

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Physician and Surgeon,  
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127 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and  
1 to 3 P. M.

**L. M. REINSEL, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Office and residence at 127 E. Cunningham St.,  
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**L. BLACK,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
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Specialist in  
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Office at No. 45 S. Main street, over Frank &  
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Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest im-  
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Specialties: Cleft Palate, and Painless Ex-  
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Office on Second Street, near East of Leary  
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**C. F. L. McQUISTON,**  
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,  
OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.  
Office open daily, except Wednesdays and  
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N. B.—The only Dentist in Butler using the  
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**J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.**  
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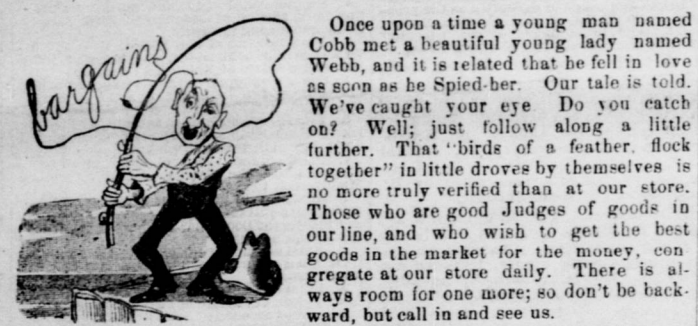
**LOYAL S. McJUNKIN, Agent,**  
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**A. E. GABLE,**  
Veterinary Surgeon.  
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College, Toronto, Canada.  
Dr. Gable treats all diseases of the  
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ridgling, castration and horse den-  
tistry a specialty. Castration per-  
formed without clams, and all other  
surgical operations performed in the  
most scientific manner.

Calls to any part of the country  
promptly responded to.  
Office and Infirmary in Crawford's  
Livery, 183 West Jefferson Street,  
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**G. D. HARVEY,**  
Contractor and builder in brick, wood, granite  
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pump, low line, concrete, National,  
and all best grade in the market. Calcu-  
lated, plaster, lath, brick, cement, iron, pipe,  
tile, white sand and river sand. Main office 218  
S. Main street, and all orders, just at each house  
will receive prompt delivery. Terms reasonable.

## CAPTURED.



I did not think of advertising this fall, but I met a man who asked me  
who I was. I told him

### Heck, The Champion Clothier & Furnisher.

And strange to say, he informed me that he had never heard of me. Well it  
is just such people we are after, and if this should catch their eye, we  
hope human curiosity will lead them to read it for it is one of the commonest  
traits of the race. It was curiosity that led Eve to taste the forbidden fruit;  
and her offspring being their curiosity excited every day as a hereditary  
temptation, from the small boy everlastingly peeping into boxes to the  
hired girl with her eye to the key hole. Everybody wonders what is in it.  
Properly directed, this curiosity often leads to satisfactory results, and D. A.  
Heck invites all curious people to make a voyage of discovery to his store  
and see the largest store, the largest stock of clothing—in Overcoats, and  
Suits for men, boys and children, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Under-  
wear, Corrugated-Jackets, Leather Coats and Pants, Overalls, Trunks,  
Valises, Umbrellas, Rubber Coats, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Hdkfs, Mullers,  
Brushes, Purse, Bill and Pocket Books, Ladies and Gents' Watches, Chain-  
Chains, Rings, Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Silver Card-Cases, and a  
full line of Notions—at remarkably low prices; no matter how low you have  
been offered goods we have them still lower and for quality we never take a  
back seat. It will be to your personal advantage to give us an early call  
and get our prices, and you are sure to give us a large share of your pa-  
tronage hereafter.

Thanking our many friends for their very liberal patronage.  
We remain, yours to please.

**D. A. HECK,**  
Champion Clothier, Furnisher and Hatter.  
121 N. Main St. Butler, Pa.

## HENRY BIEHL

122 NORTH MAIN STREET,  
BUTLER - - - PENN'A  
DEALER IN

### Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.



reaper and steel frame binder, Warren reed mixed paint,  
warranted; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn  
mowers.

