

Of the new postoffices established since the first of July seven are named Dewey. Being all of the fourth class, however, they are away below the admiral's rank.

The Arkansas elopers who killed the girl's pursuing father and took his body with them to the place where they were married are strong examples of the theory that love will find a way.

Medina, Pa., schools have just inaugurated a clever plan for decreasing tardiness. They will grant to the department showing the lowest percentage of tardiness for each month an extra half holiday.

According to a statement prepared by the Rev. Dr. Strong, the missionary societies of the United States, Great Britain, continental Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia number 249, with 4694 stations and 15,200 outstations. There are 11,695 missionaries, 65,000 native workers and about a million and a quarter communicants. The income from all these countries approximates \$13,000,000.

Losses to the farmers by the doing away with horses as motive power on surface railroads, and consequent falling off in the demand for hay and grain, are being estimated. Large as these losses undoubtedly are, they have been made up many times over by advantages which the trolley systems have conferred upon owners of farm lands. The trolleys have doubled the value of real estate in many instances and reduced the cost of travel to a minimum, observes the Brooklyn Standard Union.

The cleverness of colored boys in Atlanta, Ga., has been perverted to teaching dogs to steal chickens. When this explanation of the disappearance of poultry was made by the losers the police were sceptical, but all doubts vanished when, on the arrest of four suspected boys, a dog with a chicken in his teeth followed the patrol-wagon to the police station. The boys confessed and explained their method of operation. They would get a chicken in the old way, by theft from the roost, and then teach a "likely" dog to catch and fetch it. After a little practise of this kind the dog would be taken through premises where chickens were at large and would be incited to attack. Soon thereafter the dog could be depended upon to do the purveying without assistance or suggestion. Two of the trained dogs were captured by the police and were condemned to death as dangerous to the welfare of the community.

The forest fires which have raged in Colorado and Wisconsin enforce the argument for forest conservation and the extension of the fire-warden system. Protection would not cost a fraction of what is lost through indifference. This loss is not alone in the destruction of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber, but in the injury to the soil, which can only be repaired in years, and in the loss of summer moisture to the lands depending on the slow melting of the snow on the tree-sheltered hills. The warnings to take precautions come periodically. The fire in Wisconsin is the fourth large one in the north west in the last 30 years. By the three preceding ones at least 2500 lives were lost, and about \$1,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. That was the immediate material loss. The greater loss was in the destruction, as scientists estimate it, of over 75 per cent. of the fertilizing nitrogen in the soil.

School congestion is as severe in Philadelphia as in New York, and much pressure is being brought to bear to force requisite appropriations to remedy the deficiencies. The health of the children is endangered by present conditions. In many of the classrooms for small children the pupils sit three and four in a seat intended for two. Still worse conditions exist in the makeshift quarters provided. Rooms have been rented in dwelling-houses, where ventilation can be obtained only from the windows and heat from a stove. In one district the pressure was so great that a private stable was obtained temporarily and fitted up as a kindergarten. In another district a kindergarten class of 100 is being taught in a cellar, and in a third quarters have been fitted up in an outbuilding formerly used as a woodshed and place of storage. There are classrooms in the basements of churches, over stores and in the basements of schoolhouses, and quite recently a school board in the northwestern section of the city, being unable to find better accommodations for a half hundred children, had to decide between the second story of a building, directly over a blacksmith's shop, or nothing.

A petitioner to the general Methodist conference in Canada recently asked that body to "protect congregations against the growing evil of manuscript preachers."

One of Scotland's foremost physicians declares that bicycle riding is a sure cure for many forms of insanity. His theory seems to be that external wheels will cure internal wheels.

That Chicago burglar who found the \$3200 which a householder had hidden under a stair carpet was undoubtedly guided by kindred feeling. He shared the distrust in banks of the man who owned the money.

