And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming snot

Are affect in the frosty air. But the sparks fly up from the blekory 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 colweb kerchief and creamy frills

She were on her wedding day. He bows his head to the laden board, And his guests they are allent all-"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the rain and sun, And the fruit on the orehard wall, Por the sliver wheat and the golden corn, And the star of a toilsome life, The greatest blessing that Thou canst give-

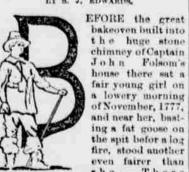
A true and loving wife !" This white-haired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace. And the faded rose on her wrinkled check,

With a proud and courtly grace. And the snowflakes ellek on the window pane.

And the rafters ring above, And angels carol the farmer's thanks As they mount to the Gates of Love. -Minna Irving.

## "THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER

BY S. J. EDWARDS.



maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun their hair concealed except for a few locks that wandered from beneath the linen handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows. revealing arms that were fair to look upon, 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 came from the cracking logs.

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 misled, perhaps by the wind without, she opened the oven door and smiled as she perceived the fragrant odor which came from the caveru within. With a broom splint she penetrated the crust which surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well done, and then she turned to her companion and said:

"Twill be a fine feast for Uncle John when he returns to-day. Surely he said he would be back by noon."

The maiden who had the spitted



"BASTING A PAT GOOSE 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 Lord permits, but in these dark days that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and mayhap he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a sorry feast for us if we must cat alone. How is the pie?"
"'Tis nearly done, I think, and

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 delights to eat them, covered with the gravy of the dish."

For some moments the maidens conshe who was called Abbie went to the which creaked with mighty moans as it turned upon its rusty hinges. What is it that you hear, Abbie?"

said the other.

that town.

"Tis true, Abbie; 'tis true. I hear their step, and surely that is Ephraim'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 without a pass and having no authority to be there. I am going to send you with a guard to the commander of our army, who is in the camp a dozen miles or so beyond. He will discover whether you are no British spy, have strayed, as you have said, within 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 wandering 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 strayed within your lines. Thank you for your sympathy. You have beauty in your face, my child, but you have what is better—you have sympathy.

The girl went back to her father and

"Father, suppose my brother John, who is somewhere in the Jerseys with Washington, should by accident be captured by the redcoats. It would break your heart and mine if they took him for a spy. Surely there is truth in this man's words. Come, bring him with you. Don't you remember that it is Thanksgiving Day, and that we are to have a roasted goose and a chicken pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious pumpkin pie? Let him come and be our guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise 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 moment, and then turning to his prisoner he said. "Sir, I am myself shades of evening came and the candles impressed with your dignity of man- were lighted the maidens and the young truth. My daughter's intuitions are long acquainted. that it is so. I have changed my mind. I shall send a messenger to the General with a dispatch telling of your capture, and then whatever he commands—that will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our We are accustomed every year after the harvest to give thanks to the Lord and to eat a great feast and to make merry in our families. I ask you to share this with us. You will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape.'

"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.

They unloosed his thongs, and when his hands were free he stepped up to Mistress Thankful and he took her hand and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding and gentle manners prevailed.

They had a fine feast at Captain Fol-som's table, and the British officer being no longer under great restraint, became most companionable and ven tured gentle jests with Thankful and her cousin, Mistress Abbie, who served the meats and bounties with gentle digriously with Captain Folsom upon the war and its battles they—Thankful and Abbie-under pretense of some engagetinued these preparations, and then ment for the preparation of the dessert, glanced furtively at him and exwindow, and peering out for an in-changed confidences that he was a guard and he will stant turned and opened the door. handsome man and well favored and can be concealed." 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, march of the company, and still I do being greatly impressed with the mannot know but 'tis the wind. See, the anow has begun to fall a little." The oner guest, had such confidence that he not know but 'tis the wind. See, the snow has begun to fall a little." The oner guest, had such confidence that he other maiden arose and went to the door, and so they stood side by side, passing out far down the highway to the turn of the road, where it skirted nel, for one of these offices I know must be yourn. You do not care to pleture did these fair maidens make as the said: "You must go, sir. I comband it. Go with him. Hark. Don't turion. The legion was commanded by a cen that mob shouting? You by a tribune (brigadier general).

