The robin bath flown to the tropic. The honey-bes flitteth no more. The reaper bath garacred the harvest, And the fruit and the nuts are in stora, The flame bath died out on the maples, We tread on the loose-lying leaves, And the sorn that was sturdy and stalwart Is gathered and bound into sheaves,

And sweeter than music of springtime, And fuller of jubilant mirth. Are the strong-tided chorals o'erflowing From hearts where thanksgiving has birth.

The songs of the home and the altar, The gladness of children at play, And the fear love of households united Are blending in praises to-day,

For pasture-lands fodded with beauty, For plenty that burdened the vale, For the wealth of the teeming abundance, And the promise too royal to fail, We lift to the Maker our anthems,;

But none the less cheerily come To thank Him for honor and fruition, And the happiness crowning the home. Oh, the peace on the brow of the father,

The lift in the voices of maidens Who walk under dream-curtained skies, The dance in the feet of the wee ones. And the sparkle and shine in the air! The year has no time like Thanksgiving-

A truce to our fretting and care.

The light in the mother's clear eyes,

Sweet was the song of the robin, Blithe was the hum of the bee, In the day when the drift of the blossom Was light as the foam of the sea; But sweeter the silence of autumn, That maketh a space for the strain Of the joyance of home, when the harvest Is gathered from billsi ie and plain,

#### A WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HELEN FORKEST GRAVES.



HANKSGIVIN ch?" said the Widow Wyman, as she studied the Governor's procher glasses as it type of the Week-

ly Herald of Freedom. "Well, it don't make much difference to me, haven't much to be thankful for."

of her youth, when the sun rose be- heavy as lead within her bosom. hind a veil of amethyst and gold, and the trees blazed in royal robo-

all moons saile ... of violet air.

She was old and poverty-stricken now, and things were changed.

Outside, the dead leaves rustled in spell o' fever." the bleak November blast, and the gate, hanging from its one hinge, briskly at the door. creaked like a complaining gnome.

"Everything goes against me!" sighed the widow, as she measured out | consternation. six drops of laudanum for her toothsche. "The wind didn't blow anvbody's gate down but mine; and the side of the old barn has caved in, and skin cap. the latch is off the cornerib door, and a weasel took all my spring chickens he, gruffly. night afore last, and the apple-sass has fermented, and the moths has eaten up my furs, and I haven't had a letter from brother John's folks in three months, and there ain't a living soul, as far as I know of, as cares whether I'm in the world or out of it.

"There was Janie Greyson, as I brought up out of the workhouse and bound to the bookbinder trade in New York, she's married a store clerk, they tell me, as wears Sunday clothes every day of his life, and never even writes to ask how I am; and Sarah Soames, happen," thought she. And she as I nussed through the smallpox that summer she taught district school up here; and Harry Wild, as never could have set up business if my Elnathan hadn't mortgaged the old place to lend him money.

"I might sit here and starve, and they wouldn't none of 'em lift a and-' finger to put bread in my mouth; and there's the mortgage to be foreclosed at Christmas, and the fences all down, and everything going to rack and ruin. I declare to goodness, I've most a-mind to swallow the whole of this laudium bottle, and put an end to my troubles. There ain't nobody would care."

And the Widow Wyman looked gloomily at her bottle of laudanum as she set it on the shelf.

"There," she added, as the back log separated in two pieces and fell in a shower of ashes on the brick hearth -"there goes the fire, and there ain't a dozen sticks of wood in the shed. Things didn't used to go so slipshod when Elnathan was alive. And I can't go to meetin' to-morrow, because I haven't a decent dress to wear; and if apples and sage, for dinner, it'll be all on one side. I can afford. Other folks has turkays "I've come to suand Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING.



In stack and cellar, bay and bin, Now rest the harvests of the year. The orchard's wealth is gathered in. The ricks are filled, the fields are clear,

To-day we take a truce from toll. And at the gental fireside meet: Nothing shall come our peace to spoil As we the annual feast repeat.

How calm the Indian summer haze Above the distant mountain lies; The squirrel darts from place to place, The crow across the valley flies.