No better place in the city to trade.  
Come and see my large store room full of goods, 1364 feet  
long.

### WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

## FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

New styles arriving daily. It will be  
but a short time until you will be looking  
around for your holiday presents, we  
want to call your attention to our beau-  
tiful line of fancy

ROCKERS,  
MIRRORS—Mantel and Cabinets,  
PARLOR CABINET, etc.

We will also have for the holiday  
trade a full line of Dinner and Tea Set  
at any price from \$4.50 to \$75, all new  
styles and new shapes, goods guaran-  
teed not to craze. A beautiful line of  
Vase and Bouquet Lamps, from \$1.50  
to \$10. Anything you want in the  
above goods call and see us.

Truly Yours  
**Campbell & Templeton,**  
136 N. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

**AFTER HARVEST**  
you want NEW FURNITURE to re-  
place some of the old.

We are headquarters for first-class  
goods. Remember we have no mark  
down sales; our prices are always as low  
as is consistent with good goods.

A full line of QUILTS in addition to  
other bedding.

**E. S. DREW, - 128 E. Jefferson, St.**

## THE MAJOR'S SPREAD.



How the Good Old Soul Entertained Enemies Unaware.

"OST! Lost!"  
"Teddy!"  
"If you don't help me!"  
"Did you ap-  
proach him?"  
"Did you?"  
"Did?"  
"Approach him!"  
"How can I?"  
"Approach a man  
that meets him  
as he first sal-  
utes with the sword  
of ridicule, and then follows his thrust  
with a cannoneading of vituperative ep-  
ithets—"

"If you hadn't allowed those fellows  
to run poor old Sultan—"  
"Oh, Sultan be hanged! They didn't  
hurt him any!"  
"He might have overlooked past of-  
fenses, and mightn't—"

"Look here, Kittie McCalligan, what's  
the use of your 'mightn'ts' and your  
'mightn'ts'—Uncle Mac detests, abhors,  
abominates, despises, hates and loathes  
the college boys—"

"For which I am painfully aware he  
has, too often, just cause. Who ties  
cats to his window shutters? Who puts  
turtles eggs under the hen? Who smug-  
gles howling dogs into the city? Who  
deeds of night, fills Sultan's mane with  
burs, and paints the front fence red,  
white and blue? You may say all the  
telling synonyms you care to—"

"If he didn't hate 'em they wouldn't  
do it!"  
"They"—with Teddy McCalligan,  
ring-leader, left out—  
"Oh, I say, Kitt—"

"You fellows don't do much to make  
him love you that I have ever seen.  
Great guns, boys like you, at that,  
not a soul among you under seven-  
teen—"

"Nor one of us over twenty. Twenty-  
two's awful roar for a boy, Kitt, and all  
the fellows so far from home, and that,  
and half-way homesick, the most of  
'em, and not one allowed to go home at  
Thanksgiving, with the Don kicking up  
such a dust about it all—"

"You can go home, at any rate, and  
as for being homesick, I'll wager that  
Jim—"

"Oh! Jim Junior—beautiful Jim—  
he's the rummiest core of the lot, if you  
like—and you needn't roll your eyes  
around in such an indigna't manner,  
either—you're not the only girl living."

"Teddy!"  
"Well, you are, then; but I happened  
to see a photograph in Jim's chest  
pocket—"

"Stunning picture—eyes like stars,  
mouth like—well, what you crying  
about?"

"Did you—did—did you ever hear  
Jim say he was?"

"Think the fellow's a blubbering  
idiot? S'pose you imagine he's going  
around dandelping handkerchiefs with  
the bristly Oh, I say, Kitt, that your  
photograph I caught on to—help a fel-  
low out, won't you?"

