

THANKSGIVING

O gracious God, to thee we bring
Our thanks for blessings of the year;
For gentle rains in early spring,
Sweet music to the farmer's ear;
For song of birds, for blooming flowers,
That cheered us still from sun to sun,
While toiling on through weary hours
Until the harvest work was done.

With friends and kindred gathered near,
We keep Thanksgiving as of yore,
And share with joy the bounteous cheer
Of fruit and grain, a priceless store.
We sing glad songs of praise to thee,
Who blessed our labor while we strove,
Thy grace to all the world is free,
Thy bounty boundless as thy love.

A THANKSGIVING SACRIFICE



TOMMY, have you counted the money yet? I am afraid you will not have enough, and you know I can add only a little to it. It seems to me as if we had better do without the turkey and have a piece of meat roasted nice instead. It will be so much cheaper."

"No, sir-ee," answered Tommy. "We're going to have a turkey this Thanksgiving if we never do again. My, can't I almost taste it!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips in delightful anticipation.

"I haven't counted the money yet, but I know there's enough, 'cause I've been saving since last spring every cent I could spare, and—well, there must be, that's all. Let's go over the bill of fare and then I'll count it." As he spoke he took a stub of pencil and scrap of paper from a shelf and commenced to write.

It was a dingy, ill furnished room in a large city tenement house, where few rays of happiness fell, and the inhabitants ever appreciated small things at their full value. At the table, busily sewing, sat Tommy's sister Dora, a girl of fifteen, fair and pretty. Tommy himself was a newsboy, several years younger. They had had a hard struggle for existence ever since they could remember, and Thanksgiving had hitherto been to them an unknown event, but last year they had viewed with no little interest and some envy the preparations of a neighbor for that event, and Tommy had resolved to hoard every cent that he possibly could before the next Thanksgiving should come, so that they might have a good, merry one of their own.

"Listen Dora," said he, looking up from the paper on which he had been scribbling. "Here is our bill of fare—one pie, mince, that will cost fifteen cents; I saw one down to the baker's on the corner this morning for that price; half a pound of nuts, mixed ones; two quarts of big red apples; a quart of cranberries; half a pound of broken candy and the turkey. I've picked him out down to Maxwell's, and he's a buster, I can tell you—weighs six pounds and is as tender as—as chicken," pausing for want of a comparison. "Now, Dora, what are you going to get?"



WATCHED A NEIGHBOR'S PREPARATIONS.

haven't told you, Mrs. Beede made me a present this morning of a big pumpkin; she had three sent her from the country, and she did not need this one, so I shall make two big pumpkin pies. Won't that be nice?"

"Jolly!" said Tommy, clapping his hands, "why, we'll have a dinner fit for a king? Day after to-morrow—don't I wish 'twould hurry up and come!"

"Remember, we have much to do before it comes," replied Dora; "to-morrow will be a busy day."

Tommy opened the little box where he kept his savings and spread the pile of coppers, nickles and dimes out before him.

There proved to be enough to get the things he had planned and a few cents over, which he said he should invest in coffee.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear, and Dora and Tommy were early astir and surveyed with pride their well filled pantry. The pie of golden pumpkin looked delicious enough to tempt a king. The navy

apples reposed on a plate surrounded by a layer of nuts. The mince pie and the bunch of celery beside it looked quite pretty. Then there were the little dishes filled with candy. The plum pudding, a work of skill, and last, but by no means least, the turkey itself. It was really a remarkable looking turkey, so thought Tommy, and Dora agreed with him. He lay in majestic state in the long pan that Mrs. Beede had kindly lent Dora for the occasion, all ready for the oven.

"Seems most's if I was dreaming," said Tommy at length.

"There won't be another such dinner anywhere round. Wouldn't those



What treachery beneath this smiling visage masked—Shak.

emigrants downstairs who came last week just open their eyes, if they could look in here?"

"That's just it," said Dora, somewhat sadly. "While I enjoy our happiness as much as you do, I cannot help feeling sorry for so many around us who have none. I wish that we might share some of ours, but I fear that it would be hardly a beginning, and I am selfish enough to want it all for ourselves." Taking a last look at the turkey, Tommy went out for his morning papers.

