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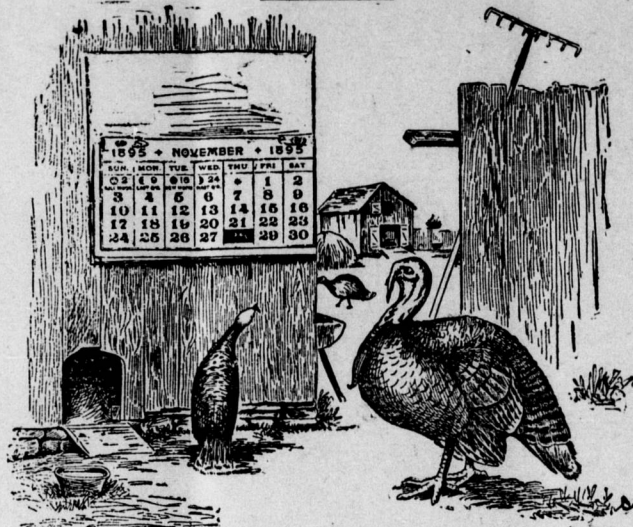
LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1895.

NO. 7.

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 delight; We offer heartfelt praise.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.



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

THE LOST THIMBLE.

"DOCK'S" THANKSGIVING DAY STORY. MAN is considerably out of place at a quilting bee. Of course, all the women were good to me, and the hostess made a special effort at entertainment, but it seemed all the time as just one more reminder of my unfortunate sex; my inability to thread a needle, and my ignorance of "log cabin" and other quilting.

Dock recognized something of the same thing. Though it was his own house, and though he was confessedly a "lady's man," the number of them at the "bee," and the unqualifiedly dominant manner in which they took possession of the premises, fanned him somewhat; and he was content to retire with me to a quiet place in the dining room after the dinner things had been cleared away, and there tell me a story.

"You know that Mrs. Harney they introduced you to, a little bit ago," he said; and I admitted that I remembered her.

I did in a way. Even as he spoke the woman passed laughing through the room—large of figure, graceful, fair and handsome, with dancing eyes and a gracious presence, wherever she went. She had left her place at the blue quilt in the sitting room and joined herself to the circle sewing on red in the parlor.

"Well," said Dock, "she's Belle, the daughter of Chris Chaffee. You ought to remember Chris."

Someway, far back in my boyhood memory, in the fair days when this was my home neighborhood and there were people were familiar figures in life, there was a Chris Chaffee. I could remember little about him beyond his name, but that was clear enough. Thirty years may erase much, but memory holds to the names. Still I fancied Dock had something to say about the woman, and I told him I remembered.

"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, he was."

"You know when Chris was a boy, along about fourteen years old, I 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 ago—before 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 much of.

"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 day. Grandma had been sewing some buttons on Chris's jacket, and when she got it done she called him to put it on, and then she went out to get her hops and scald them and set her yeast.

"She kept her hops, just as all the old housekeepers did those days, in a bag that would hold about half a bushel, and it hung in the woodhouse just outside the kitchen door. She put in her hand, took up about the right quantity, shook it free from the loose, clinging hops, and put them in a quart cup and poured boiling water over them.

"But the hop bag was pretty nearly empty. That made her think of the new crop. Chris had gathered them about a week before, and they were lying spread out on the end of the work-bench in the woodhouse, so she gathered them up and put them in the hop bag. I suppose those old women never run out of hops. The supply gets stuck out by fall, but they are always stuck up again. And the bag would last a lifetime.

of brick, of course, and with an arched roof, plastered and whitewashed, and she was proud of it. And she had a right to be, for the bread she made there was the best in the country.

"Chris went to split the kindling and Grandma Ellis went back to her sewing; but she couldn't find her thimble. No, sir; she couldn't find it anywhere, high nor low. That gold thimble! Why, it wouldn't have troubled her much more if the house had burned down. She could have lost all the cows or the horses, or could have borne a drought that destroyed the crops. But that gold thimble, made from her husband's \$5 piece and presented to her on her wedding day! Why, it almost broke her heart.

