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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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Mr. Gladstone has been giving "huffy" to the Welsh folks. He says that they are the most musical people in the world.

The number of cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants is exactly the same—twenty-seven—in Germany and the United States.

The statistician of the Horsehoes Protective Association shows that, despite the bicycle craze, there are more horses in the country than ever.

Agriculture furnished sixty-three per cent of total United States exports in eight months ended August 31, a slightly smaller proportion than a year before.

The anniversary of the coronation of the Sultan of Turkey was celebrated the other day. From signs in the air it may be the last, predicts the New Orleans Picayune.

The total number of failures for the first nine months of 1896 was the largest on record and exceeded the number of the worst nine months of the panic year, 1893.

The statistics show that the British Empire not only purchases more of our goods than any other country, but also sells us a larger proportion of the goods we buy than any other.

The Legislature of Vermont is composed of 126 farmers, forty storekeepers, fourteen lawyers and the rest "scattering"—a notable preponderance of farmers and scarcity of lawyers.

A great many students live in New Haven, Conn., and take the full college course at Yale on three hundred dollars per annum, which includes board and room for forty weeks and free tuition.

Is there a conspiracy against the pupils of the Indian schools? asks the Chicago Record. The Government has just ordered for them 68,000 pounds of dried peaches, 75,000 pounds of dried apples and 82,000 pounds of prunes!

Henceforth horseshoeing must be ranked among the professions, announces the New York Tribune. At any rate no one is to be permitted to engage in this vocation without having submitted to an examination before a board of experts representing the State.

Commenting on the recent launch of a heavily-armed United States "revenue cutter" for use on the great lakes, the Montreal Gazette says that in this matter the United States and the American Governments "are in about the same position. They have both gone as far as the limitations of the treaty will allow, and it is evident that in the case of Great Britain the United States Government is sailing very close to the wind. It is, of course, perfectly fair and right that each Government should make adequate arrangements for the protection of the fisheries and kindred purposes; but whoever goes a step further is no friend either of the Dominion of Canada or of the United States."

In the Postmaster General's report for the last fiscal year a number of interesting figures are given, showing the cost of our enormous mail system. The total expenditures for the year aggregated \$90,626,269, against receipts amounting to only \$82,499,308. These figures reveal a deficit of \$8,127,088, which, however, is less than the shortage for the year preceding by \$1,679,956. The report further shows that 4,184,327 special delivery letters passed through the mails during the year. The average time required for the delivery of these letters was only seventeen minutes. The net profit of the system for the year was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The number of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued during the year reached the enormous sum of 4,195,665,523, showing an increase of seven per cent over the preceding year. The value of this entire supply is fixed at \$79,178,101, or \$740,000 less than actual sales. The increase of second class mail matter was nearly twelve per cent during the year. The total weight of all the bundles was 349,000,000 pounds. The total number of registered packages sent through the mails was 15,106,336. Some idea of the vast proportions of our postal system may be derived from the foregoing figures.



At the gateway of the winter now comes Thanksgiving tide, In the glory of its atmosphere, its pie and turkey pride.

And it is most becoming that its cheer should far and wide abound, Even going to the humblest home where'er it may be found.

In olden time Thanksgiving was for harvest poor or good, The corn, the pumpkin, wheat, and all that gave a livelihood.

For poor returns the Pilgrims held up their hands in prayer, Far greater thanks we thank be that live in these glorious days.

Then welcome be Thanksgiving with its manifold feasts and joys; Under many a homestead roof now gather the girls and boys;

And though some of us fall somewhat in harvest when we strive, We should be thankful for our hopes, and that we are alive.

Then pass around the turkey, the mince and apple pie; Don't slight the poor and needy if in wisdom you'll be wise.

To relieve distress our people have only to be told, For Lord be thanked the human heart is yet as good as gold!

—Edward S. Creamer.

A Thanksgiving Rescue.

BY GEORGE L. KEMMER. In the height of a terrible blizzard of snow and sleet late on Thanksgiving Eve, 1889, the propeller Calumet, from Buffalo for Milwaukee with eighteen souls on board, came to grief on stormy Michigan.

saying: "There is a large steamer ashore of Fort Sheridan. Come!" Lawson hurried to the railway station and asked what time the next train would go north. "Not before 7.30 a. m.," was the reply. There was one chance left, a very faint one considering the terror of the night. Thinking that there might be an extra freight train on the road Lawson wired the dispatcher at Chicago and learned that an extra, or "wildcat train," would pass Evanston about 2 o'clock. Stating the urgency of the case, he obtained an order to flag it and place his life-saving apparatus and crew on board.