The rippling stream with murmuring tone Seems lonelier as it passes by-

Whose friends are true, whose home is dear For all, may some good fortune come, Some cheer to drive sad thoughts away; Thrice happy friendships, love and home, And naught to mar Thanksgiving Day, -Joel Benton. my wife is outside in the carriage,

And one slow hawk, reserved, alone,

The colored pallet, rich and rare,

A Quaker russet now they wear,

And even that shall pass away.

But we, around our ample board,

stored,

dusk.

Confront the winter without fear,

Whose fruits are housed, whose crops are

Cuts his broad sweep across the sky.

Is gone which made the forests gave

and cranberry tarts. I sin't so lucky. lamation through But, then, I'll get a pumpkin-there's plenty of 'em in the old corn lot-and appeared in the make a pumpkin pie. There will be a Thanksgivin' taste to that, anyhow." And the Widow Wyman raked together the fading embers of the fire,

Thanksgivin' or no Thanksgivin'. I put on two or three fence pickets to ling the door to admit a rosy-faced And the tears rose instinctively into new back log, fringed with gray moss, the prettiest of dimples in her cheeks. brief day the cares and worries of the the willow's dim eyes as she remem- and smelling faintly of the woods. bered the radiant Thanksgiving Days But all the while her heart was as "Something's going to happen," said

be widow, as the tears dropped slowly . ocean into the apples she was paring for sauce. "I know something's going to The Widow Wyman was young then, happen. P'raps it'll be a cyclone. and the world wore its holiday guise. Or, maybe, the mortgage is goin' to on the arm of a stalwart young man. Thanksgiving! The very word is on. Or, p'raps I'm goin' to have a

But just here some one tapped

dropping an apple on the floor in her ly, and cranberry-puffs, and oranges, "pie de pumpkin."

And in came a tall man, wrapped in

"Is this Mrs. Nancy Wyman?" said

"That's me," said the widow.

"Oh!" said the stranger. "Cold weather for this time of year."

"Very cold," said Mrs. Wyman. "Threatening snow."

"It does look like it," acquiesced the widow. "I believe this place is mortgaged,"

said the stranger plunging headlong The Widow Wyman began to trem-

ble all over. "I knew something was going to

added, aloud: "Yes, it is." "I thought so," said the stranger. Tve bought the mortgage from

Squire Satterlee." "I hope you'll excuse the interest and taxes being a little behind," said | ain't-never-John's fotks?" Mrs. Wyman. "I'm a lone woman,

"Yes, I know," brusquely interrupted the gentleman; "but business is business. Do you see these papers, ma'am?"

The widow eyed the yellow packet in his hand.

"Yes," said she; "its the morigage I signed myself. I see 'em plain enough."

"Very well," said the stranger, and he deliberately tore the documents in two, and flung them under the mossy old log, where they shot into yellow the youngest and stoutest of all, prospires of flame and flew up the chimney in a train of flery sparks. "They were taken off the record this morning," said he. "Why, Aunt Nancy! is it possible you don't know Harry

And in another second he had her in his arms, with the apples rolling of pumpkins stewing on the fire; I roast a rib o' pork, with stewed over the kitchen floor, and her cap all

with you, Aunt Nancy," said he; "and

she baked herself, and a batch of mince pies, and six pounds of California grapes. Come in, Poll," openmake it blaze up, and brought in a young lady, with teeth like pearls, and merry word, to forget for one bright,

can't be!"

and in came a tall, presty girl, leaning and gladness. and nuts, and raisins, and all that son-and-black blanket shawl, and a set sauces. meeting to-morrow."

vived again.

haste to open it.

man, all wrapped up in mufflers, which loyment out of life. were already beginning to be powdered over with show, and a stout, middle-aged woman at his side, and dle-aged, in the background.

become all spectacle glasses. "It-

John's folks it was, come to spend Thanksgiving at the old homestead. "Such a big turkey, Aunt Nancy!" squeaked one of the children, unable

longer to contain himself. "And nice jelly, and East India preserves, and a cake as big as a cart wheel, all covered over with frosting!" added another. "Oh, my, don't I wish it was to-morrow."

"And a set of furs for you, Aunt Nancy, and a new carpet for the parlor, 'cause pa's gone into the carpet and oil-cloth business," supplemented ceeding to the construction of a bewildering series of summersets in the middle of the floor.

