MEM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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All bills for yearly advertisement quarterly. Temperary advertise be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

The population of Europe doubles once each 660 years.

The total cost of the Chinese misaions amounts to about \$1,250,000 an-

In times of war the armies of European nations can be raised to 9,366,000 men, and the daily expenses will be nearly \$20,000,000.

Farm land in the northern tier of counties of New York brings less money now than it did fifteen years ago, avers the Mail and Express.

In Australia horses and cattle are now being branded by electricity from storage batteries. The temperature is uniform, and the brand safe and ar-

China has only 200 miles of railway in actual operation. Japan's total length of railway lines, for which concessions are granted, is 2520 miles, of which 1912 miles are in actual opera-

A Western health officer is interesting himself in the cultivation of mushrooms. He says: "I suppose that thousands of tons of mushrooms go to waste every year in the State of Ohio alone, while hundreds of pounds of the same edible are imported into the State from France."

A new monument to Garibaldi, and the finest in Italy, is to be creeted in Rome soon. It is said that there is not a town of any considerable size in Italy which has not a statue of Garibaldi and one of Victor Emmanuel, A monument to Victor Emmanuel now in course of erection at Rome is to cost \$5,000,000.

It is said that seven suicides is the normal daily average in New York and vicinity. Facts collated prove that poverty, which is usually considered a prime cause for self-murder, does not figure as the motive in the majority of these suicides, for most of the persons are those in comfortable circum-

Those who have theories about the necessities of beginning a literary career in early youth will find no convenient illustration in the biography of Mr. Du Maurier, muses the New York Tribune. When "Peter Ibbetson" was published the author was already fifty-seven. Years have not destroyed his freshness of feeling. One of the most delightful things in "Trilby" is its atmosphere of vital energy.

One needs only to turn to the records of the Pension Office in Washington to realize how rapidly the men who fought in the Union Army thirty years ago are passing away. The latest report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that the number of applications for pensions has fallen from 363,799 in 1891 to 40,148 in 1894, while about 37,000 were dropped from the rolls during the last fiscal year because of death.

The assassination of President Carnot has made the fortune of the hardware dealer in Cette, where Caserio bought the knife with which he committed his crime. The man's name is Guillaume. Since the origin of the knife became known, no day has passed without Guillaume's receiving orders for the "Carnot poignard." These orders come not only from France, but also from foreign countries, in such numbers that the dealer cannot fill them. One house in Brussels alone ordered 300.

Women are certainly driving men from many fields, notes the New York Tribune. In the town of Fieberbrunn, near Innsbruck, Tyrol, a few weeks ago, there was a wrestling match for women. Six representatives of the fairer sex showed their strength and agility before 400 spectators, who cheered the victors lustily. It was a disgusting exhibition. A visitor, in describing the struggles, says that the women quickly lost their temper, and pulled out handfuls of each other's hair.

The Students' Movement is now organized in more than 400 colleges. It was started in Philadelphia five years ago, and its purpose is defined as follows: "To organize the students in the universities and every great professional school, so that each college shall have suitable rooms for social and religious advantage, that young men coming as strangers to the city can be introduced into good homes, to attendance upon church, and to be surrounded by healthful, social and religious influences, and that the social and spiritual side of the student's life abould be looked after as carefully as intellectual."

Experiments are being rande with compressed hay soaked in la drying oil for paving blocks.

The statistics of life insurance scople show that within the last wenty-five years the average/of man's ife has increased five per cent., or two shole years, from 41.9 to 43.9 years,

The adoption of a universal postage damp, which can be used in any country, will be the most important proposal at the '97 Postal Congress in Washington, announces the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Brazil has long been having a revontion. Now the bill has been pretented. It is for \$40,000,000, and, actording to the San Francisco Examner, Brazil cannot helpebut wonder hriftily if she got enough fun for the

Census returns of the Indian Teritory show that out of its population, 178,097, only 25,055 are Indians, these belonging to the five civilized tribes-Chorokee, Chickasaw, Choclaw, Creeks and Seminoles. There tre 109,393 whites, and out of the lotal population 82,724 are women and girls.

The United States Entomological Commission has shown that our forest trees are hotels, where a multitude of instets board and lodge. The oak provides provision and a home for 309 species of insects and lodgings for 150 more. The elm makes full provision for the wants of sixty-one species and harbors thirty others. The pine bears the burden of supporting from its own vitality 151 species, while twenty more love its shady retreats.

