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RATES OF ADVERTISING

THANKSGIVING.

That fields have yielded ample store Of fruit and wheat and corn, That nights of restful blessedness Have followed each new morn: That flowers have blossomed by the paths That love has filled us with deligie We offer heartfelt praise,

What shall we say of sorrow's hours, Of hunger and denial, Of tears, and loneliness, and lose, Of long and bitter trial? Oh, in the darkness have not we Feen new, resplendent stars? Have we not learned some song of faith Within our prison hars?

Not only for the earth's rich gifts, Strewn thick along our way, Her looks of constant leveliness, We thank our God to-day: But for the spirit's subtle growth, The higher, better part, The treasures gathered in the soul-The harvest of the heart

-Mary F. Butts.

### THE LOST THIMBLE.

"DOCE'S" THANKSGIVING DAY STORY.



quilting bee. n special effort

at the "bee," and the unqualifiedly Why, it almost broke her heart.
dominant manner in which they took "Of course she called Chris,

fair and handsome, with dancing eyes and a gracious presence, wherever she holidays, and then the neighbors were and they said she had made her bed went. She had left her place at the sure had taken the thimble. blue quilt in the sitting room and joined herself to the circle sewing on

"Well," said Dock, "she's Belle,

Someway, far back in my boyhood to say Chris was the best cradler in in there. La! I've heard my mother memory, in the fair days when this West Township. Just before the war, tell time and again about that night. member little about him beyond his Ellis's he would be a model citizen. ing, about 5 o'clock, and along about name, but that was clear enough. Oh, yes; it stuck to him. It followed 8 my mother was sitting in front of fancied Dock had something to say stealing anything. They never forget men about people being rich if they about the woman, and I told him I re- it. membered.

"That woman," he continued, "will be twenty-four next Thursday. That is, she was born on Thanksgiving night twenty-four years ago. The day of the month changes every year, of course, but they always count Thanksgiving as her birthday. Yes, it was Chris's notion. He was an old genius, if you remember him. Well,

"You know when Chris was a boy, along about fourteen years old, reckon, he made his home at Grandma Ellis's place. You know the farm. Big, old-fashioned frame house, fire places, and all that. Well, Grandma Ellis was one of the best housekeepers in the country; made the best bread -hop-yeast bread, you know. And she was a great sewer. When she was married her husband gave her a gold thimble. It was made from a \$5 gold piece he earned driving cattle from Ohio to Baltimore long, long agobefore there were any railroads.

"Of course she prized the thimble. Five dollars was a good deal of money then; and, besides, it was a wedding present. She used it off and on all her life after that, and there wasn't a thing in the house she thought so

"it was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, and of course it was baking day. Wednesday was baking day just as much as Monday was wash Grandma had been sewing some buttons on Chris's jacket, and when she got it done she called him to put it ou, and then she went out to get her hops and scald them and set her

"She kept her hops, just as all the old housekeepers did those days, in a Brazil Bradley came home on furbag that would hold about half a bush- lough he said Chris was a good penel, and it hung in the woodhouse just outside the kitchen door. She put in cer if it hadn't been for that gold felt something hard in the hop bag. her hand, took up about the right thimble. He was a big, fine looking But then she had felt something hard quantity, shook it free from the loose, fellow, but of course every one in the in the bottom of that bag for years, pains. quart cup and poured boiling water seemed to hurt his chances.

"But the hop bag was pretty nearly empty. That made her think of the couldn't undo that act he could at leas substance again, and thought, while new erop. Chris had gathered them get along without repeating it. He the bag was nearly empty shy would have and hopeful for the future.—
about a week before, and they were lywas wounded one time and came home empty it entirely, and shake it out. American Agriculturist. ing spread out on the end of the work - on sick furlough and got several re- And when she shook it, down smong bench in the woodhouse; so she gathered them up and put them in the hop they left him just before they enlisted. old gold thimble. It had been fifteen ered them up and put them in the hop big. I suppose those old women Some one told them about the gold never run out of kops. The supply thimble, and they said they didn't might run out by fall, but they are want to have any thief pulling them before Thanksgiving, when she had always stocked up again. And the bag around over the country, finished sewing buttons on Chris's would last a lifetime. "When the war over Chris came jacket, and had gone to get hops for

she told Chris to go and split some the thick woods. It seems he had kindling and get the wood ready for a been saving his money all through the "Christ Why when he saw what it fire in her outdoor oven. Lord! I time he was in the service, and when was, and knew how much finding it



