The Thanksgiving Turkey. "My son," said Mistress Fox, 'You're clumsy as an ox, Tis now Thanksgiving time, The merry bells will chime; But we may starve, While Dobbs will carve A fine fat turkey on his table Go bring that bird, if you are abla

> You're so lazy, For play so erazy: No chicken ever enight, Or for our daily living."

Young Foxy felt quite sad, When called a clumsy lad And just at night, With all his might, He ran to Farmer Dobbs's yard, And found the turkey off his guard, Without a word, He choked the bird: Then proudly slung him on his back And took for home the shortest track

"Good boy, my son! You are no ox I'm proud of you," said Mistress Fox Of name and fame you are the winner, And we have got Thanksgiving dinner; While Farmer Dobbs and his three m

BEHIND THE CHIMNEY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was Thanksgiving forenoen, and can it be? Yes, it was thirty years ago! Lou Hempstead and I had visited the pantry to see the pies which had been baked the day before in the big stone oven.

"There's mince, apple, and pump kin!" said Lou, in a voice full of relish. "And two little turnovers!" I exclaimed, quite sure in my own mind who would eat them.

Then we came back in time to watch grandmother as she turned the turkey before the fire. The fireplace was built of great stones, and was so deep and broad that many a time I had sat in one corner of it on a little stool watching the logs burn and crumble too big and hot, and the long crane held three or four iron pots, all bubbling and steaming, ready to cook the vegetables for dinner. There was a stead catch hold of my dress behind. tin "baker" before the fire, and in that lay the turkey in a pan, slowly brownthought.

Father and mother had gone to again. meeting to hear the Thanksgiving sermon, and Aunt Ann was busy setting the table in the "keeping-room." Lou and I stood by the fire till our stones. cheeks grew too red and hot to bear it any longer, and then we ran off to ly. play. There was a tall chest of to open, and because it held odds and added. ends. After several trials we got it open, and rummaged among the buttons and spools and things, till we with a jack knife, and inside it a table. second ball partly done.

have it. Aunt Ann?"

She looked at the ball and shook her

he went to sea."

head. world of that. Giles began it before grandmother dish the vegetables.

I could remember my Uncle Giles, a two years before, and they had not heard from him for a year. I knew grandmother felt anxious about him, isn't a potato!" and that tears came into her eyes when he was mentioned, but I was a thoughtless child, and had not taken it

to heart myself. "When he comes home he can make into the potato-pot!" another," I said.

"I'd put it right back, Maidie," said Aunt Ann, as she turned away to get out the best spoons.

But I thought I would play with it a little while first, and I kept it in my hand when we shut the drawer.

Then Lou and I went up garret to find the kittens. There they were, Httle heaps of fur, asleep in the dusty sunshine. We roused them up for a frolic, and made them beg and hold something they could roll about, and I put the little carved wooden ball down on the floor, only meaning to leave it there a minute till Lou got a spool out

of her pocket. But the kittens were so full of play, they sprang at it as quick as a flash, and rolled it along the floor towards the board partition. I ran after them, and caught them both, but I could not

"It's gone through that hole in the boards," said Lou, when we had searched behind boxes and barrels in vain. "Let's go around and get it," I re-

The board partition separated the great dark space which was nearly all occupied by the chimney, built of huge rough stones, whose foundation rested on the solid earth, far below, but which, though lessening in size to-

by the garret stairs that it seemed like a stone tower. On either side, be tween the chimney and the garret partitions, was a dark, narrow, cavernous space, where the projecting stones made a foothold, and where broken chairs had been stowed away, making a sort of barricade. The darkness was almost blackness as we looked in from the top of the stairs.

"Your aunt Ann will scold if you lose that ball," said Lou Hempstead.

"You don't know. She isn't your aunt; you're only third cousin!" I replied on the defensive, but secretly uneasy.

I peered into the dark opening until my eyes became used to the gloom, and I could see, past the broken chairs, two or three pieces of board resting on the stones, and at the very farthest part almost was something that might be the

"I see it! I'm going in after it!" I exclaimed.

"Don't you do it! You'll get killed!" said Lou.