Active, rapid and decisive—that is the text of the present age. The celerity with which great events eventuate is illustrated by the experience of the Maine merchant skipper who left Manila in a sailing vessel for a voyage around the Cape, stopping at St. Helena. When he started there was no expectation of war; when he reached Maine the war was over. This is the way the whirligig whirls.

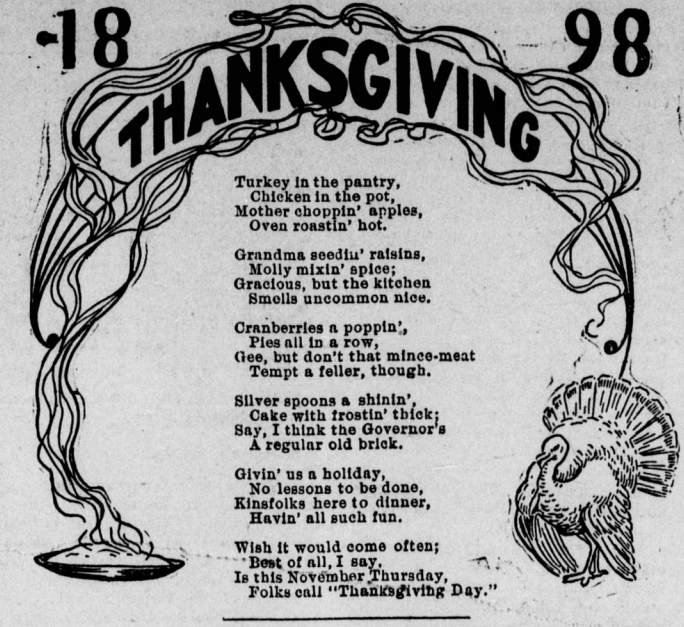
The physical health of many modern cities has been immensely improved by careful, systematic attention to sanitation. During the greater part of the last century the death rate in London was about 50 per 1000 each year. It had decreased to 24.8 in 1850 and fell to 17.7 per 1000 last year, though the population of the city has doubled during that time. The death rate in London is now only a little larger than in rural districts of England.

It is safe to hazard the prediction that the next five years will see Mexico make more progress than in the last ten, says the Mexican Herald. The installation is pretty well done now, and the country already feels the new motive power. New financial institutions, new factories, new railroads, new improvements of all kinds are projected by substantial people, and one of the most conservative of our bankers, who never talks for effect, says, "Now Mexico is really making money."

"Should Curates Marry?" is a question which has been agitating the ecclesiastical minds of New South Wales. At the recent provincial synod a motion was submitted by Archdeacon White which recommended to bishops of the province "to require as a condition of admission to the diaconate that candidates remain unmarried for five years." The discussion naturally touched upon interesting facts, as when reference was made to Richard Baxter's marriage with a young woman who wished to be more closely acquainted with such a pious and eloquent man, and also to a bishop of Durham who had married four times and who gave to the fourth lady of his choice a ring bearing the inscription, "If I survive I'll make it five." The motion was rejected.

Consul Ruffin of Paraguay says that the butter supply for that country comes mainly from Europe and is inferior to that made in the United States. He thinks the superior quality of American butter would insure its rapid sale and states that the retail price is from 35 to 40 cents, gold, per pound. Foreign butter, however, pays a 50 per cent. duty. The consul suggests the following innocent tricks of the trade: "Let any butter manufacturer cater to the whims of the people by placing on his small cans a picture of the president of Paraguay, or those of some of the leading states men and an old historic house or two, which would catch the eye of the people and cause it to be talked about. This would give popularity to the American brand and ought to lead to quick and profitable sales. Nothing of this sort exists in the country."

An extended study of the phenomena of insomnia by De Menacine, a Russian authority in medicine, brings him to the conclusion that it is characteristic of persons who blush, laugh, weep readily and whose pulse is apt to quicken upon the slightest provocation, remarks the New York Tribune. Loss of sleep, however, he admits, most frequently results from overwork of either mind or body; overstrain of either kind dilates the blood vessels of the brain and eventually paralyzes them, extreme cold producing the same results. Experiments also show that exercise of the emotions causes a rush of blood to the brain and sleeplessness, if occurring near bedtime. There is a common theory that sleep is "squired in proportion to the scarcity of red corpuscles in the blood, and thus all persons do not correspond in their need of sleep, and many authorities agree that the need of sleep depends upon the strength of consciousness.



