The earth is brown and the skies are gray, And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming snow

Are affoat in the frosty air. But the sparks fly up from the hickory log, And the homestead's broad stone hearth, And the windows shake and the rafters ring To the lads and the lasses' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn, And his locks are thin and white, But his hand is firm and his voice is clear. And his eye is blue and bright

As he turns to look at his sweet old wife, Who sits in the gown of gray, With cobweb kerchief and creamy friils She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board, And his gassa they are silent all-"Thanksg, one, Lord, for the rain and sun, And the fruit on the orehard wall,

For the silver wheat and the golden corn, And the star of a follooms life. The greatest blessing that Thou canst give-A true and loving wife !

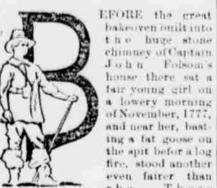
This white-baired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace. And the failed rose on her wrinkled cheek,

With a proud and courtly grace. And the snowflakes click on the window TAISTEIN, And the rafters ring above.

And angels earof the farmer's thanks As they mount to the trates of Love,

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

EY S. J. EDWARDS.



she. These maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun their hair concealed except for a few locks that wandered from beneath the linea handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows. revealing arms, that were fair to look a; on, so white were they and of such exquisite roundness, were busy with the preparation of a feast, and the natural tint of their cheeks, which was as delicate as the peach blossom, was heightened by reason of the heat that

She who stood at the door of the bakeoven hesitated a moment and turned her head slightly to one side as though she listened. Then tossing her hand gently, as though to ind that her cars had been mi-

haps by the wind without. the over ' re smiled

came from the cracking logs.

cerven tue ..

from the cavern within. splint he penetrated the crust while surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well capture done, and then she turned to her com- break ybs. "Twill be a fine feast for Uncle in this man's words. Come,

John when he returns to-day. Surely he said he would be back by noon.



BASTING A FAT GOUSE ON THE SPIT." goose in charge paused for a moment

in her task of anointing it with rich gravy, and said

Father will be here, I know, if the what may Lappen to our militia. parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father and gentle manners provailed. had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and maying he will not come Boy to the pie?

such a pie was never made. 'Tis full nity and unconscious grace. And of giblets, for you know that Uncle when she turned to converse more se-John Vigh's to est them, covered riously with Captain Folsom upon the with the gravy of the dish. 's

window, and peering out for an init turned upon its rusty hinges.

What is it that you hear, Abbie?" eaid the other.

picture did these fair maidens make as tell us your name or your rank, but I you hear that mob shouting? You by a tribune (brigadier general).

sill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of that town.

" 'Tis true, Abbie; 'tis true, I hear their step, and surely that is Ephra- few miles away." im's fife

Abbie returned to the kitchen and made preparations for the great table to receive the bounty with which the day was to be celebrated, while the other maid stood awaiting the coming of her father. She saw the company as it marched around the bend in the road, with her father at the head, and she was going forth to meet them, when of a sudden she halted. The look of joy upon her face was changed to one of wonderment, and she stood. her head bent slightly forward, that she might the better see, perplexing and hesitating.

The company had come as near to the farmhouse as the meadow that adjoined it on the west, and there they halted, and the maiden saw that one was with them who was not of the company when they marched away the night before. He stood alone, erect, constrained, and she perceived that his hands were tied with thongs behind his back. She saw her father talking earnestly and seemingly directing two or three men of the company to take this man in charge, and scarcely knowing what she did she approached her father and was so near that she could have put her hand upon his shoulder before he saw her.

"Sir," she heard her father say. "you were captured within our lines them natil you return." without a passand having no authority to be there. I am going to send you asked Thankful in a merry mood. with a guard to the commander of our army, who is in the camp a dozen miles or so beyond. He will discover dignity of gentle sport. whether you are no British spy, but

our lines by accident." "What has he done, father?" the girl asked, for she was filled with pity for this man, who seemed so proud and

yet so pleading in his manner. "What Thankful, is it you? Why are you here, my daughter?" said the Captain. "I came to welcome you, father."

