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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1888.

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The roller skating craze is now at its height in Washington Territory, Oregon and Manitoba

Various Japanese towns are building water works, the Tokio works having proved so successful.

There are no less than twelve hundred thousand allens residing in France, four hundred thousand of whom are in Paris,

It is the opinion of a scientist that the chances of a person in the nineteenth century reaching one hundred years of age are one in 18,800.

Uniform time for the whole of France -that of Paris-has been decided upon by the French Government, to commence with the opening of the Universal Exposition, in 1889.

Many of the Nebraska Indians who have been admitted to citizenship have become subscribers to the daily press, and are fast gaining information on the living issues of the day.

That the Indian is capable of civilizaabundantly proved by a fullded California Indian, who called at he office of the Elko Independent and rdered a supply of visiting cards.

A "Christian Temperance Commonealth" has obtained a location for a plony in British Columbia. Its proters contract, in return for the labor f heads of families, to support the

The Chinese in California are endeavring to head off the movement to supthem with boys in picking and ing fruit, by hea ing numerous large it farms at Fresno. They are also milding a packing house at Selna.

An undertaker at Cresco, Iowa, states an advertisement that he has a large ber of debtors who, though now with their second wives, have not the funeral expenses of their first and if they do not do so in sixty he will publish their names.

inty per cent, of the criminals of are unable to write, asserts the Free Press, but ignorance is not linked with crime. There would forgers if crimmals did not know write. One-half the crimes comd in Massachusetts are ' well ted men and women.

n exchange say : "Every newsp Visconsin and Minnesota over o'd, receives \$100 for publishing general laws passed at each Legislare of their respective States. . If every tate in the Union would adopt this the people would have no excus or ignorance regarding the laws.

The prevalence of suicides in all counes of civilization seems, says Dr. Felix Oswald, to increase in the exact prortion to the flerceness of the struggle existence. The crowded kingdom Saxony heads the list, while self-muror is almost totally unknown in the arsely settled and withal tolerably ferile highlands of Turkey and Norway.

A philanthropic Mme, Batifol established some time ago an annual prize of \$2000 to the most deserving and industrious young woman in Paris. The prize has been awarded this year by the appointed jury to Mlle, Terminaux, who has for years kept her father, mother, and half a dozen brothers and sisters by being a "cutter out" in a millinery shop,

A Russian sergeant has invented a method for the rapid construction of boats from tents. Upon experiment, in thirty minutes, under the designer's direction, a detachment of men chosen by hap-hazard improvised several handy boats with the aid of green wood from a neighboring grove. Each boat readily supported four to six fully equipped

The daughter of the King of Shov has recently married the eldest son of King John of Abyssinia with a splendor unparalleled in modern ceremonies. The crown worn by the bride is regarded as the one which decked the head of the Queen of Sheba. According to the native records it has been in the possesaion of the Ethiopian kings for twenty five centuries.

Secretary Endicott has signified his approval of the adoption of a novel weapon for the members of the hospital corps. It is, practically, a big jack knife, and seems to be a cross between a short sword-such as Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Roman soldiers wear-and a bowle knife. It is made of the fluest steel, and is to be worn strapped to the side. The weapon is not intended for offensive action, since the members of the hospital corps are classed by the General Conference of the Red Cross as non-combatants. It is intended as an emergency weapon, to be used as a carving knife, a splintmaker, to whittle out an improvised litter, or for any one of the thousand and one purposes for which a good jack knife comes in. The hospital corps will be supplied with the new knife at once, and will then be drilled in its varied applicaTHANKSGIVING.

We look to the hills for rest; For strength we turn to the sea: For the boon of these, and fair bequest Of teeming lands to the seaways, we With joy give thanks.

Best thanks for the favor is The fullest use of the gift: And pleasure expressed is song of praise, And praise is a prayer whereby we lift Unceasing thanks,

Now at the time of the feast, And of bursting granaries, Now sound of scythe on the grass has ceased, And respers rest, with a smile of ease, Do we give thanks.