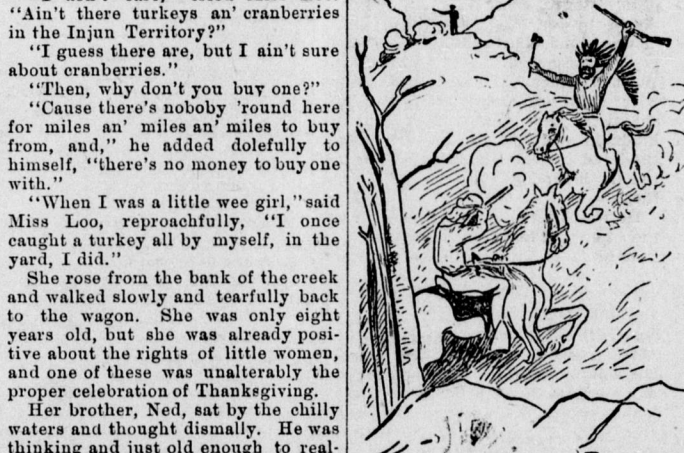
Turkey in the pantry,
Chicken in the pot,
Mother choppin' apples,
Oven roastin' hot.
Grandma seedin' raisins,
Molly mixin' spice;
Gracious, but the kitchen
Smells uncommon nice.
Cranberries a poppin',
Fies all in a row,
Gee, but don't that mince-meat
Tempt a feller, though.
Silver spoons a shinin',
Cake with trostin' t'rick;
Say, I think the Governor's
A regular old brick.
Givin' us a holiday,
Best of all, I say,
Kinfolks here to dinner,
Havin' all such fun.
Wish it would come often;
Best of all, I say,
Is this November Thursday,
Folks call "Thanksgiving Day."

A HARD WON TURKEY.

How Ned Brought Home the Thanksgiving Turkey—It Was a Dreary Outlook, But a Boy's Pluck Triumphed.

By P. F. BLACK.

"I've been looking, I have, so I ought to know," said Lucy, with a tearful face, "and there's only beans and pork an' a wee, wee piece of beef pop bought from the cowboys. There's no cranberries an' there's no turkey an' mam's not making no—no—pie."
"Mam's busy looking after pop, Loo," said Ned, in great worryment, "an' he's awful down with larra. I guess we'll have to do without pie this Thanksgiving."
"No pie! An' no turkey! We always have pie an' turkey on Thanksgiving, Ned, else it ain't no Thanksgiving. It can't be Thanksgiving."
"But ye ain't on the farm now, Loo," her big brother remonstrated, "we're in the Injun Territory."
"I don't care," cried Miss Loo. "Ain't there turkeys an' cranberries in the Injun Territory?"
"I guess there are, but I ain't sure about cranberries."
"Then, why don't you buy one?"
"Cause there's nobody round here for miles an' miles an' miles to buy from, an'," he added dolefully to himself, "there's no money to buy one with."
"When I was a little wee girl," said Miss Loo, reproachfully, "I once caught a turkey all by myself, in the yard, I did."
She rose from the bank of the creek and walked slowly and tearfully back to the wagon. She was only eight years old, but she was already positive about the rights of little women, and one of these was unalterably the proper celebration of Thanksgiving.
Her brother, Ned, sat by the chilly waters and thought dully. He was thinking and just old enough to realize plainly that things with his family had gone all wrong. He knew that times had been hard in Wyoming, where they had come from. He knew that his father had lost all his cattle and had had to leave the ranch. He knew they were traveling with their few household goods down to join his uncle in Texas—traveling in the slowest, most laborious but cheapest way, with his father's last wagon, and his father's last four horses.
Ned sat until the falling sun warned him it was time to fetch wood for the fire and help his mother make the poor meal they were getting accustomed to.
"Mother," he said, as they hung over the fire together, "to-morrow's Thanksgiving."
"A poor one for us, sonny," she answered. "No pie for little Loo to-morrow I'm afraid—poor child. But we'll soon be in Texas, Ned."
"Ain't there turkeys in the territory, mam? Wild ones, I mean?"
"So I am told; but gracious, you can't expect your father to get up sick as he is, and shoot turkeys."



