The total missionary gifts of Christendom for 1893 are estimated at \$14,-713,627.

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Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Pamphlet and Consultation free.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State &foresaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRE CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subsoribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

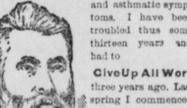
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and actidirectly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was troubled with that tire! and all gone feeling, had no appetite, had a cough and asthmatic symptoms. I have been troubled thus some



thirteen years and GiveUp All Work three years ago. Last spring I commenced taking Hood's Sarsa-

parilla and felt better from the first. My appetite returned Mr. Frank Charon and my cough left me. I have used half a dozen bottles and am a well man. I should have written this statement before but wanted to wait until after cold weather had settled with us and

Sarsaparilla cured my complaint and gave me renewed health." Frank Charon, Clare-

see if any symptoms of my trouble returned.

But not so, for I am now in the best of health. I am 64 years of age, and doing a full day's work at blacksmithing. Hood's

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Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for

INVALIDS The-Aged. AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the

GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed

depending on its retention ;-And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Your Poor Tired Husband. He has worked hard

all week. Let him sleep late Sunday morning, then treat him to a

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himmen

ES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. ugh Syrup. Tastes Good. Use

A SONG OF THATIKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving . Thanksgiving! Of yore, In the youth of the Nation, When the harvest had yielded its store There was feast and oblation.

From the lips of the living There rang through the length of the land A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Our home was a wilderness then

Or when danger had lifted its hand.

With the floods to enfold it , To-lay with its millions of men, We rejoice to behold it. From the sea to surge of the sea.

We have all for a treasure We are tlest in the promised To-be In a manifold measure. War flaunts not a red pennon now,

For the olive is regal, Like birds that are twin, on one bough Sit the dove and the eagle. The clash of the conflict that cleft We in sorrow remember, But the fire of the great fuel has left In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil For whate'er we have fought for Waether born of the brain or the soil Be the meed we have sought for For the gifts we have had from His hand Who is Lord of all living, Let there ring through the length of the

A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving -Clinton Scollard.

BRAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY W. BERT FOSTER



ian:1

ELL, as long as you won't go with us, I s'pose you'll look after things, said Farmer Brand halting beside the woodpile where his eldest son was at work.

Farmer Brand was a man of sixty and much broken

in health, as his stooping shoulders and attenuated frame showed. John Brand was a young giant of twentyeight, handsome, with a certain savage kind of beauty, for his straight black hair, heavy brows and piercing eyes made him look more like an Indian than a white man. There was a savage scowl on his face this morning, too, as he swung his axe, sending its keen blade deep into the wood at every blow.

"I wish ye would go with us, John," said his father, after hesitating a moment, gently laying his hand on his son's shoulder. "Brother Eben will be right glad to see ye, an' ye know we never get over there 'cepting at Thanksgiving.'

"I hate holidays," growled John, throwing off his father's hand roughly and continuing his attack on the

wood. Mr. Brand walked slowly away and climbed into the two-seated wagon beside his wife and little Billy. His appearance contrasted greatly with that of his wife. She was not more than thirty-five and was plump and good looking. The little boy, nearly five years old, sat between

"Here are the reins, father, she said, and smiled up at him. brightly. She knew that he was greatly disappointed by John's refusal, although away for one day from the surly fellow.

The back seat of the wagon was piled with extra wraps and hampers the dinner, should brother Eben's hatred. folks be short; but there was plenty of room for John if he would go. The farmer turned and looked at him, but than ever, every blow saying as Farmer Brand's old age and before he ner plainly as could be: "I hate holi- was two years old completely owned B "clucked" to the old horse and they rattled out of the yard.

It was a crisp November morning, the ground frozen as hard as a rock and a brittle covering of ice over all the puddles and in muddy ruts. The trees on the mountain-side back of the house were bare of leaves and their branches sighed and shivered in the wind. John Brand threw down his axe and gazed after the retreating wagon with lowering brow.