When a man in impeccable circum-  
stances acts in a manner conventionally  
unusual, he is straightway deemed a  
crank; if, on the other hand, a  
man of means is guilty of the  
silly actions, he is termed more  
eccentric. The major's bank  
account was large enough to allow him  
to be called by the longer and more  
euphonious appellation, and perfection  
in his hobby to keep the silent  
war continually upon the tongues  
of the people unobscured by  
stress of circumstances, to dwell inside  
the corporation of the popular college  
town.

The major had settled there  
before any one before any one, he was  
second in the hierarchy of the  
school building had been erected, be-  
fore the noise and confusion consequent  
upon the arrival of hundreds of man-  
nered youths within the sacred walls,  
who laughed and order to scorn,  
and had since filled the major's nights  
with a hideous unrest. That he, the  
hero of a hundred battles, the victor  
of a tall and rather awkward youth  
known to the college world as "Jim  
Junior"—this delightful dream vanished  
the miserable, and she, her uncle's  
tempestuous mood, and the wretched  
sun of a day of disappointment show  
through mists of big unshed tears.

"Uncle, you haven't forgotten your  
proposition concerning Thanksgiving  
—in other words—to-morrow?"

"Eh, Teddy? Bless me, son, boy,  
what?"

"To fetch a pack of traps on Thank-  
sgiving day to dine with you. I've met  
thirteen in the interim—sorry it's  
thirteen—such an unlikely number; but  
since I told one to fetch a pack of  
the scarcer ones he could scare up along  
with him, I wouldn't wonder—hello,  
uncle, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, Teddy—nothing, my  
boy!" The laugh shouldn't be on him,  
he'd be bound. What an ass—what a  
fool! He'd been so sure that the major  
had been to give that boy Teddy (and  
if Teddy's others, of course, others who  
were his arch-enemies and es-  
pecially the major's nephew, and  
such an absurdly ridiculous hold upon  
him!

"Had you forgotten about it, uncle?"  
"Forgotten? I've thought of it every  
fall since we were boys. We'll have a regular  
feast—turkey enough for twenty, and oyster  
dressing to confound the natives! It's  
Maj. McCalligan that can't take the  
nightly word the rale making of hos-  
pitality. Faith, it shall be a beautiful  
spread!"

And it was. The great oaken table,  
pulled out to its last joint, with the  
company napery covering its polished  
surface, gleamed with the light of the  
fire. There was no half-heartedness  
about Maj. McCalligan; the glitter of  
his best silver, the sparkle of his finest  
crystal, the glowing light of the bright-  
est flowers from his hot house, the  
aroma arising from well-cooked viands  
—all these awaited in due time the  
coming of the guests.

By ones and twos and threes they  
came—a motley crew—an unkempt,  
unwashed lot of hungry men, knocking  
at the side door, and the major, the  
door, ringing at the front door—each  
and all cordially welcomed by Maj. Mc-  
Calligan, who stood bowing and wear-  
ing, however, the shaking of dirty paws  
led to him now and again, and  
seemingly really to enjoy the revenge he  
felt confident Teddy the major had  
warned to take upon him. It actually  
warmed the good old Irish heart within  
him to see the hungry, gaunt-eyed men  
put away the dictatorial pretensions  
with which he had provided them, and  
the thought that for one hour at least  
these outcasts were appreciating their  
scoldenings and appetites were  
drinking in, together with their fragrant  
Mocha, a glimpse of life among the  
lofty and refined, touched his heart  
with the warm finger of satisfaction,  
and he beamed benignantly upon his  
indigent guests.

