

The teaching of music is becoming more general every year in the public schools of this country.

Native and foreign investors are now studying the oil wells of Japan. The field is considered promising.

Fruit went to waste in California orchards because the growers could not get men to pick it. Yet the state is overrun with tramps.

In Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden cyclometers are used on many cabs, and as the instrument records the proper fare to be paid for the distance traveled, the stranger is not entirely at the mercy of cabbies' conscience.

The generous instinct of humanity places itself in evidence by the total contribution of \$7,500,000 toward the relief of famine in India. Large as this sum is, it is sadly disproportionate to the total loss of \$50,000,000 which the famine is stated by Lord George Hamilton to have caused. English administration, powerless to avert this vast calamity, is indebted to the pitying charity of the rest of the world for even this alleviation.

Word comes that fifty thousand bushels of a new variety of beetle were swept up from the streets of New Orleans recently. The moral drawn from this circumstance by a New York paper is, Don't kill birds for their plumage. Millions of birds are said to have been slaughtered in Louisiana of late. It seems that the beetle will not spare him who spares not the beetle's enemy. Thus the birds by a kind of a post mortem nemesis provide their own avengers.

Says the Baltimore Journal of Commerce: Russia has 426,000,000 acres in timber, the United States 466,000,000. In both countries the forests are being destroyed in a reckless manner, and it is reported that those in the proximity of iron works in the Ural district in Russia are becoming exhausted. The annual cut in Russia is 6,200,000,000 cubic feet a year, and in the United States 9,300,000,000 cubic feet, Russia's product being worth \$204,000,000, and that of the United States \$560,000,000, Russia cutting fifteen cubic feet per acre, and the United States twenty cubic feet. Over 30 per cent. of the area of European Russia (including the Caucasus) is forest. But that fact gives no correct idea of the extent to which consumers throughout Russia have wood at their disposal. Less than half of Russia is rich in forest, one-fifth is poorer than Germany or France, and one-eighth has scarcely any.

The Chicago Times-Herald says: "The Atlanta Constitution in a recent editorial comments in terms of just exultation over the continuing industrial progress of the south. Of that progress the Times-Herald has frequently spoken, for there is scarcely a province of human industry that the southern people are not entering upon with more or less success. In the great manufacturing industries of iron and cotton they are making marvelous progress, bidding fair to rival if not to outstrip the northern states in these particular lines, while in the lesser departments the increase is quite as gratifying. The Constitution, quoting from the Chattanooga Tradesman, gives a list of 474 new concerns that have been established in the various states of the south during the months of July, August and September, as follows:

Breweries.....	1
Brick and tile works.....	1
Canning factories.....	6
Car works.....	1
Compresses and gins.....	43
Cotton and woolen mills.....	23
Development and improvement companies.....	10
Electric light companies.....	23
Flour and grist mills.....	54
Foundries and machine shops.....	15
Gas plants.....	2
Ice factories.....	12
Mines and quarries.....	34
Natural gas and oil companies.....	15
Oil mills.....	4
Phosphate and fertilizer companies.....	26
Waterworks.....	34
Woodworking.....	112
Miscellaneous.....	52
Total.....	474

The truth is that capital is awakening at a lively rate to the fact that the natural resources of the south are almost illimitable, and that there is boundless wealth in the soil and under the soil, that needs only energy, enterprise and money to make yield fifty and a hundred fold. Let the money question be once settled for good and all on a stable and enduring basis, and the progress of the south in recent years will be as nothing to what it will be. No section of the country has a brighter industrial future before it."



We thank Thee, Lord, for daily food,
For all received of daily good;
For sunshine and the song of birds
And melody of loving words.

We thank Thee for the books we read,
And for the Book of books we need,
For hopes of earth so sweetly given
And for the higher hopes of heaven.

For children's voices full of love;
For the bright clouds that float above;
And for the tears we've sometimes known
For sorrows other than our own.

For loved ones here and loved ones gone,
Who still, with Thee, keep loving on;
For spirit tones that softly call,
And for the cross that's over all.

—Rev. J. P. Hutchinson.

FARMER CAREY'S MINE.

A Thanksgiving Story.



FEW days only remained before Thanksgiving. Old John Carey and his son stood in front of the comfortable farmhouse gazing out upon a rolling landscape in the golden light of the Indian summer.

"I tell y', George, it's the best farm in the county," remarked the weather-beaten farmer. "Over three hundred acres, and y' might say all but about fifty under the best cultivation. An' even the bluff over there, with its rocks and scrubs, will be worth a fortune when I get that mine down. An' it's all yours if y' only do as I say."