DIMLY THE BOY SAW SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED AND HEARD THE INDIAN SCREAM WITH PAIN.

of the plains, as the wind swept past him, and the galloping hoofs of his horse made music in his ear. His cheeks flushed; his uncut hair floated behind him; his eyes shone, and he shouted with novel delight. But he saw no turkeys. If he had known more he would have got up at night and "potted" them from their roosts in the branches of the scanty trees—unsportsmanlike, but effective. Now they were far abroad feeding. Ned stopped shouting, but did not halt in his pursuit. At length his eager eyes noticed a flutter among a clump of tall dead sunflowers, and his Wyoming learning taught him that these birds were feeding on the fallen sunflower seeds. But he did not want prairie chicken; he wanted turkey. Once again he looked and there was a heavy flutter and movement among the tall sunflowers. They were turkeys—a big covey. Shaking with excitement the boy picketed his horse and crept on foot near the busy birds. He was afraid they would hear his heart thump and take fright, but still he got nearer and nearer, with his finger on the trigger. Then an old wise gobbler got alarmed when Ned was within thirty yards and the covey started, half running, half flying, in a great state of excitement. Ned fired almost blindly into the midst of them, both barrels. He saw something and ran to it. Turkey it was, a whopper, and something was hopping away among the sunflowers. Ned ran to that and killed it with a blow of his gun. Two! He sat down and laughed gleefully. Then he thoughtfully said: "Now, if only one could have been a big mincepie, Loo would have been happy."
Speedily he fastened a bird on each side of his saddle and mounted to go home. But that was easier said than done. His father had been right when he had warned him how easy it is to get lost on the plain. After half an hour's riding, and recognizing none of the ground he had galloped over in the morning, and after doubtfully



NED FIRED ALMOST BLINDLY INTO THE FLOCK.

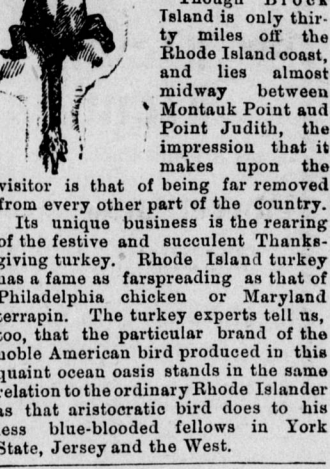
"Couldn't I? I've shot pop's gun off twice. An' Loo wants turkey. She's tired of pork and flapjacks."
"Your father said, when we left home, you were never to leave the trail. You might get lost on these big prairies."
"He said 'unless necessary,' and

