

Immigration to this Republic shows a steady and even rapid tendency to increase.

Prairie dogs are said to be multiplying so fast in some of the Western States that there is danger that they will overrun the country.

The Goulds, Astors and Vanderbilts are their own insurers. None of the insurance companies, it is said, can boast of having these names on their lists.

The purchase of 8000 Texas cattle in seventeen train loads cost Dave Rankin, the cattle king of Tarkio, Mo., \$222,000, besides the freight expense of \$30,000.

Toronto, Canada, has sixty-eight miles of street railways and the city receives \$18,000 a month, which is ten per cent. of the company's gross earnings. At certain hours of the morning and evening passengers can purchase eight tickets for twenty-five cents.

The New York Post publishes a letter upon the recent rain-making experiments in Texas from a writer for "whose truthfulness and good character it vouches," which presents rather a ludicrous picture of these experiments. He says that the alleged rain producers "were the butt of every joker, that they were afraid to touch off their own bombs and other rain-compelling inventions, and that they produced none of the results which have been sent over the country as having followed their explosions."

A company in St. Louis is raising mushrooms in an immense cellar, 12x90 feet, for the Western market. An inquirer who ventured into the subterranean garden found an almost Egyptian darkness and a temperature of fifty to fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The company began operations in August last and has already sold 40,000 pounds of the succulent fungi. The season of field mushrooms lasts only six weeks, and the St. Louis growers propose to meet the demand for the remainder of the year.

Everybody knows that Queen Margherita, of Italy, is beautiful, says the *Argonaut*. But the beauty of the Queen is a public affair—a matter of State. When the doctors were consulted as to Her Majesty's surplus fat, they recommended Alpine climbing. At first the Queen would not hear of it. But it was represented to her that her beauty formed one of the strongholds of the royal family with the common people. So the Queen resigned herself to her fate, and devoted herself to Alpine climbing.

"It is a great mistake," says an architect in the New York *Tribune*, "to suppose that men are becoming smaller physically. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the medieval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary-sized, strong medieval soldiers, were too small for us. Would this not tend to show that we are larger than our ancestors were?"

The achievements of T. P. O'Connor in producing within one week a comprehensive and well-written life of Parnell is, says *Harper's Weekly*, a noteworthy but by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. Goldsmith wrote his classic "Vicar of Wakefield" under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable bursts of speed in composition. Horace Greeley, for example, wrote his "Patriot" within thirty minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press Club benefit, and Mr. Greeley rose from bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion had shown himself unequal to the task.

The Indian exhibit in the World's Fair promises to be one of extraordinary interest. It may be said that the whole country is being laid under contribution. Among the agents charged with the work of collecting materials is a party of ethnologists who are now exploring Indiana and Kentucky. They have recently excavated mounds on both sides of the Ohio River, and the discovery of many relics and curios has rewarded them. Among the things secured are hatchets, pipes, beads, claws, porcelains and pearl ornaments, tablets covered with hieroglyphics, and the skulls and frames of a race of giants. Arrow and spear heads of gray flint were also found in great abundance at Plow Handle Point on the Ohio, a place which is a perfect repository of Indian relics. It is said that some of the skulls unearthed had high and full frontal bones, indicating a superior order of intelligence in the men of whom they are the only remains.

THANKSGIVING.

The golden grain is garnered—
Our store-houses overflow—
O'er prairie broad and city mart
The winds of fortune blow.
No losses from disaster—
No rust the wheat to blight—
Thanksgiving to the Father
Who has blessed us day and night.

No pestilence is near us—
No sound of war is heard—
Peace twinkles in the shepherd's bell,
And rustling lies the sword.
The brooks rush on right merrily—
The song-birds seem to say,
"Praise God for every blessing sent
On this Thanksgiving Day!"

Friends who have long been parted,
The dear old homestead seek,
To chat of pleasures that are past,
And of the future speak.
All home once more, with hearts aglow
They gather round the board,
And cry in concert, fervently,
"Thanksgiving to the Lord!"