M. Casimir-Perier, President of the French Republic, during his recent sour in the provinces, drove about in An especially constructed carriage the seat of which was so high that an ordinary person could scarcely reach it from the street. Any repetition of the Caserio incident would have been impossible. The President was always accompanied in his drives by a large force of gendarmes, and at the various railroad stations the public was carefully excluded from the platforms.

Colonel Dulier, a Belgian officer, has discovered that steam precipitates the soot of which smoke is composed, He has invented a chimney with two connected flues, into which two steam jets are passed. By this means he purifies the smoke. The soot is passed into the drains, where its disinfecting qualities are specially valuable. This invention can be applied at small cost to any building, and has been introduced with success in Glasgow. The London County Council is favorably impressed with it, and sanguine people hope it may be the means of delivering London from

The New York Tribune remarks: Among recent "silly season" topics in the London press was that of "mummy wheat" and its alleged germination. The discussion was, unlike most such, of real interest, for it revealed the fact that many people, including some with pretensions to scientific knowledge, actually do believe that grains of wheat taken from mummy cases and thousands of years old have sprouted, grown to stalk, and borne seed. Why not, they demand, when frogs and toads have been found alive after being imbedded in solid rock for thousands of years? And that such animals have thus been found, they have unquestioning confidence. Doubtless the one is as true and as reasonable as the other. But neither has the least foundation in fact. If a tond be found inbedded in coal, it must have lived in the earboniferous age, which was probably millions, rather than thousands, of years ago. But all animals of that age have long been extinct, while the toads alleged thus to have been found are identical in species with those of to-day. So it has come to pass that the alleged "mummy grain" which has actually sprouted and grown has been either oats or Indian corn, neither of which is indigenous to Egypt or was known there in the days of the Pharaohs. In the second place, it is a biological impossibility for animals thus to survive, and it is also a botanical impossibility for wheat thus to grow, for the germ is known, by actual observation to perish in about seven years, and finally, to clinch the matter, numerous experiments, conducted with all possible care, have proven that toads thus sealed up immediately and invariably perish, and numerous test plantings have been made of grains of wheat, peas, beans, lentils, almonds, peachpits, olives, dates, poppy seeds, etc.,

found in mummies and ancient tombs,

of which not one has over germinated.

A SONG OF THAIKSGIVING,

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

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Or when danger had lifted its hand, From the lips of the living There rang through the length of the land

A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Our home was a wilderness then 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 toll

For whate'er we have fought for Wanther born of the brain or the soil Be the meed we have sought for For the gifts we have had from His han I 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 POSTER



ELL, as long a 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 broker in health, as his stooping shoulders and attenuated frame showed. John Brand was a young giant of twentyeight, handsome, with a certain sav-age kind of beauty, for his straight black hair, heavy brows and piercing cyes made him look more like an Indian than a white man. There was a savage scowl on his face this morn ing, 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 mo ment, gently laying his band 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

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

"Here are the reins, father, said, and smiled up at him, brightly. She knew that he was greatly disappointed by John's refusal, although

the dinner, should brother Eben's hatred. folks be short; but there was plenty of room for John if he would go. The "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 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 Join's going off for him-self, so his father said, and John was accounted a fortunate fellow indeed

his father. John was slow to suspect the cause, although the neighbors, as for an instant did he think that his

dumb. He only looked his scorn,

anger and contempt, and from that day was a changed being.

His sociability and wit had enliv-ened almost every gathering of young people in the region since his arrival at manhood. These gatherings knew him no more. He refused every invi-tation, retired within himself and memory and himself.

He would not even attend his fath-or's wedding and when Mr. Brand brought his bride home all traces of his former wife-those little things which had become as familiar to him 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 sowed 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 mained entirely faithful to the dead.

solutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to

seemed, in fact, to have made him scene of John's labors and watched the into the woods. He followed them chips fly from the sticks with delight.

They seemed to fly all the faster the longer he watched them; but John

A few yards back from the road was paid no attention to his childish prattle the log on which little Billy had and his dark, scowling face soon drove seated himself to rest. When he arose

him away. It was quite a fortnight after 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 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 he climbed aboard and gathered up

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

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

from that he turned deeper into the woods instead of toward the road.