"But, father—"

"I tell y' there ain't no buts about it. What you want is a good, healthy, country girl for a wife. I can't see what you admire in that school teacher, anyhow. Let her marry one of her kind, a lawyer or doctor, or somethin'."

"But, father, she is a country girl, and strong and healthy, and you know mother says she is just the kind to make a good housekeeper."

"Don't tell me," snarled the old man. "She's proud as Lucifer, an' I'll want to live in style when she marries. Now, I've given you an eddication, and that's enough in one family. You don't want to hitch to a wife smarter than you are yourself. Now, look at me. I won't say a word ag'in' your mother, but she had an eddication and I didn't, an' we never could agree, especially about that gold mine. I say there's gold there and as soon as I've got down to it I'm willing to make the farm over to you if you'll do as I say. I don't want you to marry a wife who'll despise me an' teach y' to go back on my advice. You do as I say an' the farm's yours. But marry that girl an' you'll never get a cent."

George Carey knew his father well and was aware that to dispute with him only rendered him more obstinate. Nevertheless, he was deeply in love with pretty Nellie Thorne, the teacher of music and painting at the academy in the neighboring village, and he resolved to put his fate to the test.

"Father," he replied, with a quiver of feeling in his tone, "I owe you much and never thought to dispute you. But you have given me an education and my tastes are different from yours. You have do right to dictate my choice of a wife, and I propose to marry the woman I love with or without your consent."

"I say you'll marry Betsy Wood, that I picked out for y' long ago, or be no more a son of mine," shouted the old farmer, breaking into a sudden passion.

"Very well, father, then we must part," replied the young man, calmly but sadly, and he turned on his heel and walked slowly back toward the house.

John Carey gazed after his son for a few moments in astonishment. "All comes of his eddication," he muttered. "That's where I made a mistake. He's been settin' himself up ag'in me for some time. An' he thinks like his mother that there's no gold over in that hill, though old Farley has traced it ag'in and ag'in with his divin' rod. Well, I guess he'll get over his pet and come to my terms, if I'm firm—an' I'm always firm. It's my way."

With these remarks he turned and walked toward the distant hillside, where several men were engaged in mining operations under the direction of old Eben Farley, a quaint local character, who professed to have occult knowledge, and for years had claimed the ability to locate mineral veins with a witch hazel rod. He had succeeded in imposing on John Carey the belief that a gold vein existed in a rocky hill that formed the eastern boundary of his farm, and operations to test his theory had been going on for several weeks, during which the old farmer had become more and more infatuated with the idea that a fortune awaited him, owing to several bogus assays that had been secured by Farley.

The miners, inexperienced laborers from the village, were slowly blasting their way into a hard conglomerate rock, following a small vein of pyrites that the credulous farmer believed to be veritable gold. On arriving at the spot he watched their operations for some time with great interest, and finally at the invitation of Farley, descended the shaft.

The neighbors had been predicting disaster at John Carey's mine, owing to the dissipated character of the men employed by Farley, and it seemed

destined that their fears should come true. The workmen were engaged in tamping a new blast while the two men were intently examining the mineral vein, when a sudden shock as of an earthquake occurred. The blast had prematurely exploded, and had been followed by a considerable fall of dirt and debris into the mine.

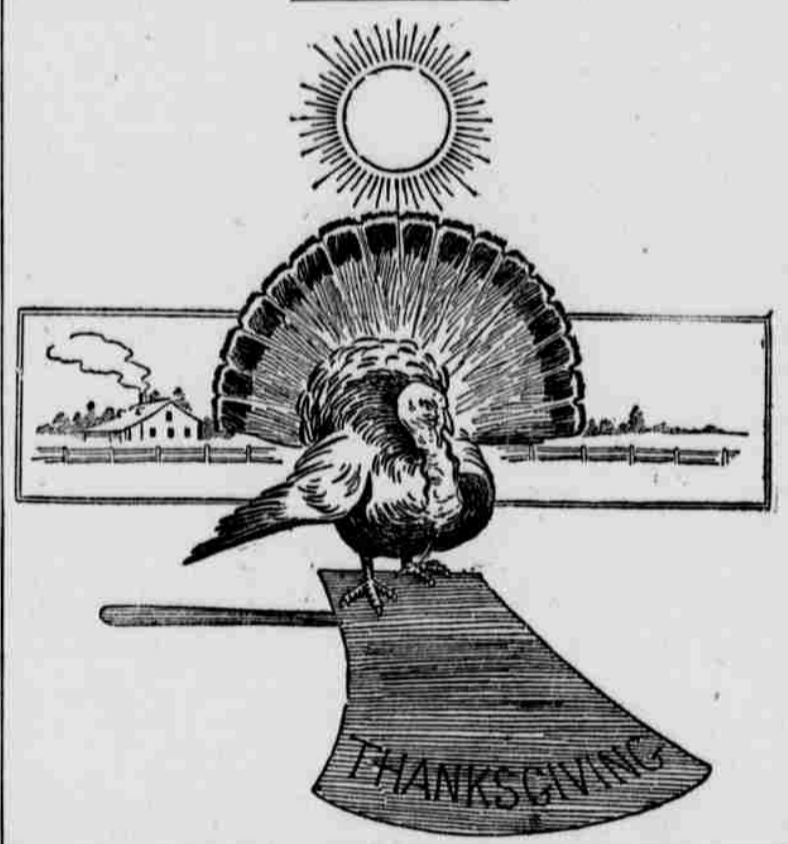
Fortunately several of the workmen were outside of the mine and other help was hastily summoned, and the injured were as speedily as possible rescued from their disagreeable position. Two of the workmen were seriously injured, while Eben Farley himself had a broken leg and several severe contusions. As for John Carey, he ever blessed his fortune that he escaped with something like half a hundred cuts and bruises, none of which was serious, though he was found insensible under a wagonload of dirt and rock. The charge had fortunately been a small one, the workmen being too doubtful of their own skill to use heavy blasts, or the result might have been far more tragical.

