

According to English insanity returns, sixteen cases in 1,000 are caused by love affairs.

An international telephone system, to cover all Europe with its network, is one of the latest movements.

Statistics of insanity, collected at the Kirkbridge Asylum, in England, showed that out of a total of 265 patients, only one had red hair and only three were blondes.

Schleswig-Holstein boasts of having the richest peasants in Europe. They grow a great many flowers, but their chief occupation is raising early vegetables for the large cities of northern Europe.

In a recent report to the United States Department of Agriculture, Alexander McAdee states that the liability to damage from lightning decreases in thickly-populated districts the risk in the country being, in general, about five times as great as that in the city.

General Armstrong, Commissioner of Indian Affairs says: "There is more danger from Anarchists in Chicago than from all the Indians in the West-Indian wars are a thing of the past. With the railroad facilities troops can be transported from the large posts more quickly than they can march from any of the little posts which have been abandoned."

Of over 5,000,000 children in elementary schools in England, only 890,000 pay for their schooling, and of these 500,000 pay no more than a penny a week, according to a recent official statement. Of the "Voluntary schools," in which the whole or part of the tuition is paid by the parents, 5,000 receive from \$2.50 to \$5 a head for the children in attendance; 4,000 from \$1.24 to \$2.50, and 5,000 under \$1.25.

Natural gas is gradually declining in pressure throughout the country. From a pressure of 210 pounds in 1887 it is now reduced to less than half that amount. The banner year was 1888, when the product reached a value of \$22,000,000. Last year the product was worth less than \$15,000,000. Indiana was the leading State, her product alone being valued at \$5,718,000, and it was the only State showing an increase for 1893.

During the past year between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 passengers were carried on steamboats on the waters of this country. Supervisor Inspector-General Dumont reports that only ninety-six passengers lost their lives through casualties. "There could be no more eloquent testimonial given to the efficiency of General Dumont and his corps of associates," comments the New York Mail and Express.

The Boston Cultivator says that one satisfactory reason for the poor success of the Chinese in fighting is the fact that they are fighting for a foreign dynasty which the great majority of Chinamen wish to see deposed. A native of China now in this country says that half of his countrymen would prefer to turn in and help drive away the Tartar rulers of their native land, rather than to aid them in maintaining power. The Chinese rebellion of 1860 was an attempt of the people of China to regain control of their own country. It would have succeeded if General Gordon had not betrayed their cause.

A late number of the Chattanooga, Tenn., Times contains an account of a remarkable affair that occurred in that state. A train carrying a large number of state prisoners, going to work on the railroad, ran into a landslide on the Harriman Coal and Iron Road, near Buffers Mill, wrecking a train and wounding a large number of passengers. The guards of the prisoners were all injured and so badly as to be helpless. Pinned beneath the debris of the wreck and helpless to do any thing, they were expecting the prisoners in their charge to make a break for liberty. Among the prisoners were two on long sentences, one for 25 and one for 45 years. These two men were unharmed, and they promptly seized the guns of the injured guards and gave their fellow prisoners to understand that there was to be no running away, but all who could must go to work for the rescue of the sufferers. The wounded were taken out of the wreck and their wants ministered to as tenderly as possible. Not one of the convicts escaped. The two long-timers who behaved so well were both colored. It is not probable that Gov. Turney will overlook them when the circumstances are brought to his notice.

A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING.

A few late roses linger and smiling deck the sod,
And the world is like a picture where the harvest smiles to God;
There's a greater joy in living—for no blessing He denies,
And the soul's divine thanksgiving drifts in incense to the skies!

Through the darkness and the danger—through the peril of the past,
To the starred and stormless haven He has led our ships at last,
And with richest treasures laden we have furl'd the flag above,
For the garlands of His glory and the banners of His love!

Sing sweet thy sweet Thanksgiving, O, Soul!
and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and the anthem heavenward swells!
For His love and for His mercy—for His cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole world thank His God!

—F. L. Stanton.

A Double Thanksgiving.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

"BEARS to me," said Miss Hepsy Peabody, "that the weather's colder'n when I was a gal. Things is changin'—yes, they be!"

And an odd, complacent smile crept around the corners of her mouth, as she stood on the

doorstep, a faded, three-cornered shawl pulled over her head, and her calico skirts blowing in the keen November wind.

Cautiously she crept along the line of the fence, covering behind the leafless gooseberry bushes, like some escaping criminal.

"Tain't daybreak yet," said she to herself, "but Deacon Cooper is an awful early riser!"