The clatter of dextrously-handled  
knives (which weapons were favorite  
conveyors of food from plate to mouth)  
and forks, the loud swoop and gurgle  
of the silver, the clinking of the  
cups, the clatter of the spoons, the  
cooled in saucers, the noisy crunch of  
teeth upon rapidly-disappearing ed-  
ibles, the half inaudible grunts accom-  
panying the pointing of an unwhashed  
dirt toward some desired viand, the

gether with the major's good-naturedly  
encouraging and voluble chatter, made  
a cheerful hour of it all. At times the  
host turned his glance toward Teddy,  
to mark his chagrin at the turn affairs  
had taken, but Teddy, too wily for his  
age, caught each glance upon a coun-  
tenance so expressive that it bound  
back and was lost somewhere be-  
tween the chicken salad and the cheese.  
At last the hungriest man among  
them desisted, drew a sigh—even he  
could eat no more. Silently the guests

To the popular fort for a day.  
To the popular fort for a day.  
To the popular fort for a day.

What glory to reign on the platter,  
Proud creature, while greatest and least  
Of tongues of all peoples bespatter  
Thy form with their praise; what a feast  
To feel your real inspiration  
Of every shaft of admiration  
That falls from the mouth of a nation—  
Rise, bird sacrifice, and sing!

For think, you're the actual power  
That pushes things and sets  
Up heights where our souls for an hour  
Their promised lands view from afar;  
Where, the great in a day of our order,  
On top of the mountain of Sorrow,  
Our hearts find time to grow tender,  
Away from the lowlands of grief.

The whole of our future you're storing  
With food of gay laughter and song,  
Our moments unseasoned are storing  
The grays of grief, rich and strong.  
As merrily hearts we will thank you,  
We vow, as we taste you to-day,  
While blood recollections will battle you  
And turn you forever and  
JELIA H. THAYER

"THAT'S DESSERT, DARLING!"  
The major, after calling Kittie from  
the parlor to witness the triumphal  
exit, passed into the library to enjoy a  
quiet smoke and a retrospection of the  
heart-warming scene.

A tall, awkward man brought up the  
rear a lean, lank, cadaverous fellow,  
with black eyes, and a head of the  
week's growth covering his unprepos-  
siting features. As the major dis-  
appeared, Kittie, beaming with a  
smiling curiosity, brought all the bright  
beauty of her girlish years into the  
deserted room, this hulk of a rag-tag,  
most repellent, most uncleanly and al-  
together obnoxious tramp of them all  
turned, and as if overcome by her dan-  
derous, clasped Kittie in his long, lank  
arms, and left a very dirty kiss upon  
the cheek of the most universal man  
in the room.

"That's dessert, darling," whispered  
the major. "Ted's a brick-brick! He's  
a whole parent!" The boys are pos-  
sibly stuffed—kiss me good-night, love  
—"Oh, Jim!"

**TOUGHENING FOR THANKSGIVING.**  
Many religious minds have doubted  
whether they should ask the Maker of  
the universe to grant them some bless-  
ing. It has seemed to them only an  
outburst of egotism to ask the Deity to  
confer upon their mind or body or busi-  
ness some special favor, but no religious  
nature has ever hesitated to breathe  
forth the audible or silent prayer of  
gratitude. To ask for favors might be  
a form of egotism, but not to thank the  
God of life would seem to the inhuman  
and the ungrateful. It has been the  
reasonableness of this day of piety that  
has made it outlive the years which  
saw the early fathers of our country  
assemble in the name of gratitude.  
It was the noblest of men that the  
Heavenly Father was not a special  
friend of those who landed upon  
Plymouth Rock. His love and care  
touched all men, all places, all  
men. The fall of the first genera-  
tion into its grave did not terminate  
the history of the Thanksgiving day,  
because the Divine goodness never ends  
at a human tomb. It passes over  
graves like a morning sunbeam and  
follows the living in the day of  
death, and once established could not  
be torn, because the kind Providence  
which created the day traveled onward  
and was as constant as the sun in the  
eighteenth century as it had been in the  
seventeenth.

