



There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country.

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 990,000,000 people.

Scientists say now that beauty is more than skin deep. Half of the charm of a pretty face, they claim, is imparted by the little muscles of the skin.

When civilization reaches a higher standard than has yet been attained, the New York Advertiser is convinced that there will be a law making it a penal offense to fry instead of broil a chop.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, it is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 woman cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as \$2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Hauin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost \$15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given \$1,000,000 outright, has also placed \$15,000,000 interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The noblemen and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic, and a number of them have contributed more than \$100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain.

Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappily for the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference—to use no stronger word—seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Ting himself had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yaloo; that several officers had to be court-martialed for cowardice, and that it was deemed essential to behold Captain Fong, who fled before the beginning of the battle. It appears to be a hopeless task for the Chinese to fight the demoralization in their forces.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Of yore, In the youth of the Nation, When the harvest had yielded its store There was feast and oblation. 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 blest 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 eld 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 toil For what'er we have fought for Weather born of the brain or the soil Do the mead we have sought for For the gifts we have had from His hand Who is Lord of all living, Let there ring through the length of the land! A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! —Clinton Scollard.

BRAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY W. DEIT FOSTER



ELL, as long as 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 broken in health, as his stooping shoulders and attenuated frame showed. John Brand was a young giant of twenty-eight, handsome, with a certain savage kind of beauty, for his straight black hair, heavy brows and piercing eyes made him look more like an Indian than a white man. There was a savage scowl on his face this morning, 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 moment, gently laying his hand 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."

seemed, in fact, to have made him dumb. He only looked his scorn, anger and contempt, and from that day was changed being.

His sociability and wit had enlivened almost every gathering of young people in the region since his arrival 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 memory and himself.

He would not even attend his father'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 sewed 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 though he had no right to complain. The things had been more John's than his, for John was the one who had remained entirely faithful to the dead. 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 absolutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to 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 garments.

John's labors and watched the chips fly from the sticks with delight. They seemed to fly all the faster the longer he watched them; but John paid no attention to his childish prattle and his dark, scowling face soon drove him away.

It was quite a fortnight after Thanksgiving Day. The weather had been threatening for several days and the wisecracks declared a heavy storm brewing. John loaded up the wood-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 the reins Billy came round the corner of the house.

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

"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.

"Can I ride back when the team's empty?" he asked. John growled something which might have meant yes, or nothing, and drove out of the yard. Billy started bravely in the rear, although it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peckham's. It was terribly cold and John turned up the collar of his rough coat and chirruped to the horses. The wheels creaked most musically over the hard snow and the little figure trudged sturdily along in the rear. Billy's short legs could not keep pace with the strides of the farmhorses and he gradually fell behind. John looked back at him with a scowl and started

into the woods. He followed them rapidly. Guard sniffing excitedly at the prints of the little rubber boots.