All selfishness is put to flight—
The wretched poor may feast
On dainties that they seldom touch
For this one day at least.
And e'en the felon in his cell
May taste of dainty fare—
Oh, God is gracious! Shout His praise
Thanksgiving everywhere!

—Francis S. Smith.

A THANKSGIVING BURGLAR

"One o' butter, two o' sugar, three o' flour" four eggs," soliloquized Aunt Hepsie Barber, as she measured out the ingredients for the children's favorite cup-cake. "Seems like that rule is like a verse of poetry, it runs off so glibly; but, my! it ain't nothin' to the way the cakes go off after the children gets a hold of them. Let's see, now, how many tinsful did I bake last Christmas? Six, as I'm a livin' woman, an' afore night their faces was all puckered down with, 'Oh, Aunt Hepsie, ain't there no more patties?' as doleful as if they hadn't had one apiece. It does beat all how much children can hold, an' not hev an explosion. Now, I sot out to have enough this year, but I dno's I hev. One good thing, that rule's sure—true blue, like indigo cake, an' not light's a fether one time an' a panache another, like some rules. "Rules is like folks sometimes, an' not to be trusted; they're all nice an' pinky on't or twit, an' next time ye see 'em they're way off the handle, an' ye've got to get acquainted with 'em' all over again. That Widow Jenkins, now, she's that sort—well, Marion; here you are at last, an' right glad I am to see you, too."



DUSTED AND ARRANGED EVERYTHING.

"I expected you would be, Aunt Hepsie, and I should have been here earlier, but company came last night and I could not get away."

A bright-faced girl had entered and was taking off her wrappings as if perfectly at home in the farm-house, and perfectly sure of her welcome. She was of middle height and a graceful build. Her face was a very pleasing one, though just where the charm was one could scarcely determine, whether in the bright, expressive eyes, the warm, sympathetic smile, or the winning expression, but at all events it was there, if somewhat beyond analysis, and Marion Ainslie was a charming girl, with the faculty of attaching warm friendship to herself from young and old.

"Uncle Jerry's folks came and stopped over on their way to Watertown to spend Thanksgiving with Eli," she explained. "They wanted me to go too, but I knew you needed me, and I can go there another time."

"Land sakes, child, you needn't a-stayed for that," Aunt Hepsie turned quickly around from her baking. "I could a found some one else to help me through."

"But some one else wouldn't have been me, would it, auntie?" The girl came and laid her bright head on the elder woman's shoulder. "And then, too, Thanksgiving isn't quite the same to me anywhere else but here."

"No, Marion, nobody can fill your place," the bony old hand, withered and worn in service for others, smoothed the satiny black hair caressingly. "If you was really my own darter, I couldn't set more store by you."

A crimson flush overspread the soft brunette cheek. "You haven't heard anything from Jack, have you, Marion?" "No, auntie, not a word," she sighed. "Just a year ago to-day, and it seems like ten."

"What was it, child, that set him off so?" asked Mrs. Barber gently. "I've always wanted to know, but I thought when you wanted me to hear it you'd tell me."

"There, I knowed that tormented widder had something or other to do with it," interrupted Mrs. Barber energetically. "And she kept telling me of the attentions which Jack was paying 'her on the sly, and intimating more than she really said, until at last I taxed Jack with it, and—ye know how quick Jack is, auntie?"

"Yes, ready to go off the handle at a minute's warnin' an' then too proud to own that he's in the wrong."

"And he wouldn't give me a word of satisfaction as to whether she had told the truth or not, only that if I had commenced distrustin' him so soon we might as well part first as last, with other speeches which cut deeper still. Oh, it was so hard, Aunt Hepsie, when I loved him so. He accused me of being jealous, but it was not so. I only thought it best if he really cared for her, to have the matter settled right before it was too late."

"My poor little girl; and that widder," with detestation in every tone, "she's been after him thicker'n maul ever since she took off her mournin', an' all her grievance is that he would have nothing to say to her."

"Yes, I know that, now that it is too late, Aunt Hepsie, but there's no use crying for spilt milk," a bright tear trembled on the long eyelashes, "and I will try and not spoil my Thanksgiving with tears."

