of the vegetables."
 "It will be a lonesome Thanksgiving without Samuel," he continued, polishing vigorously on the rough leather.
 There was no reply. The clock ticked solemnly in the corner and the old gray cat purred loudly in the rocking-chair. She was not unused to filling domestic interludes with her unchanging song.
 "A lo-n-e-some Thanksgiving!" he repeated. "Sam was a smart young chap, but high-strung. I'm most afraid we were too harsh with him, Samantha. It is ten years since he went off."
 "Ten years since you turned him out of the house," she answered, shortly.
 "No, no. Don't say that, Samantha. Of course I was riled up about his taking that butter money, though I don't believe the boy meant to steal it; and perhaps I faulted him more than I ought to, but I never meant to drive him away. Well, well, it is too late now. Like as not he is dead and buried before this."
 Mrs. Bardwell went hastily into the pantry, and there was a sound as of some one sobbing; though, perhaps, it might have been only the rustle of the dry leaves upon the dead grass.
 A little later a dim-eyed, sorrowful-faced man clambered into his rickety wagon and jolted uncomfortably down the street.
 Steadily the hands swept round the dial of the clock in the old brown house at the Four Corners, till both pointers stood at twelve and the dinner was an assured success. The turkey was done to exactly the right shade of golden brown and with the plum-pudding and its rich sauce flooded the kitchen with fragrant odors. The cranberries, with their perpetual blush, were flanked by mince and tart and custard pies, each a wonder of culinary art, but dwindling into insignificance beside the mammoth chicken pie that overshadowed them all. A plate of snowy biscuits stood upon the dresser. Some passing impulse had led Mrs. Bardwell to make one of the "dough men" that little Sammie used to delight in—a creature with an impossible head and arms that stood out like a sign-post; but, ashamed of the momentary weakness, she had hidden it, as soon as it was baked, on the high shelf in the pantry. "I'll lay the table in the sitting-room," she soliloquized—"it will seem more like Thanksgiving; but I will put on the blue plates, because they are easiest to wash." She drew out the old-fashioned cherry table and covered it with a spotless cloth. The quaint blue earthenware with its pictures of tall young shepherdesses with their crooks, of ragged boys chasing butterflies across the meadow, and of strange birds, whose anatomy would have astonished Audubon, were disposed upon it; and as she worked she sang, in a high, cracked voice, her favorite tune of China:
 "Why do we mourn depar-ating friends,
 Or shake at Death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To go to all them toooo his arms,"
 rolled forth in well-known quavers. Just as she gave the finishing touches to the table there came a knock at the outside door. Opening it in a mechanical way, Mrs. Bardwell saw a young woman, in a faded calico dress, with a little boy beside her, standing on the threshold.
 "Please, may we come in and rest a