"But this is no place for you. We have a prisoner.' "A prisoner! Surely he can do no

harm. He is not like an army man and he seems well favored." Nevertheless we found him wan-

dering within our lines and there are spies about and he may be one of "A spy? Surely, I think not."

And the girl went to the prisoner and stood before him in the innocence of maidenly confidence and looked full into his eyes, lifting her head to do so, for he was tall and seemed to tower far above her in his splendid presence. You are no spy," she said at last.

"No, my child, not a spy. I am an officer of the King's army who has ste ved within your lines. Thank you tter-you have sympathy.

am Reinig, Jacob II. Historia. http://doi.org/10.100/ 10-inimel. Elloworth Aurana.

pumpkin pie? Let him come and be me that he will make no effort to escape until you hear from the General what shall be done with him."

The Captain seemed to hesitate for prisoner he said: "Sir, I am myself impressed with your dignity of manner. It may be that you speak the truth. My daughter's intuitions are that it is so. I have changed my mind. I shall send a messenger to the General with a dispatch teiling of your capture, and then whatever he commands—that year after the harvest to give thanks panting into the room. to the Lord and to eat a great feast and to make merry in our families. I ing to attack you," he said, searcely will ask you to share this with us. You able to speak for lack of breath. will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape.

parole to you, and, if I may be permitted, to this fair maiden who has interceded for me.

They unloosed his thongs, and when his hands were free he stepped up to Lord permus, but in these dark days Mistress Thankful and he took her hand that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding

They had a fine feast at Captain Folom's table, and the British officer being no longer under great restraint, to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a became most companionable and vensorry feast for us if we must eat alone. tured gentle jests with Thankful and her cousin, Mistress Abbie, who served 'Tis nextly done, I think, and the meats and bounties with gentle digwar and its battles they -Thankful and For some moments the maidens con- Abbie-under pretense of some engagetireed these preparations, and then ment for the preparation of the desshe who was called Abbie went to the sert, glanced furtively at him and exchanged confidences that he was a stant turned and opened the door, handsome man and well favored and which creaked with mighty moans as moreover very young for one of his stature and of his rank, for it was

plain that he was a high officer. "It seems to me that I hear the merrymaking, and Captain Folsom, and the officer, even in the suspense march of the company, and still I do being greatly impressed with the mannot know but 'tis the wind. See, the lifest honor and nobility of his pris- that she had assumed the manner of snow has begun to fall a little." The oner guest, had such confidence that he one who had authority and can exerother maiden arose and went to the at last said: "Sir, I do not know cise it. She stood erect, her head door, and so they stood side by side, whether your rank would permit me thrown back, her eyes very bright, peering out far dewn the highway to to call you Captain or Major or Colo- her cheeks now somewhat pale, and the turn of the road, where it skirted nel, for one of these offices I know she said: "You must go, sir. I comthe Long Island Sound. and such a must be yours. You do not care to mand it. Go with him. Hark. Don't turion. The legion was commanded

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING. they stood thus framed by the door- have that confidence in you that I am have not a moment to lose." And willing to leave you for awhile with these gentle guards, my daughter and him pleadingly and with gentle in consequence in the village, which is a



CYOU ARE NO SPY," SHE SAID.

"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not destroy it. While these maidens guard me I shall protect

"Will you promise to obey us?" "In all things," he replied, bowing with grace, and yet with the mock

'I exact only one promise, sir," have strayed, as you have said, within said the Captain, "and that is that you will not quit this house until my re-

> "I give that promise willingly," After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even the more earnestly to entertain these maidens, and their intuition taught them that their charms had found favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although with the greatest courtesy and deference. He told them stories of England which they were pleased to hear, and of life among the nobility there and how the ways of those titled people differed from the simple customs of their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many things about their manner of life, and it was plain to see that Mistress Thankful had already won his high regard.