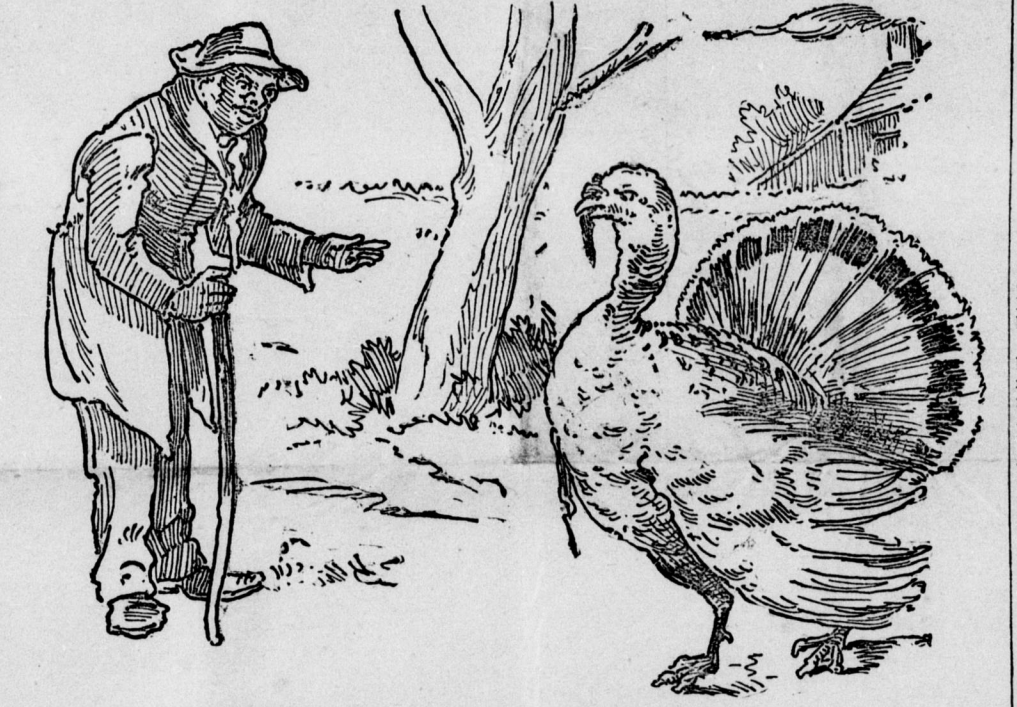
A few yards back from the road was the log on which little Billy had seated himself to rest. When he arose from that he turned deeper into the woods instead of toward the road. John and the dog pressed on before the blast. The snow was coming faster now, and the footprints might soon be obliterated.

He shouted occasionally as he went on, but no answer reached him. The child had traveled an astonishing distance, and almost directly away from home. Before long John reached higher ground and found that the boy had climbed the mountain side.

Finally Guard bounded away with a short, sharp bark, and hurrying on John found him kicking the cold face of his little master where he lay curled at the foot of a great gnarled oak. There was a strange feeling at John Brand's heart as he picked the boy up and strode down the hillside in the teeth of the blast.

The wind had risen to a gale and howled and shrieked through the woods in a perfect frenzy. Even Guard cowered before its strength. The keen wind cut John's bare hands and face like a knife, but he pressed on determinedly, sheltering the child's body as much as possible from the cold.

He was cold himself. John Brand could never remember being so cold in his life before; but somehow the unconscious body of the little child close against his breast was warming his cold heart and melting all his hard and bitter feelings.



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The young wife did all she could to win his love, but to no avail, and before a year of her married life had passed she had something else to think of. A little baby came to the Brand house that John foresaw would eventually fill his place and possess his rights. John had passively endured the coming of the wife; he hated the baby with an almost murderous hatred.

He hoped that it would die, but little Billy grew up a strong, healthy boy, never having seen an ill day in his short life. He was the child of Farmer Brand's old age and before he was two years old completely owned the entire house and its contents—except John Brand. No amount of coaxing baby ways won his heart. John simply hated him the more for being so pretty and sweet-tempered. He would not even touch the child.

All the bitterness he had cherished for these six long years filled his heart on this Thanksgiving morning as he stood gazing after the departing wagon. There had been nothing to keep him at home from the Thanksgiving merrymaking except his own ugly feelings, for the farm work was all finished and everything made shipshape for winter. There was wood enough cut already to last an ordinary lifetime, but there was a certain fierce pleasure for him in forcing the 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 ate his dinner there. It was almost dark when he returned to the farmhouse. He did the chores and went to bed before the others arrived—little Billy wild with delight over the festivities of the day, Mrs. Brand smiling and happy, and her husband with a sore spot in his old heart for his oldest son.