"But I pushed in by the chairs and ceached the first board safely. There I stood, leaning against the chimney, till I could see better, and then I peered along on the next board. Yes, that surely was the wooden carved ball almost at the end, half under a cobweb I took a step or two farther, and set my foot on the second board. Then I looked on and down into what seem ed an abyss of darkness, but far below was a little gleam of light. For an instant I stood wondering what it could be, and then I took another step reaching my hand to grasp the ball.

The board tilted under my foot. I felt myself slipping into the horror of darkness! I heard Lou scream, and I clutched despairingly at the rough stones beside me. In that way I wrecks. The garden fence, the plants, steadied myself, and then I shut my the ornaments all around bear the into coals. But this day the fire was eyes till I got confidence enough to signs of the sea. The house is a comstep cautiously backward and recover my footing on the first plank. It was ers and cabins. The principal room such a relief when I felt Lou Hemp is the cabin of some first-class ship;

"I'll hold on and pull, Maidie!" she said, in a terror-stricken voice; but by ing and smelling so good, we little girls that time it was easy work to crawl all of the many apartments are either past the chairs back to the stair-top cabins, wheelhouses or cooking galleys

"But the ball is lost forever now!" I said, ruefully, for even as I slipped, I had heard it bound off among the

"Never mind," said Lou, comforting,

"But I do mind," I replied. "for I drawers in the keeping-room, and in it shall have to tell grandmother, and was one little square drawer which that will make her think of Uncle had lost its brass handle. This had a Giles, and she'll cry. Anyway, though, fascination for us because it was hard I won't tell her till after dinner," I

Lou smoothed my dress and hair, and then we went down stairs. body had missed us, and Aunt Ann three years ago. The interior walls came across a wooden ball, carved was just setting the chairs around the

"Dinner's about ready to take up, "Oh, how pretty!" I cried. "May I girls," she said, "and, Maidie, there's our father and mother coming now."

The chicken-pie, the biscuits and butter and jelly, were already on the "Put it back, Maidie," she said. table, and we ran to the kitchen to see "Your grandmother thinks all the Aunt Ann take up the turkey and

"The turnips are mashed and the onions are seasoned," said grandtall, strong boy of seventeen when he mother. "I'm just going to take up went to sea. That was more than the potatoes. For mercy's sake, Ann. what's this?"

"I don't know." said Aunt Ann: "it

We pressed closer.

"Oh! oh! it's the wooden ball!" I od "It's the wooden hall! I lost it down behind the chimpey, and it fell

I looked up and there was a little open space where the chimney stones above projected unevenly against the boards of the kitchen wall. And that was where the light had crept through. Grandmother said afterwards that she left the lid off the potatoes just a moment while she went to the dresser to get some salt to throw in, so they would boil white.

But at the time of the discovery, all she said was, "Giles' ball! Poor boy! out their paws. Then we wanted where is he now?" In a trembling voice.

> I was sure she was going to cry, and I felt so bad I ran out past mother, who was taking her bonnet off, through the door and down to the gat . And I leaned against it and cried myself, for what with the terror and excitement and reaction of the whole thing, I was all unnerved. I did not hear a quick step that came up the road, nor see the tall young man in blue who approached me, till 1 felt his hand on my shoulder, and looked up to meet his bright eyes shining down upon my tearful ones.

"Aren't you my little niece?" he ask-

ed, gaily. "Oh, Uncle Giles! I knew you wasn't drowned!" I exclaimed; and then he lifted me on his shoulder and

took me to the house in triumph. Then my dear, precious grandmother

wards the top, was still so large there had no need to shed any more tears, except for pure happiness, and the day was a day of thanksgiving indeed .-Youths' Companion.

A QUEER HABITATION.

An Old Sea Captain's House Built Out

of Shipwrecks. There is a queer little nook down on the coast below Santa Barbara, into which a reporter found his way a few days ago. It is the wreck of a vessel, perched high among the sandhills upon the Palos Verdes rancho upon the shores of San Pedro bay. It is the home of a vivacious, eccentric individual, an old salt named Captain J. F. Janes, who beasts of having met and vanquished, single-handed, the representatives of the most powerful monopoly on the Pacific coast. and see my museum," said Janes to the reporter, who was weather bound on San Pedro wharf, with the mercury steadily crawling up above the one hundredth degree. "It is a queer place, but I ain't ashamed of it, and its cooler down here; beside, I want to show you my lawsuits. twenty-eight of them, all of them nailed upon the wall, and each one represents money.'