Dora had just put the turkey in the oven when she heard the door bell ring, and ran down stairs to answer it. It was the postman, and he handed her a letter, but a glance at the name upon it told her that it was for the emigrant family down stairs on the right hand side. Dora knocked at the door, and as she did so heard a child's voice crying, and its mother trying to hush it. No answer to her knock being given she stepped inside.

The father had gone out to search for some work that he might procure some bread and fuel that they sorely needed, and a boy, about as big as Tommy, stood looking sadly out of the window. The mother sat holding a little girl, who was crying, trying to hush her with promises of something by and by. Dora handed her the letter, and she nodded her head in thanks, being unable to talk a word of English.

"I wonder what Tommy will say when I tell him," thought Dora, "that I am going to give my share of our dinner to these people, they are so poor, poorer than we, for I don't believe they have had anything to eat for two or three days. I know Tommy will not be willing, and I am afraid I shall not like it much better, but I never could enjoy it after hearing that little girl cry for food."

As she opened the oven door a savory smell came out, and at that moment she heard Tommy's voice calling:

"Dora, Dora, I want to tell you something. Don't you remember how I told you about that boy who was run over last week? Well, he lives in this house around on the other side; I didn't know it before, for they just moved in when he was hurt, and I saw his face at the window as I went past, and I went in to see him. He was taken to the hospital, but they sent him back as cured last night, only he says he won't be able to sell papers for two weeks more, anyway, so he feels dreadfully downhearted. His mother is sick most all the time, so what Dick earned was a great help. I'm almost sure they won't have anything to say for Thanksgiving, so I want to carry them and old Granny Martin, who lives in the next room to theirs, some of our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Tommy!" cried Dora. "For I have planned the same thing almost to give some to the German family down stairs. That will take it most all; but we won't care, for we will have our Thanksgiving by making others happy."

"Yes," said Tommy, "we will. When shall we commence?"

"In a few moments the turkey will be done, and we will begin to carry around our things right away."

So the turkey was cut up and divided, and Tommy and Dora bustled themselves distributing their provisions until only two apples and some coffee remained, besides the turkey frame. But the delight of the German children and the pleasure of their parents were sweet to witness, and when old Granny Martin, who was nearly blind and had not thought of having a Thanksgiving, kissed Dora, with tears in her eyes, and told her that she pleased him as much as she was a girl in the country, she felt more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made. So did Tommy when he saw the speechless surprise of Dick and his mother at the unexpected kindness, and Dick told him that he was the best fellow in the world, and that next Thanksgiving Day they would celebrate it together, and have the best one ever seen.—Alice C. Caldwell, in The Beacon.



Thanksgiving Mince Meat.

The preparing and marketing for Thanksgiving begin early, the first preparation usually being the mince-meat. For this purpose the neck of the beef—the sticking piece, as it contains more of the juices of the meat. Tart apples should be used. Currants cleaned and picked over can now be purchased by the box and are really a saving of time and money. Use good raisins, as there is no economy in spoiling the mince-meat by not using the best of material. Many prefer the sultana raisin, as it is seedless.—Philadelphia Press.



Turkey Dressing.

We used to love the zephyr's soft caress,
That swept the blue wild asters to and fro
And whispered in the corn-leaves—none the less
In keen, strong winds there is a charm, and
Gave thanks, give thanks, O heart!

Perhaps a Happy Thought.
Oliver Wendell Holmes was accustomed to even up the general average with this sort of consolation: "The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men."



The Carver Fair and Gentle.