Ten years before his mother had died. He had loved his mother-almost worshiped her, in truth-and her death had made him feel very bitter against the fate which had taken her away. His father had never had any great share of his fierce young heart-he was so much different from his mother. But they always got along well together, and for the next four years, instead of striking out for himself, as he had intended, John put his best exertions into the work of running the great

There were two hundred acres of it, woodland and meadow, hill and plain. It would all be his some day, so there was no use in John's going off for himself, so his father said, and John was accounted a fortunate fellow indeed by the neighbors.

his father. John was slow to suspect | ance until it lay three or four feet the cause, although the neighbors, as deep all over the country side. Farmer neighbors will, saw and understood it Brand shelled corn or smoothed axe from the first. John had been so helves and hoe handles in the kitchen wrapped up in his mother that never corner; John chopped wood all day for an instant did he think that his long as though he had taken a confather might see some other woman tract to supply the whole village with whom he might wish to make his wife. kindling; little Billy, with Guard, the when the farmer told him that he was came in rosy-cheeked and panting the wagon-track. about to marry a neighboring farmer's after his frolic with never a suspicion

day was a changed being. His sociability and wit had enlivened almost every gathering of young people in the region since his arrival at manhood. These gatherings knew him no more. He refused every invitation, retired within himself and brooded over the wrong which he fancied had been done his mother's memory and himself.

He would not even attend his father's wedding and when Mr. Brand brought his bride home all traces of as the old house itself-had disappeared. Her picture which had been taken in her bridal dress and had hung over the high mantel in the parlor, her work table, the "cricket," on which her feet had rested during the long evenings when she sat and sewed or mended-all were gone and nothing but a heap of ashes and charred wood in the great open fireplace was left.

Mr. Brand had never taken John to task for this. He felt somehow as though he had no right to complain. The things had been more John's than his, for John was the one who had remained entirely faithful to the dead.

man repelled all her advances and

seemed, in fact, to have made him scene of John's labors and watched the into the woods. He followed them dumb. He only looked his scorn, chips fly from the sticks with delight. rapidly. Guard sniffing excitedly at anger and contempt, and from that They seemed to fly all the faster the the prints of the little rubber boots. longer he watched them; but John paid no attention to his childish prattle the log on which little Billy had and his dark, scowling face soon drove

him away. It was quite a fortnight after Thanksgiving Day. The weather had John and the dog pressed on before been threatening for several days and the blast. The snow was coming the wiseacres declared a heavy storm faster now, and the footprints might brewing. John loaded up the wood- soon be obliterated. team during the forenoon with stove wood for the old lady who did his mending and washing. This was how he partly paid her for the work. As tance, and almost directly away from his former wife—those little things he climbed aboard and gathered up home. Before long John reached dining, and rightly enough, for there which had become as familiar to him the reins Billy came round the corner higher ground and found that the is nothing which will inspire one to a of the house.

"Can I go to ride with you, please?" he asked, doubtfully. "I want to go to Mrs. Peckham's.

"Not on top of this load. You draw it," growled John sarcastically.

good faith. "Can I ride back when the team's teth of the blast. empty?" he asked.

and drove out of the yard. Billy Guard cowered before its strength. is a dinner for eight people, you must started bravely in the rear, although The keen wind cut John's bare hands have good-sized saucepans. Put in it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peck- and face like a knife, but he pressed one three pints of milk, with a heap-At first this new wife tried her best ham's. It was terribly cold and John on determinedly, sheltering the child's ing tablespoonful of butter, a level to gain John's favor; but the young turned up the collar of his rough coat body as much as possible from the teaspoonful of salt and two blades of and chirruped to the horses. The cold. never spoke to her unless he was ab- wheels creaked most musically over He was cold himself. John Brand other saucepan put the liquor from solutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to the hard snow and the little figure could never remember being so two quarts of oysters, leaving the oysno one unless forced to. He even trudged sturdily along in the rear.

A few yards back from the road was seated himself to rest. When he arose from that he turned deeper into the woods instead of toward the road.