But now at the feast, alone, But ever, from June to June, While the harvest is budded and blown, By the glad thought of the heart in tune, Do we give thanks,

By full deep pleasure one has," And so by he weet, swift joy, A light of color and bloom of grass, Or the touch of winds, unceasingly Do we give thanks.

For suns that mellow the fruit: For strong, clean winds and the snows Like a fold of fleece upon the root Of the oak, and the root of the rose, Do we give thanks.

Fordews and for warm, soft rains, That infuse new blood in the wood, For the herb and vine that flushed the lanes, Through waving fields at the Summer's

Do we give thanks, For thrill on the line of nerves, That leap in a quick response To music's touch, and the thrill that serves As the soul's applause to eloquence, Do we give thanks.

For strength of the firm, lithe limbs, And wealth of body and long Deep reach of thought, and hope that skims Like a bird, our heaven for light, with

Do we give thanks. For subtle force of the brain's Keen power, and the fire thereof; For the jubilant blood in our veins, That leaps and bounds, when life is enough,

Do we give thanks, By vigor of brain and thought, By reach of the sympathies, By much well doing and pleasure wrought By color of fields and flow of seas.

Do we give thanks. -Jennie Maxicell Paine.

## HER THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES,



LL day there had been sweeps of ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon. and a raw chilliness in the atmos-

a bad Thanksgiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines: but it is provoking, when one has invited comoany from a distance. And Uncle with Aunt Rhoda, if it snows; and Sue Starkey can't venture out in a storm,

wish her weak chest, and everything will go wrong!" Toward night, however, the sun burst triumphantly through the clouds, lightning up the sombre aisles of the leafess woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the wavgs that broke sullenly and chin that met in close proximity. on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. And she burst into little roulades of song, as she picked over the red Baldwin apples, set away the yellow, earthen bowl of stewed cranberries, counted the pies, and looked to see if the turkey was all plucked and dressed, ready for

the morrow's oven.
For Lizzie Elston kept neither cook nor waitress, but depended on herself only for all the e household details, and no one understood better the necessity for a careful economy of time. She had invited uncle Lemuel and

Aunt Rhoda, from Bayport, Miss Starkey, her whilom schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cot-tage beyond the sand dunes on the

It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

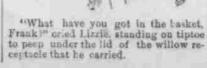
"But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and plates, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dullest shade of pink-and the young wife, looking down the road, saw Frank Elston coming up from the wharf, a dark silhouette against the red glow of

"I'll go and meet him," she said to For Lizzie had not been married long

enough to forget all these graceful memories of the honoymoon time.

Frank Elston, the captain of the little boat that plied between Bayport I anding and the nearest large town, met her





that were left of our last consignment, and Bettley let me have 'em cheap."
"Oh, Frank, how nice!" exclaimed the

"Oh, Frank, how nice." exclaimed the housewife, clapping her hands. "It will be just what I want to give color and decoration to my table. And I baked the chicken pies to-day after your mother's recipe, and I'm sure they are going to be perfectly splendid."
"Splendid, are they:" said Elston, smiling good humoredly at his excited little wife. "Well, I'm glad of that. But, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you."

"What is it, Frank!" with a half-

startled air. "You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he.
"Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?"
"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fash"It's to undertake the care of ther of the little old. Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her ef Elizabeth Ann sends her away."
"I won't send her away," said Lizzle. ioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so

a word of warning."

"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going



"There's boxes and boxes!" said rank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Frank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Willett with his wheelbarrow to hoist

em up to the house." "But, Frank, who is it? Why don't

you !ell me who it is?"
"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock, said the Captain of the Sea Mew. "She comes from the State of Rhode Island, and she says she was a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend

Thanksgiving with you?"

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated
Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank.
"Oh, I know now who it is Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and, oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her

"All right, then," said Captain Elston 'Til go back and tell her so. Only,

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the But, Frank, when I've invited all the

"Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his red comforter around his finger. "Who is my neighbor?" That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer.

Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking. "Don't put yourself out, my dear,"

phere.
"I'm afraid,"
said Mrs. Elston,
glancing out of
the kitchen window occaionally,
as she went about as she went about pies for supper. I didn't intend to have her daily work, "we're going to have anything but bread and butter and cold pigs' feet, but of course she is tired and chilled, poor creature."

"That's my own little girl!" said Frank, with a caressing touch to the stray locks which had eacaped, like rings you can't Lenuel won't drive over from Bayport of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red-worsted hood, "I know just how this sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the

But Lizzie could not help marveling little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried-up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can jest remember you when you were a leetle girl, kneehigh to a grasshopper, sewin' patch-work. Well, I m glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Sea air always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder,"
she added, as she began on her second
wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my
mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a-makin silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann—sewin strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet-rags-and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow l'esire Johnson's old room and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. be a pleasant winter's work for you and ne-won't it, Elizabeth Ann: P'raps you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. "I need a little dark blue and saffron-colo -terror cotter they call it nowadays.

Lizzie looked bewildered; but the captain cheerily threw himself into the

firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands

together. said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desire Johnson didn't want me. She said old folks was too much care. Lucy Wilcox was too fine a lady to notice her old Aunt Barby; and my Cousin Maxwell as good as turned me out of doors. But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right over again-the kindest-hearted creetur that ever breathed. I'm glad I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll

She said all this aloud, in her strange croaking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it. "Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know; she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbori" Frank re-conded, softly. "I think your duty is sponded, softly. plain in this instance, my dear. The little old relation was busy sew.

ing at her balls of parti-colored silk atrips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly in

"Oranges, puss!" said he, with a nod terviewed them as to the cast-off silk-triumph. "And some Concord grapes dress question.

Each was of a different opinion, but all were adverse to the stranger.
"Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it!" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never heard such impudence in my life

Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly, "Barbara Babcock used to visit around in York State," said she, "when I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, and there warn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't like to undertake the care of her "But she's old. Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two,

"She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and

friendless ourselves some day,"
"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't as much patience with the old creetur as I should hev had, ef she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery-tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's Barbara Babcock was as obstinate as a mule.

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to her friend. "I think you are doing right, dear,"

she whispered.
So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely achievements; and just as they were sitting around the fire, cracking nuts and drinking home-browed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a cry of terror.
"Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he.

"She's got another stroke!" It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her distorted face, and the words "Elizabeth Ann" quivering on her lips.

And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dis-"lif she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt lihoda, "it would be

the best thing that could happen to her an' all her relations?" But Miss Barbara Babcock did not die. She lived on, all winter, into the time when crocuses began to bloom and the maple blossoms blushed redly along

the edges of the swamps. All this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the balls of vivid-colored silk rags that

Lizzie ranged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her. "It'll make a dreadful pretty sort o' curtains," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizaberh Ann shall have em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly pened her eyes. Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle-work

in hand, by her side.
"Mind," said she, "them silk balls is
Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed and sealed in the paper under my pillow. Mind you don't forget!" "Oh, I'll not forget," said placid

Aunt Rhoda. With the early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

'I don't want the silk rags," said izzie, when she heard of her quaint in "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?" "You'd better take 'em," said Uncle

"Sell 'em to the rag man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."
"No!" said Lizzie. "Pil have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Proal and her loom for a month, And Melinda

needs the work."
But when the balls of silk were unwound-there were a hundred of them, more or less-each ball was found to be wound on a ten-dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over, And every ten-dollar bill was Lizzie Ela-

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

'I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island Not only because of the money, but that was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me." The captain patted Lizzie's bright

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiv-ing Day yet?" said he tenderly. "Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

## The First Thanksgiving.

It is only about 256 years ago that Thanksgiving day was observed in this country. Old Massasoit and his ninety "Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of slik gowns yet, have we, Lizziel" said he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the column of th starvation was staring our New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting changed into a day of thanksgiving.