> "Tell me," said he, "how is it that they call you Thankful? 'Tis a pretty name, and well given to you, I should say, but I never heard it before I heard them call you by it."

> "But it is not my name," she said. "I have heard my mother say that on

one Thanksgiving Day they sent to my r sympathy. You have beauty father, who was in the church, and ice, my child, but you have bade him hurry home, and when he came home he found me there, though went back to her father and I was not there went he went away, bard to hald as he aid me up: 'It The Lord has

to me to-day. So her they call me, for cident. Bol'shortness, Thankful.

with you. Don't you rememoer that to have said this with such modesty an it is Thanksgiving Day, and that we with such delicious suggestion of grace, The maiden who had the spitted are to have a roasted goose and a chicken and her cheeks were so gently flushed pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious and her eyes so bright, that the young officer could not conceal the admiraour guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise tion for her which had seized him, and when she perceived it she turned away with gentle coquetry. Thus this Thanksgiving afternoon, which had promised to be so dreary a time for a moment, and then turning to his him, was one of joy, and when the shades of evening came and the candles were lighted the maidens and the young officer were like those who had been long acquainted.

In the evening the girls brought apples and nuts and eider, and they were having a merry time, when of a sudden Abbie arose and went to the door. Her will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our quick ears had detected a strange feast day. We are accustomed every sound. A moment later a lad came

"Look out, Thankful; they are com-

"They? Who? Who can attack us?" "Tis Ben Williams and his gang. Twas yesterday that the cowboys cap-"You do me honor, sir. I give my tured a lad-a cousin of Ben Williams -and for some reason they hanged him, and now Ben is bound to have revenge, and he has heard that there is a British officer here, and he swears he'll have him hanged to a tree for re-

A moment later a young man with a musket in his hand entered the door and he said: "Mistress Thankful, your ather left me here on guard unbeknown to you. There's trouble brew ing, I fear. They are coming to take the officer away and to do him harm. Let him go with me and I will hide

him Thankful brought the officer's closk and hat and bade him go, but to her "I cannot amazement he refused. go," he said. "I gave your father my word of honor that I would not leavthe house till he returned.'

"But you must. Ben Williams is brute. He will take you out and kill you, sir. Go under the escort of the guard and he will take you where you can be concealed.

But the officer would not stir. would only say that he had given his pledge and he would not break it. In In the afternoon there was gentle an instant Thankful seem changed, and terror of the moment, perceived

then as he did not stir she went up to my niece, for I have a mission of some ner, not knowing seemingly what it consequence in the village, which is a was she said or did; she put her hand

upon his arm with gentle touch, and she said "Go, go; for my sake, go." "For your sake?" he murmured, and he seemed to hesitate, and then she turned to the guard and bade him lead the officer forth. But at that moment the cry of the mob was so distinct that it revealed that escape was impossible. Thankful bade the guard step in and boit the door, and commanded him to use his musket if anyone should try to force an entrance. And even as she spoke the door was forced and an ugly face was protruded, and some one "Come out, you redcoat!" been felled by the butt of the guard's musket. The door was closed and bolted, and

the guard stood with the manner of defiance. In an instant Thankful had made disposition of the officer. Before he was aware what she was doing she had led him to the settle in the chimney corner, and she bade him to be seated there. None too soon, for the window was forced open and some one shouted: "Come out, you cur, or we will shoot you where you are!' "Oh, you coward-you coward, Ben

Williams! He has done you no harm, and he is unprotected," and Thankful, speaking thus, placed herself so that she stood directly before the officer. There was a crash, a confusion of sounds, for they were trying to force the door. The officer, then realizing that this fair maiden was protecting him with her body, pushed her aside, saying: "No, no; I cannot permit this. You must not be injured. Let me pass." At that moment a musket was discharged, and the officer, perceiving that Thankful was recling, supported her in his arms. She had received the shot instead of him.