"Of course she called Chris, but he said he hadn't seen it. She didn't like to suspect him, but she could hardly help. And when she had looked everywhere else made him come in, and she searched him; and he cried and so did she. And they didn't have much fun out of that Thanksgiving Day.

"Well, the neighbors heard of it, of course. They all knew of the thimble, and they all said Chris might have taken it. Some of them said they always had heard he was light fingered. And he left Grandma Ellis along about holidays, and then the neighbors were sure had taken the thimble.

"But he didn't go out of the neighborhood. He got another place to live, and he worked there that winter and the next summer—worked there four or five years, I guess. He was a mighty good hand. My father used to say Chris was the best cradler in West Township. Just before the war, when he was grown up, I heard a man say one time if Chris Chaffee hadn't taken that gold thimble of Grandma Ellis's he would be a model citizen. Oh, yes; it stuck to him. It followed him. You see it's a serious thing in the country for a boy to get caught stealing anything. They never forget it.

"Grandma Ellis was awful sorry. She always would say Chris was a steady boy, and willing, if there ever was one. And she would have done anything for him. Lots of times she tried to be friends with him, but he

boarded at Hi Rank's place and cleared up his land. And then he built a house there, and furnished it, and folks joked him a good deal about a housekeeper; 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 and a good farmer; and of course no one had anything but kind words for him. Only that old matter of the thimble would keep coming up. You 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 when one 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. Oh, yes, he married right here in the neighborhood, and a woman that had known him all her life. She knew the story as well as anyone else did. They made sure of that. But she said she didn't care. She didn't believe it anyway. And they said she had made her bed and she might lie in it.

"But I bet you there wasn't a woman in West Township had a better home than she had. Why, he was a model husband.

"And the next year his baby was born—Belle, that's now Mrs. Harney in there. La! I've heard my mother tell time and again about that night. Mother was over at Chris's house, and so were two or three other women. The baby was born Thanksgiving evening, about 5 o'clock, and along about 8 my mother was sitting in front of the fire holding that fat little girl on her knees, and talking with the women about people being rich if they are born late in the month, when they heard the front gate open. You always could hear that front gate at Chris Chaffee's house.

"And the dog barked and the women sat still and listened, and they heard a stumbling walk along the path, and



THERE STOOD GRANDMA ELLIS.

was kind of shy. The neighbors told her she better leave him alone before she was any worse off."

"He went into the army when the war broke out, and I guess he made a good soldier. Now and then letters came home telling about the boys from Marshall County, and nearly all Chris was mentioned. When Brazil Bradley came home on furlough he said Chris was a good person, and he might have been an officer if it hadn't been for that gold thimble. He was a big, fine looking fellow, but of course every one in the regiment knew about that, and it seemed to hurt his chances.

"But he didn't complain. He just went on and seemed to think if he couldn't do that act he could at least get along without repeating it. He was wounded one time and came home on sick furlough and got several recruits to start back with him. But they left him just before they enlisted. Some one told them about the gold thimble, and they said they didn't want to have any thief pulling them around over the country.

"When the war over Chris came back and bought a farm up here in the thick woods. It seems he had been saving his money all through the time he was in the service, and when he came out he had something. He

Chris got up from where he had been sitting by the head of his wife's bed, but before he could cross the room the door opened, and there stood Grandma Ellis, with the gold thimble in her hand.

"Yes, sir; that same old gold thimble that her husband had made from his \$5 gold piece, and gave her on her wedding day.

"She could scarcely speak. She had baked the day before, and had felt something hard in the hop bag. But then she had felt something hard in the bottom of that bag for years, and never thought anything of it. But this Thursday—Thanksgiving Day—she had started to fill the bag with fresh hops, and had felt the hard substance again, and thought, while the bag was nearly empty she would empty it entirely, and shake it out. And when she shook it, down among the chips in the woodhouse rolled that old gold thimble. It had been fifteen years in the bottom of that hop bag. She had dropped it in there that day before Thanksgiving, when she had finished sewing buttons on Chris's jacket, and had gone to get hops for her bread."

"What did Chris do?" said I.

"Chris! Why when he saw what it was, and knew how much finding it meant to Grandma Ellis, he just gath-

ered her up in his arms and carried her to a chair, and told her to never mind; he knew she would find it some time."