The "queer place" was found in a dry arroyo, or sandy gulch, upon the north side of San Pedro harbor. It is a handsome, square house, with a piazza extending all around it and a flagstaff surmounting the whole. At a distance it presents the appearance of a tasty little hotel, and over the top can be seen painted upon the stern of some wrecked ship the words "Ocean Villa." It is only when one enters the neat little enclosure about the house that its true character is observ able. The house and its whole surroundings are made up of portions of bination of bulwarks, bulkheads, lock the roon above it is the cabin of a bark. The kitchen is the galley of a wrecked merchantman, and each and transferred from some dismantled craft wrecked upon the bay. No two rooms are alike, and all are constructed so as to preserve their original ap pearance on the ship they were built upon. Some are finished in natural woods and some are ceiled with wood of the most expensive character.

It is, in fact, a house made up of wrecks gathered together by Captain Janes, as a waterman on the soul coast during ten years. The principal portions of the house are from a wreck of the Adelaide Cooper, which was cast ashore during a southeaster about are covered with marine curiosities gathered by sailors in all portions of the world. The collection of handwork made by sailors is perhaps the best on this coast. The models of ships and quaint carvings are splendid, The most remarkable curiosity of all is a large star formed out of legal documents from the courts and sheriff's office, and nailed upon the wall. "Those papers," said Captain Janes, in explanation, "are my lawsuits. I keep them on exhibition like an Indian does his scalps. Those are suits I have had brought against me by the Southern Pacific and by General Phineas Banning to drive me away from this spot, I have defied them all and have whipped 'em. I am here yet and there's my boats, those three little sloops anchored in front of my house I own this land and the water front, and all I have about me is paid for. When me and my wife came here we had not a dollar, and we lived in a tent made out of an old sail. Now I am independent and next month shall start a newspaper, the San Pedro Shipping Gazette. I am no scholar, never went to school; I am a sailor, but I have made up my mind to grow rich with San Pedro."-Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent.

Position is Everything.

"What do you think of my picture?" asked an amateur of an old artist as he held it before him.

The old man looked at it a moment

and replied: "Stand a little further off." The am ateur backed away with a gratified look. "A little farther, please." The amateur backed over near the open door and the old man kept his eye on the picture. "Still further-another step or two, please." By this time the amateur was out in the hall still holding up his picture. "Now shut the door." The amateur obeyed. "There," float ed the voice of the old fellow over the transom, "it looks better in that position than in any other; please keep it the amateur didn't get down stairs soon enough not to hear the chuckling laugh of the old gentleman on the inside.—Merchant Traveller.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

By careful measurements, Prof D. P. Penhallow has determined the root and the leaf areas of the indian corn plant to be approximately equal.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun about 92,700,000 miles. These are figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus transits.

Prof. F. Farsky has experimented with sulphuric acid as one of its sodium compounds for manuring clayey soil. Both were without action upon moist soils, and caused a reduction of the yield of a dry soil.

Were a man weighing 150 pounds endowed with the strength of a beetle, some time ago exhibited by Dr. Thebold at a scientific meeting, be should be able to move 198,000 pounds or nearly 100 tons. The insect weighed two grains, and moved 2,640 grains.

Tince the construction of railways in Italy malarial disease has become more prevalent and more severe than before. It is supposed that this effect is due to the influence exerted by the numerous earth cuttings necessary for the laying of tracks, and to the greater use of stagnant water.

The introduction of electricity as a substitute for lamps and candles on self-indulgence quite near at hand! board ship is making rapid progress-There is one source of safety in this to the ship and the passengers. All lights are put out at 11 o'clock. After this time people may talk in the dark, but there is no possibility of reckless use of lights and lamps.