The Thanksgiving day stands forth  
in our time as the same light as when  
which it stood in the days when Miles  
Standish walked upon the Atlantic  
Shores. There is not a patriot in our  
nation who is not dear to Heaven and  
was each soul in the Mayflower. Once  
started upon its career Thanksgiving  
day can end only by command of a  
Divine fiat. The mind may be slow  
in discovering a truth or a duty, but  
when it has reached such a sentiment  
as that which comes to the mind on  
November it can never recall the noble  
sentiment and close up its account.

As the seasons come and go the na-  
tion grows greater in all its dimensions  
of mind. Behold the growth of our  
country! The days of Plymouth Rock  
are left far behind. The people more  
in millions, and in more education,  
science, art, science and goodness.  
The scene has become so vast that the  
hearts in this land to-day should be  
beating before God after a long and  
greater far than the sentiments  
which expressed themselves so solemnly  
when our state was young. Our prayer  
of thanksgiving should expand in fervor  
and gladness to meet the new greatness  
of the republic which once was carried  
on the sea in a little ship. A great na-  
tion should whisper a great prayer.

**DAVID SWING.**  
**Premature Teletyping.**  
"Hurray!" screamed the young  
turkey, "Thanksgiving day is gone and  
I'm still here!"  
"Shut up!" said the old gobbler, "you  
evidently have never heard of Christ-  
mas!"—Puck.

**Mamma's Temple.**  
Harty—Can it be that old Scads was  
his office all Thanksgiving?  
Kirk—Why, yes; he allowed out the  
recommendation to "repair to his place  
of worship."—Puck.

**A Whimsical Woman.**  
Housekeeper—How long did you re-  
main in your last place?  
Applicant—Sure I left in wain day  
There was no plizin' 'a liddy at all at  
all.

"Whimsical, was she?"  
"Indeed she was that. The first night  
she complained because I boiled the  
say, and 'th' very next morning she  
complained because I didn't boil the coffee  
This I left."—N. Y. Weekly.

**Progress of Modern Refinement.**  
And now, children, remarked the  
Sunday-school superintendent, as he  
brought his review of the lesson to a  
close, "if the boy who honors his father  
and mother is to dwell long in the land  
what may we conclude as to the boy  
who does not?"

**Robber to Bank Teller.**—I'm Bloody  
Jim, the Rip Roaring Snorter of the  
Rockies, hand over that cash.  
Bank Teller (mechanically)—I have  
no doubt, personally, sir, that you are  
Bloody Jim, the Rip Roaring Snorter of  
the Rockies, but, sir, you will have to  
get somebody to identify you.—N. Y.  
Herald.

**His Lucrative Talents.**  
Dingus is a man of expensive hab-  
its, is he not, Shadblow?  
"Yes, Dingus' habits since I have  
known him, with his high top hat, his  
new \$150, without counting a cent for  
interest."—Chicago Tribune.

**Cause and Effect.**  
George Bond—It seems to me that I  
smell burning hair every time the fire is  
lighted.  
Little Johnnie—I guess you do. Sir  
crimps her bangs with the poker every  
morning.—Truth.

**An Altruistic Companion.**  
"Alas! that like each other?" said the  
fond mother as she admiringly contem-  
plated her twins.  
"Yes," said the Boston lady: "They  
are like each other as two beans."—  
Cape Cod Item.

**Gathering Information.**  
Lord Noodleby—And when do you  
best people live in New York?  
Maudie—Our uninitiated boys live along  
Fifth avenue. We keep our piers off  
the river front.—Jury.

**Friendship Philosophy.**  
There is no misfortune without its  
compensation.  
This man is like a bag of green wool  
on the fire—weeping on one side and  
singing on the other.—Judge.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

When We Should Put Out of Sight Every-  
thing Disagreeable.

Three thousand years ago Moses la-  
sated when the Israelites to keep a feast  
after they got established in the Holy  
Land. They called it the feast of the  
tabernacles, and for eight days follow-  
ing the close of the harvest they dwelt  
in booths made chiefly of green boughs,  
and feasted on corn, wine, oil and  
fruit.

