The robin hath flown to the tropic, The honey-bes flitteth no more, The seaver bath garnered the harvest, And the fruit and the nuts are instora. The flame bath died out on the maples, We tread on the loose-lying leaves, And the corn 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 chitdren at play,

And the lear 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 fall, 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 light in the mother's clear eyes, 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,

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 hillside and plain.

A WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HANKSGIVIN' ch?" said the Widow Wyman, as she studied the Governor's proclamation through her glasses as it appeared in the type of the Week-

ly Herald of Freedom. "Well, it don't make much difference to me, Thanksgivin' or no Thanksgivin'. I haven't much to be thankful for."

And the tears rose instinctively into the willow's dim eyes as she remembered the radiant Thanksgiving Days 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 rober a-

all moons saile. of violet air.

The Widow Wyman was young then, and the world wore its holiday guise. and things were changed. Outside, the dead leaves rustled in

the bleak November blast, and the gate, hanging from its one hinge, creaked like a complaining gnome.

"Everything goes against me!" sighed the widow, as she measured out six drops of laudanum for her toothache. "The wind didn't blow anybody's gate down but mine; and the side of the old barn has caved in, and the latch is off the cornerib door, and a weasel took all my spring chickens 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, 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 Squire Satterlee." 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 finger to put bread in my mouth; and there's the mortgage to be forcelosed at Christmas, and the fences all down, and everything going to rack and ma'am?" 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 when Elnathan was alive. And I can't | Wild?" go to meetin' to-morrow, because I apples and sage, for dinner, it'll be all on one side. 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 toil. And at the genial 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 erow neross the valley flies,

The rippling stream with murmuring tone Seems lonelier as it passes byAnd one slow hawk, reserved, alone, Cuts his broad sweep across the sky. The colored pallet, rich and rare, Is gone which made the forests gay:

A Quaker russet new they wear, And even that shall pass away. But we, around our ample board, Confront the winter without fear,

Whose fruits are housed, whose crops are 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.

and cranberry tarts. I ain't so lucky. But, then, I'll get a pumpkin-there's plenty of 'em in the old corn lot-and with an eighteen-pound turkey, and make a pumpkin pie. There will be a Thanksgivin' taste to that, anyhow."

And the Widow Wyman raked to gether the fading embers of the fire, put on two or three fence pickets to ing the door to admit a rosy-faced make it blaze up, and brought in a new back log, fringed with gray moss, the prettiest of dimples in her cheeks. and smelling faintly of the woods. But all the while her heart was as

"Something's going to happen," said , he widow, as the tears dropped slowly into the apples she was paring for sauce. "I know something's going to happen. P'raps it'll be a cyclone. She was old and poverty-stricken now, be foreclosed sooner than I calculated "And here's my husband, Caleb Car- suggestive of welcome, of beaming idea of having the text of the originon. Or, p'raps I'm goin' to have a ter. We couldn't spend our first faces and happy meetings, of good all reproduced, and preserved in an spell o' fever."

But just here some one tapped briskly at the door.

"Come in," said the Widow Wyman, dropping an apple on the floor in her ly, and cranberry-puffs, and oranges, consternation.

eyes shiping under the rim of a sealskin cap.

"Is this Mrs. Nancy Wyman?" said he, gruffly.

"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 into business.

The Widow Wyman began to tremble all over.

happen," thought she. And she added, aloud: "Yes, it is."

"I thought so," said the stranger. T've bought the mortgage from,

"I hope you'll excuse the interest and taxes being a little behind," said Mrs. Wyman. "I'm a lone woman, and-

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

The widow eyed the yellow packet in his hand.

"Yes," said she; "its the morigage 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 spires of flame and flew up the chimshower of ashes on the brick hearth ney in a train of flery sparks. "They -"there goes the fire, and there ain't were taken off the record this morna dozen sticks of wood in the shed. ing," said he. "Why, Aunt Nancy! Things didn't used to go so slipshod is it possible you don't know Harry

And in another second he had her haven't a decent dress to wear; and if in his arms, with the apples rolling I roast a rib o' pork, with stewed over the kitchen floor, and her cap all

I can sford. Other folks has turkays! "I've come to suand Thanksgiving and the rosy-faced bride were unpack- | world.

with you, Aunt Nancy," said he; "and my wife is outside in the carriage, a real old-fashioned suct-pudding that she baked herself, and a batch of mince pies, and six pounds of Californis grapes. Come in, Poll," openyoung lady, with teeth like pearls, and "And we, too, Aunt Nancy," said a

cheery voice, out of the gathering

"Sakes alive!" said the Widow Wyman; "it ain't Janie Greyson? It can't be!"

"Yes, it is!" cried the cheery voice; and in came a tall, pretty girl, leaning and gladness. Or, maybe, the mortgage is goin' to on the arm of a stalwart young man. Thanksgiving anywhere but with you, Caleb has brought our dinner alonga pair of grouse, with red currant jeland nuts, and raisins, and all that And in came a tall man, wrapped in sort of thing. Bring in the basket, fur-lined garments, with bright-hued | Caleb, dear. And there's a new black silk dress for you, Aunt Nancy, and a pair of gold spectacles, and a crimson-and-black blanket shawl, and a set of real English lace for you to wear to meeting to-morrow."

And with this Janet hugged the old lady until she nearly choked her, and kissed her until she was revived again.

against the door, and the widow made haste to open it.