studying where his shadow had been, and where it ought to be now, Ned, with a sinking heart, acknowledged he didn't know where he was.
At last he reached a higher bluff than any before, and from it he could see a succession of lower bluffs, and then again a high one behind. He sat on his horse for some time and then rode toward the other big bluff, and so high it was he could not see its summit even from the hollows, with the other bluffs between. He rode along, slowly now, for his horse was not so fresh, and was in one of the hollows, when suddenly far in front of him there came to his ears a strange sound—the long, ringing notes of a cavalry bugle. Ned stood in his stirrups to stare about, plunged all at once into a high state of excitement. But his horse; never had that patient and docile animal behaved in so extraordinary a way before. It pricked up its ears and threw its head back, and plunged. Again, across the plains, sounded the blood-burning bugle, and all at once over the further bluff, came running men and the sun shone on the weapons in their hands. The bugle sounded yet again, and one of the men waved a sword, and so clear was his voice when he spoke the words that Ned distinctly heard them:
"Commence firing!"
Then there was a noisy cracking of many carbines, and the men running forward, stopped every now and then to kneel and fire again. But Ned knew little more; it was all he could do to hold onto his horse, who, with one prolonged neigh, had taken the bit in his teeth, and was charging, apparently, with the most joyous feelings toward the enticing bugle. Up one bluff and into the hollow, and up another the unwilling boy was carried directly toward those dangerous puffs of white smoke, the turkeys flopping by his side, and at the top of the next bluff he nearly fell off his horse from sheer fright. Coming to meet him, helter skelter, save who save can, came a band of Indians in full retreat, with bullets popping around them right and left. They were as startled as was Ned. His white face doubtless led them to believe that a party of white men were cutting them off. Without a shot they turned and fled right and left; utterly scattered—save one, a huge man with a large war bonnet. He was apparently mad with rage and came swooping down on Ned. The instinct of self-preservation, rather than reason, made the lad raise his shot-gun to his shoulder and fire, although no bullet, but mere buckshot were in his cartridges. Dimly the boy saw something had happened and heard the Indian scream with pain, and again heard the commanding officer's voice hurriedly shout: "Cease firing."
His horse swept on, through the lines of amazed soldiers, and at last, with every manifestation of delight, ranged quietly up behind the men, by the side of the horses, left riderless in charge of a few soldiers, whose comrades had dismounted to fight on foot.
Ned rolled off his apparently insane horse, and sat, with dizzy head, seeing nothing clearly, until a tall man with a saber stood in front of him and looked sternly at the boy.
"Who on earth are you?" he said.
"The idea of charging right into the teeth of our fire."
"Please, sir," said Ned, very much frightened at the look of the big saber. "I didn't mean to. Baldy ran away with me."
The officer broke into a smile, and lifted the boy to his feet, and sheathed his saber.
"It's lucky you were not killed," he said. "Tell me how it all came about. Do you know you knocked an Indian off his pony, that one of my men is bringing prisoner?"
"Oh! please, sir," cried Ned, turning white. "Is he killed? Oh! really I didn't mean to."
"The beggar's sound enough," said a bright young officer coming up. "He'll probably be blind though. He got that shot full in the face."
The two officers turned to Ned then and questioned him, and with boyish innocence he told them all—about their hardships, his father's sickness, his mother's weariness and worry, and little Loo's desire for a Thanksgiving turkey. As he concluded a smiling sergeant led up Ned's horse.
"It's our old Baldy, sir," he said.
"We had him when the troop was in Wyoming and he was condemned and sold. He ran, of course, when he heard the bugle, and ranged alongside like the veteran he is."
The men crowded round the old troop horse with many jokes and caresses, but Ned looked at him in dismay.
"My turkeys!" he cried.
They were gone, thrown off in that wild charge, and Ned broke down and burst into tears, thinking of poor, disappointed Loo. But the captain sent two horsemen over the way the boy had come, and they brought them back safely. So that was all right and much more, for the younger officer, who was a doctor, had some quinine in his saddle bags, and showed Ned the way home in triumph, and there he doctored the boy's father and made him comfortable, so that they got home to Texas safely.
The dinner that night was very fashionable, if the time they ate it counts for anything, for it was 9 o'clock before the turkey was cooked.
"But," said Loo, cuddling gratefully against Ned, "it wouldn't, it couldn't have been Thanksgiving Day with only flapjacks. Could it, now?"
Poor Loo!

visitor is that of being far removed from every other part of the country. Its unique business is the rearing of the festive and succulent Thanksgiving turkey. Rhode Island turkey has a fame as far spreading as that of Philadelphia chicken or Maryland terrapin. The turkey experts tell us, too, that the particular brand of the noble American bird produced in this quaint ocean oasis stands in the same relation to the ordinary Rhode Islander as that aristocratic bird does to his less blue-blooded fellows in York State, Jersey and the West.