"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. Grandma Ellis had been dead a good many years, and she was hiring a man to work the place for her, 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 hauling wood all day. He offered to take the thimble to Chaffee's for her, but she wouldn't let him. She said she must take it herself. She never could eat 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, and then she couldn't wait, and after supper she started out and walked every step of that seven miles, and cried herself 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. Yes, I guess he was trustee when he died, when Belle, here, was pretty near a young woman."

"Well, we're done with the red quilt," called a cheery voice from the parlor, and here came Mrs. Harney-Belle Chaffee that was, with fair blonde face and laughing eyes, and lips like cherries, and a large, fine figure, with a grace of movement and a charm of speech that are rare among women.

"Where's your cat, Dock?" she demanded, 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 was by the Plymouth colony in 1621—those sturdy pioneers whose piety was as pronounced as their pluck, who honored themselves by honoring their Deity. The custom soon became more general, spreading over all the New 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 list of holidays by proclaiming a day of Thanksgiving, his action being promptly followed by the individual proclamation of the Governors of the States, who named the same day. Since then, by common consent, the first announcement of the day is found in the President's proclamation, and the day so named is also named by the States.

In many ways Thanksgiving is one of our most delightful events. It comes at a time when the rigors of winter are not yet at hand. We have 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 gathering together under the old roof-tree 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.

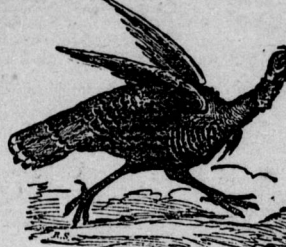
Another and not less commendable feature of this holiday is a practical benevolence which has become very notable. Poor people, to whom a good dinner is a rarity, are hunted out, and in an unostentatious way are helped to properly observe the day, so far as its festive features are concerned. The sick and suffering are remembered in various ways. The doors of some hospitable household, where they can join in the pleasures. Altogether, this is perhaps its best feature. There is no pleasure so lasting, none which affords such real joy, as that which comes to us from the knowledge that we have done a real kindness to some of the suffering children of earth—in some way alleviated their sorrows or eased their pains.

Last, but not least, the devotional 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 have and hopeful for the future.—American Agriculturist.

Thanksgiving Day Exercise. Perley—"Hallo, Jinx! going to take Thanksgiving Day off?" Jinx—"Yes. Going to devote it to athletics." Perley—"Good. What kind? Golf or football?" Jinx—"Neither. I'm going to carve myself a raised myself, for ten people. Here's exercise for you"—Harper's Bazar.

THE TURKEY'S LAMENT.

I wish I was a little mouse, I do not care how tiny; I wish I was a little cloud, I would not care how gauzy."



I wish I was a horse, a cow, A katydid, so shiny; Oh, anything this time of year Except a healthy turkey!

Thanksgiving.

In what penny, what hardship, what sense of exile, what darkness of bereavement, what dependence upon the Divine hand and gratitude for its bounty, were the earliest Thanksgivings 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 underlying might of a purpose which had its root in principles; and whoever may celebrate the Pilgrim Fathers, women should forever keep green the memory of the heroic Pilgrim Mothers.

We like to think of the group which assembled at those Puritan 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 prodigality 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. Youth 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 Paritan home, as in our households yet.

"Long was the good man's sermon, But it seemed not so to me, For he spoke of both 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 her orange a few days later this year, but on Thanksgiving day, as on all days, her lover will find his sunshine in her eyes, and her favor will be his highest incentive to manliness and nobility.—Harper's Bazar.

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—but what is your directest route home?"

Then Richard has to tell each sea, country and ocean he crosses to get home for the turkey and cranberry sauce. If he can't do it successfully, 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 "if you were put in a Yokohama prison, how would you get back to Pekin?"

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.

When the game has been played frequently, those who join in get very familiar with the junction of countries and learn many straight lines and clever jumps that had not appeared feasible before. For those who are not quite conversant with geography, easy tasks are given; for instance, to be placed in a Paris prison and find their home to Boston.

Some large games are to be arranged for Thanksgiving parties with favors for those who come out of three prisons successfully.