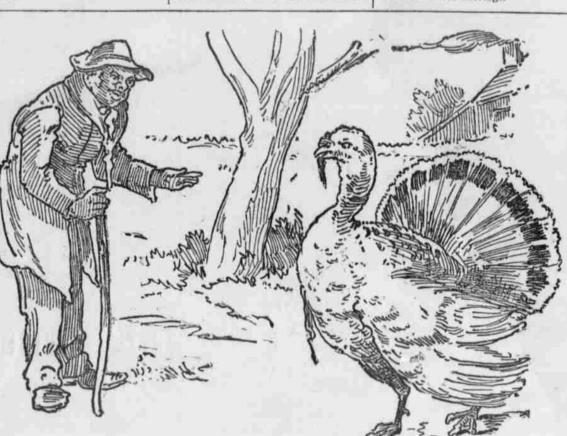
He shouted occasionally as he went

"Not on top of this load. You weigh so much that the horse couldn't draw it," growled John sarcastically.

But Billy took the reply in perfect good faith.

John found him flexing the cold lace of his little master where he lay curied at the foot of a great gnarled cak. There was a strange feeling at John Brand's heart as he picked the boy up and strode down the hillside in the soup out of these succulent bivalves.

back at him with a scowl and started hard and bitter feelings.



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

win his love, but to no avail, and be-fore a year of her married life had the little fellow from sight. passed she had something else to think she was rather glad herself to get of. A little baby came to the Brand away for one day from the surly house that John foresaw would eventually fill his place and possess his The back seat of the wagon was rights. John had passively endured was not about. He had not seen him driven back from the piled with extra wraps and hampers 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

little Billy grew up a strong, healthy ered. farmer turned and looked at him, but boy, never having seen an ill day in "Have you seen Billy?" asked his the axe was going faster and harder his short life. He was the child of step-mother, as John came in to dinthan ever, every blow saying as Farmer Brand's old age and before he plainly as could be: "I hate holidays!" Little Billy was impatient to the entire house and its contents—

He growled out a negative and sat days!" Little Billy was impatient to start so Mr. Brand reluctantly except John Brand. No amount of ready out hunting for the boy and He would not even touch the child.

for these six long years filled his heart | John eat his dinner moodily and apon this Thanksgiving morning as he parently undisturbed. stood gazing after the departing "Rish says she thought he followed 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 giving merrymaking except his own in after an unsuccessful search of the ugly feelings, for the farm work was premises. "Didn't you see him?" all finished and everything made ship"No, I haven't seen the brat!" reall finished and everything made shipshape for winter. There was wood enough cut already to last an ordinary lifetime, but there was a certain flerce pleasure for him in forcing the pitifully as he said in a broken voice : axe into the knotty sticks.

He worked moodily on till noon, then fed the stock, and after locking the house went down to the village tavern and eat his dinner there.

to the farmhouse. He did the chores mother, and went to bed before the others ar-

everything in its fleecy covering, axe was cutting the threads which drifted over fences and across the publie roads, became crusted hard and But a change began to come over snowed again, repeating the perform- dering about in this weather, and he, ance until it lay three or four feet John Brand, would be his murderer deep all over the country side. Farmer neighbors will, saw and understood it Brand shelled corn or smoothed axe unable to endure this self-torture from the first. John had been so helves and hoe handles in the kitchen longer. He unchained Guard, and wrapped up in his mother that never corner; John chopped wood all day with hasty strides started off down long as though he had taken a confather might see some other woman whom he might wish to make his wife. It therefore came like a thunder-clap Scotch collie, played in the snow and little Billy must have turned out of when the farmer told him that he was came in rosy-checked and panting the wagon-track. about to marry a neighboring fermer's after his frolic with never a suspicion daughter, a young woman not much of "eroup"—that bane of children more than half his age.

The young wife did all she could to the horses into a brisk trot. Before many minutes a turn in the road hid

more about the child.

At noon when he arrived home Billy He hoped that it would die, but about the house, as he soon discov-

He growled out a negative and sat i coaxing baby ways won his heart, after putting the food on the table John simply hated him the more for Mrs. Brand threw a shawl over her being so pretty and sweet-tempered. head and went outside, too. It was bitter cold and the first snow flakes of All the bitterness he had cherished the coming storm were in the air.

"Rish says she thought he followed

Mrs. Brand began to cry and the old man's weather-beaten face worked "Don't take on so, 'Rish. I'll get the neighbors roused and we'll find

conded his son, surlily.

him, so don't you worry," He hurried out on this mission and John soon followed him, unable to It was almost dark when he returned stand the accusing looks of his step-

A half-dozen neighbors responded rived-little Billy wild with delight to the call for searchers and started over the festivities of the day, Mrs. out in different directions, expecting Brand smiling and happy, and her to find the child somewhere near th husband with a sore spot in his old house. He certainly couldn't have heart for his eldest son.