The Gobbler's Fate. A gobbler stood upon the fence, When all but him had fled. His form erect—his tail outspread— And stately was his head.



THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air. And the frost is in the sod, And the yellow golden-rod, Like a fading sunset light, Withers in a blackening blight; And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow-Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, When bearts in festal meetings chime.

When gay youth no longer sings

The clear carols of its springs, And old age with stealthy tread Up behind us steals, to shed Winter snows upon the head; Yet with age's frost and snow Brings a light whose steady glow With an igner radiance scorns Thoughtless youth's best nights and morns, Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, And awakes a loftier rhyme

Then, for all that builds up life With its changing calm and strife What I was-the given base Upon which I now can place What poor figure I may have wrought Out of all my life and thought-For the priceless providence That bath made each nerve and sense Of my boyhood but the germ Of a growth more full and firm-For the blest inheritance Of my parents' blood-for chance Even, and fate and circumstance-For the joy and sorrow turned Into hope-for wisdom learned From my folly-faith from doubt:-All within me or without That bath helped the spirit weak Its best life and truth to seek:-For all this, and more that, blind, I cannot recall to mind-Thanks on this Thanksgiving day I would render as I may:-On this dull gray day when earth Hath no smile of spring or mirth, And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow,

Christopher P. Cranch.

## THE UNPROBATED WILL

A THANKSGIVING STORY. OOR as John



Austin was, he was made more desperate by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead) who came home to them a silent, "queer" man, as the people of Beachton called him.

Austin was a little girl the now old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whither he had gone.

For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative. For half a dozen years the old man

lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods ound the little inland village in summer, shiver over the fire in winter and quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate

Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reap; earance was as sudden and unexplained as his departure. He came on foot and alone, and the only thing certain about

him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity of the daughter and her husband; those connected with his last sickness and death heavy. A single dollar added to the outlay of any man whose only cap-ital is his hands and only income is from daily toil is no light affair.



But a week previous to Thankgiving the funeral had taken place—used up the last dollar of ready money and left debt to be paid. In the flickering light of the fire husband and wife sat sadly discussing the outlook, and gloomy in-deed it was. The last of the little brood had been tucked into bed, the flerce wind of the Northern Winter was howling without, the stars shone brightly coldly, and the low, heavy banks of clouds gave notice of a herce snowstorm, and the poor know but too bitterly what that means for them.

"John," said his wife, after a long si-lence and with a heavy sigh, "to-mor-row will be Thanksgiving, and the calldren are reckoning upon a good dinner."
"Yes," he replied, with his head bowed and tears in his eyes, "but the good Lord only knows where it is to come from. The care and death of your father-I don't say it complaining, wife, for you have repaid it a thousand times - has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. However, the darlings shan't be disappointed if I can help it, and if you can manage the pies and little things I'll see what can be done about getting some-thing in the shape of meat. Heigh ho! what a miserable thing it is to be poor

and neverhave any money when you need

"Yes, dear, it is hard; but we have that is very much to be thankful tor."

sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. ing light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their where in heaven did you get that great plans John Austin had made for their where in Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged turkey?" in no fanciful dreams of turkey and a huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as coyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, take his gun, go to the woods and see if he could not "knock over" something for a Thanksziving feast.

for a Thanksgiving feast. Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a rousing fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and game, like money, has a perverse fashion exclaimed: of being out of the way when most

wanted. Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the my blacts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat. luscious fowls they were, and the vision of how happy his wife and children would be in the eating arose before