The Widow Wyman sat down helplessly, and looked around at the poor little roasting piece of pork, all powdered over with sage, and the pot while in the back kitchen, by the light of a dip-candle, Janie and John's wife and the rosy-faced bride were unpack- | world.

ing hampers of savory viauds, with the yellow shine of oranges and the

sound of nuts dropping on the floor. "We've brought you a set of new china, Aunt Nancy," said Harry Wild -"white, with gold sprigs, and an old-fashioned gold band around the edge. Sarah Soames sent it as a remembrance."

"And a new table-cloth, Aunt Nancy," added Janie, "and a dozen napkins, I hemmed 'em myself on the machine."

"Why y," cried one of the children, "Aunt Nancy is crying!"

"No, I ain't!" said Aunt Nancy. 'Yes, I be, too! Only I meant it ain't because I feel bad. Because I do believe I'm the happiest old woman in the State this day! And I shan't set down to my Thanksgiving dinner all alone, and my folks hein' forgotten the old creetur up in the woods, and -Thar's the pumpkin a-bilin' over! Quick, Janie-take the pot off!"

The Widow Wyman was laughing and sobbing in the same breath, as she stirred the boiling mass with a huge wooden spoon.

And as she knelt beside her wooden bedspread that night, her prayer was: "Lord, make me thankful enough for all Thy mercies on this blessed Thanksgiving Eve!"

#### THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

A Day Suggestive of Hospitality and Good Cheer.

Thanksgiving! I feel tempted to say it is the most blessed inheritance the citizens of this broad land of freedom received from their sturdy ancestors, this custom of setting apart one day in the year for rendering to the Father thanks for all mercies and blessings. As the years have passed on the custom has lost much of the solemnity and religious fervor with which it was observed in the olden time, but it has preserved one of the most beautiful of its original features. the assembling of separated families.

It is the one blessed day of all the with an eighteen-pound turkey, and year that brings together the seattered a real old-fashioned suct-pudding that members of the household. The wanderers, separated perhaps by miles and months, meet once more by the glow of the Thanksgiving fire of the old homestead, to smile and speak the "And we, too, Aunt Nancy," said a world. There seems to be an agreecheery voice, out of the gathering ment, unspoken, yet recognized and binding, to lay aside all petty griev-"Sakes alive!" said the Widow Wy- ances and small vexations, to drive man; "it sin't Janie Greyson? It away all thoughts of business troubles, to remember only that which is pleas-"Yes, it is!" cried the cheery voice; ant, and to make the day one of peace

be foreclosed sooner than I calculated "And here's my husband, Caleb Car- suggestive of welcome, of beaming ter. We couldn't spend our first faces and happy meetings, of good Thanksgiving anywhere but with you, cheer and hospitality unlimited, of auntie, dear, and here we are. And tempting heaps of ruddy apples and Caleb has brought our dinner along- golden oranges, and of that spicy "Come in," said the Widow Wyman, a pair of grouse, with red current jel- dainty, our National confection, the

And inseparable from the word sort of thing. Bring in the basket, Thanksgiving is another National fur-lined garments, with bright-hued Caleb, dear. And there's a new black dish, roast turkey-the once proud eyes shining under the rim of a seal- silk dress for you, Aunt Nancy, and bird of our wildwood-flanked by the a pair of gold spectacles, and a crim- reddest and cranberriest of cranberry

> of real English lace for you to wear to | Some one has said, heartlessly and audaciously, that to spend a truly And with this Janet hugged the ideal Thanksgiving we must not only old lady until she nearly choked cast aside our own burdens, but forget her, and kissed her until she was re- the troubles of others less fortunate than ourselves, the poor whom we While all this was transpiring, there have "always with us." This may be came a fresh cannonade of knocks comfortable sort of philosophy, and against the door, and the widow made the owner of such a convenient, castiron conscience and memory could, no There stood a stout, middle-aged doubt, get a great deal of selfish en-

> But I believe that to make the day a perfect one we must think of the poor in our midst, for a few minutes, three children, all stout, but not mid- at least, not in a mandlin, sentimental way, sighing over their poverty, be-"Well, I never!" cried the Widow wailing their hardships, but in a Wyman, staring until she seemed to simple, substantial way, sharing with them the viands with which our table has been blessed. If the giver of every Thanksgiving feast, or even if every ordinary family dinner, would remember the destitute long enough to feed one hungry family thousands of homes would be gladdened for at least

The most acceptable thanks we can send above consist in making others thankful. With grateful hearts we may celebrate the day, but sweeter than any praises we can sing are the little acts of thoughtful kindness we may all bestow. - Detroit Free Press.