He certainly couldn't have gone far in the snow. John attacked Winter came quickly after that the woodpile more fiercely than ever, Thanksgiving. The snow wrapped feeling as though every blow of his bound little Billy to this life. The child could not live many hours wan-

Suddenly he threw down his axe,

John did not oppose the union by plants.

Words. His father's determination Sometimes Billy stopped near the footprints where he had turned saide lunch days in the whole year?

Giant though he was in strength and endurance he had to fight for each to prepare properly. For a good sized 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 chestnuts, or French marrons, as they it," muttered John and thought no than his own that he at last reached are called; peel them and cook them the farmhouse and was helped inside in a steamer until tender enough to by the anxious men who had been stick a fork through; then put them

He had a very dim recollection a gone back again. But he was not to how he got there, but some time chopped parsley; soften with cream later he found himself lying on the old and stuff the turkey. Oysters added settle in the comney 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 his stepmother, tearful and smiling, was holding little Billy in her arms.

> ily. "Yes, thanks to the Almighty and to you, my son," replied his father reverently, and John smiled. It was late, indeed, but this was John Brand's Thanksgiving.

"Is he all right?" asked John husk-

Giving Thanks for Turkey.

We're thankful for the things we cat, We're thankful for the things we eat, The coysters with the turkey ment. The health we have, the sweet content With blessings which to us are sent The golden, glorious pumpkin pies, The hope of heaven beyond the skies The sweet potatoes, piping hof. 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 beef, the parsnip brown, The cross that must precede the crows The cross that must procede the crown.
The butter served in pots of gold.
On paneakes of beroic mold:
The wide expanse of all things good,
No wise less toothsoms, though they're rude.
And last of all, our dinner done, We hasten to give thanks as one For medicine to pull him through, —W. J. Lampson.

Thankful,

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife, "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the last thing, making it the consistency

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply; "I ever went to a football game in my 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' Day, anyhow!" exclaimed Plodding Pete in a discontented tone.

"What's the good of it?" och after his frolic with never a suspicion of "croup"—that bane of children 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 dressooking for. There were the child's Thanksgivin's one of the biggest free ing; vinegar and salt may be added to

DAY OF FEASTING.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Approved Recipes for the Great American Feast Day - Eoast Turkey and Stuffing -Pumpkin Ple.

THANKSGIVING is a purely American feast day. It is a day dedicated not only to the the reins Billy came round the corner higher ground and found that the is nothing which will inspire one to a feeling of thorough content and good boy had climbed the mountain side.

Finally Guard bounded away with a short, sharp bark, and hurrying on John found him licking the cold face

The New York Herald gives its read-

observe the following directions: mpty?" he asked.

The wind had risen to a gale and Have two nice agate or porcelain lined howled and shrieked through the saucepans, one for milk and the other though he had no right to complain.

The things had been more John's than his, for John was the one who had restarted bravely in the rear, although it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peck-At first this new wife tried her best to gain John's favor; but the young man repelled all her advances and never spoke to her unless he was ab-He was cold himself. John Brand other saucepan put the liquor from the hard snow and the little figure could never remember being so two quarts of oysters, leaving the oystrudged sturdily along in the rear. no one unless forced to. He even carried his clothing to an old lady in the neighborhood to be mended, rather than have Mrs. Brand touch his he gradually fell behind. John looked part of the range, and as soon as the seum 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 cloves 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 pau, 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 turkey that is not well done is a miserable 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

Chestunt and Oyster Stuffing-Chestnut stuffing is delicious, but is more expensive than the bread crumbs and requires a good deal of care and pains driven back from the search some time in a bowl and mash them as you would potatoes. Season well with butter, salt and pepper, a bit of onion and ovster stuffing.

Chicken Pie-Cut a large, tender chicken in smaller pieces than for fricasseeing! put in a stow pan with half an onion, season with salt, cover with water and let it cook till tender; line a deep baking dish with a biscurt 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 a chopping bowl half of an onion, a sprig of parsley and a good sized stalk of celery; chop there 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 sait; sweeten with half molasses and half sugar; season well with powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and atlspice; add the milk the of a thick batter; pour it in the pie pan, a'ready 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 colory in small dice and when ready to serve