little while and get a drink of water?" asked a pleasant voice.
 "Well, yes," she answered, in a hesitating, absent-minded way. "I don't, as a general thing, harbor tramps, but seein' it is Thanksgiving, you can come in and stay awhile."
 "Asa is hungry," remarked the child when, seated beside the fire, he surveyed the good things in preparation.
 "Hush! hush! Asa!" whispered his mother, quickly.
 "That is my husband's name," said Mrs. Bardwell, peering curiously into the boy's face.
 Something she saw there—it may have been the innocent look with which childhood always wins its way closest to our hearts, or it might have been some fancied resemblance to the boy lost ten years ago; but it sent her into the pantry to take the dough-man from the high shelf and give it to little Asa.
 A moment later she heard the rumble of wheels upon the frozen ground, and, fearing lest her husband should come in before the child had finished eating it, she went to the door and called to him that he had better put out the horse at once, as by that time dinner would be ready. After he came in and had sat down near the stove, he held out his hand to the boy, who, bribed by the promise of a red apple, climbed into his lap. Stroking the bald head softly with his dimpled hands, he asked, with childish wonder, "What makes your head so funny? Did God forget to plant any hair? You can have some of mine. Can't he, mamma?"
 "I had a little boy once about your size," began Mr. Bardwell. Then, at a signal from his wife, he put down the child and followed her into the sitting-room, closing the door behind him.
 "Seeing they are here," she said, in a timid way, quite unusual for her, "hadn't we better ask them to have dinner with us?"
 "That's just what I was a-thinking myself," he replied. "We shan't be none the poorer for it, I reckon."
 So the wayfarers received a cordial invitation to sit at the hospitable board.
 As the woman took off her old, weather-beaten hat, she gave it a little shake in front of the window, as if to dislodge some possible bit of dust; but the action must have been understood by some one outside, for in a moment the door opened and a tall, bearded young man entered.
 "Wh—what?" began the old farmer, in un concealed surprise. But his wife, with the mother instinct which is never quite dead in any woman, dropped the dish of mashed potatoes on the floor, as she cried out, "Oh! Samuel!"
 And so the whole story came out. After his boyish folly, ten years before, he had gone West, burning with resentment at his father's last words—"that their house was no home for a thief." He had been fortunate in at once getting a good situation; but, before many days had passed, the old love came back, and he had written a penitent letter home, asking for a forgiving message from the father and mother whom he had left alone in the old brown house at the Four Corners. But no reply came. The letter was lost on the way and had never gladdened the eyes of the sorrowing couple, who were in ignorance of his whereabouts. Day after day, week after week, month after month he waited, till at length he concluded that his parents were inflexible in their determination to cast him off. Life prospered with him. He married the daughter of his employer and entered into a business partnership with him. Before the wedding he wrote home again. Probably the clerks in the dead letter office never guessed with what a burden of love and hope the missive was freighted. He had named his little son Asa, after the distant grandfather, and this last year the longing to see the old homestead had been so strong upon him that he had persuaded his wife to do a little masquerading, in order to gain admittance into the house. The events of the day had come to pass as he had planned. "And the Prodigal has come back, father," he said, as the old man took out a red silk pocket-handkerchief under the shallow pretense of a cold in the head. But what need is there for me to tell what followed? Of course, the table was reset with the best green-sprigged china, and the little Asa had the seat of honor, and was allowed to eat all manner of unsuitable food. He liked the turkey dressing so much that he passed his plate the second time, saying modestly: "Please give me some more of the clothes."—Independent.

There are 124 theological seminaries in the United States.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Women's Rights in Norway.
 Women's rights are obtaining recognition in Norway. The parliament has passed a law, which the king has signed, giving women the privilege of attending the universities and applying for degrees in all the arts and sciences; but the right to hold office in the service of the state and of participating in the competitive examinations for such positions is not yet accorded to them.

Lace Paper for Dresses.
 Lace paper is coming into fashion as an adornment for actresses' dresses. A correspondent writes of having seen in Paris a magnificent stage costume enriched with the loveliest lace ever beheld. "The dress," he says, "was displayed on account of that lace, though this latter was not worth more than twenty-five francs—for it was paper, wonderfully stamped to represent trains of fuchias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks like an old mine gem." Parisian actresses are said to wear paper lace a great deal; it is tough, soft and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace, which may be ruined in a night, when very cheap lace paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners.

A Recipe for the Complexion.
 Here is a recipe to make women pretty. It is from a New York letter in the Washington Critic: A celebrated beauty, whose complexion at sixty was fresher than that of our women at thirty, told me her secret this summer, and it was divided into two parts: First—She never used wash or towel on her face, but washed it with her hands, rinsing it off with a soft sponge. She used clear water in the morning, but white castle soap or very warm water at night, and after drying it on a soft towel she would take a flesh-brush and rub her cheeks clean and forehead. Second—If she was going to be up late at night she always slept as many hours in the day as she expected to be awake beyond her usual time. She finished her little sermon on beauty preservation by saying: "Soft water and sound sleep keep off wrinkles and spots, and girls should give more attention to this than they do, for

"With the coming of the crow's feet
 Is the going of the beauty's feet."