The athletic girl has a new field for her talent in the guise of the Thanksgiving turkey. It is no longer settled without dispute, that she has fulfilled her social duty when she makes one around the festal board, whose glories are heightened by the outworn bird. She must be able, if called upon, to wield a knife over its done-to-turns, and carve it with the cold scrutiny of a medical student at his first dissection; she must know a leg from a wishbone and be able to give a wing, a neck and a bit of breast to the hopeless invalid of the party without a smile; she must not be overcome with confusion when the terrible child asks for a small piece of the "flick and the flin," nor must she draw the diagram on the outside of the bird, as she was taught to do at cooking school. It is considered a compliment to be asked to carve the bird at the Thanksgiving dinner, and the receiver of the delicate flattery must not be found wanting in experience and willingness. Carving as a fine art has possibilities which the girl of to-day, with her eye open to the necessities of completeness in her repertoire of abilities, has not been slow to recognize. For the time being she has transferred her skill from the golf links to the turkey links, and with the grace of habit and health, stands sponsor for the correct dismemberment of the piece de resistance of the holiday. There are less interesting sights than a pretty girl at a daintily decorated table fronted by the platter with its crisp contents, over which she wields the knife and fork with the celerity, correctness and pointed aim, with which she administers social cuts, when circumstance renders them necessary.

"The Day After Thanksgiving."
A lady went recently to read to the woman's club at a social settlement in Chicago, and she chose for the subject of her reading, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." But no sooner had she got within the door than she was seized with the idea that her selection had not been a wise one. The weary, unresponsive faces offered little promise of appreciation.

"I'm almost afraid you will not enjoy what I am about to read to you," she said, with very honest apology, as she rose to address them. "Much of this poem is about the country, and it is very likely that some of you have never been in the country, and so do not care about it."

When she had finished the women came to thank her, and among them was one who ventured upon a timid reproach.

"How could you think we would not understand about the country?" she asked. "It was the easiest part of the poem to understand—that part which was about the country. We knew perfectly what was meant."

"Then you must know the country. Probably you have lived in it."

"No, I've not lived in it, but I know what it is like. There is a vacant lot next to us, and sometimes you can't speak for the colors in it—and there is a row of trees and all the sky!"

That is what she said, word for word. That was her simple and exquisite epitome of Nature's message.—Youth's Companion.

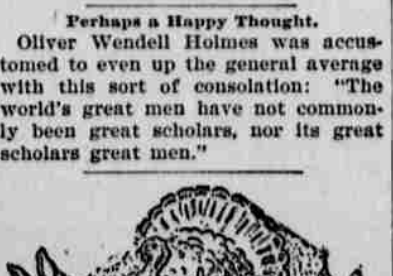


The Unique Horn of the Unicorn.

The horn of a unicorn was shown at Windsor Castle, and in 1508 was valued at over \$50,000. Lewis Ver-tomannus, a gentleman of Rome, saw with his own eyes two unicorns presented to the Sultan of Mecca by a King of Ethiopia. They were in a park of the Temple of Mecca, and were not much unlike a colt of thirty months of age. This was in 1503. The animal became extinct about the end of the seventeenth century.

The unicorn is represented in the ruins at Persepolis, and it was adopted by the Persians as the emblem of speed and strength. In the Middle Ages it was the symbol of purity. The unicorn hated the elephant, and it used to whet its horn on a stone before it struck the foe in the abdomen. No family, by the way, should be without one of these horns, the average length of which is four feet. They defend from witchcraft; thus Torquemada had one always on his writing table. Furthermore, a drinking cup made from one will be a safeguard against poison, as will the ground powder put in drink, and, indeed, the wells of the Palace of St. Mark could not be poisoned in the good old days of adventure because these beneficent horns had been thrown into them. Unicorn's horn was formerly sold by apothecaries at \$120 an ounce.—Boston Journal.

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Cleopatra's Needle has nothing to do with Cleopatra, but was set up about 100 years before that lady was born by Thothmes III., a full record of whose wonderful exploits is preserved in the Temple of Karnak, and in the British Museum.



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HOG HAS HUMAN RIGHTS.

Should Not Be Killed in Self-Defense If There is a Tree to Climb.

A jury in a justice court at Atlanta, Mo., in its finding, applied the same rules for self-defense against an animal as obtain in criminal jurisprudence when an altercation between two men occurs. Phil C. Atterberry shot a valuable brood sow belonging to his neighbor, J. W. Willard, and gave as a reason that the sow had attacked him and came near killing him. Willard sued Atterberry for the value of the dead animal, \$25. The trial took place in Squire H. H. Brook's court and lasted all day.