John Carey was an obstinate and self-opinionated man, as has been said, but like most men of his kind, he believed devoutly in signs and warnings. He was confined to his bed for several days, during which he had abundant time to reflect upon his quarrel with his son and the accident at the mine.

"Mary," he said to his wife, as he sat in an easy chair for the first time since the accident and gazed through the windows over his broad acres to where the abandoned mine could be plainly seen against the hillside, "tomorrow is Thanksgiving, ain't it?"

"Yes," responded the pious woman, "and I feel that we have especial cause for giving thanks this year."

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."



"So do I, Mary, so do I," he said eagerly; "an' more because my eyes is opened so that I see what a fool I have been makin' of myself. Mary, we've got a noble boy—that George is a noble boy."

"He is a good boy, assented the proud mother.

"He's more than that. You ought to have heard how he spoke up to me when I told him he must marry Betsy Wood or I'd cut him off without a dollar. I've been thinkin' it over, an' I admire him for his pluck, now that I've got my senses about the matter. Mary, you like that Nellie Thorne?"

"She's a sweet and noble woman," replied Mrs. Carey.

"Well, I've made up my mind that no woman is too good or too well educated for our George; an' say, Mary, if you've a mind to invite Nellie Thorne here to dinner to-morrow, I'll try to be on my feet an' give her a welcome that will make George forget that we have quarreled about her."

So it came to pass that Thanksgiving Day brought happiness to two worthy hearts, and Farmer Carey's mine work was never resumed.

THANKSGIVING AND EATING.

How the Popular Observance of the Holy Day Originated.

It is a little strange that our earliest national holiday, the one at least which had its origin in the very early days of our country, should always be associated with the dinner table. Thanksgiving Day and Thanksgiving Day dinner are synonymous terms with a great many people.

We have a good precedent for this, however, for as early as 1621 the renowned Governor Bradford, after the first harvest of the colonies at Plymouth, sent four men out fowling, that on the Thanksgiving day he had appointed they might, "after a more special manner, rejoice together." We have continued that "special manner" of rejoicing ever since.

It is probably due to the fact that those early Thanksgiving Day fowling expeditions brought down a generous supply of plump wild turkeys that we have immortalized the turkey of later days, making it our national Thanksgiving Day bird.

Governor Bradford also gave an object lesson at the first Thanksgiving Day festival of the hospitality which is preached to us now on all sides.

He entertained, so history relates, the "greatest King Massasoit" and ninety Indians, and they feasted for three days.

If there is a lesson for the housewives from those days, it is certainly

one of industry. Priscilla's real life was not all poetry. There were four women, one servant, and a few maids to prepare and serve the three days' feast for the colonists and their Indian guests.

New York celebrated her first Thanksgiving Day in a manner somewhat different. It may have been a difference in the race or in the times, for it was twenty-three years later, in 1644, that it is related that the Dutch citizens of New York killed nearly 600 Indians and then marched home and "cheerfully," ate their Thanksgiving Day dinners.

We unfortunately do not know of what the dinner consisted that day, but it was probably very similar to the bounteous fare of ordinary days, for Christmas and New Year's were the only great Dutch holidays.

In New England, at one time, they kept the day before and the day after Thanksgiving as fast days. It was a sensible action, for hygienic reasons, if all their dishes were as elaborate as old recipes show some to have been.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN 1621.