The Son-"Pa, what's that like that for? Looks like mourning." Old Man (with a shudder)- "Perhaps it is, my son, Your mother died or erably out of that day last year."--Truth.

me, and the right to be, for the bread she made tolks joked him a good deal about a hostess made there was the best in the country.

ment, but it sewing; but she couldn't find her thimseemed all the ble. No, sir; she couldn't find it any time as just where, high nor low. That gold thimone more reminder of my unfortunate ble! Why, it wouldn't have troubled sex; my inability to thread a needle, her much more if the house had and my ignorance of "log cabin" and burned down. She could have lost all other quilting.

The cows or the horses, or could have and a good farmer; and of course no borne a drought that destroyed the one had anything but kind words for Dock recognized something of the borne a drought that destroyed the one had anything but kind words for same thing. Though it was his own crops. But that gold thimble, made him. Only that old matter of the house, and though he was confessedly from her husband's \$5 piece and prea "lady's man," the number of them sented to her on her wedding day!

"Of course she called Chris, but he possession of the premises, tamed said he hadn't seen it. She didn't like him somewhat; and he was content to to suspect him, but she could hardly retire with me to a quiet place in the help it. And when she had looked

I did in a way. Even as he spoke the woman passed laughing through the room—large of figure, graceful, ways had heard he was light fingered. She knew the story as well as anyone else did. They made the room—large of figure, graceful, ways had heard he was light fingered. And he left Grandma Ellis along about

"But he didn't go out of the neighborhood. He got another place to man in West Township had a better live, and he worked there that winter home than she had. Why, he was a and the next summer-worked there | model husband. the daughter of Chris Chaffee. You four or five years, I guess. He was a ought to remember Chris," four or five years, I guess. He was a born—Belle, that's now Mrs. Harney there was a Chris Chaffee. I could re taken that gold thimble of Grandma The baby was born Thanksgiving evenmemory holds to the names. Still I the country for a boy to get caught her knees, and talking with the wo-

> "Grandma Ellis was awful sorry. steady boy, and willing, if there ever | Chris Chaffee's house. And she would have done

stess made there was the best in the country.

pecial effort entertain and Grandma Ellis went back to her honsekeeper; but he didn't seem to find a wife. He always said he wasn't in a hurry, but we all knew it was the women that wasn't in a hurry.

"Of course he was respected and trusted and all that. His credit was good at any of the stores in town, and if he went bail on a note it was good anywhere. He was quiet and orderly thimble would keep coming up. know a country neighborhood don't change very rapidly. And when a story fastens once on a man it hangs there as long as he lives.

"I know he used to try and get better acquainted with the women, but "You know that Mrs. Harney they introduced you to, a little bit ago," he said; and I admitted that I remembered her.

"Well, the neighbors heard of it and so would go with him a time or two she would go with him a time or two she would hear that story, and hear it from so many that she would quit him. And he was thirty years old when he finally married."

"Well, the neighbors heard of it are care. She didn't believe it anyway.

"But I bet you there wasn't a wo-

are born late in the month, when they heard the front gate open. You al-

"And the dog barked and the women anything for him. Lots of times she sat still and listened, and they heard tried to be friends with him, but he a stumbling walk along the path, and



was kind of shy. The neighbors told Chris got up from where he had been

she was any worse off." war broke out, and I guess he made a ma Ellis, with the gold thimble in her good soldier. Now and then letters came home telling about the boys man, and he might have been an offi-

went on and seemed to think if he with fresh hops, and had felt the hard they left him just before they enlisted.

"While she was setting her yeast back and bought a farm up here in her bread." remember that old oven well. It was be came out he had something. He meant to Granding Edie, he just gath. Gazar.

her she better leave him alone before sitting by the head of his wife's bed, but before he could cross the room the "He went into the army when the door opened, and there stood Grand-

"Yes, sir; that same old gold thimwedding day.

t this Thursday - Thanksgiving "But he didn't complain. He just Day-she had started to fill the bag years in the bottom of that hop bag. She had dropped it in there ! finished sewing buttons on Chris's athletics."

