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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

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 aliens 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 18,860.

Uniform time for the whole of France—that of Paris—has been decided upon by the French Government...

Many of the Nebraska Indians who have been admitted to citizenship have become subscribers to the daily press...

That the Indian is capable of civilization is abundantly proved by a full-blooded California Indian...

A "Christian Temperance Commonwealth" has obtained a location for a colony in British Columbia.

The Chinese in California are endeavoring to head off the movement to suppress them with boys in picketing and burning fruit...

An undertaker at Cresco, Iowa, states in an advertisement that he has a large number of debtors who, though now being with their second wives...

Seventy per cent. of the criminals of this State are unable to write, asserts the Detroit Free Press...

The prevalence of suicides in all countries of civilization seems, says Dr. Felix Oswald, to increase in the exact proportion to the fierceness of the struggle for existence.

A philanthropic Mme. Batifol established some time ago an annual prize of \$3000 to the most deserving and industrious young woman in Paris.

A Russian sergeant has invented a method for the rapid construction of boats from tents.

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.

Secretary Endicott has signified his approval of the adoption of a novel weapon for the members of the hospital corps.

THANKSGIVING.

We look to the hills for rest; For strength we turn to the sea; For the bones of these, and fair request 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 in song of praise, And praise in 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 reapers 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 budled and blown, By the glad thought of the heart in tune, Do we give thanks.

By fall deep pleasures one has, And so by the sweet, 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 roof Of the oak, and the root of the rose, Do we give thanks.

For dew 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 foot, 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 thought, and hope that skims And wealth of body and long Deep reach of thought, and hope that skims Like a bird, our heaven for light, with song, 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.

—Jessie Maxwell Poole.

HER THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

L.I. day had been a day of stormy rain, with ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon, and a raw chilliness in the atmosphere.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Elston, glancing out of the kitchen window occasionally, as she went about her daily work, "we're going to have a bad Thanksgiving day."

"Not but what you ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines; but it is provoking, when one has invited company."

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can just remember you when you were a little girl, knee-high to a grasshopper, sewin' patch-work."

"I'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. Elston. "And she burst into little rousades 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 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 widlow schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the beach."

"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 duldest shade of pink—and the young wife, looking down at the road, saw Frank Elston coming up from the wharf, a dark silhouette against the red glow of the sky."

"I'll go and meet him," she said to herself. For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all these graceful memories of the honeymoon time.

Frank Elston, the captain of the little boat that plied between Bayport Landing and the nearest large town, met her with a smile and a kiss.

"What have you got in the basket, Frank?" cried Lizzie, standing on tiptoe to peep under the lid of the willow receptacle that he carried.

"Oranges, puss!" said he, with a nod of triumph. "And some Concord grapes that were left of our last consignment, and Botley let me have 'em cheap."

"Oh, Frank, how nice!" exclaimed the housewife, clapping her hands. "I'll 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 Harter?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the point for her baggage to be unloaded, so I thought I'd just step up and give you a word of warning."

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

"There's boxes and boxes!" said 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 tell 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 here!"

"All right, then," said Captain Elston. "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie—"

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil?"

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors—"

"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," said the Captain; "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble, and—"

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie; "and she's my neighbor. I'll go back, Frank, and warm up one of my chicken pies for supper. I didn't intend 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 escaped, like rings 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 old lady."

But Lizzie could not help marveling a little when Miss Barbababcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried-up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose and chin that stuck in close proximity.

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can just remember you when you were a little girl, knee-high to a grasshopper, sewin' patch-work. Well, I'm glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgiving! Sea air always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I should wonder if 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 Desie Johnson's old room and weaver 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll be a pleasant winter's work for you and me—won't it, Elizabeth Ann? Praps you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. "I need a little dark blue and saffron-color—terror couter they call it nowadays. Works in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked bewildered; but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach. "Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" said he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm freight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together. "It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desie 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 Barbababcock, and my Cousin Maxwell as good as turned me out of doors. But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right over again—the kindest-hearted creature that ever breathed. I'm glad I come here to Thanksgiving. I guess I'll stay."