She paused beneath the shadow of a rickety old barn, where the wisps of hay protruded through the starting boards, as you sometimes see a child's yellow hair rioting through the cracks of its ragged straw hat. Her keen ear had caught a squeaking sound.

"I knowed it!" muttered Miss Hepsy. "That mink trap was always a master good thing to ketch! And the hinges ain't got rusted yet. My! I do wonder what the deacon'll say?"

For there, with its parti-colored wings flopping wildly, and one foot firmly caught in the iron teeth of the trap, was Deacon Cooper's biggest turkey gobbler.

Miss Hepsy captured it in an instant, loosing the metallic grip with a deft movement of one hand, while with the other she silenced the croaking sounds in the folds of her apron.

"Be still, you creature!" she muttered, energetically. "I guess I've got you at last, arter all them young dayla plants you scratched up and the strobbery runners you ruined for me. And Deacon Cooper standin' up for't that it was my fences to blame! Fences, indeed! when there warn't no fence between here an' the Connecticut State line but you could fly over easy as winkin'! I guess I'll hev a Thanksgiving dinner now, and no stealin' neither, for I hain't never forgot them young ducks o' mine that the deacon's city nephew shot, makin' out he didn't know but what they was wild game, and the deacon never offerin' to pay for 'em. The law wouldn't do nothin' to help me, bein' they was swimmin' in the deacon's pond, but I'll be my own law this time. I set the trap to ketch the weasels, and if the deacon's gobbler's waddled into it, 'tain't no fault o' mine."

Fifteen minutes afterward, the de-capitated fowl lay on Miss Hepsy's kitchen table.

"It's pretty tough," said she, "but I guess I can par-bile it an' give it a good long spell in the oven. I'll change a hank o' that blue yarn for a part o' Mrs. Miller's cranberries, an' I'm most sure Desire Hawkins'll let me hev a handful o' her summer savory to flavor the stuffin'. Widder Hall's got more pumpkins than she knows what to do with, and Sarah Skimmer'll be glad to exchange a peck of apples for some o' that crochet lace I did last week. Bless me! I hain't had no Thanksgiving dinner for a dozen good year—not since mother died—but it all comes back to me now as handy as rollin' off a log."

"Why—Miss—Hepsy!"

"Land o' Goshen, Dulcie Cooper, is that you?"

Quicker than lightning Miss Hepsy flung her apron over the defunct turkey gobbler and interposed her gaunt form between the kitchen table and the door, in which, framed like some lovely Gainsborough picture, stood a blue-eyed young girl, with yellow hair ruffled by the frosty wind and an old-fashioned red and blue shawl wrapped around her.

"Miss Hepsy," said the girl, quickly, and with a certain tremulousness of accent, "don't—don't you need some one to help you? I'd come for my board only. Please, please don't say no!"

"Why," stammered the spinster, "I was calculatin' to clean house and fix up things a little, but—what on earth does this mean, Dulcie? You an' your pa hain't had words, have you? Again?"

"Yes, we have!" said Dulcie Cooper, breathing quicker than ever. "I told father this morning that I was going to be married!" (turning her round of a face to one side as she spoke), "and he twitted me with in-

gratitude for going off to leave him after all the schooling I'd had. And I'm sure he never paid a cent for it. And he said I wasn't a good house-keeper, because some one neglected to lock the fowl house last night, and the biggest gobbler is lost this mornin'—"

"La!" interjected Miss Hepsy. "And so," went on Dulcie, "I just told him to get some one else to cook and wash and scrub for him, and came away without my breakfast. And if I could only stay here until he comes for me—"

"When's he comin'?" demanded Miss Hepsy.

"I—I don't quite know, but very soon!"

"Can you whitewash?" said Hepsy.

"Yes," assented the girl.

"And put on wall paper?"

"Oh, yes! I've often reperated the old rooms at home!" eagerly responded Dulcie.

"Much of a hand at sewin'?"

"I can do almost anything with a needle."

"Well, then," nodded Miss Peabody, "you can stay. I want a new dress made—silver-gray poplin—and I must hev the best room whitewashed and papered new to-morrow. You needn't fear but what I'll give you plenty to



Thanksgiving Day—A Transfer of Affections.

do, Dulcie Cooper."

"A silver-gray poplin!" repeated Dulcie, her blue eyes shining. "Oh, Miss Hepsy—"

"Yes," smiled the elder woman, not without a certain complacency, "you've guessed it. I'm goin' to be married, too."

"Really?"