> "What did Chris do?" said I. "Chris! Why when he saw what

her to a chair, and told her to never mind; he knew she would find it some

ered her up in his arms and carried

"But it is a good long walk from the Grandma Ellis place down to Chris Chaffee's farm, isn't it?" said I. "Seven mile," said Dock. "You

see she found it along late in the afternoon. Grandpa Ellis had been dead a good many years, and she was hiring a man to work the place for ber, and she couldn't leave home till she had got his supper. And he didn't want the horses to go out till next morning, because he had been haulng wood all day. He offered to take he thimble to Chaffee's for her, but the wouldn't let him. She said she must take it herself. She never could est or sleep till she did. But she was crying a good deal, and he thought she would put it off till daylight, and then he would give her a horse. "But she couldn't wait, and after

supper she started out and walked every step of that seven miles, and cried herzelf to sleep in the spare bed at Chris's house and slept there till next morning. She didn't live long after that—four or five years—but she worried over the thimble till she died. I guess she left Chris some money, but I don't think he has ever used it He had all he wanted when they took that stain from his lip. They elected him township trustee the next year. of brick, of course, and with an arched boarded at Hi Rank's place and cleared roof, plastered and whitewashed, and up his land. And then he built a she was proud of it. And she had a house there, and furnished it, and hear a young woman." near a young woman."

"Well, we're done with the red quilt," called a cheery voice from the lips like cherries, and a large, fine figure, with a grace of movement and a charm of speech that are rare among

"Where's your cat, Dock?" she de manded, brimming with mischief.
"We must toss the cat in the red quilt. It wouldn't be a complete quilting if we didn't toss the cat."

"I'll get the cat if you'll show me your thimble," said Dock.

And she handed him a rather large but thin and much worn thimble, made of gold and marked on the inner rim with shallow traces of what had once

been the inscription: "Wedding gift -Ella Ellis-1845." She looked in my eyes and knew I had heard her father's story. And she took the thimble again and said: "It was my birthday present from Grandma Ellis Thanksgiving night-

oh, ever so many years ago.' And then she carried her smile and her laugh and her gracious presence among the women again-a perpetual Thanksgiving wherever she went.

# The American Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is purely an American holiday, original in conception and growing from a small beginning until it has reached the dignity of a National event. Its first celebration memory, in the fair days when this was my home neighborhood and these when he was grown up, I heard a man people were familiar figures in life, say one time if Chris Chaffee hadn't so were two or three other women.

The baby was born Thanksgiving even the respondence of the resp honored themselves by honoring their to manliness and nobility. -- Harper's Deity. The custom soon became more Bazar. general, spreading over all the New Thirty years may erase much, but him. You see it's a serious thing in the fire holding that fat little girl on England States. After the revolution it gradually extended to the Middle States and later to the West, growing more slowly in the South. In 1863 Lincoln forever established it in the She always would say Chris was a ways could hear that front gate at list of holidays by proclaiming a day of Thankegiving, his action being promptly followed by the individual proclamation of the Governors of the tates, who named the same day. Since then, by common consent, the first announcement of the day is found in the President's proclamation, and but what is your directest route the day so named is also named by the home?"

> In many ways Thanksgiving is one of our most delightful events. It comes at a time when the rigors of at our disposal all the varied products of the soil, and the time for a season of partial rest for the farmer is at hand. One of the most delightful features, which has become quite general, is the cathering together under the old rooftree of all the scattered sons and daughters on this day. Two, three and sometimes four generations thus meet around the festive and hospitable table of the old homestead, and thus fraternal ties are strengthened and filial piety encouraged.