For the next few hours the discussing of the measuring, weighing and beating predominated in the large kitchen and spicy odors filled each nook and cranny, penetrating to the dining-room, and even to the parlor beyond.

"Seems sorter useless to make pumpkin pies when Jack ain't here to eat 'em," remarked Aunt Hepsie disconsolately, "pears like there never was a boy loved pumpkin pies like he does."

"Perhaps that young minister who is visitin' Horace will eat Jack's share," suggested Marion. "Ministers usually have a pretty fair appetite for good things, I've noticed."

"I s'pose now Horace will be anxious to show off his relations in pretty good style to his college friend," rejoined Aunt Hepsie, reflectively. "When he told me he was coming, he said, laughin' like: 'I've been bragging on your cookin', auntie, and I want to show Sammy Holland what a real Thanksgiving in the country is like.'"

At length the cooking was all done, the big turkey dressed and ready for stuffing, and the rows and rows of pies and rich, plummy cakes, the pan of doughnuts and the heaping platter of cup cakes and another of jam tarts suggested a large gathering on the morrow.

In Jack's room alone, no preparation was to be made, for Aunt Hepsie would use the room for no one but his own; but Marion went in there with a lonely feeling in her heart, the song dying upon her lips as she did so.

She lingered about the little dressing table, absently pushing in the pins which spelled "Jack" upon his cushion, and thinking of him with such longing that Jack could not have remained angry with her could he have seen her hungry eyes.

Suddenly a thought came to her—she would prepare Jack's room, too, as if he were coming with the rest, and with nimble fingers she dusted and arranged everything in the best possible order, pinning a spray of dried ferns and sumac upon the window curtains that the close-keen air of a perfect November day. The window opened out upon the broad veranda, and Jack had often climbed its supports and gone to his room and to bed without awakening the family, when at home.

She would have been his wife now, had he not gone off in such hasty, unreasonable anger, and she sank on her knees by the bedside when all was done. "Oh, Jack, come back. Come back to me," her heart cried out, and if spirit voices can become audible to each other, Jack's spirit must have heard the earnest appeal wherever he was.

The house began to fill with a merry crowd of relatives at an early hour on the morrow, for a Thanksgiving dinner at Aunt Hepsie's was a treat to young and old. Mrs. Barber herself looked careworn and old.



"COME BACK TO ME!"

"I guess I was too tired to sleep well last night," she said, as she basted the turkey, "for I kept turnin' an' twistin' all night long, an' I dreamed o' burglars an' Injuns, an' along toward mornin' I declare if I didn't imagine some one sneakin' around the house. I was too tired to get up an' see, an' I dropped off to sleep again, an' must be a dream with the rest on't, for there's nothing missing, an' the silver spoons sot right on the dining room table."

"If anyone had come in for plunder they would have looked for silver first of all, so you must have been dreamin', auntie," replied Marion, smiling. "But

what shall we do with the children until dinner's ready?"

"Send them upstairs to play," said Aunt Hepsie. "Here comes your Cousin Horace and his friend, and a proper, fine young man he looks, too."

A moment later and Marion was making her company bow to the young clergyman and as she carried his overcoat and hat into the hallway, she gave the children permission to go into the chambers.

"And please don't be rude or noisy," she said, warningly, "for Aunt Hepsie has a headache this mornin'."

"We won't. We'll be still as mice," said one of the flock, confidently—as if it were a possible state of things at a family merry-making.



"PERHAPS HE'S ARMED."

The young minister was just explaining the difference between a spiritual and a merely intellectual belief in Scripture, when a frightened trio of children came scrambling down the stairs.

"Oh, Aunt Hepsie, there's a burglar in Jack's room; there is, and he's asleep on the bed."

"A burglar. Oh, my soul! Then I wasn't a dreaming after all."

Mrs. Barber was setting the table, and she fairly turned pale with nervous excitement.

"Don't get frightened, auntie, I'll go up and rout them out. Give me the poker," and Horace started up the stairs hurriedly, with his formidable weapon.

"And I, too," Uncle Drake, a jolly fellow of immense avoirdupois, caught up the togs. "I'll pinch him while Horace belabors him."