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

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly. "I think your duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of parti-colored silk strips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly interviewed them as to the cast-off silk-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. "An old crows like that, to come here 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 wasn'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, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her if Elizabeth Ann sends her away."

"I won't send her away," said Lizzie. "She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and fringed ourselves some day."

"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I ain't as much patient with the old creature as I should hev had, if she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery-tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's advice. 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-brewed 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 dismay.

"If she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be the best thing that could happen to her—"

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.

"I'll make a dreadful pretty sort of curtains," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics.

"I'll finish 'em, and Elizabeth Ann shall have 'em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly opened 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 Barbababcock 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 Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint inheritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?"

"You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."

"No!" said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Prol and let her have 'em 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 Elston's now.

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

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greenling 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 I 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 head. "So you're keeping your Thanksgiving 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 Massachusetts, her ninety hares sat down to dinner with the Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven and starvation was staring our New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

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

A passing tramp he wrestled with And bore him to the ground, And now he hangs below his head, At thirteen cents a pound.

THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air, And the frost is in the soil, And the yellow golden-rod, Like a falling sunset light, Withers in a blackening blight; Whirl about as the north winds blow—Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, When hearts in festal meetings chime.

When gay youth no longer sings The clear carols of its springs, And old age with stealthy tread Up behind in steals, to shed Winter snows upon the head; Yet with age's frost and snow Brings a light whose steady glow With an inner radiance scours 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 hath made each nerve and sense Of my boyhood but the germ Of a growth more full and firm— For the best 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 hath held and kept me weak In my 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. Cranoh.

THE UNPROBATED WILL.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

POOR 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 broken in health and silent, "queer" man, as the people of Beachton called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now self to battle with the world. No one knew why or whether 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 around the little inland village in summer, shiver over the fire in winter and constantly mutter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard.

Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reappearance 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 capital is his hands and only income is from daily toil is no light affair.

Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of duty as hastened as fast as his team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go.

Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut a couple 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 trunk, drawing and unlading 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 chopping.

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be bright or than you anticipated." "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 forgotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious, but it is marked plain enough."

In mute astonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the snow. It was a small affair, lathered, worn, stained and (as he afterward said) might have come out of the ark. A piece of buckskin was looped through 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 floor and gasped out the single word: "There!"

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathered for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family," and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears.

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?"

"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"But Jane—"

"Don't 'ame' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day—and—and we become objects of charity—and—and—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 spilled 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 wife looked dubiously at it for an instant and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"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 nuggets, evidently the savings of a miser miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods.

Overcome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered 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 few hundreds to them. Then came the natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was hastily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it, and were frightened nearly into convulsions when a loud rap was heard on the door and with it a command to open.

It was only their neighbor Sampson with more good things, and as he sat warming his numbed hands and feet he told how good John had been as to the afflicted family.

"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my turkey, 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 given and with congratulation the farmer hurried away, happy at having done a good action.

At a late hour for "country folks" their dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, and when the stuffed children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed him more warmly than since the days of her courtship as she whispered:

"To think I should accuse you of being drunk! Any you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to help others? You dear old John."

N. B.—That will was never probated.

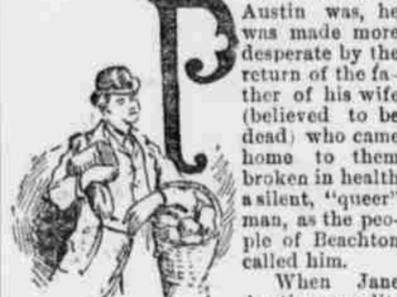
A Runaway Couple.

The night before Thanksgiving.

The Sorrow That Follows the Joy.

A Song of Thanksgiving.

On the Way to Thanksgiving Services.



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

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unsealed, directed to his wife, and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever. James Selfridge."

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The night before Thanksgiving.

The Sorrow That Follows the Joy.

"Yes," she said at breakfast table this morning, "I am glad Thanksgiving is over."

"Why?" he asked. "Because, I can now begin reminding you that Christmas is coming, and that I need a new seal-skin sash." —Philadelphia Herald.

A Song of Thanksgiving. To glad me with its soft black eyes— 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 nesting birds above, The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.

On the Way to Thanksgiving Services.

