

Dakota is the biggest boy in Uncle Samuel's family, and has for several years wanted to set up for himself.

Every State in which fertilizers are sold taxes the business ostensibly for the protection of the farmers.

The proportionate culture of grass may be taken as a measure of the prosperity of agriculture, asserts the New York Times.

Prince Bismarck recently gave a fete to his servants and tenants at Friedrichsruhe to celebrate the despatch to Bery of 5,000 telegraph poles cut in his forests.

The value of the fertilizers used by farmers amounts to a yearly sum of about \$59,000,000. It was more than half this sum in 1880, and the trade has certainly doubled in extent since then.

The Chinese are making such large demands upon soap that in time they may rank among the clean nations.

The Director of the German Statistical Bureau has issued a report on the status of the German population. There are in the empire now about 45,000,000 people.

A St. Louis diamond broker makes the singular statement that the amount of money invested in diamonds in that city is greater than the volume of actual money used in business.

Tourists abroad complain that the delightful calm and quiet of Heidelberg, the great German university town, has given way to noise and manufacturing bustle.

The newspaper is the most penetrating and pervasive agent of civilization in Persia, where agricultural implements are of the same pattern that they were in Abraham's day.

Harrison Weir, a famous English artist, proposes that the common bantam fowl, that most pugnacious of birds, shall no longer be confined to the poultry yard.

There is a complaint that the new movement among women has produced a death of the maiden aunt. Instead of devoting her time and strength to the needs of her relatives she is writing, or clerking, or teaching.

Statistics of mining accidents include some of the consequences flowing therefrom. Thus, in the first anthracite district of Pennsylvania, during the single month of September, there were eleven fatal accidents.

The practice of running trains on the left hand track is now being largely put in force by railroad corporations throughout the United States.

THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air, And the frost is in the sod,

When the yellow golden-rod, Like a fading sunset light, Withers in a blackening blight,

Then, for all that builds up life With its changing calm and strife, What I was—the given base

Of a growth more full and firm— Of my parents' blood—for chance Even, and fate and circumstance—

For the joy and sorrow turned Into hope—for wisdom learned From my folly—faith from doubt:

That hath helped the spirit weak Its best life and truth to seek:— For all this, and more that, blind, I cannot recall to mind—

Thanks on this Thanksgiving day I would render as I may:— On this dull gray day when earth Hath no smile of spring or mirth,

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now mother and herself to battle with the world.

For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little inland village.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity of the daughter and her husband.

John Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table.

"All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys."

"But a week previous to Thanksgiving the funeral had taken place—used up the last dollar of ready money and left a debt to be paid."

"Yes, dear, it is hard; but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful for."

comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it.

Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor.

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the icy blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oven and get as much wood as you can haul."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys."

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be brighter than you anticipated."

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!" "Mine?" he questioned, returning.

"Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it."

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drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace,

"But Jane—" "Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep."

Thus reinforced John Austin explained that he had found it in a hollow log and suggested that it be opened.



"It is father's writing. Open it as quick as ever you can."

"Sounds like a will," said the husband, "and we'll see what the old man has left."

Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nuggets.

"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my turkeys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

"To think I should accuse you of being drunk! And you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to help others!"

"N. B.—That will was never probated."



The sorrow that follows the joy. "Yes," she said at breakfast table this morning, "I am glad Thanksgiving is over."

"Why?" he asked. "Because I can now begin reminding you that Christmas is coming, and that I need a new seal-skin saque."

A song of Thanksgiving. I never had a sweet gazelle With me with its soft black eye— But I would love it passing well.

On the way to Thanksgiving Services. The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.



Roast beef, indeed! "You forget this is Thanksgiving. Where's your turkey?"

SACCHARIN.

REMARKABLE QUALITIES OF A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

It is Derived from Coal Tar and is the Sweetest Substance Known—Its Uses in Medicine, etc.

The curious product from coal tar known as saccharin was introduced by a French chemist two years ago, since when a factory for its production was established in Westerhausen, near the old historic town of Magdeburg.

It has been found that in its pure state it is difficult of solution, but this defect is corrected by the addition of an alkali bicarbonate that is added by small portions to the saccharin mixed in the water.

Saccharin is used now in cake, candy and champagne. Its sweetening power is 300 times greater than that of sugar, and it has neither the latter's nutritive power in various properties.

A distinguished American chemist, when asked for some information respecting the new material, said: "Saccharin is really in many ways a remarkable product."

It is a harmless and effective sweetening agent for bitter medicines, and chemical combinations of it with several alkaloids, such as quinine, strychnine and morphine, have been employed with marked success.

Besides these medical uses, saccharin is largely employed in France as a substitute for sugar in confectionery and lactams.

One part of it to 1000 or 2000 parts of glucose (grape sugar) makes an equivalent to cane sugar for confectioners' use, and one part of saccharin to 8000 parts of liquid is considered sufficient for making sweet liquors.

There is a small set in Guatemala, Central America, to-day, who are so careful of themselves that they seldom venture on the sidewalks, and fortunately for them they have so equipped themselves to enable them to keep carriages.

An aged turtle was picked up near Kingston, N. Y., recently that had the following inscription on its back: "W. D. Whittaker, Aug. 10, 1871."

A Strike For Turkey. Wesley was born in Epworth, England, in 1704.

That Thanksgiving Feast

In an undeveloped state.



Under cover.



In the fulness of completion.



Under the knife.



A deadly breach.



After dinner.



Roast beef, indeed!



Wesley was born in Epworth, England, in 1704.

Partial text on the right edge of the page, including "WARDS", "Talmage", and "Uto one".