## All Cau Be Thankiul.

The few who have been prosperous Can easily give thanks; They have sufficient for their need · And credit in the banks. The multitude who are hard up, The victims of reverse Can only try to thankful be It isn't eny worse.

-Kansas City Journal.

It is estimated that 3000 marriages are daily performed throughout the POPULAR SCIENCE.

A race horse galloping at full speed clears from twenty to twenty-four feet every bound.

The atmosphere is so clear in New Zealand that it is said objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven

Science declares that in proportion to the weight of the whole person the weight of woman's brain is greater than that of man.

If the Atlantic Ocean would have a layer of water 6000 feet deep removed from its surface it would only reduce the width of that body of water one-

Electricians say that there is no safer place during a thunder storm than a trolley car. The wires and car pole make the best kind of lightning

There are many reasons in favor of the supposition that Mars is more likely to have been inhabited in past ages than at the present time, in spite of its atmosphere or water or clouds.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead, so that most insects are born orphans.

Surgeons say the lungs of old people at Pittsburg are much darker in color than similar organs of folks in more favored cities. They attribute this blackish hue to the inhalation of the soot-laden air of the Smoky City.

Such is the clearness of the atmosphere in the vicinity of Arequipa, Peru, that from the observatory, 8050 feet above the sea, a black spot one inch in diameter, placed on a white disk, has been seen on Mount Charchini, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen inch telescope.

A prominent geologist, who has been looking into the formation of the bed of the Ohio River, forty-three miles below Pittsburg, says the old river bed is 300 feet above the present water level, and he finds there stones of Canadian granite, whose nearest home now is on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario. In the glacial gravel be came across a rough arrow head, which he attributes to the glacial period, perhaps 300,000 years ago.

#### A Monster Book.

The Chinese department of the British Museum library contains, says a writer in Cassell's World of Wonders, a single work which occupies no fewer than 5020 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press was purchased a few years ago for \$6000, and is one of only a small number of copies now in existence. It is an encyclopaedia of the literature of China, covering a period of twentyeight centuries-from 1000 B. C. to 1700 A. D.

It owes its origin to the literary proclivities of the Emperor Kang-he, who reigned from 1662 to 1722. In the course of his studies of the ancient literature of his country, Kang-he discovered that extensive corruptions had been allowed to creep into modern editions, and he conceived the idea of having the text of the originals reproduced, and preserved in an authoritative form. This was a mighty conception, truly, and in its execution it remains unique down to the present time. For the purpose of carrying out the work Kang-he appointed a commission of learned men to select the writings to be reproduced and employed the Jesuit missionaries to cast copper types with which to execute the printing.

The commission was occupied for forty years in its great task. Before the work was completed Kang-he died, but he had provided that his successor should see the book completed, and he faithfully carried out his trust. The book is arranged in six divisions, each dealing with a particular branch of knowledge. The divisions are thus designated: First, writings relating to the heavens; second, writings retating to the earth; third, writings relating to mankind; fourth, writings relating to inanimate nature; fifth, writings relating to philosophy; sixth, writings relating to political economy.

## The Wheel as a Lite. Saver,

To the Russians belongs the credit of first utilizing bicycles as a sort of out-riding bodyguard. The recent discovery of several plots to assassinate the Czar has aroused to the utmost the ingenuity of the military, whose especial work in life is to secure the safety of the autocrat. In the past when the Czar made a journey by railway it was thought sufficient to send ahead a locomotive and tender to make sure that the road was free from loose rails, misplaced switches, dynamite bombs and such other hindrances to the imperial progress. But the certain information that the Socialist, Anarchists and Nihilists who prevade Russian society from bottom to top, to the very side of the Czar himself, are once more actively engaged in their thoroughly righteous scheme to overthrow the absolute monarchy that makes virtual slaves of tens of millions of men, has made necessary the most rigid precautions. Therefore the imperial train is now always preceded by one or more military bicyclers of proved loyalty to the Czar. Such out-riders precede the train at a distance no greater than is absolutely necessary to prevent their being run down by the locomotive. The guard from his perch on the comparatively lofty wheel commands an adequate view of the neighboring country, and can signal to the train following at the slightest sign of danger.