"He was an old beau o' mine thirty year ago," confessed Miss Hepsy; "but Betsy Barnes—she was killed in a railroad accident Centennial year—she made mischief betwixt us. So when I seen his name in a newspaper, I just up and writ to him, and invited him here for Thanksgiving, and he sent back word he'd come. So of course—But run, Dulcie, and drive that cow outer the garden. I must get the gate pin fixed."

"That's the reason she's got her poor old gray hair up in crimps," thought pretty Dulcie, as she waved her sunbonnet to frighten the cow away.

"And a new set of teeth! Well, I declare, if that ain't our old Mooley! I don't wonder Miss Peabody is always complainin'. Father didn't do quite the right thing by her about those ducks that Billy Porter shot; and her fowls always scratchin' up her garden. Poor, dear Miss Hepsy! I do wonder who can possibly want to marry her?"

For blue-eyed Dulcie was only eighteen, with hair like corn-silk and dimples in either cheek. And Miss Hepsy was fifty-odd and had only just begun to put her scant tresses up in crimping pins and wash her wrinkled skin in buttermilk of nights.

Why should she? Until now she had not cared to look younger or prettier than she was.

When Dulcie came back, breathless and blooming, the turkey gobbler was locked into the cellar cupboard, and Miss Hepsy was slacking a pail of lime, in readiness for the whitewashing operations.

"Because," said she, "we hain't no time to lose!"

Dulcie was kept too busy to talk, what with wall paper, whitewash brushes, and the breadths of the silver-gray poplin, which, unhappily, proved to be such a scant pattern that nothing short of magical ingenuity sufficed to make it into a suitable dress.

"But why didn't you buy two or three more yards?" said Dulcie.

"I hadn't no more money," said Miss Hepsy. "Besides," a little unwittingly, "it's sort o' guess work, after all!"

"Why? Hain't he asked you to marry him?"

"We kept company thirty years ago," Miss Peabody evasively answered. "And if Betsy Barnes hadn't meddled—but, of course, it's just the same. He's to be here Thanksgiving Day."

And she looked sidewise at her gray crimps.

Dulcie gazed with pitying glance at the elderly maiden.

"Everything changes in thirty years," she thought. "Even a man's heart! How can she talk about things being 'just the same!'"

"Is this the turkey?" she said, aloud. "Oh, what a beauty! Where did you get it?"

"It is a pretty tol'able fat one," said Miss Hepsy, proudly. "And I made the stuffin' arter Grandma'am Gibson's receipt. Look, Dulcie, the pumpkin's all billin' up. Do you suppose you could bake a pie? I never wain't much of a hand at piecrust; but I'll hev everything else is ready for to-morrow. I do hope it ain't goin' to snow."

The old house wore its holiday as-

per the afternoon before Thanksgiving. The new wall paper—a trellis pattern, with big, impossible roses blooming like red blobs all over it, reflected back the leaping blaze of the birch logs; the ceiling winked whitely down at the brightly-scoured andirons.

Dulcie had gone out to the woods to get some scarlet berries, which still hung on the pendant branches of the mountain ash trees, and a few balsam boughs, to decorate the mantles and Miss Peabody, in her best black alpaca, cut after the pattern of a bygone day, was polishing up the six silver teaspoons which had been her grandmother's bequest, when there came a knock at the door.

"Tramps!" was her first reflection. "Book agents!" the second.

But it was neither one nor the other. It was a red-cheeked, black-haired young man, with a traveling-bag in his hand.

"You didn't expect me so soon?" said he.

Miss Hepsy stood with a teaspoon uplifted.

"I didn't expect you at all," said she. "Who on earth be you?"

"You invited me to visit you, and here I am!" he exclaimed, in some surprise. "Don't you know me—Lorenzo Wingfield?"

Some familiar accent in the fresh young voice, some indescribable, likeness in the straight features, had furnished the clue almost ere he spoke.

"Lorenzo—Wingfield?" she repeated, vaguely.

"You used to know my father," said he—"my father, who died ten years ago—and when you kindly wrote to me—"

"I didn't know there was any you," stammered Miss Hepsy. "I never heard o' Lorenzo Wingfield marryin'. I s'posed I was a-writin' to him." She drew a quick, short breath. "But you're welcome, all the same. He's dead, is he? And nobody never let me know!"

"And Dulcie Cooper—she lives near here? You see, Miss Peabody, I met Dulcie at Deephaven last summer. I couldn't help loving her, and I went back to Montana to make a home ready for her. Can you tell me where I shall find her?"