A moment later there was a mighty shout, a great rushing noise, the door was burst open and Captain Folsom and some of his company entered. "What is this? What is this?" he said.

"Ab, uncle. Ben Williams and his gang are trying to capture the officer, and they have shot Thankful as she tried to prevent it," said Abbie, crying bitterly.

"Williams, take him away; bind him; put him in the guardhouse with his gang!" the Captain shouted, and then kneeling down over the body of his daughter he moaned, saying: "My Thankful, my Thankful; ob, my daughter, they have killed you!"

"They have killed her, sir, while she was trying to save my life," said the officer, and he wept like a child.

But she was not dead. They lifted her tenderly and carried her to her room under the gable roof and when they saw that she opened her eyes and that her lips moved they were rejoiced, and there was a prayer of thanksgiving to God that He had spared her life that night.

A few days later the order came from the General instructing Captain Folsom to deliver the prisoner under his charge to the outposts of the Britthese many years, but | ish army at the Bronx in exchange, for it was demonstrated that he had told hanksgiving since she the truth when he said that he had at day; and that, sir, strayed within the patriot lines by ac-

As he was about to go away he said to Captain Folsom: "I have one favor to ask. May I see Mistress Thankful for an instant alone?" It was permitted. He went and stood by her bedside and took her hand, "Thankful," said he, "I am going away. It is not right that I should speak to you except in thanks, for I am an officer in an army opposed to yours, but I may say this: I heard your unconscious confession when you bade me go for your sake, and your sweet words then uttered will be in my memory until I come back again when these battlesare over," and then he kneeled tenderly over her and touched his lips to her

forehead. When he looked at her he saw the clauce of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that gentle tears were coursing down her cheeks, which she did not care to wipe away, and he knew they were tears of

Six years later, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, a traveler dismounted from his horse in front of Captain Folsom's forge-for the Captain was a blacksmith in time of peace. The traveler looked curiously about, as though not sure that this was the place he sought, when his eyes rested upon a maiden who was standing in the doorway. It seemed to him as though the picture which he had seen in that identical spot six years before on the day of his departure was there ngain. He went up to her and said: Thankful, my Thanksgiving. I have come.

"I knew you would," she said, and with such gentle sweetness of manner that he took her to his arms.

It was a grievous sorrow to Captain Folsom that his daughter Thankful was compelled to leave him when she married this man whose life she had saved, but it was a joy for him to know that she had a husband worthy of her. She had married Sir John Sterling, and he took her to his estates in England, which were great, and there as long as they lived, and to this day among their descendants, the last Thursday it November in every year is celebrated as a thanksgiving ceremonial, and in the evening to the children every year is told this romance of the day wher their grandfather and great grandfather met his Thanksgiving.

A Roman consular army comprised two legious, each containing 4500 men. The unit of the legion was the mani pulus, 100 men, commanded by a cen

PIN POINTS.

HOW THIS USEFUL LITTLE AR-TICLE IS MADE.

Wonderfully Ingenious Mechanism Which Turns Out the Little "Bachelor's Friend" at the Rate of 7500 an Hour.

MACHINE that makes pins turns out 7500 of these tiny essentials an hour. Before the pin is finished it goes through very many operations, which are described in the Youth's Companion as follows: A reel of wire hangs over the machine, the free end of and would have said more had he not which passes between two rollers. under a new and original principle of As the wire leaves the roller it passes

between two matched dies until it touches a guage. Just as it does this the dies come together and clamp it firmly in a groove in their face. the same time the machine cuts it off the proper length. The gauge then moves away and a little punch forms is finished the dies separate and deliver the pin into one of the great many grooves in the face of the wheel about a foot in diameter, and just as wide across its face as the pin is long.