It is needless to say they were followed by an excited retinue of spectators, at a safe distance, however, for there was no telling what the presumably savage intruder might do when alarmed.

"Perhaps he's armed," suggested the young minister, nervously. He had provided himself with an umbrella, as he brought up the rear.

The burglar must have been in a sound slumber not to have heard the confusion of whispering voices at the door, but there was no sound within the chamber until Horace opened the door and peered cautiously in, the poker in hand in defensive readiness.

"Jack Barber, you villain, if you haven't been up to your old tricks of climbing in the window," Horace's voice came floating down the stairway in a peal of surprised laughter.

"Jack! My Jack! Well I never," cried Aunt Hepsie, pushing her way through the crowd and rushing up the stairs.

Marion, at the first sound of Jack's name, had divined in a moment just what had occurred, that Jack had come on the early morning train, and not wishing to arouse the family, had crept up to his room window in the moonlight, and as she had so obligingly left it open had found no trouble in getting in, quietly, and trembling and blushing, she retreated to the kitchen to think it over, and compose herself for the meeting with him.

They had parted in anger, and she scarcely knew how to receive him now. Last night in her loneliness and grief she would have rushed into his arms and have shown all her delight and desire to undo the past; this morning she was more self-reliant, and she wisely resolved that a little of the concession at least must come from Jack, since he had left her so cavalierly and so unkindly without just cause.

She was standing there still, balancing the fork with which she had just turned the turkey, idly in her hand, when an arm stole round her waist and Jack's voice, very humble and loving, whispered in her ear: "Will my Marion forgive and forget?"

All her pride vanished at once under the spell of the dear, familiar voice, and turning, she shed happy tears of rejoicing on her lover's shoulder.

"And why haven't you written to me, Jack?" she asked reproachfully, after a few moments of happy converse.

"I did, Marion. I wrote you a long letter asking your forgiveness for the miserable part I had taken in that wretched quarrel, but I never received a word in reply, and of course I supposed you were angry and unforgiving towards me."

"How could I answer it dear Jack, when I never received it; no, not one line from you in all this weary year."

"If I could only have known it, but not hearing made me so sorry that I determined that you or no one else should know where I was, or anything about me."

"You foolish, hot-tempered Jack," said Marion, softly, "but how did you chance to come home, dear?"

"I could not keep away," said Jack simply. "A Thanksgiving drew near, the attraction towards the old home became too strong to be resisted, and now that I have you again, I'm not going to let you go, and I propose that we be married this very day. I'll go for a minister directly after dinner, and we'll make it a Thanksgiving worth remembering."

"Well, as for that, there's no use o' stirrin' out of the house for a minister," Aunt Hepsie had come in to look after her neglected dinner, and stood regarding them with a beaming face. "Young Mr. Holland is a minister, and I don't doubt but that he'd be glad to have a ceremony to sort of get in practice on, you know."

"All the better; we'll be married before dinner then, and have a wedding dinner as well as a Thanksgiving feast. Just let me brush up my hair a bit while Marion takes off her kitchen apron."

The great brown turkey was an interesting witness of a surprisingly impromptu ceremony a half hour later. The guests were not informed of what was going on until they were all gathered around the table in their several places. Aunt Hepsie, at the head in her best cap, and Jack and Marion at her right, Mr. Holland coming next. He officiated in a particularly happy manner for a comparative amateur, and never had a jollier Thanksgiving dinner been served in the old farmhouse than upon this occasion, made memorable by the presence of a burglar in the house, and the subsequent ringing of wedding bells.—*Ladies' World*.

The Greatest Bell-Casters.