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING. they stood thus framed by the doorsill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of these gentle guards, my daughter and him pleadingly and with gentle my niece, for I have a mission of some consequence in the village, which is a few miles away."



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

"Will you promise to obey us?" asked Thankful in a merry mood.

"In all things," he replied, bowing with grace, and yet with the mock dignity of gentle sport.

"I exact only one promise, sir," 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 carnestly 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 defer-ence. 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 father, who was in the church, and bade him hurry home, and when he came home he found me there, though was not there went he went away, and so he said, as he held me up: 'It is Thanksgiving Day. The Lord has been good to me these many years, but he has been best to me to-day. So her name shall be Thanksgiving since she is born upon that day; and that, sir, is my name, although they call me, for the sake of shortness, Thankful."

She said this with such modesty and with such delicious suggestion of grace, and her cheeks were so gently flushed and her eyes so bright, that the young officer could not conceal the admiration 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 him, was one of joy, and when the officer were like t

In the evening the girls brought apples and nuts and cider, and they were having a merry time, when of a sudden Abbie arose and went to the door. Her quick ears had detected a strange sound. A moment later a lad came panting into the room.

"Look out, Thankful; they are coming to attack you," he said, scarcely able to speak for lack of breath.

"They? Who? Who can attack us?" "Tis Ben Williams and his gang. Twas yesterday that the cowboys cap-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-

venge. A moment later a young man with a musket in his hand entered the door and he said : "Mistress Thankful, your father left me here on guard unbe-known to you. There's trouble brewing, 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 cloak and hat and bade him go, but to her amazement he refused. "I cannot go," he said. "I gave your father my word of honor, that I would not leave the house till he returned."

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

But the officer would not stir. He would only say that he had given his pledge and he would not break it. In an instant Thankful seem changed, and the officer, even in the suspense and terror of the moment, perceived that she had assumed the manner of

then as he did not stir she went up to him pleadingly and with gentle 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." "For your sake?" he murmured, and he seemed to besitate, and then she turned to the guard and bade him lead the officer forth. But at that momen the cry of the mob was so distinct that it revealed that escape was impossible. Thankful bade the guard step in and bolt 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 shouted: "Come out, you redcost!" and would have said more had he not been felled by the butt of the guard's

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. Be-fore 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 ounds, 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 po "No, no; I cannot permit 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.

"Ah, 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: Thankful, my Thankful; oh, my laughter, they have killed you!'

"They have killed her, sir, while she was trying to save my life," sa the officer, and he wept like a child. sai. 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 British army at the Bronx in exchange, for it was demonstrated that he had told the truth when he said that he had 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 bed-side 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 ut-tered 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 glance of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that centle 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 dis-mounted 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 again. 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 in 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 their grandfather and great grandfather met his Thanksgiving.

To Produce Artificial Inspiration.

Mr. William F. Desant has invented an apparatus by which the grim destroyer can be deprived of a great portion of his prey. His invention is a resuscitator, in which he has copied Nature in her action of breathing and has actually produced a pair of lungs made of brass.

The machine consists of two air ylinders, the capacity of which equals that of the human longs—thirty cubic inches. The valves also resemble those of the human being as closely as they could be made to do so. A lever connected with the piston rod causes a pressure and suction corresponding to the inspiration and expiration of the human lungs.
In cases of apparent death from

drowning, gas or morphine poisoning the action of the tubes restores respiration by removing all foul air or poisonous gas from the lungs with the first movement of the lever. Another movement and the cavities are filled with pure air, thus restoring the lungs their normal functions, inducing natural breathing without the effort of the patient.

Where gas poisoning has occurred all physicians agree that the blood hecomes impregnated with gas and the necessity for the removal of the gas from the blood is as great as the evacuation of the lungs to complete a speedy recovery. With the mode used in the past of causing respiration this has



THE RESPIRATOR.

been impossible, for the very small amount of air that is drawn into the lungs by moving the arms does not expel the air before it becomes impregnated with gas, and the patient being unable to throw it off the result is frequently fatal.