When the pin is taken by the wheel it has no point, but as the wheel turns it rubs the pins against an outside band, which causes each one to roll in its groove, and at the same time carries them past a set of rapidly moving files, which brush against the blunt ends and sharpens them roughly. They grinding wheels, which smooth the points, and then to a rapidly moving leather band having fine emery glued on its face. This gives them the final polish, and as they leave the band they are dropped into a box underneath the machine. After this the pins are plated with tin to give them a bright, silvery appearance. They are pre-pared for plating by being first immersed in weak sulphuric acid to remove all grease, and then dried by being placed-a bushel or so at a time, with about the same quantity of sawdust-in a machine called a tumbling barrel. This is simply a cask suspended on a shaft which passes through it lengthwise. Two or three hours' rolling in sawdust cleans the pins and wears away any little roughness which the machine may have cansed.

Pins and sawdust are taken together from the barrel and allowed to fall in a steady stream through a blast of air. The sawdust, being the lighter, is blown over into a large, room-like box, while the pins, being heavier, fall into a bin below. After this they are spread out in trays having sheets of zinc in their bottoms, which have previously been connected with one of the wires of an electric battery. The trays are then placed in a tank containing a solution of tin in muriatic acid, and the other wire of the battery is Aserted in the solution. Electrical action immediately begins and deposits metallic tin on the entire surface of copper to the lower side. This constant rubbing against the tub and against each other polishes them.

It was the practice formerly to allow pins of all lengths to become mixed in the different operations, and, after polishing, to separate them by a very ingenious machine, but it has been found more economical to keep each size to itself.

From the polishing tub the pins are carried to the "sticker," where they fall from a hopper on an inclined plane in which are a number of slits. The pins catch in these slits and hanging by their heads, slide down the incline to the apparatus which inserts them in the paper. As the number of pins in a row on the paper and the number of slits are the same, an entire row is stuck at once by an ingenious device which takes one pin from each slit and inserts them all at once in the two ridges which have been crimped in the paper by a wheel that holds it in place to receive the pins. At the same time the wheel crimps the paper it spaces the rows, so that when filled with pins the paper will fold up properly.

This whole machine is so delicate in its action that a single bent or otherwise imperfect pin will cause the machine to stop feeding until the attendant remove it; yet its operation is so rapid that one machine will stick 90,000 pins an hour. As the long strip of paper on which the pins are stuck comes from the machine it is cut into proper lengths by girls, who then fold and pack the papers in bundles ready for shipment.

Microbes on Post Cards,

The latest scare in microbes has been started by Professor Uffelman, of Rostock, who infected a letter with cholera bacilli and put it into a post bag. When the letter was taken out, wenty-three and a half hours later, the bacilli were still alive. Bacilli were also found living on post cards twenty hours after infection. The nicro-organisms were found to die rapidly when placed upon coins. A European demand, Marseilles alone ty charged with cholera bacilli was importing in one year over ten milafterward placed on some beef. A lit- lion bushels for use in the manufactle later the meat was found to be ture of chocolate, while billions of swarming with bacteria. A finger was bushels are yearly carried to London, infected with cholers bacilli and Hamburg, Berlin and other places, for dried. One hour later the finger was oil. Very large quantities are grown rubbed on some roast meat, and nu- in India, for home uses. Brazil, which merous bacilli developed subsequent- is the true botanical home of the The moral of these experiments plant, does little more than supply bylous —Scientific American her own market. —Demorest. is obvious -Scientific American

Seeks the Tornado's Secret,

"I want to get there-right there into the business end of the store where the tornado is generated.
want the tornado's secret, its agent
and, God helping me, I shall have it If electricity, then we may be able to dissipate Jove's most awful wrath and relieve our great cities of their wors nightmare, their most insidious and most implacable foes," to a reporter for the Philadelphia Press.