The hen has in her ovaries, in round numbers, more than 600 germs, which develop gradually and are successively laid. Of these 600 the hen will lay twenty in her first year, 135 in her second and 114 in her third. In each one of the following four years the number of eggs will be diminished by twenty, and in her ninth year she will lay at most ten eggs. In order to obtain from them sufficient product to cover the expense of alimentation, they should not be allowed to live over four years.

A Wound From a Stag's Horn.

Throughout the West Highlands, a wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous. It is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Gamekeepers, forest ers, and their assistants dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification of the sore, however slight it may seem at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory; the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb or epileptic; or if he has been a wise and intelligent creature, he now becomes perfectly stupid. The author of Nether Lochaber" was personally acquainted with a fine-looking young man, an assistant forester, who, in helping to take a dead stag off a hillpony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the tines. He did not think much of the wound at the time. It was an ugly, ragged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once easily "by the first intention," as the doctors say This wound from the dead stag's born would not, however, heal; none of the salves or ointments or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect upon it. It always became the longer the worse, and when Mr. Stewart saw the young man he was on his way to that it has no medical properties what Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a Glasgow to see if the skill of the ever. Prof. Holmes, the Atlantic neighbor's garden-he rooted through doctors there could counteract the dire effect of the stag's horn .-- Chambers' size of a hen's egg, and found its

Listen, Boys !

Wordsworth says, "The Boy is Father of the Man;" and the Cleveland, (Ohio) Farmer offers this good advice to aspiring boys: The highest attainment for you, my

boy! is to be a man. This world is full of counterfeits. But it is a grand thing to stand upright in defence of truth and principle, When persecutions come, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such an one, turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or yourself. Think for yourself. Read good books and read men's faces. The eye is the window to the soul; use your eyes and hold your tongue. If opposition comes meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts bear it quietly. Do your own thinking and keep your own secrets, worship no man for his wealth nor his lineage. Fine feathers don't always cover fine birds. Be sober, be honest, be just in all your so until I get the door locked." And dealings with the world; be true. They will sell you for money or popularity; don't trust them. Wear but one face and let that be an honest one.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Anger and haste hinder good coun.

Ridicule dishonors more than dishonor.

No solitude is so solitary as that of inharmonious companion...ip.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our hopes and delu-

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination,

Comparison, more than reality.

wretched.

the ethereal. We must consider humanity as a always learns.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.

It is so easy to meditate on a far-off heroism, so difficult to cut off a little

Losing Silver to Find Gold.

She was old and feeble and the conductor had almost to lift her into the car. She hobbled to a seat and depositing her bundle on the floor, proceeded to fumble in her pocket for her fare. After much searching she produced a quarter, which she handed to the conductor. He returned the change to her trembling fingers, but before she could put it in her pocket, a pieceprobably a dime-fell to the floor and was lost between the slats at her feet. In vain did she try to find it. It pained her to bend so low, and, with a look of resignation, she gave it up. A tall man dressed in black, sat facing her, and watched her intently as she leaned back in her seat. His band went to his pocket, then, stooping forward, he appeared to be looking for the lost coin, and with an "Ah, here it is. madam," he stretched his hand to the floor and raising it deposited the money in her lap. He rose and immediately left the car. The old woman beckoned to the conductor and, showing him a five dollar gold piece, asked if he had not given it to her by mistake. He assured her he had given her two dimes. She could not understand how she came by it, but a few of the passengers could, and as she put her hand to her face to hide the tears of joy that dimmed her eyes, some one whispered the stranger's name. He is one of the best known philanthropists in New York, a member of a family noted for many years far and wide for its countless good deeds.—New York

Composition of the Madstone. Several instances of applying the madstone to poisonous snake bites have been reported by the Western newspapers recently, and the testimony of the patients is that in every case the stone has absorbed the poison. It is a popular belief in some parts of the country that a person who possesses one of these stones is armed against all venomous creatures; but the savants agree that the madstone is nothing more than the concretion found in the stomach of the deer, and Constitution says, dissected one the nucleus to be a perfect white oak acorn. It was covered by four layers of phosphates and carbonate of lime and iron and some silex. There were two impressions, apparently made by the teeth of the deer before swallowing the nut. Acorns are a favorite food of Carolina deer. In another specimen Prof. Holmes found the nucleus to be a bullet.