Another and not less commendable feature of this holiday is a practical benevolence which has become very leaving the prison walls. notable. Poor people, to whom good dinner is a rarity, are hunted so far as its festive features are concomeless are, for the day, made memwhere they can join in the pleasures. their home to Boston. Altogether, this is perhaps its best as that which comes to us from the "She could scarcely speak. She knowledge that we have done a real had baked the day before, and had kindness to some of the suffering children of earth—in some way The may of less Ting draweth nigh, alleviated their sorrows or eased their And scores of Turkoys soon must die,

Last, but not least, the devotional And staff it f I lief this and that. spirit which is the impelling motive of the day, is encouraged and developed, we learn to be more contented with our lot, thankful for what we ask friends and K indred all to come have and houseful for the future. And spend Than K siving at your home

Thanksgiving Day Exercise, Perley-"Hullo, Jinx! going to take Thanksgiving Day off?" Jinx-"Yes. Going to devote it to

Pericy-"Good, What kind? Golf Humorous Man to the Thanksgiving or football?" Jiux-"Neither. I going to carve There's corried for your "- Harper's

THE TUSKEY'S LAMEUT. I wish I was a little mouse,



A katydid, so shiny; Oh, anything this time of year Except a healthy turkey!

In what penury, what hardship what sense of exile, what darkness o bereavement, what dependence upon the Divine hand and gratitude for its bounty, were the earliest Thanksgiv-ings kept! The story of the Plymouth colony can never be too often recalled by Americans. For uncomplaining fortitude, for sturdy endurance, for strength that knew no faltering, for splendid faith and undaunted heroism. that story has no equal on the page of history. Many delicate women died in those first years, but we never read that they weakened in courage while they lived. Theirs was the underlyparlor, and here came Mrs. Harney-parlor, and here came Mrs. Harney-Belle Chaffee that was, with fair celebrate the Pilgrim Fathers, women should forever keep green the mem-

ory of the heroic Pilgrim Mothers.
We like to think of the group which assembled at those Paritan dinner tables in those far away days. The harvests were reaped; the churches and the school houses were built; the children were brought up in the fear of God. In the cold meeting house on the top of the nearest hill there had been a long service, prayers, psalms, sermons, and all of a generous prodi-gality of time to which we in our religious services of to-day are strangers. Then came the unbending, the

lavish dinner, the frolic of the little ones, the talk beside the fire, when the parents drew upon the reminiscences of fair England, or of Holland by the sea.

Many a trothplight was spoken in the twilight of Thanksgiving Day. Youths and maidens then, as youths and maidens still, met and fell in love. The beautiful story which never grows old was told by the ardent suitor to the blushing girl in the Puritan home, as in our households yet.

"Long was the good man's sermon, But it seemed not so to me, For he spake of Buth the beautiful, And then I thought of thee."

After all, the world changes little in essentials as time passes. The girl will wear her blue or ber orange a few days later this year, but on Thanks-

# A Thanksgiving Game.

The game proceeds after this fashion : A map is held by the judge, usually a grown person, or an older child; then, two children are chosen and placed in

separate corners. Says the judge: 'Now, Carrie, you represent New York in that corner, and Richard, you are in Moscow, imprisoned; you want to get away and reach home by Thanksgiving Day. You have got from behind the walls-

Then Richard has to tell each sea, country and ocean he crosses to get home for the turkey and eranberry sauce. If he can't do it successfully, winter are not yet at hand. We have he must remain right on the spot on the floor where he stopped until he

thinks out his escape.
Other members of the game are placed in prison at various parts of the country. The favorite jails are now located in China and Japan on account of the interest in the war. A leading question is "it you were put in a Yokohama prison, how would you get back to Pekin?"

Soon the room becomes filled with prisoners, alktrying to get home; half of them are "stalled" in the center trying to think of the boundary line which brings freedom, others are just

When the game has been played frequently, those who join in get very out, and in an unostentatious way are | familiar with the junction of countries helped to properly observe the day, and learn many straight lines and clever jumps that had not appeared cerned. The sick and suffering are fessible before. For those who are remembered in various ways. The not quite conversant with geography, easy tasks are given; for instance, bers of some hospitable household, be placed in a Paris prison and find

Some large games are to be arfrom Marshall County, and nearly al-ways Chris was mentioned. When his 85 gold piece, and gave her on her ing, none which affords such real joy. prisons successfully.

With fruits and be R ries sauces make And add prose R ves and pies and cakes. Let not the car E s of life distress, But MH each gu E st with happiness Bovive the jo Y sof youthful days, And for the Y blessings offer praise

Seasonable Aid. "I would like to make your last hours comfortable," remarked the

Turkey; "what can I do for you?" "Thanks, awfully," answered the array I reised myself, for ten people. Thanksgiving Turkey; "if you will be reasonable for your"-Haryer's fornish the chestnuts, I'll do the rast,"- Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Mail bags an now be taken on and delivered from trains running at sixty miles an hour.