FAMED FOR TURKEYS.

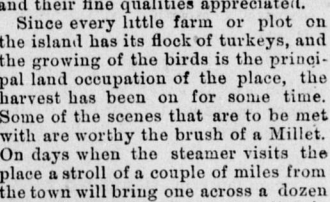
The Birds Are Raised to Perfection on Block Island.



A TURKEY FARM ON BLOCK ISLAND.

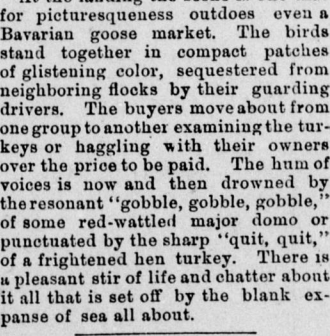
WOULD be hard to find anything more picturesque than the Thanksgiving harvest on Block Island.
Though Block Island is only thirty miles off the Rhode Island coast, and lies almost midway between Montauk Point and Point Judith, the impression that it makes upon the visitor is that of being far removed from every other part of the country.
Its unique business is the rearing of the festive and succulent Thanksgiving turkey. Rhode Island turkey has a fame as far spreading as that of Philadelphia chicken or Maryland terrapin. The turkey experts tell us, too, that the particular brand of the noble American bird produced in this quaint ocean oasis stands in the same relation to the ordinary Rhode Islander as that aristocratic bird does to his less blue-blooded fellows in York State, Jersey and the West.

To the Block Islander turkeys are what his cattle are to the native of Holstein or the Isle of Jersey—the object of his chief concern and attention. When one has been long enough on the island to be familiar with the care and attention that is lavished on its turkeys there is no longer any wonder that the Block Island gobbler is the most arrogant bird on earth or that when turkey is quoted at twenty cents the Block Island brand brings thirty-five. Most of the birds, it may be remarked, go to Boston and New York, where their reputation is known and their fine qualities appreciated.
Since every little farm or plot on the island has its flock of turkeys, and the growing of the birds is the principal land occupation of the place, the harvest has been on for some time. Some of the scenes that are to be met with are worthy the brush of a Millet. On days when the steamer visits the place a stroll of a couple of miles from the town will bring one across a dozen great flocks of turkeys traveling in droves, like cattle, toward the harbor. They are driven by women in short skirts, heavy shoes, woolen stockings and with queer little sunbonnets on their heads, or by boys in nondescript trousers, cowhide boots and south-westerns, the prevailing male attire. The drivers stroll along silently except for the "cluck, cluck" with which they stir up a straggler or hasten their flock. The birds march along as sedately as their masters, and give the latter little trouble, for they are well fed and lazy, and one can almost see the roll of their fat sides beneath the glossy feathers.
At the landing the scene is one that for picturesqueness outdoes even a Bavarian goose market. The birds stand together in compact patches of glistening color, sequestered from neighboring flocks by their guarding drivers. The buyers move about from one group to another examining the turkeys or haggling with their owners over the price to be paid. The hum of voices is now and then drowned by the resonant "gobble, gobble, gobble," of some red-wattled major domo or punctuated by the sharp "quit, quit," of a frightened hen turkey. There is a pleasant stir of life and chatter about it all that is set off by the blank expanse of sea all about.



A Great Dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

"We never had such a dinner as this."



"I don't believe we could eat any more if we had it."

Every week a car of eggs is shipped from St. Mary's, Kan., and it takes 61,200 eggs to make up such a load.



"I don't believe we could eat any more if we had it."

Every week a car of eggs is shipped from St. Mary's, Kan., and it takes 61,200 eggs to make up such a load.

A Query.
Thanksgiving is a joyous day throughout this mighty nation; but on one point about it I would like some information.
Why is it that always, when we should feel most enraptured, Hunker for the piece of turkey that some other person captured.