William Riley, a Philadelphia boy, has invented a contrivance by which his Newfoundland dog supplies the motive power for his printing press. The "Injun" and the Nugget,

The miners were a talking. It was after the lunch hour during the rece in the last day of their convention; Proneer Hall. They were looking picture of Sutter's mill.

"Do you see that cabin there by a tree?" asked Captain George Thomas. "Well, that is where I liv when I was the custodian of the ar nugget found by Marshall. I had Marshall well, and many and many the time he told me of his discover In fact, that is about all I ever him to do. Marshall always ela that discovery as his own, Lut if the nugget had not been forced on him would never have found it, or an thing else.

"One day a young Indian-I le him well-was working in the sabove the mill when he picked in little piece of shining metal that sin the exodus to California. The li carried it around in his pocket to day or two and then gave it to 1 shall. He did not know what it and proceeded to test it with his is The only result was the impression two solid eye teeth. He was about throw it aside as worthless when Indian suggested that he send in General Sutter, who was then at 1 barcadario, the present site of Sa mento. Sutter tested it and sen back with the information that it ; gold and was worth \$7 or \$8. Sur other nuggets were found in the fla but the original I had in my pa sion for several months, and w returned it to Marshall it still had imprint of his teeth.

That is the story of the discovery gold in California as related to m both Marshil and the Indian, but w any one sought to give the Digge credit that was due him Marshall brush aside all such claims with declaration, 'Injuns don't com they did there's probably thousa of 'em that seen gold here before;

one did.' "When Marshall was dying of a vation the Legislature refused to a bill appropriating \$500 for hi lief, but after his death a costly m ment was erected to his memor was not Marshall but Marsh memory that the State desire! to petuate."-San Francisco Chrat

#### A Timeless Town.

The old proverb says that time

made for slaves. It is certainly that it was not made for Alsae the following story told by a tra lately returned from Alsace be Says he: "On my return from chen, I looked upon the beautif lages of the Lewen Valley, and a tourist who likes to poke his into everything, I turned, by ch into the church of Kirchberg. coming out I took out my water regulate it by the clock in the ch tower. But there was no clock! seen. Hence I went into the v inn, and there asked the time. my host could not oblige me. tell you exactly, for, you see, be 'we have no use for clocks. 'we have no use for clocks. morning we go by the smoke from the chimney at the parsons on the hill. The parsonage per very regular. We dine when is ready. At 4 p. m. the whi the train coming from Ma tells us that the time has con another meal, and at night that it is time to go to bed wh dark. On Sunday we go to when the bell rings. Our pur very easy going man, and he mind beginning half an hour or later."—Harper's Round Ish

## The Mocking Bird's Range

The most remarkable thing mocking bird is its way of lay a range. In the autumn it go and establishes itself for the wi a patch of ground that will y ries and other food enough to til the following spring. The determined respecting boundary as much accuracy as a minis pector would use in taking ou Perhaps it may be only hit square, or it may have a le breadth of as much as 100 yar space depends mainly upon t supply in sight; but the most is a great glutton and wants to the quantity that would be ne to keep him alive. Having his range, the owner will with his life, and no other trait bird is allowed to enter it .- S leans Times-Democrat.

## A New Bicycle Tire.

A new bicycle tire, which is be an improvement over those erat use, has been invented ented by Miss E. S. Hutchins Rapids, Mich. In the middle rim of an ordinary style parabber tire is a groove, into fitted a smaller tire of leather. it is claimed, is much more than the present style of a tires while equally clastic and New York Sun.

## An Old Violin.

The Stradivarius violia, der the name of Hercules, passed into the possession gene Ysaye, the well-known violinist, who purchased Paul Nothomb, King's Ad Manche, in Berlin, for 8529 instrument, dated 1732, an is most perfect ever turned of celebrated Cremona master, a ful state of preservation.—is

# The Smallest Clock What is without doubt the

orco

clock in the world was intef bition in the shop windows tingen jeweler. The dial less than one-third of an use eter, and the weight which the motive power is suspend human hair.