The effect of electric currents on German silver and alloy of gold and silver is to render those metals brittle. The nerves of warm-blooded animals,

says a scientific authority, telegraph information to their brains at the rate of about 150 feet per second. The greatest transmission of power

by a wire rope is at Schaffhausen; by means of it 600 horse power is transmitted to a distance of a mile. Sir William Turner has compiled a

table which shows that a whale of fifty tons weight exerts 145-horse power in swimming twelve miles an hour. Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not

be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboars. Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3600 feet; in Brazil,

at 5000 feet; in the Caucasus, at 8000; in Abyssinia, at 10,000; in Peru and Bolivia, at 11,000. Fruit cools the blood, cleans the teeth and aids digestion. Those who

can't eat it miss the benefit of perhaps the most medicinal food on nature's bill of fare. A chemical torch, which ignites when wet, is a novel German invention. It

is intended for life-buoys, which are thus made visible at night when thrown to persons overboard. A match cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,-000 a day, and then arranges them

over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed. The German Government has just

purchased an electric flag designed for night use. The flag is four metresquare, and the design is traced in colored electric lamps, which are lighted by a wire from the deck.

A process that is claimed to render thread and fabrics absolutely nonshrinkable has been devised by Messrs. Mathelin, Floquet and Bonnet. The old alumins or sulphate of alumins process is combined with treatment with carbonate of soda solution and the use of steam. To its fixing property the steam adds the advantages of increasing the degree of solution of the alumina salts, and of removing all greasy feeling of the treated fabrics.

## Ingenious Advertising.

A citizen with a swollen jaw was hastening along one of the principal streets of the city, when a sign in front of a tall building caught his attention. It was as follows:

"Painless Extraction Of Teeth Free." He stopped long enough to note the number of the floor on which the business indicated by the sign was carried on and then hurried inside and

made his way to the dental parlors. "Is this the place where you pull eth without pain free? "Yes, sir," said one of the painless

extractors on duty. "Well, I've got a grinder that's been giving a good deal of trouble. I wish

you'd yank it out. The sufferer took his place in the chair and opened his mouth. Toe operator, after applying to the swollen gum a pungent lotion of some sort, speedily relieved him of the offending molar.

"Thanks," said the caller, climbing down and picking up his hat. "That will be lifty cents," remarke ! the dentist.

"Fifty cents?" echoed the other. "I thought it was free. That's wha you told me a minute ago, and it's what you say on your sign. "Just so. Did it hurt you any?"

"Yes, it hurt a little." "That's right. We do our painless extracting free, exactly as we claim. When it hurts we charge for it. Fifty cents, please."-Chicago Tribune.

# Revolutions in the Industrial World.

Change of fashion has caused many revolutions in the industrial world, In the days of erinoline and flounce the manufacturers of hoop-skirts con stituted an important branch of the industrial community. When fashion ordsined that women should dresmore sensibly those who made a liv ing by making hoop-skirts were thrown out of employment, and were compelled to seek other means to earn

In very recent years a caprice of

fashion had the effect of disturbing and for a time practically annihilating an industry that gave remanerative employment to thousands. It was an edict that issued from the salous of France about a dozen years ago pro hibiting the use of ostrich feathers as an article of adornment for the hats of women. As they had been in at most universal use before, feather curling had become a recognized branch of skilled labor, in which great number of girls were engage The establishments that employed them were forced to shut down on ac count of the change of fashion, and they were left without an occupation But it was only for a time. The whiel gig of fashion has again glided into the forsaken track, and the leather curlers have returned to their bouches. New York News.

# She Owned the Eatly.

George Forbes, the engineer of the Niagara Electric Company, says h once lived in a house belonging to on of the Porter family, who have long owned most of the property near th falls. A Miss Parter was ones travel ing in Europe, and at the table a hore her neighbor said: "O, if you are as American I suppose you have seen N. She turned to her it quirer and fixing him with her eyes and said: "I own them?"- San Francisco

OMNIA MUTANTUR, 1795.