The Russians and the Chinese are behind the rest of the civilized world in many things, but bell-founding is not among the number, for the bells manufactured by both nations are not only the largest, but among the best of those made by any nation. It is said that before the great fire by which Napoleon was driven out of Moscow there were in the churches that city 1706 bells, each of which exceeded 15,000 pounds in weight. The capital of China, Peking, is, according to Father Le Compte, not far behind, as in its temples there are seven bells, each exceeding 120,000 pounds, and a great number of less size. The giant bell of the world is in Moscow; it is poetically denominated the King of Bells, and is nineteen feet and three inches high, and its circumference round the rim is sixty feet and nine inches. Its weight can, of course, only be estimated, but, by the least calculation, it is 443,732 pounds, and its value as old metal exceeds \$300,000, not considering the gold and silver, of which there is a considerable quantity, which enter into its composition. This bell, when rung, required forty men to ring it, the clapper being swung by means of two long ropes, with twenty men at each.

The great bell at St. Ivan's, in Moscow, is forty feet and nine inches in circumference, its thickness just above the rim is sixteen inches, and its weight is computed at 127,830 pounds. The bells of Peking have been mentioned, but next to them is the great bell of Vienna, which weighs 40,200 pounds. After these are many smaller, yet of considerable size. A bell of Olmutz, Bohemia, and a bell in Rouen, France, are about equal in size to the Vienna bell; the bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 38,470 pounds; the bell of Westminster, 30,350; that of St. Peter's, in Rome, 18,600. Several of these bells are sounded only on very important occasions. The St. Paul bell, the Vienna bell and the bell of St. Ivan's are tolled only at the death of royalty; the bell of St. Peter's tolls at the death of a Pope.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*.

Two Interesting Thanksgivings of a Man's Life.



1. Age twenty—Watching the hair coming out on his upper lip.



2. Age forty—Watching the hair coming out on the top of his head.—Judge.

A Drastic Remedy.

An amusing case has just been tried at Kasan, in Russia. A woman of the name of Outchakine was summoned before the judge on the charge of beating a cousin of hers, named Kniazof. But the accused had a complete answer to the indictment.

"My cousin gave me leave in the presence of witnesses," she said to the judge, "to trounce him well if ever he broke the solemn promise he gave me at church, to give up smoking altogether."

Kniazof could not deny this. His austere relative had come upon him unawares when enwreathed in a cloud of smoke. The judge acquitted the prisoner, but admonished her not to lay on so hard in the future.

The colored people of Georgia are prosperous and gradually acquiring wealth. They return fifteen per cent. more of property this year than they did last. They have returned \$14,196,735 worth of taxable property.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

A Few Condensations of Events Occurring Throughout the State.

William Hite, a drum major, residing in McKeesport, but traveling this fall with W. Van Andus' "Electric Sparks" company, has been brought home badly injured. Standing on a high step ladder on an opera house stage performing some duty, he accidentally precipitated a distance of 15 feet, lighting upon a chair. He may not recover.

State Treasurer Boyer has appointed Treasurer-elect Morrison cashier of the treasury in place of the fugitive Livsey. Morrison will assume the duties of the position December 1, and on May 1 will succeed Boyer.

John Martin fell asleep in the street at Johnstown, Monday evening. One electric car came along and ran over his right hand. Amputation was necessary.

Charles Simms, who has been employed in the pottery at Kittanning, was killed by jumping from a train on the Allegheny Valley railroad, Saturday evening. His home was in East Liverpool.

Charles Kelley, aged 13, was killed at Dunbar, Tuesday, while trying to climb on a train that was in motion.

A little daughter of Joseph Smith, of Ligonier township, Westmoreland county, was killed in the fall of a horse Tuesday by a horse and fatally injured.

John Farley, aged 10, was struck by a train near Dunbar, thrown through a frame house, and instantly killed.

John Smith, of McKeesport, was attacked with a fit of coughing and died before a doctor could be summoned.

Calvin, the son of Alexander Carr, while with his father, attempted to jump on a trolley and fell beneath the wheels, which crushed his left thigh and his right leg below the knee. The mangled members were amputated, but with little hope of saving the boy's life.

John Crawford, William Weatherly, Richard Specht, Frank and Robert Winn and Robert James, all farmers living near Helfenstein, had a terrible fight with two bears which they encountered in the mountains Tuesday while hunting. All six were terribly lacerated, and James will die. Alby Darby and Lloyd Hardisky, employed in Cochran's clay mines near Layton, were probably fatally injured Wednesday afternoon by the premature explosion of a charge of powder and dynamite.