Pilgrims' Banquet to Indian Chiefs Was Fit to Set Before a King.

"The state dinner of the occasion—the real Thanksgiving dinner—took place on Saturday, the last day of the celebration," writes Clifford Howard of "The First Thanksgiving Dinner" in America, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Notwithstanding that the kitchens of these wilderness homes were sadly wanting in many of the most common essentials of cookery, there was no lack of good things nor of appetizing dishes at this great feast. The earth, the air and the water had yielded of their bountiful supplies, and the good dames had done honor

Fall in Line.

Get ready for Thanksgiving—jest set your table fine!
An' put the finest crock'ry out, an' make the silver shine;
No matter how the country goes—jest carve the turkey's neck;
An' while the carvin's goin' on, be thank'ful you're on deck!

Get ready for Thanksgiving—jest fall into your place,
An' if the preacher ain't along, be sure an' say the grace;
No matter how the country goes—jest carve the turkey straight,
An' with a smile o' thankfulness pitch it an' pass your plate!

—F. L. Stanton.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Roast turkey, mashed potato, turnips, boiled onions, cranberry sauce, beet pickles, celery rusks, spiced plums, apple pie, pumpkin pie, spiced cake, Coffee, apples, nuts, raisins.

Roast Turkey—Select a turkey with black legs, short spurs, broad breast, with yellowish white skin. When properly cleaned, sprinkle on inside with salt and pepper, also on outside, or thin slices of fat, salt pork may be laid over it instead. Stuff it with a dressing made of a loaf of stale bread, not using any hard crusts, add a quarter of a pound of butter, two beaten eggs, pepper, salt and powdered sage, parsley or minced onion, sage being the seasoning usually preferred. Do not press the dressing in too closely or it will be solid. Then the way to have the turkey appear on the table in a fine condition, is to roast it thoroughly, from three to four hours for a fair-sized bird, and to baste it often. Have the oven hot, but not so that it will scorch or shrivel up. In turning never pierce with a fork, allowing the juices to escape.

Potatoes should be boiled in salt water, drained, mashed, seasoned with butter, pepper, a little sweet cream added and then beaten several minutes with a spoon or wire potato masher.

Turnips, rutabagas preferred, should be boiled an hour in salt water, drained, seasoned with butter, pepper and a little white sugar, then mashed thoroughly.

Onions should be sliced, soaked in cold water for an hour, boiled in plenty of salted water for an hour, then drained and a dressing of rich sweet milk, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, added. Let come to a boil and serve in side dishes.

Rusks—Two cups raised dough, one cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, two well beaten eggs, flour enough to make a stiff dough, set to rise, when light mould into high biscuits and let rise again. Sift sugar and cinnamon over the top and bake.

Apple Pie—Peel sour apples and stew until soft and not much water left, mash fine or rub through a colander. For each pie use one whole egg and the yolks of two others, well beaten, one-third of a cup of butter and one-half cup of sugar. Bake in one crust and when done cover with a meringue made of whites of two eggs, frothed, sweetened and flavored. Set in the oven to harden and eat cold.

Pumpkin Pie—For each pie take one beaten egg, a good half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of stewed pumpkin, half a pint of rich sweet milk, a little salt and ginger and cinnamon to taste.

Spiced Cake—One cup of sugar, one cup molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cinnamon, three cups of flour, one heaping cup of seeded raisins. Bake in gem-irons.—Mary S. Stelson.

A Thanksgiving Day Menu.

When Thanksgiving Day began to be generally celebrated in New England, where it had its first stronghold, the regular dinner of the day was very much the same everywhere, varying somewhat as to quality and quantity.

A New Yorker's Thanksgiving Day dinner in 1897 may include anything and almost everything. The one familiar feature which still obtains is the turkey, which seldom fails to form the piece de resistance everywhere.

Here is the menu of what claims to be a simple, good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day menu, although some few concessions have been made to the times:

- Oyster soup. Bread sticks.
- Olives. Celery.
- Chicken pie.
- Creamed macaroni with cheese.
- Radishes.
- Roast turkey.
- Mashed potatoes. Sweet potatoes.
- Turnips. Onions. Squash.
- Lettuce salad, French dressing.
- Mince pie. Apple pie. Pumpkin pie.
- Clster.
- Apples. Nuts. Raisins.
- Coffee. Cheese wafers.

The wafers are the crisp, small, salted crackers, upon which a little good cheese is grated. They are well seasoned, cayenne pepper being used, and placed in the oven just before serving. They are then very hot and the cheese is thoroughly melted.

The bright red and yellow apples, with chrysanthemums, are the only decorations of the table or the room. They give the appropriate fall tone.—New York Times.