Winter came quickly after that Thanksgiving. The snow wrapped everything in its fleecy covering, drifted over fences and across the public roads, became crusty hard and snowed again, repeating the performance until it lay three or four feet deep all over the country side. Farmer Brand shelled corn or smoothed axe helms and hoe handles in the kitchen corner; John chopped wood all day long as though he had taken a contract to supply the whole village with kindling; little Billy, with Guard, the Scotch collie, played in the snow and came in rosy-cheeked and panting after his frolic with none a suspicion of "croup"—that name of children who are brought up like hot house plants. Sometimes Billy stopped near the

horses into a brisk trot. Before many minutes a turn in the road hid the little fellow from sight.

"Little fool! he'll soon get sick of it," muttered John and thought no more about the child. At noon when he arrived home Billy was not about. He had not seen him on the way and decided that the little fellow had become discouraged and gone back again. But he was not about the house, as he soon discovered.

"Have you seen Billy?" asked his step-mother, as John came in to dinner.

He growled out a negative and sat down to the table. His father was already out hunting for the boy and after putting the food on the table Mrs. Brand threw a saawl over her head and went outside, too. It was bitter cold and the first snow flakes of the coming storm were in the air. John ate his dinner moodily and apparently undisturbed.

"Riah says she thought he followed you when you went to old Mrs. Peckham's, John," said his father, coming in after an unsuccessful search of the premises. "Didn't you see him?"

"No, I haven't seen the brat!" responded his son, surlily.

Mrs. Brand began to cry and the old man's weather-beaten face worked pitifully as he said in a broken voice: "Don't take on so, Riah. I'll get the neighbors roused and we'll find him, so don't you worry."

He hurried out on this mission and John soon followed him, unable to stand the accusing looks of his step-mother. A half-dozen neighbors responded to the call for searchers and started out in different directions, expecting to find the child somewhere near the house. He certainly couldn't have gone far in the snow. John attacked the woodpile more fiercely than ever, feeling as though every blow of his axe was cutting the threads which bound little Billy to this life. The child could not live many hours wandering about in this weather, and he, John Brand, would be his murderer?

Suddenly he threw down his axe, unable to endure this self-torture longer. He unchained Guard, and with hasty strides started off down the road. His keen eyes examined every foot of the white drifts on either side of the beaten way. Somewhere little Billy must have turned out of the wagon-track. Not far below the house the woodland began. Half a mile through this and he came to the place he had been looking for. There were the child's footprints where he had turned aside

DAY OF FEASTING.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Approved Recipes for the Great American Feast Day—Goose, Turkey and Stuffed—Pumpkin Pie.

THANKSGIVING is a purely American feast day. It is a day dedicated not only to the giving of thanks, but to dining, and rightly enough, for there is nothing which will inspire one to a feeling of thorough content and good fellowship with the world more than a good dinner.

The New York Herald gives its readers some excellent suggestions for dinner, with many proved recipes for the preparation of the different dishes.

Oyster Soup—To make a delicious soup out of these succulent bivalves observe the following directions: Have two nice agate or porcelain lined saucepans, one for milk and the other for the juice of the oysters. As this is a dinner for eight people, you must have good-sized saucepans. Put in one three pints of milk, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt and two blades of mace. Stand over a slow fire. In the other saucepan put the liquor from two quarts of oysters, leaving the oysters in the colander through which the liquor has been drained until ready for use. Stand this over the hot part of the range, and as soon as the scum rises skim every flock 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 pan, as it will waste 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 parody 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 fail to taste often.

Chestnut and Oyster Stuffing—Chestnut stuffing is delicious, but is more expensive than the bread crumbs and requires a good deal of care and pains to prepare properly. For a good sized turkey take three quarts of the large chestnuts, or French marrons, as they are called; peel them and cook them in a steamer till they are enough to stick a fork through; then put them in a bowl and mash them as you would potatoes. Season well with butter, salt and pepper, a bit of onion and chopped parsley; soften with cream and stuff the turkey. Oysters added to the bread crumb stuffing makes an oyster stuffing.