The man who made this bold ar

striking remark is Professor Henry

Allen Hazen, expert meteorologist the United States Weather Bureat who has nearly completed arrange ments for a series of not less than 1000 high altitude balloon ascensions, be made as often as three times a day gas conservation, with new scientifi instruments made in England express ly for the purpose. The proposition is now before the Board of Advisers who may be expected to report on the application as soon as Professor Lang ley, Secretary of the Smithsonian, shall return to his post. Professor the head by striking the end which Langley himself is much interested in rested against the guage. When this the subject of free air observation, eathe subject of free air observation, ea pecially in an idea he has of sending up self-registering instruments to the highest possible altitudes without risking the presence of a human be ing in a balloon. Professor Hazen, however, regards this method as only supplementary to the work of personal observation and instrument readings which he has in view. Aerial transit across the Atlantic Ocean is the ultimate object toward which Professor Hazen's plans are tending. He states unreservedly that he will make the next pass against the faces of two trip if he lives. He is already looking forward to the construction of a balloo basket in the form of a completely equipped open boat with air-tight compartments. In this vehicle, stored with food and drink for many days, the professor will set out without a qualm of fear. The only apparent difficulty that has ever beset the problem has been the inability of the aeronauts to keep the balloon on a steady horizontal plane. The rising and falling of the balloon can be regulated by an original device of Professor Hazen's He will carry a bucket at the end of a long rope, and water drawn from the ocean will constitute the necessary ballast whenever his balloon seems to get more buoyant. The water will be poured out again when the balloon needs buoyancy.

Governor Pattison's Story.

While attending the meeting of the Board of Agriculture, at Kittanning, Governor Pattison related the circumstances of a midnight trip he made from that place to Dayton a few years

ago. He said: 'It was the occasion of my official visit to the orphan's school at Dayton. We, myself and another official, left this town in a carriage at 10 o'clock p. m. to make the drive to Dayton, twenty-two miles. After we had driven three hours through a heavy rain, s terrible storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, overtook us. The darkness was intense and the mud seemed to be two feet in depth. We each pin. They are then washed in a pushed on, but at last we decided to tank of water and put into other stop for the night at the next farmtumbling barrels with hot sawdust. house. Soon the carriage stopped and When they have been dried and cleaned the driver got out. The next thing the sawdust, as in the former in- we heard was the sound of a man's stance, they are put into a large, fist pounding on a door. We could slowly revolving copper-lined tub, see no house. A shutter was opened which is tilted at an angle of about up stairs and a man's voice inquired forty-five degrees. As this revolves what was the matter. He asked if we the pins keep sliding down the smooth could secure shelter for three men and two horses. The farmer said 'No,' and as if anxious to return to his bed slammed the shutter. But our faithful driver would not give it up, and he continued to pound. The window was again opened, and our man said, in bugh

no uncertain tones: " See here, old man, we want to stop here; it's too rough to go on; ithou the Governor of Pennsylvania is out

here in a carriage.' "The farmer poked his head out ad pe and said, 'You are lyin'; no Governor is such a fool as to be out a night like

this. "Without further words he closed the window and retired. We went on through the blinding storm, and reached Dayton in the early morning." -- Pittsburg Post.

What Peauuts Are Good For.

The magnitude and universality of the home consumption of peanuts are something startling. There are few towns too small to support at least one vendor, while in the cities the picturesque stalls and roasters are s feature of the business streets.

The peanut has a great commercial importance uside from its roasted state. The seeds contain from fortytwo to fifty per cent. of oil, which is easily obtained by cold or warm expression. The first method yields a superior oil which none but an expert can detect from the true olive oil, and it may be used for the same purposes, both on the table and in pharmacy. In the latter method the beans are but stightly heated before being submitted to pressure and the yield is much greater; but the color is much darker and the odor more pronounced and less agreeable. This second quality of Arachis oil, as it is known, is used for fine soaps, cerates, and ointments. Perfumers use it as the basis of their cold creams and pomades; and it is also used for lubricating watches and delicate machinery.

The west coast of Africa produces an almost incalculable crop to supply the