First Thanksgiving Proclamation by a Governor.

In 1817 came the first Thanksgiving proclamation from the Governor of a State outside of New England. Thanksgiving Day proclamations were issued in an irregular sort of way for many years after that date, but the day was not a fixed holiday. After the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, President Lincoln recommended the people to set apart the 6th day of August "to be observed as a day of national thanksgiving, praise and prayer to Almighty God." The following year the President issued another proclamation, and they have been annual fixtures ever since.

AWHEEL.

Dainty maid, with cheeks aglow,
By my side so blithely wheeling,
Little can your pure heart know
What the heart within me's feeling.
Tan o' Shanter all awry,
Curly hair the breeze caressing—
There's a sparkle in your eye,
With very joy your're effervescing.

As we pedal on our way,
Swiftly, silently progressing,
How I wonder what you'd say
Should I start my love confessing!
Would you frown on me and doubt?
Would you fetch a glance beguiling?
Would you shake your head and pout?
Would you cheer my heart with smiling?
—Robert T. Hardy, Jr., in Munsey.

HUMOROUS.

When the bill collector is round, it is time to get square.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones."

"Pretty Polly!" said the lady. "Can Polly speak?" "Polly," replied the Boston parrot, "can converse."

Walker—Did you say your wife's a member of a secret society? Talker—It was secret before she joined.

After a man learns how little he knows he begins to suspect that possibly others do not know as much as they pretend.

An enterprising merchant advertised "Male or female umbrellas." Probably a female umbrella is one that won't shut up.

Priscilla—When Charley started to kiss Clara the other night she called out for help. Patrice—Couldn't she hold him alone?

"Ma," said Tommy Turner, "am I descended from the monkeys?" "Not on my side of the house," replied Mrs. Turner with much positiveness.

She—You never pump my tires for me any more, though you did before we were married. "No I don't; but I raise the wind to keep you going in other ways."

Wife—Why, Reginald, these trousers have no pockets in them! Husband—I know. I expect to save enough by not having them to pay for the whole suit.

Two deaf mutes, they sat and courted
Just as lovers in all lands,
Only that, with love transported,
Neither held the other's hands!

A young fellow who had been reading the comic papers was surprised the other day. He proposed to a girl, and instead of her saying, "It's so sudden," she said "It's about time."

"How terribly Mrs. Walkinshaw stutters. It must be very trying to her husband." "Not at all. He likes it. He is able to get out of the house at night before she has time to ask him where he's going."

"First shirt, then collar buttons, then suspenders, then trousers, and now—and now my diamond frame!" He crunched in the bay window and through a mist of blinding tears watched his wife wheel away.

He—I was a great friend of your late husband. Have you any little thing of his you could let me have to remind me of him? Disconsolate Widow—Wha—what's the matter with me? You—you can t—take me if y—you c—care to!

"Sallie Twitters is to be married," said Mrs. Kilduff to her brother, who is a crusty bachelor. "Ah," replied he, "who is her victim?" Then, seeing a baleful look in his sister's eye, he added, "I should say, who is her accomplice?"

His Wife—Well, I'm surprised that young Mr. Jenkins turned out wrong! He seemed to be a good young man, and he sang so beautifully at meeting. The Pastor—Well, you can tell much more about a man's voice from his singing than you can about his soul.

The Rev. Dr. Thirdly—And now, children, I wonder if any little boy or girl here knows who was the best man that ever lived. Ah, there's a hand up. Well, Johnny, who was the best man that ever lived? Johnny Second-crop—Please, sir, it was mamma's first husband, sir.

Keep Snakes as Pets.

"There is a pet snake in nearly every house in Brazil," said a Chicagoan who has returned from a journey through that country. "They keep them just as we do cats or dogs, and, indeed, for much the same purpose, using them to kill the rats at night. The snakes are a species of boa from ten to fifteen feet long, and are perfectly harmless to mankind, while they are quite affectionate and, like cats, become attached to the house where they are kept. These snakes are sold in the markets, where I bought one that died on the voyage from Rio Janeiro to New York.

"A scientist, to whom I spoke of these snakes, told me that no snakes are really dangerous to man. He said that never had a snake attacked a man unless the man had first attacked it. The reptile is defensive, but not offensive, and has no desire to pick a quarrel. But if you tread on a snake the thing cannot know that your intentions are not inimical to your welfare. So I always avoid snakes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Kien Long and His Physicians.

There used to be related a curious anecdote of old Kien Long, emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir George Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed:

"Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you," said he, "how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed. A certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are usually short."—Harper's Round Table.



If my wife sees that, she will have nervous prostration.