He shouted occasionally as he went on, but no answer reached him. The child had traveled an astonishing disboy had climbed the mountain side.

short, sharp bark, and hurrying on a good dinner. John found him licking the cold face weigh so much that the horse couldn't at the foot of a great gnarled oak. dinner, with many proved recipes for But Billy took the reply in perfect | Brand's heart as he picked the boy up and strode down the hillside in the

carried his clothing to an old lady in Billy's short legs could not keep pace the unconscious body of the little the liquor has been drained until the neighborhood to be mended, with the strides of the farmhorses and child close against his breast was warmrather than have Mrs. Brand touch his he gradually fell behind. John looked ing his cold heart and melting all his part of the range, and as soon as the back at him with a scowl and started hard and bitter feelings.

American feast day. It is a day dedicated not only to the giving of thanks, but to feeling of thorough content and good Finally Guard bounded away with a fellowship with the world more than The New York Herald gives its readof his little master where he lay curled ers some excellent suggestions for There was a strange feeling at John | the preparation of the different dishes. Oyster Soup-To make a delicious soup out of these succulent bivalves observe the following directions: The wind had risen to a gale and Have two nice agate or porcelain lined John growled something which howled and shrieked through the saucepans, one for milk and the other

DAY OF FEASTING.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Approved Recipes for the Great

American Feast Day - Boast

Turkey and Stuffing -

Pumpkin Pie.

THANKSGIVING is a purely

might have meant yes, or nothing, woods in a perfect frenzy. Even for the juice of the oysters. As this cold in his life before; but somehow ters in the colander through which scum rises skim every fleck of it off with a silver or agate spoon-iron or other metal should not be used in cooking. After skimming stand the stewpan back where it does not boil: as soon as the milk begins to boil pour the oyster liquor into it, stirring gently to prevent curdling. Have ready two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour well mixed with cold milk; thicken the soup with this, stirring fast to break the lumps. If it is a bit lumpy strain through a fine colander into the empty stewpan. Put back in the range, and when it begins to boil drop the oysters in and let them cook until the edges curl. Put some fine chopped parsley and a pinch of powdered loves in the bottom of the tureen. Pour the soup in, sprinkle in a little black pepper, and it is ready to serve.

To Roast a Turkey-A turkey should be stuffed, trussed and prepared for roasting the night before Thanksgiving, and, laying it on platter, put it in a cold, dry place till you are ready to put it in the oven. Then get out your big, deep dripping pan and place the turkey in it, laying it on its side. If the turkey is fat put no water in the pan, as it will baste itself; if not fat, put a little water in the bottom of the pan. A twelve pound turkey requires three hours' good roasting. A that is not well done is thing and this is a Thanksgiving feast and everything must be perfect. Keep a tea kettle of boiling water on the range and once in a while as the turkey is roasting dash some water from the kettle over it; and do not

fail to baste often. Chestout and Oyster Stuffing -- Chestnut stuffing is delicious, but is more expensive than the bread crumbs and Giant though he was in strength and requires a good deal of care and pains chestnuts, or French marrons, as they in a steamer until tender enough to stick a fork through; then put them potatoes. Season well with butter, salt and pepper, a bit of onion and chopped parsley; soften with cream and stuff the turkey. Oysters added ovster stuffing.