"Why on earth didn't she tell me the name of the feller she was engaged to?" gasped Miss Hepsy. "Where'll you find her? Just look down the garden path, and you'll see her a-comin' up it with both arms full o' red berries for Thanksgiving Day."

She turned her face resolutely away. She could not bear to witness the glad meeting between the two young lovers.

"I'm sort o' left out in the cold," said she, with a dry sob in her throat. "No, I ain't, nuther!"

Her face brightened at the sight of Deacon Cooper, in his Sunday suit, coming up the garden path.

She opened the door wide.

"Come in, deacon," said she. "Set up to the fire and warm yourself. Drefful snowy feel in the air, ain't it?"

"I ain't shakin' nothin' about the outside air," said the deacon, whose new gold spectacles made him look portentously owlish. "It's here I feel uncomfortable."

And he struck his butternut-colored vest across the fourth button.

"Well, I declare!" said Hepsy. "I'd ought to ha' thought of it before. You will be lonesome Thanksgiving Day! Hain't you better come over and eat your dinner with us?"

"Miss Heph'sibah," said the deacon, "you're a dreadful forgivin' creature! I ain't been the neighbor I'd ought to be to you. I ain't treated Dulciea quite as I should ha' done. But we're all poor errin' mortals, Hepsy—May I call you errin'?"

"I hain't no pat'icular objection," said Miss Peabody, half smiling, as a sweet young laugh sounded under the leafless lilacs in the garden outside.

"It's a good Scriptur' name," said the deacon. "It sounds sweet in my ears. I'm a lone, solitary man, an' you're a-livin' here by yourself. You ain't no ways principled agin' marriage, be you?"

He put his butternut-colored arm around Miss Hepsy—his spectacled eyes beamed tenderness.

"Say you will be mine!" he murmured.

"I hain't no pat'icular objection," Miss Hepsy answered. "Do lemme go, deacon! Can't you smell that suet puddin' scorchin'?"

So there were two weddings in the little church, before the Thanksgiving sermon was preached, and the two brides hurried home to superintend the dinner.

"I never was so astonished in my life," said Dulcie. "It was so good of you, Miss Hepsy—I mean, mother—to prepare such a surprise for me!"

The deacon's wife only smiled. The deacon declared he had never

enjoyed a dinner so much. Little did he know its history!

"I'm afraid the turkey's a little tough," said Mrs. Cooper; but—

A Colonial Thanksgiving.

An old Colonial Thanksgiving church service and dinner was written in the year 1714 by the Rev. Lawrence Conant, of the old South Parish, in Danvers, Mass., and runs thus:

"Ye Governors was in ye house and Her Majesty's commissioners of ye customs, and they sat together in a high seat of ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appeared very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists."

"He was dressed in a black velvet coat, bordered with gold lace, and stuffed breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings."

"There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes and Indians, and a negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was re-proved with great carefulness and solemnity."

"He was then put in ye deacons' seat between two deacons, in view of ye whole congregation; but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance (giving grave scandal to ye grave deacons), and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs; some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter."

"When ye services at ye meeting house were ended ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner with bear's meat and venison, the last of which was a fine buck, shot in ye woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods near Reading."

"After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich, of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old."

"Ye council therefore refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterward decided that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye venison."

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Thanksgiving Dishes Abroad.

A few years ago one of the diplomatic corps in Paris complimented some American visitors by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. He made some elaborate researches regarding our National customs as applied to the day, and with the help of his chef offered among other things baked beans well thinned with custard and frozen. The crowning glory of the feast was a pumpkin pie. Its crust was shingly puffed paste fully an inch thick. The pumpkin was merely a filmy glaze upon the paste, with a taffy-like consistency that made it cling to the eater's teeth.

The chef must have imparted the secret of the National pie, at least in part to others of his craft, for a little later a well known restaurateur announced on a little placard at his establishment: "Boukin pie a l'Americaine."

In Berlin the traveler will find, if he is there in November, an addition to the menu at some places of refreshment. The addition is a flourishing announcement to Americans that Indian puddings, bean puddings, pumpkin tarts and other delicacies, which the waiter will affably say are for the American "Danksgiving," but which only resemble the originals they imitate as the mist resembles the rain.

Foreign restaurants pride themselves upon catering to American customers' tastes, but their translations are striking and worked out laboriously from the dictionary. One Berlin hotel proudly put upon the menu, "False hair stewed American fashion."