Of Tea-Gowns.
 During the last five years one more article of attire has become indispensable in a well-appointed wardrobe—the tea-gown. Some months ago there was an exhibition of ladies' hygienic clothing. Foremost among this should have been the tea-gown. We would draw the attention of those who lecture for the National Health society on clothing, dress and deformities, to this garment. The custom now is among ladies of "ton" to wear a tea-gown, which, it may be explained for the uninitiated, is nothing more than an elegant form of dressing-gown, the whole afternoon, and even when *en famille* to dine in it. As its use usually enables the wearer to dispense with the corset, the hygienic value of the tea-gown is apparent. It has been stated that some ladies wear corsets even beneath the tea-gown, but they are in a small minority. If the tea-gown be the pioneer of other garments which may expunge corsets from the list of ladies' clothing it should indeed be welcomed. This, however, is unlikely. Still the wearing of it is a fashion which it may be hoped for the sake of those who follow it may be more than a passing fancy.—British Medical Journal.

Fashion Notes.
 Cuffs are not worn at all.
 Real Chantilly lace is becoming the most popular of black laces.
 Artificial flowers, as a corsage bouquet, are considered bad taste.
 Gold chatelaine watches, heavily jeweled, are coming into fashion.
 Jerseys, and velvet jackets very much resembling them, are in high favor.
 Long cloaks are correctly worn with plain skirts, untrimmed save around the bottom.
 Suits of cloth in the dark red and copper-red shades are seen in numbers in New York.
 Chatelaine bags of every description, color, shape and material are in use for street costumes.
 Cashmere remains the favorite material for second-best dresses of young girls and matrons.
 Velvet and plush turbans with soft folded crowns come ready made in colors to match suits.
 Table covers of coarse netting, over light-colored silk, are the latest thing in decorative art.
 The most popular braids for soutache

embroidery are the Russian tubular and square cords.
 Chatelaine bags of plush, velvet and alligator skin, with belts to match, will be much worn.
 Sleeves are made tighter than ever, and are generally buttoned on the outside seam to the elbow.
 Some pretty fancy wall pockets come in the shape of an old-fashioned bellows for blowing the fire.
 Dark red plush skirts are worn under polonaises and overdresses of dark blue and dark green cloth.
 Dark furs are most in demand in England; here the light and yellow furs bid fair to be the favorites.
 Short mantels are *de rigueur* with rich and dressy costumes, which must never be covered with a long cloak.
 The short Talma mantles worn in Paris are of Ottoman silk, black or colored, plain or figured, and are bordered with feather bands.
 What was formerly called the Grecian way of arranging the hair at the nape of the neck is now called the "Langtry knot" after the celebrated beauty, who generally twists her hair in that fashion.
 There is a great variety in buttons, although they are not conspicuous ornaments this season. For indoor dresses small ball-shaped crocheted buttons, or wooden molds covered with velvet, are used. For outdoor garments there are large buttons that look like tortoise shell, but are really made of horn; there are flat buttons of colored metal; and there are combinations of metal and pearl in tints like colored silver.
 Silk chenille fringes, tipped with tiny balls in bright colors, are seen upon imported bonnets and hats of velvet "plum" pompons; smooth and glossy chenille and silk ornaments are also used. These are about the size of an "egg" plum, and a bunch of them in shaded colors of olive, old gold, vermilion red, dark brown and pale blue, set at one side of the crown of the velvet capote or hat, is all the brightening it requires. The linings to these are sometimes of red, old gold, or any one of the colors of the pompons, and sometimes the lining is of plaided surah, or plush, showing a rich blending of all the shades.
PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
 It is a delightful help merely not to be hindered.
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
 He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.
 To persevere is one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.
 Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.
 He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—with regret.
 To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.
 Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.
 Slumber not in the tents of your colicums. The world is advancing, advance with it.
 A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.
 The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit.
 He is a good man, people say thoughtlessly. They would be more chary of such praise if they reflected they could bestow none higher.
THE FAMILY DOCTOR.
 To heal cut fingers with rapidity wrap them in a cloth saturated with alum water.
 The following remedy for a "black eye" is given by Dr. Foote's Health Monthly: Moisten dry starch with cold water and place over the closed eye; cover with a piece of coarse brown paper soaked in weak vinegar.
 A sure cure for chapped hands is something greatly to be desired. Try this: Wet your hands in warm water, then rub them all over with Indian meal; do this twice, then in the water used to wash off, the meal put a teaspoonful of pure glycerine. If it is not pure it will irritate the skin.
 For croup administer a teaspoonful of strong alum-water; repeat the dose every fifteen minutes until free vomiting occurs. Put the feet and limbs in hot water and then wrap up in flannel; place on the chest a poultice of oatmeal sprinkled with mustard. Beware of cold draughts. As the attack departs administer a dose of magnesia, rhubarb or castor oil. When children are liable to croup, always keep the alum-water solution ready on the washstand.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