Turkey. The day of feasting draws nigh, And scores of Turkeys soon must die. Get one that's young and sweet and fat. And stuff it with all of this and that. With fruits and berries and sauces make And add press Rises and pies and cakes. Ask friends and kindred all to come And spend Than Ksgiving at your home. Let not the car E's of life distress, But fill each cup with happiness. Revive the joy Y of youthful days, And for th Blessings offer praise. Seasonable Aid. "I would like to make your last hours comfortable," remarked the Humorous Man to the Thanksgiving Turkey; "what can I do for you?" "Thanks, awfully," answered the Thanksgiving Turkey; "if you will furnish the chestnuts, I'll do the rest."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW BRADFORD BOOMS.

SENDING US 6447 PER CENT. MORE WOOLEN GOODS THAN A YEAR AGO.

"Good Weavers Wanted Within" the British Factories—The Actual Effects of Free Trade in Wool—Trade Records Broken in a Foreign Industrial Center.

Bradford, England, Oct. 25, 1895. What brag and bluster the English public is treated to all over the blessings the Gorman tariff has brought to our Bradford trade. One can scarcely open his morning newspaper or have a chat at a street corner with a Worstedopolis business man, but the topic of conversation naturally turns to the great doings at present in Bradford, and to the fine "brass" making times many of them are enjoying. Yes, this is a "record" making time in the annals of the woolen and worsted trade of Yorkshire, and everyone admits it is "Yankee" enterprise, push and go that is doing the lot. Such a thing as being "hard up" for orders to altogether out of the question, as many are so "bummed" up with them that flaring advertisements are to be seen in many a factory office window reading, "Good weavers wanted within."

What in reality has this new tariff already done for Bradford alone? Let Claude Meeker's published returns answer that important question. The following figures show the exports for the first eight months in each of the years named:

Table with 4 columns: Year, Total Exports, Increase over 1894, Per cent. increase over 1894. Rows for 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887.

If you like, there is a marked difference between the years '91, '92, '93 and '94. Yes, that was McKinley's reign, when Bradford felt thrown onto its "beam ends," and when men were at their wits' end to know how to keep their spindles going and their looms picking. However, while there is to-day much fragrance and sweet smell among the factories of Yorkshire, the time is looming in the near future when there shall be emitted from the domestic factory frankincense and myrrh to brighten the lives of those who now may feel to be the victims of fear and despondency.

The following figures show the increased percentages of exports for twelve months from the Bradford district to the United States:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Increase over 1894, Per cent. increase over 1894. Rows for 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Value. Rows for Worsted coating, Stuffs, Wool, Woollen goods, Woollen and mohair yarns, Wool tops, Carpets and rugs, Sundries.

This is the actual result of our free trade in raw wool. Our woolen manufacturers were promised that, with free wool, they would be enabled not only to control the American market but also to capture the trade in woolen manufactures in the markets of the world. The result, however, is that one little woolen manufacturing district in England is capturing the entire woolen trade of the United States. The breach in our wall of protection is proving quite fatal both to the producers of raw wool and of woolen goods. YANKEE.

Our Shoddy Tariff.

Statistics continue to multiply demonstrating the bad effect of the new tariff law upon the American wool industry. We notice some of the Democratic papers are trying to make capital by pointing to the woolen mills recently started up and some increase in the machinery. It is well to note in this connection, however, that the importation of shoddy has increased 1000 per cent. since the McKinley bill was repealed. This is a most extraordinary increase and accounts in a large measure for the augmentation of the business of woolen factories. In order to compete with the imported articles the American manufacturers are compelled to resort to the use of shoddy in much larger quantities than ever before. The people who buy and wear the woolen goods will, of course, be the sufferers; meanwhile the farmer is not getting the price for wool that he formerly received and his flocks are decreasing.—Bagerstown (Md.) Herald and Torchlight.

Will Be in Great Demand.

The New York authorities, in view of the great demand for asphalt roadways, are perplexed as to what disposition to make of the basalt blocks now in use. The solution is very easy. If the present Wilson-Gorman Democratic tariff should long continue at the present increasing magnitude of the imports and the decreasing rate of exports they can be used for ballast for steamers going to Europe.—Sing Sing (N. Y.) Republican.