Frozen Meat.

Meat is now frozen in Sydney and sent in refrigerated chambers by steamers to London. The hulk Rica Genova is fitted up with the freezing apparatus in Darling harbor and can accommodate the carcases of 10,000 sheep or 1000 bullocks. The cold is produced by compressing air, cooling it, then permitting it to suddenly expand. In this way a temperature of 72 degrees below zero is obtained in a few seconds. This cold air is then let into the freezing chamber where the carcases hang. A sheep is completely frozen in thirty-six hours, a bullock in five or six hours. The frozen carcases are transferred to the freezing rooms of the Orient steamers and conveyed to England, at an extra cost for freight and freezing of 3d. per pound on the price of the meat in Sydney.

STORIES OF FORTUNE.

How a Water Well Became an Oil Well and an Oil Well a Water Well. "Talk about tumbles in the price of oil," said a veteran operator on the Bradford Petroleum Exchange to a newspaper correspondent the other day, "nothing like the one of the win ter of 1860 has been known in the nodern days of the trade. That was he winter that Jesse Heydrick put down the old Farmers' and Mechanics' well, or rather the company that he formed put it down, and that was the first company ever formed to develop the oil territory. The well came in good for about 3000 barrels a day, and half of it couldn't be taken care of, but ran down the creek in a regular flood. Oil was oil then, and was worth \$13 a barrel. Pittsburg was the only marmakes men happy, and can make them ket, and we had only one way to get oil there, and that was by running it We should seek more of the practical in barges down the Alleghany river realities of everyday life and less of from Oil City. Of course it was necessary to have freshets to transport it in this way. The winter that Heydrick man who continually grows old and struck his well the river was frozen over, but he was bound to get some oil to Pittsburg. He succeeded in cutting a way through, and ran ten flat boats down. He sold all his oil for \$13 a barrel. The next day a thaw set in, and in two days the river broke up. Then the boats began to run, and in a short time the market was overstocked, and in less than a week oil was selling at 90 cents a barrel.

"The early days of oil production were attended by many curious incidents. One of the queerest was a streak of luck a well owner struck on the creek in 1863. He had drilled a well down to the third sand, but found nothing but water, and three days' continuous pumping failed to bring anything else to the surface, so he abandoned the well in disgust. The next day a neighbor of his, who was operating on an adjoining lease, came over to see the disgusted well owner, and informed him, with much excitement, that since the pumping of water had ceased at his well great trouble had resulted at the other well, which had yielded thirty barrels of oil a day as long as the water was being pumped, but upon the stopping of the water pumping had filled up with water and produced no more oil

"The result was that the man who wned the producing well hired the less fortunate operator to keep his pump going, for which he paid him \$40 a week. The producing well was thus restored to its former condition and things worked satisfactorily for six months, when suddenly one day the well that had been yielding nothing but water began pumping oil, and the one that had yielded oil in turn became a water well. The changed situation resulted in a lawsuit, which was won by the owner of the well that had first yielded nothing but water."

How a Pig Made a President. About this time in knots about the

sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president." It was never my fortune to meet one who could remember how it "came about, but in a copy of the American Traveler for December 19, 1828, being volume IV., No. 50, I find all the particulars. which I copy for the benefit of the Society for the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteeenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. L. Mr. the fence and demoralized said gardenthe garden-owner sued the pig proprietor-James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney-the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States senate- the senator was chosen by the state legislature-in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's party, who staid away on account of lawsuit aforesaid-the said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent, Jeremiah B. Howell-Jeremiah voted for the war, which James would not have done-the war was made by a majority of one in the national senate—that war made General Jackson popular-that popularity gave Jackson the presidency .- Boston

Explicit Introductions.

They tell this story of the widow of President Buchanan's first Postmaster General: She had been married before, and so had Postmaster General Brown, and each had a daughter left over from the first marriage. Then they had another daughter. Mrs. Brown used to present them at her receptions in this way: "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this is Miss Brown, our joint daughter."