We know that flour containing a large portion of gluten makes a finer loaf than that from flour poor in this constituent; but oatmeal, which contains more gluten than flour, will not make a loaf at all, thus showing that the gluten of oats is not identical with the gluten of wheat.
 The verticle thickness of clouds does not generally exceed half a mile, but cumulus clouds are sometimes formed of enormous magnitude and height. It has been computed that the tops of cumulus clouds sometimes attain the height of four miles, while their bases are not more than half a mile above the earth's surface.
 Mr. Vacher has assured the British Medical association that milk from tuberculous cows must be regarded as dangerous, but the transmission of consumption by milk is almost incapable of proof because so many other possible sources of the disease exist in all cases where persons become affected. A wise course is to boil all milk to be used as food.
 A remarkable statement was made recently before a scientific body in London—the statement given as on the authority of Mr. Veitch, the well-known authority on "Conifers"—that the cones of many of the species on the Pacific coast never open unless opened by a forest fire, when they fall out and replenish the burned waste. "They hang on the trees for many generations—even for thirty years."
 A new electric light has appeared in Paris, which is called "Sunlight" on account of its mellow luster. The light is formed by inserting two carbons in holes bored into a block of marble in such a manner that the points of the carbons are separated by a thin partition of the marble. An electric current is passed through the carbons, and in traversing the shell of the marble causes it to become white hot, emitting a most agreeable light.

Curiosities of Taste and Smell.

Hunger, which is usually associated with the "mouth watering" and other palatal indications, is really located in the stomach, and can only be appeased by the presence of solid matter there. Some tribes of Indians show their recognition of this fact by swallowing earth when debarred from food; in the Southern States hunters take with them pills made of calcined oyster shell, for use in case their provisions become exhausted while crossing the prairies; the trapper of the far West mixes hair (which is wholly incapable of digestion) with his pemmican on a similar principle, superstitiously insisting that it must be the fur of the very animal from the flesh of which the compound has been made, to impart its peculiar virtue; Kanschadates stir up sawdust to give body to their train-oil when they are reduced to live on that exhilarating beverage; and the Cinghese Veddahs mix pounded wood-fiber with honey when they can get nothing else.
 Thirst, again, really belongs to the stomach, in spite of the dryness of the mouth and throat which calls our attention to it, this being engendered by the lack of due fluid proportion in the contents of the blood-vessels. Both human beings and animals have been seen to drink until they could drink no longer, without slaking their thirst, when the throat was cut and allowed the fluid to escape. Many animals never drink, but absorb sufficient moisture for their tissues from the air or from their food; there is a parrot in the zoological gardens in Regent's park which has lived there fifty-two years without a drop of water. Snakes will go a year or two without food or water, apparently suffering no inconvenience, and a beetle has lived three years without either.
 The taste and smell of many things are identical, so to speak; so that either sense would immediately recognize them, if they had only been exhibited to the other previously. This is especially the case with violet, rose, orange, lemon and most vegetable essential oils. If we take one long "sniff" at the musk plant, we cannot detect any odor in it at all on a second inspiration; and there would seem to be something peculiar about the scent of sweetbriar, since it eludes many people's olfactory nerves altogether. The idiosyncracies of individuals with regard to these two senses are numberless and entirely inexplicable. Some faint at the perfume of certain flowers, while distaste amounting to utter abhorrence of certain ordinary foods has been known to be hereditary in families. The reflex action of mental association may account for this in some instances, but certainly not in all. Heat favors the acuteness of both senses, and cold blunts it, it being notorious that the delicate flavor and bouquet of choice wines are destroyed by over-icing them.—All the Year Round.