It requires some penetration to discover that a dish of smothered beef, known to us as mock-rabbit, is meant.

And Was Detained.

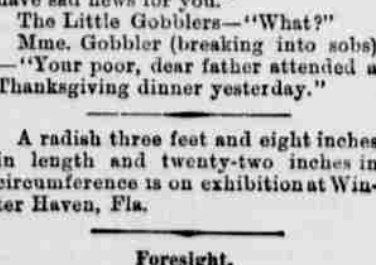
Mrs. Gobbler—"My children, I have sad news for you."

The Little Gobbler—"What?"

Mrs. Gobbler (breaking into sobs)—"Your poor, dear father attended a Thanksgiving dinner yesterday."

A radish three feet and eight inches in length and twenty-two inches in circumference is on exhibition at Winter Haven, Fla.

Foresight.



"That's the chap what was always a pokin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eatin' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I was about. They couldn't fool me when Thanksgiving was a comin'."—Life.

Moon-Set.

The night wind liles thro' the dreaming fire,
That wailing murmur low,
As some lost melody returning, stirs,
The joys of long ago,
And thro' the far, cool distance, zephyr-fanned,
The moon is sinking into shadow land.

The troubled night bird calling plaintively,
Wanders on restless wing,
The coolers chanting vespers to the sea
Await an answer ing.

It comes in wash of waves along the strand,
The while the moon slips into shadow land.

O! music of the night your minstrelsy
Is tender as the tones
Of some dear voice outcalling unto me
Responsive to my own.
Your harp-strings thro' beneath an unseen hand,
And sing the moon to sleep in shadow land.

—E. Pauline Johnson in Outing.

HUMOROUS.

The dead bent is often very shrewd. He is never wise.

A woman on a vacation usually leaves more clothes at every place she stops than a man takes with him.

There are good many people who want to do good, but they are going to wait until tomorrow to begin.

Mr. Bacon—When is the cook to be married? Mrs. Bacon—She has broken her engagement. What, broken that, too.

Some men show remarkable good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.

Stella—Just look at Miss Desplaine and Mr. Baldy over there! Miss Potter—Yes; a romance of the middle ages, so to speak.

Do you think the world is getting worse?" asked the genial citizen. "No," replied the pessimist. "I don't see how it can."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-chestnutting, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "I prefer the kind in the trees," she said.

The man that is always waiting for the wagon generally finds three wheels out of gear when it arrives and no money to pay a blacksmith.

Waiter—Ah, but this does not include the waiter, mister. Guest (who has given correct change)—Why, bless me, man! did I eat the waiter?

"Spillat is an awful mean man." "What did he do?" "His wife's a political candidate and he gave his vote to her for a birthday present."

Mrs. Smith (who is reading a humorous paper)—I don't see any fun in these jokes about big bills for ladies' hats. Mr. Smith—I don't, either.

He (very conceited)—I don't think I should like to marry any girl unless I knew she was of a self-sacrificing nature. She—But wouldn't that prove it?

Though mothers fame when young men call,
And wonder if they'll ever
Get up and go, their daughters know
It's better late than never.

Wilks—I heard the girls talking to-day about some fellow they said could make any woman happy. I wonder who it is? Jilts—Spriggs, the man milliner.

"It must be strange for Spaniards to feel that they are ruled over by a mere infant." "Why?" "It's so uncommon." "Humph! It's plain you never had an infant."

Artist's Friend (pointing to sketch)—I say, Harry, where did you get that? Harry—Why, I got it out of my head. Friend—Well, it's a lucky thing for your head that you got it out.

He—They say you are something of a mind reader. She—Do they? He—Yes. I am going to test you. What am I thinking of? She (looking at the clock)—You are thinking of going home.

What a sad look this moment crossed That woman's face with dread! I wonder has she loved and lost— Or has she loved and wed?

"I wish you would give me a receipt for this lovely cake, Mrs. Bouncer." "Certainly, Mr. Bouncer; but don't you think a receipt of your last quarter's board would do instead?"

"I am told," remarked the young woman who is fond of research, "that twins are usually very much attached to each other." "Yes," replied the matter-of-fact man; "the Siamese twins were."

Mrs. Paneske (suspiciously)—Why are you hanging around my back window so long? Tramp—Ma'm, those apple pies are as purty as pictures, an' I'd like to be the frame o' one o' them.

Friend—Why do you send your husband's clothes to a tailor, when all they need is a button? Mrs. Manioferm Well, the fact is my husband married so young that he never learned how to sew on buttons.