Another Free Trade Trust.

In spite of the fact that the duties on window glass have been reduced nearly one-half by the provisions of the new tariff, the manufacturers have formed a trust. The trust has already advanced prices nearly 18 per cent., and another advance of 5 per cent. is likely to follow. What becomes of the argument that a protective tariff fosters trusts, and that a revision of duties according to Democratic ideas would be a death blow to such combinations?—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Free Wool and Free Trade.

The wool clip has been decreased a hundred million pounds and the price of the clip has been lowered from 7 to 27 cents. Still some papers assure us that tariff reform is an excellent thing for this industry. It is one of the few articles, in fact, the only prominent one, which has had the alleged benefit of a full Democratic tariff. Wool was placed on the free list. There is not a cent of duty left on it. It is under a strictly Democratic tariff. Nearly all the other articles that are from time to time cited in the newspapers have some portion of the old protective duty left standing to their benefit. It should be borne in mind that the Wilson bill is not a Democratic tariff. It is simply an amassment of Republican tariff. It was a botched Republican tariff when it came from the House. In the Senate Mr. Gorman and his associates added over 600 amendments, most of which were protective amendments, for Maryland has many factories to protect. In this way the Democratic party is now defending duties which are two-thirds at least Republican, only they are unevenly distributed, favoring certain sectional industries. But in the case of wool the Democratic party had the courage of its convictions and took off the whole duty. The wool clip (under the McKinley law) amounted to 364,000,000 pounds. This year it is reduced to 264,000,000. At the same time the price was reduced from 7 to 27 cents, depending upon the grade of wool.—Iowa State Register.

Democrats Deceive the Women.

"The economical woman is not 'in it' nowadays, at least so far as clothes are concerned. Such diplomacies as makeshifts are no longer possible in dress. The test of making a little go a long way has practically become extinct. Unless provided with a very long tether indeed, 'making two ends meet' has become almost a lost art. It really seems as though fashion and the dry goods merchants were in league against the noble army of women of moderate means."—New York Evening Sun.

This, from a Democratic paper, is far from being in accord with the promises made to shopping women, in 1892, that the repeal of the McKinley tariff would be followed by cheaper goods and lower prices. The dream of shoppers that one free trade dollar would be equal to two protection dollars is sadly shattered by this cold statement of dry facts. Women will be forced to believe that a free trade promise is more fragile than their own pie crust. How about the poor working girl who was to get her clothes so cheap? "The economical woman is not 'in it' nowadays." The Democrats have deceived her.

More Cotton Coming.



Won't Work Their Way.

Exports are growing smaller and imports are increasing. The consumption of foreign wool is increasing and that of domestic wool is declining. Larger quantities of dry goods are being brought into the country from foreign lands, and fewer domestic dry goods are being manufactured in the United States. These are some of the results of the Wilson tariff bill, which was to have increased exports of American manufactured articles and thus promote the prosperity of the country.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Price of Wheat.

The wheat crop of 1895, as given by Dornbusch's list, was 335,735,000 quarters. This is less than 5,000,000 quarters larger than the world's wheat crop of 1892. On July 1, 1892, the price of wheat in New York was 82 cents, but on July 1, 1895, the price was only 73 cents, a decrease of 15 cents a bushel. Does the increase of 1 per cent. in the world's wheat crop between the two periods account for the decrease of 18 per cent. in the value of wheat within the same period?

CANADIANS FLOCKING HERE.

Depopulation of the Dominion a Liberal Issue in Politics.

The great exodus of Canadians to the United States is one of the strong cards the Liberal party is using against the Government.

The depopulating of Quebec Province is assuming alarming proportions. Within the last few weeks a large number of families have left Quebec City and the county of Lewis for the United States. Reports from Athabascaville state that scarcely a week passes that from forty to fifty persons from that district do not take their departure for the American side.

Letters from the North Shore report an exceedingly bad season's fishing, with every prospect of great distress on the coast this winter and an extensive emigration to the United States.

She Voted in England.

A woman named Butler is the first of her sex to vote at a general election in England. Her name was put by mistake on the voting list at Barrow, and the presiding officer at the polls held that he had no authority to inquire into her sex when the name was once on the list.