In case of drowning the machine when applied will draw off the water and force pure air into the lungs. With the old method the patient could not begin breathing until all water had been removed from the lungs, whereas by use of the resuscitator the first action draws out water, the next forces air into the cavity thus freed and as fast as the water disappears fresh air replaces it, setting up immediate relief.

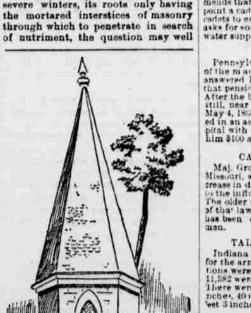
In cases of gas poisoning the same process follows, the gas being replaced by the air. Both the amount of air and the number of respirations per minute can be regulated by the lever. The usefulness is increased by the fact that air can be expelled and introduced into the lungs without the volition of the patient, especially in cases of advanced phthisis, emphysems and asthma, where the effort of breathing proves a great source of waste and exhaustion. - New York Herald.

## A Tree on a Steeple.

The spectacle of a tree standing apon a tower of the Unitarian Church in the city of Utica, N. Y., has aroused much interest, as well as discussion, as to what is really essential to plant life in order that development may continue.

This mountain ash has been growing for thirty years upon a narrow ledge of sandstone, sprouting from a joint in the masonry less than an inch in width; the main stem, just above the stone, at the present time has a diameter of five inches. The tree is fifteen or sixteen feet in height and possibly eight feet scross its widest port; the branches are thick and numerous, and for some years each autumn they have been bright with the vivid scarlet berries peculiar to this species of tree.

Protruding from a chink in a mortared wall, forty-two feet above the street, exposed to the glare of the sun in the summer and the frosts of many severe winters, its roots only having the mortared interstices of masonry



A TREE ON A STEEPLE

be asked, Where does this tree obtain the elements that enter into the composition of all plant life? Is it possible that it is sustained like the known air plants, by absorbing from the air and through its foliage the elements upon which it lives and thrives? Or does dust settle in the revices?-St. Louis Republic.

It is thought that ginger might be profitably produced in this country.

## SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE EAGLE BRIGADE. Indorsement by a John: y Reb of a Com rade's Graphic Article.



THE cotribution
by S. C. Miles. In a
recent issue of your
paper interested me
greatly. I was one
of the Johnny Rebs.
The description of
the march from
Alexandria to Bayon Cotile, the skirmish at Henderson's
Hill on the evening
of March 21, 1894,
the surrounding of
Vincent's 2d La.
Cav. C. S. A. that
night resulted in
the capture of haif
the regiment, my
capture included, is
plain! before me
plain! before me
as though it occurred yesterday. red vesterday.

we use bad your pone to quarters and retired for the night, well knowing that more inhiting was to take place next morning. The writer was soon disturbed by a Confedrate ere airy Captain, who found his nien short of amministion, and must be supplied by or before morning. That meant that I must leave my best, sadde my horse, and ride 10 miles to the rear to order up a wason e-mining carridges. I had not ridden 400 yards from our quarters before an intantry column, four abreast, stopped me. It was then 9:30 gr 10 p.m. Haitlighto comes there.

Friend, with countersign."

"Friend, with countersign."
Advance, friend, and surrender!"
Gee Whillikins thought I. I advanced
and so did a handsome officer on horse-back.
"What is your name and rank? "asked he.
"First Lieut, Walsh, was my reply.
"Capt Sample, of ten. Mower's staff,"
sald he and, continuing, "Lieutenant, you
will have to dismount and go to the rear of
our column. Capt. McIntosk, show Lieut,
Walsh where the other prisoners are."
And Capt. McIn osh did so, and I found
several hundred of my commises, dumbfounded, half escep, laughing at themselves
and their fellows, so complete had been their
\$1 prise.

The thing was managed well their camp

Die hing was managed well. Our outposts hied maged their camplines too
a osely, with their backs to pitchy darkness
they were pickel up, and that gave the
Yanks ingress. They relied too much on
the long line of camplines the Yankes leador had kept up in our front by men delailed
for that russ, while he lead them around us
and scooped us in.

for that ruse, while he lead them around us and scoped us in.

