

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

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 aloft in the frosty air.

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

BY J. J. EDWARDS.



BEFORE the great
bakeoven built into
the huge stone
chimney of Captain
John Folsom's
house there sat a
fair young girl on
a lowly morning
of November, 1777,



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 indicate
that her ears had been mis-

they stood thus framed by the door-
sill and jamb as would have delighted
the eyes of any of the young men of
that town.

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

"You do me honor, sir. I give my
parole to you, and, if I may be per-
mitted, to this fair maiden who has
interceded for me."



"I have heard my mother say that on
Thanksgiving Day she sent to my
father, who was in the church, and
bade him hurry home, and when he
came home he found me there, though
I was not there when he went away."

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

have not a moment to lose." And
then as he did not stir she went up to
him pleadingly and with gentle man-
ner, not knowing seemingly what it
was she said or did; she put her hand
upon his arm with gentle touch, and
she said "Go, go; for my sake, go."

"I have heard my mother say that on
Thanksgiving Day she sent to my
father, who was in the church, and
bade him hurry home, and when he
came home he found me there, though
I was not there when he went away."

"I have heard my mother say that on
Thanksgiving Day she sent to my
father, who was in the church, and
bade him hurry home, and when he
came home he found me there, though
I was not there when he went away."

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.

A 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
which passes between two rollers.

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.

The latest scare in microbes has
been started by Professor Uffelmann,
of Rostock, who infected a letter with
cholera bacilli and put it into a post
bag.

Seeks the Tornado's Secret.

"I want to get there—right there
into the business end of the storm
where the tornado is generated."

The man who made this bold and
striking remark is Professor Henry
Allen Hazen, expert meteorologist of
the United States Weather Bureau
who has nearly completed arrange-
ments for a series of not less than 1000
high altitude balloon ascensions, to
be made as often as three times a day
under a new and original principle of
gas conservation, with new scientific
instruments made in England expres-
sly for the purpose.

While attending the meeting of the
Board of Agriculture, at Kittanning,
Governor Pattison related the circum-
stances 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, a
terrible storm, accompanied with
thunder and lightning, overtook us.
The darkness was intense and the mud
seemed to be two feet in depth. We
pushed on, but at last we decided to
stop for the night at the next farm-
house. Soon the carriage stopped and
the driver got out. The next thing
we heard was the sound of a man's
foot pounding on a door. We could
see no house. A shutter was opened
up stairs and a man's voice inquired
what was the matter. He asked if we
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 faith-
ful driver would not give it up, and
he continued to pound. The window was
again opened, and our man said, in
no uncertain tones:

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

What Peanuts 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 a
feature of the business streets.