At the Season of Thanksgiving.

Oh, Charity, dear messenger,
 From heaven's courts descend,
 And to our earth-born hearts the gift,
 Of thy sweet influence lend.
 Of thy sweet influence lend.
 Touch and arouse the slumbering eyes
 Which do not wake to see
 How other eyes grow dim with tears,
 And hearts droop dimly weary.
 Remind us, when a Father's grace
 Hath blessed with many a gift,
 That there are those whom we may help
 From sorrow's gloom to lift.
 Quicken our sympathy—our love,
 Our mercies let us share,
 Let the glad sunshine of our lives
 Spread o'er sad lives of care.
 Sweet charity, we will not close
 Our hearts to thy soft voice,
 For every impulse born of thee
 Must make some heart rejoice.
 Then come, come quickly, Charity,
 And all throughout our land
 On waiting hearts—cold or warm—
 Lay thine own blessed hand.
 —M. D. Brine.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The good that men do may be incurred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.
 A woman has to settle a man's coffee with the white of an egg, but she can settle his hash with a look.
 A philosopher says: "This world belong to the energetic." Thank you; but how can we get possession of it?
 When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour she sendshim upstairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.
 Said a loving wife to her husband: "Do you know, dear, that butterfly ornaments are very fashionable?" "Perhaps so," he gruffly replied; "but grub is the great desideratum."
 Absent-mindedness has been considered the mark of a great man, but a fellow never feels very big about it when he lugs a napkin away from the table in his handkerchief pocket.
 "Look at you!" shrieked Mrs. Ecomi, as the nurse let the baby tumble. "Two inches nearer the wall and that child would have smashed a \$50 statuette and the hall lamp." And then they picked up the baby.
 A young gentleman, who was looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it, if you want it," murmured she, and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.
 The State of Wisconsin paid during the last fiscal year \$31,622 for the scalps of wild animals, of which \$3,375 are alleged to have been paid to persons who rear wolves for the sole purpose of securing the bounty on their scalps.
 A pretentious person said to the leading man of a village: "How would a lecture on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?" "Very well, sir, very well, indeed," he answered; "a lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them better than a lecture by you in this place."
 A lion-tamer being pursued by his infuriated wife, took refuge among his animals, whereat, after the manner of the small boy to his companion who takes a position before a plate-glass window after he has thrown a stone at the other, she called out to him: "Coward! coward!" "I wish you were only a tiger," said he, "I could soon teach you to behave."
 At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bride-maids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her dotting parents who stood by, "ma does."

Children's Chances of Life.

An English writer on vital statistics calculates that of ten children born in Norway a little over seven reach their twentieth year; that in England and the United States somewhat less than seven reach that age; while in France only five reach it, and in Ireland less than five. It is also ascertained that in Norway out of 10,000 born, rather more than one out of three reaches the age of seventy; in England one out of four; in the United States, if both sexes be computed, less than one out of four; in France, less than one out of eight; and in Ireland, less than one out of eleven. Further, it appears that in Norway the average length of life of the effective population is thirty-nine; in England, thirty-five and a half; in France, not quite thirty-three years; and in Ireland not quite twenty-nine.