I had that evening given you and your people, tomrade Miles, the best I had on hand from the 12 poundpr smooth bere howitzers, in the shape of canister, fuse cut to three seconds, Your light battery of small Parrots returned the compliment but you must have court-martialed your gunners for shooting off pine tree tops.

Well, myself and 'tea party' were marched through the rain and mud that night to your camping ground, about tour or six miles back toward Alexandria, and next day into the town to the music of 'Dix'e' and "Yankee Doodle' alternately; thense we were taken to New Orleans, and placed in easy quarters, where we were well treated, and accoulty folicked for four mon'he, then were exchanged at the mouth well treated, and actually frobleked for four months, then were exchanged at the mouth of Red Hiver for as many officers and men of your army. Some of them in merry mood had on the Texas wo-e hat (issued to them in Tyler, Tex, and that hat they had steamed for the occasion and poked it out to a ridiculous sugar loaf share.

Well, art niger, yet friend and fellow citizen, I i of enough and of this perhaps you have.—if. M. Weissen, and Tribune.

HELIOGRAP .. PRACTICE.

One of the unique features treated by Brig. Gen. Greety, Chief Signal Officer U. S. A., in his annual r-port, is heliograph practice, which has had some satisfactory practice, which has had some satisfactory tests in Arizona, where the utmost continual good weather allows its constant use, ten, breely says nine heliograph stations were established on brief notice and ranges from twenty-six to sixty-six miles were worked success ully. A large portion of the report is devoted to the Government the report is devoted to the Government military telegraph lines and their great advantage to the Army, particularly with reference to important military operations. Reports show that 285 officers and 1,386 men of the Army are proficient in military signaling, but only one in six of these can receive telegraphic messages at a low rate of speed. of speed.

A COURT-MARTIAL REPORT.

Col. 6. N. Lieber, Acting Judge Advocate General of the Army has made a report to the Secretary of War of the operations of the Department of Military Justice for the fiscal year 1896, from which it appears that there were 2.138 trials by general courtmartial, or 28 less than the previous year. There were in addition, 356 cases brought before the general court-martial with a view to discharge on proof of prior convition. to discharge on proof of prior convition, and there were 64 cases of trials for fraudulent enlistment. The principal offenses were desertion, absence without leave, failure to attend dri l, drunkenness and disobedience.

WEST POINT

WEST POINT.

Col. O. H. Ernet, U. S. A., Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, has submitted his annual report to the Adjutant General of the Army. Under the present arrangement, Col. Ernsy, says, it is not practicable to seep the cadet classes up to the full quoto and he recommends that each Senator be allowed to appoint a cadet act arge, giving two additional cadets to each state. The Superintendent saks for some new building and a better water supply.

A BIG PENSION.

Pennsylvania pays a pe sion to but one the many them ands of brave men when Pennsylvania pays a pe sion to but one of the many thou ands of brave men who answered Lincoln's first call to arms—and that pensioner is flevil. Liamb of Mealville. After the b-tile of the Wilherness at Laurei itil, near spottsylvania, on the morning of May 4, 1864, Lamb was descerately wounded in an assault. He came out of the bospiral with both legs useless. The State pays him \$100 a month.

CAUSE OF DESERTIONS.

Maj. Groesbeck, of the Department of the Missouri, says in his report that "the increase in desertions is with little doubt, due to the influence of the ten year-service law. The older soldiers have resented the spirit of that law, and their increased discontent has been communicated to the younger men.

TALL INDIANA SOLDIERS.

Indiana furnished a creat many tall men for the army. Out of 118,254 men descrip-tions were taken at the time of enlisting: 11,382 were six test in heighter nore. There were 2,61446 feet 1 inch. 1,357 6 feet 2 nches, 4016 feet 3 inches and 303 over 6 eet 3 inches

Sad Memories.

"Madam," said the tramp, "take back yer loaf of bread. I return it unbroken." What's the matter?"

"It brings back too many sad memories. I can't tech it."
"Does it," she asked gently, "make

you think of the bread your mother used to bake?" . "No'm. It makes me think when I wuz doin' time on the rock-pile."-

Six will behave for a year to have its own way an hour.

Washington Star.