There stood a stout, middle-aged man, all wrapped up in mufflers, which loyment out of life. were already beginning to be powd-"I knew something was going to ered over with show, and a stout, middle-aged woman at his side, and three children, all stout, but not middle-aged, in the background.

> "Well, I never!" cried the Widow Wyman, staring until she seemed to become all spectacle glasses. "Itain't-never-John's fotks?"

> 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 thankful. With grateful hearts we 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 the youngest and stoutest of all, proceeding 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 of pumpkins stewing on the fire; while in the back kitchen, by the light of a dip-candle, Janie and John's wife are daily performed throughout the

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

"Why.y." eried one of the children, 'Aunt Nancy is crying!"

"No, I sin'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 rods. set down to my Thanksgiving dinner all alone, and my folks hain' 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 pedspread that night, her prayer was: "Lord, make me thankful enough or 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 sturay 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 year that brings together the souttered 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 merry word, to forget for one bright, brief day the cares and worries of the world. There seems to be an agreement, unspoken, yet recognized and binding, to lay aside all petty grievances and small vexations, to drive away all thoughts of business troubles, to remember only that which is pleasant, and to make the day one of peace

Thanksgiving! The very word is cheer and hospitality unlimited, of auntie, dear, and here we are. And tempting heaps of ruddy apples and golden oranges, and of that spicy dainty, our National confection, the "pie de pumpkin."

And inseparable from the word Thanksgiving is another National dish, roast turkey-the once proud bird of our wildwood-flanked by the reddest and cranberriest of cranberry

Some one has said, heartlessly and audaciously, that to spend a truly ideal Thanksgiving we must not only cast aside our own burdens, but forget 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 the owner of such a convenient, castiron conscience and memory could, no 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, at least, not in a maudlin, sentimental way, sighing over their poverty, bewailing their hardships, but in a 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 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 Can 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 any worse. -Kansas City Journal.

It is estimated that 3000 marriages

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 onc-

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 he 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 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 1600 B. C. to

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 sucient literature of his country, Kang-he discovered that extensive corruptions had been allowed to creep into modern editions, and he conceived the 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 east copper types with which to execute the printing.

The commission was occupied for forty years in its great task. the work was completed Kaug-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 The divisions are thus knowledge. designated: First, writings relating to the heavens; second, writings relating 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 shead 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 Biley, a Philadelphia boy, has invented a contrivance by which his Newfoundland dog supplies the motive power for his printing press.

The "Injun" and the Nugger,

The miners were a talking. It we after the lunch hour during the reco in the last day of their convention; Proncer Hall. They were looking a picture of Sutter's mill.
"Do you see that cabin there by th

tree?" asked Captain George Thomas. "Well, that is where I list when I was the custodian of the in nugget found by Marshall. I ! Marshall well, and many and ha the time he told me of his disc. In fact, that is about all I ever him to do. Marshall always el that discovery as his own, but if nugget had not been forced on hi would never have found it, or thing else

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

That is the story of the discover 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 v brush aside all such claims with declaration, 'Injuns don't count. they did there's probably thousand of 'em that seen gold here before;

one did.' "When Marshall was dying of vation the Legislature refused to a bill appropriating \$500 for his lief, but after his death a costly me ment was creeted to his memory. was not Marshall but Marsha memory that the State desire I to ; petuate."-San Francisco Chron

A Timeless Town.

The old proverb says that time made for slaves. It is certainly that it was not made for Alsacian the following story told by a travelately returned from Alsace be to Says he: "On my return from chen, I looked upon the beautiful lages of the Lewen Valley, and la a tourist who likes to poke his : into everything, I turned, by chas into the church of Kirchberg. coming out I took out my watch regulate it by the clock in the chu tower. But there was no clock ! seen. Hence I went into the vill inn, and there asked the time. my host could not oblige me. 'I tell you exactly, for, you see,' he 'we have no use for clocks. In morning we go by the smoke r from the chimney at the parsons on the hill. The parsonage peo very regular. We dine when is ready. At 4 p. m. the white the train coming from Massant tells us that the time has come another meal, and at night that it is time to go to bed who dark. On Sunday we go to c when the bell rings. Our parse very easy going man, and he mind beginning half an hour or later."-Harper's Round Tab

The Mocking Bird's Baure.

The most remarkable thing an mocking bird is its way of lavia a range. In the autumn it goes and establishes itself for the win a patch of ground that will yield ries and other food enough to las til the following spring. The tr determined respecting boundaries as much accuracy as a mining pector would use in taking out at Perhaps it may be only fifty; square, or it may have a length breadth of as much as 100 yards space depends mainly upon the supply in sight; but the mocking is a great glutton and wants teal the quantity that would be need to keep him alive. Having lai his range, the owner will with his life, and no other fruite bird is allowed to enter it -Ne leans Times-Democrat.

A New Bicycle Tire.

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

An Old Violin.

The Stradivarius violin, kn der the name of Hercules, passed into the possession gene Ysaye, the well-known violinist, who purchased it Paul Nothomb, King's Adres Manche, in Bertin, for 85298 instrument, dated 1732, anters most perfect ever turned out celebrated Cremona master, is in ful state of preservation. -Le

The Smallest Clock

What is without doubt the clock in the world was late! bition in the shop windows of The dist tingen jeweler. less than one-third of an inchi eter, and the weight which the motive power is suspended human hair.

Ior (