A drowsy drone: A garden sweet; And, all alone.

In kirtle neat, So deft and prim, To guide the reel With sunshine in her dove-like eyes, The maid Priscilla daily piles

Her wheel. A nolsy street, Or lane or park,

Where exclists meet, By day or dark; In bloomers clad, From head to heel, And resolution in her eyes The modern maiden deftly plies

Her wheel. -Monroe H. Besenfeld.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The peculiarity of good music is that it seldom sounds so. - Puck. Steam is an insolent servant, for it

often blows up its master. - The Waterbury. He (in the drapery line)-"Er-haven't we met before?" She-"Yes,

on the last remnant day." -St. James's Budget. She who can successfully manage a hired girl is better than she who altereseth the multitude. —West Union

Gazette. Mamme-"Johnny, why don't you eat your oatmeal?" Johnny (who

has been visiting)-"Oh, it tastes so economical!"-Puck. "Take away woman," shouled the orator, "and what would follow?" 'We would." said a man at the back of the audience, promptly. - Tit-Bits.

the audience, prompey,
When people fall in love forday,
And all is rivalry and mirth,
It's two hearis with a single thought;
Oh! how much is the other worth?
—Puck.

Watts—"Did you ever know of any one dying for love?" Potts—"One: I knew a fellow who starved to death after being refused by an heiress."-

Indianspolis Journal. Mamma-"Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the store room?" Willie--"They are with the gingerbread that was in the cunboard."

-Pittsburg Bulletin. "How vain you are, Effle, looking at yourself in the glass." "Vain, Aunt Emma? Me vain? Way, I don't think myself half as good looking as I really am."-Panch.

ate bill, should I say 'Dear Mr. Bray'?" Mamma-''Certainly, un ler the circumstances."-Tit-Bite. "Hello, Jasmun, where are you living now?" "With my wife, of course." "And where is your wife

Daughter-"Mamma, if I must

write to Mr. Bray about his extortion-

living?" "Oh-er-why-with her father."-Cincinnati Tribume. From each the solemn statement course On highway and on byway There's but one way to run this earth,

And that, of course, is "my way."

—Puck, An Important Point: The Deacon's Wife-"I hope you have been careful about the new minister's qualifiestions?" The Deacon-"Yes, we made

him define exactly what he meant by 'a few words.' "-Brooklyn Life. "I want to get out at Fleicher street," said a small boy to a street car conductor the other night. "What do you say?" asked the conductor, not understanding what he said. "Please," responded the youngster,

flushing slightly. - Lowell Citizen. Said an ancient spinster belie, of As she with her escent stood.

While the rain in terrents fell:
"This reminds me of the flood."
"Oh," said he, in accents brave,
"What a memory you have."
—Detroit Free Press.

Elsie-"Yes, dear, my husban I is a doctor, and a lovely fellow; but he is awinlly absent-minded." Ada-"In-deed!" Elsie-"Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." Ada-"Well, he won't do the latter

again."-Tit-Bits. "Smith is walking around to-day as if he were walking on eggs." "He needs to." "What ails him?" "Why, last night after he had gone to bed he remembered that he should have taken some quinine capsules. He got up in the dark and took 'em. This morning he discovered that he had swallowed three twenty-two caliber revolver cartridges."-Chicago Record.

# Peculiarity of the Mocking Bird.

The most remarkable thing about amocaing bird is its way of laying outa range. In the autumn it goes South and establishes itself on a piece of ground that will yield berries and other food enough to last until spring. The tract is determined with as much accuracy as a mining prospector would use in staking out a claim. Perhaps it may be only fifty yards square, and it may have a length and breadth of as much as 100 yards. The space depends mainly upon the food supply in sight, but the mocking bird is a great glutton and wants ten times the quantity that would be necessary to keep him alive. Having laid out his range, the owner will defend it with his life, and no other fruit eating bird is allowed to enter it .- Chicago Times-Herald.

# A King's Irresistible Argument,

Frederick the Great's father was in the habit of kicking the shins of those who differed from him in argument. One day he asked a courtier if he agreed with him on some discussed

"Sire," he returned, "it is impossihle to hold a different opinion from a king who has such strong convictions and wears such think hoods "-Argo-