Chicken Pie—Cut a large, tender chicken in smaller pieces than for fricasseeing; put in a stewpan with half an onion, season with salt, cover with water and let it cook till tender; line a deep baking dish with a biscuit 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 these 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 marjoram, 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 outside.

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 melted butter, a little salt; sweeten with half molasses and half sugar; season well with powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and allspice; add the milk the last thing, making it the consistency of a thick batter; pour it in the pie pan, already lined with paste, and bake till a nice, rich brown; do not bake till watery, this spoils the pie.

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 celery in small dice and when ready to serve pour over it rich mayonnaise dressing; vinegar and salt may be added to taste when eating.

THE MERRY RAIN.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain Trapping on the window-pane, Trickling, coursing, Crowding, forcing, Tiny rills To the dripping window-sills.

Laughing raindrops, light and swift, Through the air they fall and sift Dancing, tripping, Bouncing, skipping Through the street, With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around Is the ladder to the ground, Clinging, sliding, Slipping, striding, On they come With their busy, pattering hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray, To the roots they find their way, Rushing, creeping, Doubling, leaping, Down they go To the waiting life below.

O, the brisk and merry rain, Bringing gladness in its train! Falling, glancing, Tinkling, dancing, All around— Listen to its cheery sound!

—Rhymes for You and Me.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lives of great men remind us of little episodes in our own.—Pack.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but many of them fail to turn over.—Peck's Sun.

The Chinaman loves solitude. Even the soldiers seek their retreats.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

She—"It takes two to make a bargain, you know." He—"Yes; but only one gets it."—Boston Courier.

If the bass drum could think, it would probably wonder why it has to keep still so much.—Ram's Horn.

To lose a chance for a free advertisement is the Kansas man's idea of future punishment.—Kansas City Star.

My shelf holds books of many an age, And many are books of price and fame, And writ on many a title-page Is many a different owner's name. —Judge.

Marriage is the hereafter of courtship, and people never know what it will be till they get there.—Detroit Free Press.

We never see a citron without thinking it should be arrested for trying to look like a watermelon.—Acheson Globe.

It is said that a photograph can be taken 500 feet under water. We have seen several that ought to be taken there.—Chicago Dispatch.

I've studied women sweet for years And got to know them so! For now just what they'll do (the dears!) I know that I don't know. —Judge.

Pastor—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Toper—"So do I when I drink what they do."—Fliegende Blaetter.

One of the greatest sorrows of age is that, with increasing years and experience, a man loses that bliss feeling which was such a pride and comfort to his youth.—Pack.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is everlastingly dunning you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

"Hello!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burrod, too," said the chestnut.—Tammany Times.

Stuffer—"You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner." Dash-away—"What are you going to do?" Stuffer—"Swallow the insult."—New York Sun.

An absent-minded Southwark woman went to the bank the other day to have cashed a cheque her husband sent her. She indorsed it thus—"Your loving wife, Mary Miller."—Philadelphia Record.

A man who would be indignant at being called a grumbler will accept without disfavor the name of pessimist. Nevertheless, most pessimists are, after all, only chronic grumblers.—Christian Inquirer.

"So you let the prisoner off on his word for a couple of days, did you?" asked the captain. "I did," answered the lieutenant. "And do you think he will come back on it or go back on it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why didn't you give the alarm when you awakened and saw the burglars in the room?" Mr. Nupah—"I saw they were entertaining the baby, and what was a paltry \$400 compared with that?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Parker uses a great deal of cologne, it seems to me. Awful bad form!" said Hicks. "It would be in you," said Hicks, "but it's family pride with Hawkins. He comes of old colonial stock."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Flatter—"George, dear, the cook is going to-morrow." George—"Why, what is the matter with her? I thought she liked the place." Mrs. F.—"That is the trouble. She says she is too contented with us."—Brooklyn Life.

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy. "An' I'm just gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Dog-eared. I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Stranger—"Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral?" Intelligent Native—"That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the farther end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite."—Fliegende Blaetter.