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience whispered: "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not young! "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner." Pushing on again over the broad

meadow he struck the road—an unbroken one now-that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney—the most natural thing to do upon such a day—and saw no moke. stantly his own situation was forgotten and he was not long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

he could find, "I'll run over to neighbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots with more good things, and as he sat of dead timber on this land, and he isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot." To accomplish his purpose he was

forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind. John," said the farmer in an-

get as much wood as you can haul. But good action ou will have to cut it. down must be snowed under except it dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing may be some rotten stuff that is of no with thankfulness, and when the stuffed "All right, but you will have to lend

ne an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have than since the days of her courtship as to get along with whatever their mother | she whispered : an manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had ing drunk! And you giving up all hope better leave your gun here till you come of your own Thanksgiving back. I'd like to use it if you can tell help others! You dear old John."

me where I will find my flock of turkeys

N. B.—That will was never prob the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away.

Austin told h'm where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercyhastened as fast as an ox team, tented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persualed to go.

Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak

him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a coup'e of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward. A strong-armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the trank, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the

stood near and a tap of his av convinced

"All right-no thanks," he replied in his hearty way, "Hope your Thanks-giving will be brigh or than you antici-"Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner. He had gotten some little distance

when the woman shouted: 'You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin! "Mine:" he questioned, returning. "Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and for-

gotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and

ere is your wife's name on it. Gracious,

but it is marked plain enough. In mute a tonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the worn, stained and (as he afterward said) might have come out of the ark. A piece of buckskin was looped throu the handles and rudely marked: Mrs. Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton,

Pennsylvania, U. S. He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the Loor and gasped oue the single word :

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in health, strength, and the little ones, and the loudest key possible for her voice to that is very much to be thankful tor." reach and with the muscles of her face "And many a rich man would give gathering for a storm, "aren't you more than the sum necessary to make us ashamed of yourself to come home RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... 1 66 One Square, one luch, one month...... One Square, one inch, three months..... \$ 60 One Square, one inch, one year...... 16 00 Two Squares, one year..... 15 00 Quarter Column, one year...... 30 00 Haif Column, one year...... 80 00 One Column, one year......100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quasterly. Temperary advertisements must be paid is advance. Job work-cash on delivery.

"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gan, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd

starve," was replied in very short sen-tences and broken by sobs. "But Jane--" "Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off where and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day—and—

and we become objects of charity—and—aud—having to be fed by the neighbors," and up went the apron again.
"Mother," broke in the eldest of the hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an investigation of the satchel, and who had spelled out the address, "it's your

name, and such queer writing Thus reinforced John Austin explained that he had found it in a hollow log and suggested that it be opened. The looked dubiously at it for an instant started upon the uncertain quest, for and then forgetful of anger and tears,



"It is father's writing. quick as ever you can."

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unscaled, directed to his wife, and

read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever, James Selfridge. "Sounds like a will," said the husband, 'and we'll see what the old man

has left." Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nug-gets, evidently the savings of a miser miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods

Cvercome by their unexpected fortune passing the log cabin of a family even husband, wife and children gathered poorer than his own, for the husband around the table upon which it had been piled, and laughed and cried together. The millions of merchant prince or railway king was nothing compared to the Either the poor man must be dead or the few hundreds to them. Then came the supply of wood had given out. In natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was havily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it and were "Don't worry," he said to the anxious frigthened nearly into convulsions when wife, gathering and bringing in all the a loud rap was heard on the door and

with it a command to oper

afflicted family.
"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my tur-keys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson." Then Austin and his wife unbosomed

themselves, showed the gold, the letter and asked advice. It was judiciously swer to his request, "take the oxen and hurried away, happy at having done a At a late hour for "country folks" their

children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed "To think I should arense you of be-

N. B .- That will was never probated. A Runaway Couple.



The Sorrow That Follows the Joy. "Yes," she said at breakfast table this morning, "I am glad Thanksgiving is

"Why!" he asked.
"Herause," she replied, "because I can
now begin reminding you that Christmas
is coming, and that I need a new sealskin sacque."—Philadelphia Herald.

A Song of Thanksgiving.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie,
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird,

On the Way to Thanksgiving Services,