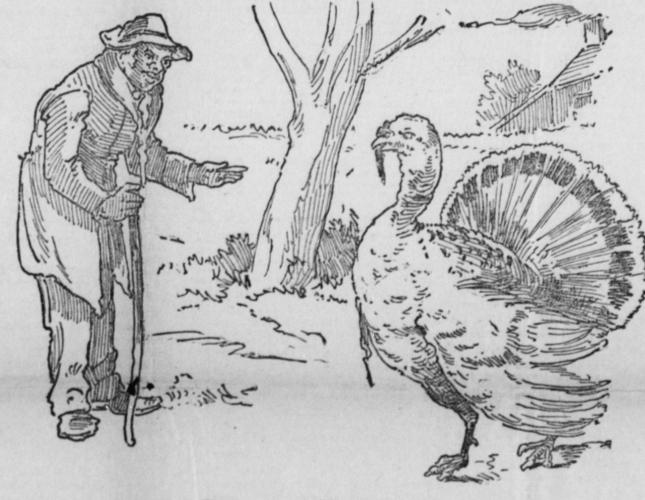
> Chicken Pie-Cut a large, tender chicken in smaller pieces than for fricasseeing! put in a stew pan with half an onion, season with salt, cover with water and let it cook till tender; line a deep baking dish with a biscuit crust, put in the pieces of chicken, add some pieces of butter and sprinkle with pepper; thicken the gravy in the stew pan, having enough to cover the chicken in pie; cover with a biscuit crust; bake in a quick oven till crust is a delicate brown. This pie may be served hot or cold, but is better hot, and is delicious.

How to Make the Stuffing-Put in to chopping bowl half of an onion, a sprig of parsley and a good sized stalk of celery; chop these all very fine, then take a loaf of stale bread which has had the crust removed and been soaked in cold water until soft; put it in with the chopped herbs; flavor well with sweet majoram, salt and pepper, and after mixing all well together put it in the turkey. Sew up the aperture, and just before placing in the oven salt and pepper the turkey well out-

Pumpkin Pie-To a quart of squash, which has been boiled and mashed through a colander, add the yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of mel.ed butter, a little salt; sweeten with half molasses and half sugar; season well of a thick batter; pour it in the pie pan, already lined with paste, and bake till a nice, rich brown; do not

Oyster Pie-Line a deep porcelain dish with a rich paste; put in two quarts of oysters well seasoned with salt and pepper, a little powdered mace, a few little pats of butter and some chopped parsley; stir in a cup of fine cracker crumbs put on a top crust and bake in a quick oven.

Celery Salad-Cut the celery in small dice and when ready to serve



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

fore a year of her married life had the little fellow from sight. passed she had something else to think she was rather glad berself to get of. A little baby came to the Brand it," muttered John and thought no than his own that he at last reached are called; peel them and cook them house that John foresaw would event- more about the child. ually fill his place and possess his rights. John had passively endured

little Billy grew up a strong, healthy ered. boy, never having seen an ill day in was two years old completely owned

on this Thanksgiving morning as he parently undisturbed. stood gazing after the departing wagon. There had been nothing to you when you went to old Mis' Peck-keep him at home from the Thanks- ham's, John," said his father, coming ugly feelings, for the farm work was all finished and everything made shipshape for winter. There was wood enough cut already to last an ordinfierce pleasure for him in forcing the axe into the knotty sticks.

He worked moodily on till noon, then fed the stock, and after locking him, so don't you worry," the house went down to the village tavern and eat his dinner there.

It was almost dark when he returned to the farmhouse. He did the chores mother. and went to bed before the others arrived-little Billy wild with delight to the call for searchers and started over the festivities of the day, Mrs. Brand smiling and happy, and her

drifted over fences and across the public roads, became crusted hard and But a change began to come over snowed again, repeating the performdaughter, a young woman not much of "croup"—that bane of children more than half his age. who are brought up like hot house

The young wife did all she could to the horses into a brisk trot. Before win his love, but to no avail, and be- many minutes a turn in the road hid endurance he had to fight for each to prepare properly. For a good sized

was not about. He had not seen him driven back from the search some time in a bowl and mash them as you would the coming of the wife; he hated the on the way and decided that the little before by the gale. of pies and cakes to "piece out" at baby with an almost murderous fellow had become discouraged and gone back again. But he was not He hoped that it would die, but about the house, as he soon discov- later he found himself lying on the old

the axe was going faster and harder his short life. He was the child of step-mother, as John came in to din-

days!" Little Billy was impatient to the entire house and its contents- down to the table. His father was alstart so Mr. Brand reluctantly except John Brand. No amount of ready out hunting for the boy and coaxing baby ways won his heart, after putting the food on the table ily. John simply hated him the more for | Mrs. Brand threw a shawl over her All the bitterness he had cherished the coming storm were in the air. for these six long years filled his heart John eat his dinner moodily and ap-