Galantly the lifeboat rode the breakers until she came to a sand bar over which the waves broke with tremendous power. An immense breaker lifted the boat upon her stern and almost threw her overboard. Before he could recover and head the boat to sea a second wave struck her broadside and filled her to the thwart.



arrived, drawn by steaming, foaming horses, at 7 o'clock. It was then light enough to make out the plight of the men on the ill-fated Calumet. They were seen huddled in and about the pilot house, the only place of refuge, for the steamer was submerged to the main deck. Moreover, she was literally a ship of ice, having been deluged for ten hours with water that left layer upon layer wherever it struck.

It is needless to recount the details of the second and third trips to and from the steamer. The same fearful difficulties were met and overcome; again and again the life craft seemed to be doomed as she stood almost upright when mounting the huge crest of a breaker or sank out of sight in the hollows between the angry waves.

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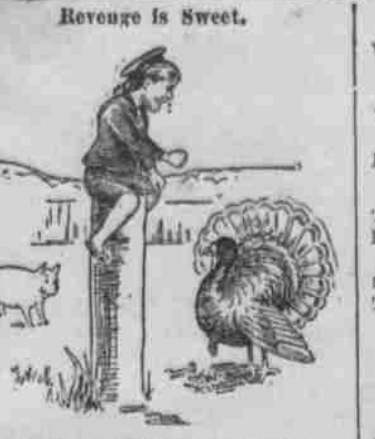
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THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

A Kentucky Turkey Pen Ships Thirty Thousand Birds to Market. Few of us who visit around the Thanksgiving board pause to think of the vast number of turkeys that are necessary to supply the demand on this National holiday.

The origin of the turkey is lost in the traditions of the red men, who hunted the wild bird long before the pale face had domesticated it or made the famous proposition, after a day's hunt, in which a buzzard and a wild turkey constituted the amount of game killed.

When the tables were spread in the warm barracks kitchen of Fort Sheridan that afternoon there were eighteen grateful strangers reclining upon their hospital cots around the Thanksgiving board—eighteen unexpected but for all that thrice welcomed Thanksgiving guests.

Usually in the Thanksgiving gathering together of families there are a host of young folk who need to entertain themselves. One game requires children who are "up" in geography; still, if need be, it is a lesson in the disguise of pleasure.

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

The eagle has the laugh on the turkey at Thanksgiving time. Only the sultan believes that no one could ever have too much turkey. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de bones dat has de biggest fan lies an de little's turkey seesus ter hab de moos' Thanksgiving in 'em."

BABY'S DREAMS.

What dreams, where memory has no share, As free from fear as void of care, Fill those young sleeping eyes?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What made you laugh so immoderately at Slowgo's poor joke?" "Why, this is the third time he has got it off on me."—Chicago Record.

Bobby—"You sign says 'good water; all the flavors, five cents.' Druggist—"Yes, which do you wish Bobby—"I want 'em all."—Puck.

Teacher—"Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. What scholar can give an example?" Bobby—"De hole in de fence round de baseball park."—Norristown Herald.

Magistrate—"If you were innocent, why did you run away the moment the policeman appeared?" "Because, yer honor, thin cops dat be always aristen' de wrong man."—Harper's Bazar.

Cashier (at bank)—"You will have to bring some one to identify you before we can cash this check. Got any friends in the town?" Stranger—"No; I'm de dog license man."—Comic Outlets.

Food for Your Pet Bird. "For a change, for canaries and other birds," said an experienced raiser of birds, "nothing is better food than the various kinds of grasses which are now going to seed. Around any grass plots can be found grass which has gone to seed. This is a natural food for birds at this season of the year, and it should be freely given them.

The Surgeons and Football. Even some of the physicians seem to be jealous guardians of the harmless use of football. The last back of the Williams College team has for some time been suffering, even to delirium, with congestion of the brain, though he is now much better and is reported out of danger. His doctor, however, says his sickness was not due to his injuries received on the football field, but to the complete relaxation which followed his retirement to North Adams to recover from a sprained ankle. The moral of this seems to be, not that football is dangerous, but to beware of relaxation. As the Irishman said when picked up with a few broken bones: "It wasn't the fall that hurt me, but stoppin' so sudden."—Boston Transcript.

As Seen by Him. The old gobbler looked dreamily away over the back-yard fence. "Yes."—A shudder ran through his frame. "they are bringing out all our family skeletons these days." A glance at the debris from the dinner table showed that this was only too true.