Bradford is congratulating itself over the prospect of an electric road being constructed next year.

Miss Lydia Blair, a maiden lady of Greensburg, while sitting in front of a grate fire, suddenly lost consciousness and fell forward. She was partially cremated, and died before help arrived.

William Morgan fell from the famous stone bridge at Johnstown and was instantly killed.

Dr. Geo. Fasset, of Foster, while walking from Kinsley on the D. L. & W. R. R., was struck by a passenger train and killed.

A 9-month-old child of E. P. Richardson, of Johnstown, choked to death Friday evening on a piece of apple.

Near St. Petersburg, Saturday, John H. Elder lost his life in a runaway accident.

J. M. Nicola, of Allegheny, was struck by a freight train at Greensburg, Saturday, and instantly killed.

Diphtheria is prevalent in various parts of Philadelphia and is spreading rapidly. The physicians fear it may become epidemic.

Smallpox has appeared in Point Pleasant, Bucks county, and in Pottsville, and threatens the entire borough.

A careful investigation of the hemlock region where the worms were abundant during the summer is not encouraging to the owners of hemlock timber in that county, where the worms were annoying, the timber is all turned brown. In Elk county the same condition exists. The timber infected with the "hemlock caterpillar" in July and August is dead, and in order to save the logs it will have to be cut down before it is a year older.

Joseph Bennett, of Butler, was awarded \$2,500 damages against the Standard Plate Glass company for permanent injuries received while in their employ.

The village of Stoneboro, Mercer county, is undergoing an epidemic of diphtheria. The public schools have been closed for two weeks. Six children in one family have died of the disease.

Bert Iser, a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, was killed at Ohio Falls, by falling between the cars and being literally torn to pieces.

It is now the general opinion that the First National Bank of Corry, will not resume, and that the receiver will be appointed before the last of the week.

Wash McNair, a leading horse dealer of Chambersburg, made a deed of voluntary assignment.

Michael Ruddy, an insane miner of Wilkesbarre, went to the cellar of his house Sunday night, poured coal oil over himself, set it on fire, and cut his throat from ear to ear. The house took fire and Ruddy's body was burned to crisp.

W. Wynn's dwelling at Cherry Hill, near Albion, was burned to the ground early Sunday morning, involving a loss of 17,000 dollars. Mr. Wynn and family made a narrow escape with their lives.

The epidemic of diphtheria at Stoneboro, is not so serious as was at first feared.

A strong company has been organized to begin operations on a lead find in a deep gulch on the Hulings farm, two miles north of Meadville.

In a runaway accident, near Greensburg, Sunday afternoon, a 10-year-old daughter of William Dunlap was fatally injured.

FOUR MEN BURIED ALIVE

By the Bursting of a Water Pipe in Brooklyn. Four Men Rescued.

New York, Nov. 23.—Four men were buried alive and four others narrowly escaped a like fate, by the bursting of a conduit of the Ridge water works, supplying Brooklyn. The men were at work on an extension of the conduit when the pipe burst and submerged them. Ambulance calls were at once sent out and the engineer at the pumping-house was notified of the disaster and at once shut off the engines. The fire department was called out and set to work to rescue the unfortunate men in the trench. The dead are: Humphrey, employed as a derrickman; Philip Solow, timber bracer; Jos. Cozine, employed as a laborer; Frank Benne; killed while trying to rescue the foregoing.

Diphtheria Spread by Kisses.

West Chester, Pa., Nov. 23.—To a remarkable cause the epidemic at Chatham, Chester county, is assigned. A lady of the village visited friends in Brooklyn, and came home with diphtheria in an undeveloped stage. Every lady friend and child she kissed soon complained of sore throat and later of diphtheria. Forty are now victims of the disease.

Inhaled Natural Gas and Died.

Troy, Ohio, Nov. 19.—An aged couple, James Ellis and wife, were found dead in their home to-day from inhaling natural gas, and their three children were unconscious, but may live. The fire was left burning in the cook stove, but, from irregular pressure, the fire went out. The valves being open, the gas soon filled the house.