> "Riah says she thought he followed giving merrymaking except his own in after an unsuccessful search of the premises. "Didn't you see him?" "No, I haven't seen the brat!" re-

> sponded his son, surlily. Mrs. Brand began to cry and the ary lifetime, but there was a certain old man's weather-beaten face worked pitifully as he said in a broken voice: "Don't take on sp, 'Riah. I'll get the neighbors roused and we'll find

> > He hurried out on this mission and John soon followed him, unable to stand the accusing looks of his step-

A half-dozen neighbors responded out in different directions, expecting to find the child somewhere near the husband with a sore spot in his old house. He certainly couldn't have heart for his eldest son. gone far in the snow. John attacked Winter came quickly after that the woodpile more fiercely than ever, Thanksgiving. The snow wrapped everything in its fleecy covering, axe was cutting the threads which bound little Billy to this life. The child could not live many hours wandering about in this weather, and he,

unable to endure this self-torture longer. He unchained Guard, and with hasty strides started off down the road. His keen eyes examined every foot of the white drifts on either It therefore came like a thunder-clap Scotch collie, played in the snow and little Billy must have turned out of Pete in a discontented tone.

Not far below the house the woodmore than half his age.

John did not oppose the union by words. His father's determination words.

Who are brought up like hot house and he came to the place he had been lar heathen. Don't you know that pour over it rich mayonnaise dress-looking for. There were the child's Thanksgivin's one of the biggest free looking for. There were the child's lunch days in the whole year?"

step of the way. It was only by the turkey take three quarts of the large "Little fool! he'll soon get sick of aid and direction of a higher power the farmhouse and was helped inside At noon when he arrived home Billy by the anxious men who had been

He had a very dim recollection a to how he got there, but some time settle in the chimney corner with his to the bread crumb stuffing makes an "Have you seen Billy?" asked his father holding a bowl of some hot decoction to his lips. He pushed it away and looked across the hearth to where He growled out a negative and sat | his stepmother, tearful and smiling, was holding little Billy in her arms. "Is he all right?" asked John husk-

"Yes, thanks to the Almighty and being so pretty and sweet-tempered. head and went outside, too. It was to you, my son," replied his father He would not even touch the child. bitter cold and the first snow flakes of reverently, and John smiled. It was late, indeed, but this was John Brand's Thanksgiving.

> Giving Thanks for Turkey. We're thankful for the things we eat, The oysters with the turkey meat,

The health we have, the swest content With blessings which to us are sent The golden, glorious pumpkin pies, The hope of heaven beyond the skies The sweet potatoes, piping hot. The clustered blue forgetmenot. The clustered blue forgetmenot,
The celery crisp and cold and white,
The chicken gravy, seasoned right;
The royal pones of sweet corn bread,
The righteous sleep of all our dead;
The yellow beet, the prosip brown,
The cross that must proceed the crown.
The butter served in pots of gold.
On paneakee of heroic mold;
The wide expanse of all things good. The wide expanse of all things good, Nowise less toothsome, thougathey're rude, And last of all, our dinner done, We hasten to give thanks as one Who feels that thanks are more than due For medicine to pull him through,

-W. J. Lampson.

Thankini,

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving with powdered cinnamon, ginger, Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't mace and allspice; add the milk the anything to do with the spirit of the last thing, making it the consistency occasion.

"'Oh, yes, it has," was the reply; "I never went to a football game in my John Brand, would be his murderer? life that I didn't feel tremendously bake till watery, this spoils the pie. thankful that I wasn't one of the players.

Practically Considered.

"What's the good of Thanksgivin' side of the beaten way. Somewhere Day, anyhow!" exclaimed Plodding

"What's the good of it?" echoed Meandering Mike in dismay. "Honest, land began. Half a mile through this Pete, some times you talk like a reg'-