The Greeks had a nine days' feast of  
similar character, and the Romans also  
had one in honor of Ceres, goddess of  
grain.

The Saxons had a harvest home, and  
after them the English. Our Thank-  
sgiving comes from the Puritans, and it  
will be noted that, like all its predeces-  
sors, the observance bore special refer-  
ence to the harvest, and, if the harvest  
failed, there was no Thanksgiving. We  
have outgrown that narrow view of the  
day, and it is safe to say that Thank-  
sgiving day will never be omitted again,  
no matter what calamity falls on the  
country.

We have discovered that there is al-  
ways something to be thankful for.  
Sorrow and disappointment come to all,  
but there is no life so dark that it is  
without one ray of sunshine. If you  
have nothing else, you are to be thank-  
ful for life itself.

Did you ever think what it is not to  
have a single friend in the world? There  
may be such persons somewhere, and  
can you not be thankful that you have  
friends and relatives?

Life is mostly struggle and strife, and  
that is why we should look on the bright  
side as often as possible.

Thanksgiving day is the period when  
we should put out of sight everything  
that is not bright and joyful. It is the  
year when we should be thankful for  
what we have and forget what we  
have not. For one day only look on the  
bright side of life and give thanks  
with all your heart and soul, and you  
will have your reward in a feeling of  
happiness that will remain with you for  
many a day.—Golden Days.

## AN UNEVEN THANKSGIVING.

Many religious minds have doubted  
whether they should ask the Maker of  
the universe to grant them some bless-  
ing. It has seemed to them only an  
outburst of egotism to ask the Deity to  
confer upon their mind or body or busi-  
ness some special favor, but no religious  
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gratitude. To ask for favors might be  
a form of egotism, but not to thank the  
God of life would seem to the inhuman  
and the ungrateful. It has been the  
reasonableness of this day of piety that  
has made it outlive the years which  
saw the early fathers of our country  
assemble in the name of gratitude.  
It was the noblest of men that the  
Heavenly Father was not a special  
friend of those who landed upon  
Plymouth Rock. His love and care  
touched all men, all places, all  
men. The fall of the first genera-  
tion into its grave did not terminate  
the history of the Thanksgiving day,  
because the Divine goodness never ends  
at a human tomb. It passes over  
graves like a morning sunbeam and  
follows the living in the day of  
death, and once established could not  
be torn, because the kind Providence  
which created the day traveled onward  
and was as constant as the sun in the  
eighteenth century as it had been in the  
seventeenth.

The Thanksgiving day stands forth  
in our time as the same light as when  
which it stood in the days when Miles  
Standish walked upon the Atlantic  
Shores. There is not a patriot in our  
nation who is not dear to Heaven and  
was each soul in the Mayflower. Once  
started upon its career Thanksgiving  
day can end only by command of a  
Divine fiat. The mind may be slow  
in discovering a truth or a duty, but  
when it has reached such a sentiment  
as that which comes to the mind on  
November it can never recall the noble  
sentiment and close up its account.

As the seasons come and go the na-  
tion grows greater in all its dimensions  
of mind. Behold the growth of our  
country! The days of Plymouth Rock  
are left far behind. The people more  
in millions, and in more education,  
science, art, science and goodness.  
The scene has become so vast that the  
hearts in this land to-day should be  
beating before God after a long and  
greater far than the sentiments  
which expressed themselves so solemnly  
when our state was young. Our prayer  
of thanksgiving should expand in fervor  
and gladness to meet the new greatness  
of the republic which once was carried  
on the sea in a little ship. A great na-  
tion should whisper a great prayer.

**DAVID SWING.**  
**Premature Teletyping.**  
"Hurray!" screamed the young  
turkey, "Thanksgiving day is gone and  
I'm still here!"  
"Shut up!" said the old gobbler, "you  
evidently have never heard of Christ-  
mas!"—Puck.