Atterberry went on the stand and told all the details of the killing. He said Willard's sow got in his field, and he took his boy Fred, aged 17, and a hired man, James Vaught, along to take up the intruder. As soon as the sow saw the army of invasion she gave a snort and charged it. Fred, the boy, escaped by swiftly climbing up a tree. The hired man and Atterberry didn't fare so well. The enraged sow got the former down by the fences and was eating his hand off when Atterberry came to the rescue by beating her over the back with a club. The porker then turned her attention to Atterberry and chased him across the field, finally cornering him against some logs, where she commenced tearing at his knee. In the meantime Fred had slid down the tree and ran to the house for a gun. He slipped up behind the sow and gave it a tremendous kick in the side. The sow jumped away from Atterberry, who instantly caught the gun thrown him by his son and as the animal returned to the attack he let her have it right between the eyes.

From that moment the sow was only worth so much a pound at the butcher's, and her owner sued Atterberry for the difference in value between a live and dead hog.

Atterberry, Fred and Vaught swore to the facts as above detailed, and said if the sow hadn't been shot one, or maybe more, of them would certainly have been killed, or at least seriously injured.

The jury wanted to know why Atterberry and Vaught didn't climb trees like Fred did, and as the answers were not satisfactory they held Atterberry had no right to shoot the hog if he could have got away, and in failing to utilize the opportunities afforded by the trees he was guilty of negligence and could not set up necessary self-defense. And the plaintiff was given the full amount sued for.

The lawyer for Atterberry lost no time in filing an appeal to the Circuit Court.—Chicago Record.

"All the Sky."
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KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Real Estate Investment Company Forced to Assign—Ice Trust Invading the State. Singular Will by a Grocer.

Pensions were granted the following persons last week: John Gault, Houtzdale, \$8; Frederick P. Hinkley, Dayton, \$2; Lewis A. West, Muncie, \$12; William Winters, Alexandria, \$8; Cornelius Ingels, Waynesboro, \$10; Robert L. McCollum, Kittanning, \$10; Joseph Faloon, Indiana, \$12; Michael Lelpey, Beaver Springs, \$8; Sarah E. Johnson, Ridgeway, \$8; Margaret A. Brown, Penn Run, \$8; Robert McLanahan, Atwood, \$8; Mary Addison, Northeast, \$8; James Murphy, Hollidaysburg, \$10; John Janey, Webster, \$10; James Carr, Herkerville, \$12; John Gants, Patton, \$10.

The Odd Fellows in the western part of the State have started a movement to erect a home for aged and infirm Odd Fellows. The order already provides for needy widows and orphans of Odd Fellows, and now it is the intention to carry the matter a step further. It is proposed to purchase a farm of about 200 acres in this part of the State and erect the necessary buildings thereon. In furtherance of the movement a meeting of Odd Fellows will be held in Carnegie Music hall, Allegheny, on January 10, 1901, when lodges in 33 counties are to be represented.

The Fayette County Gas Company, which recently purchased the property and franchises of the Fayette Gas Fuel Company, of Uniontown, is branching out in the southern part of the county. Other wells will be drilled this winter, and if sufficient supply cannot be secured in Fayette county the company will pipe the gas from their West Virginia territory.

The revised census returns for the State of Pennsylvania show that the population of the State is 6,302,115, an increase of 1,044,701 or 19.8 per cent. over the population in 1890, when the total was 5,257,414. Ten years previous, in 1880, the population was returned at 4,282,891, the per cent. increased during the decade from 1880 to 1890 being 22.7 per cent.

The Real Estate Investment Company, of Philadelphia, has made an assignment to John J. Ridgeway, the president and principal stockholder. The assets, it is said, amount to \$300,000, and liabilities \$100,000. The holding of considerable real estate on which no money could be secured is said to have caused the failure.

J. Carter Judson, auditor of the assigned estate of Samuel Hazlett, ex-banker of Washington, has filed his report. It shows claims allowed to participate in the distribution of \$385,042.57; balance for distribution, \$104,976.37, which makes a pro rata of 27.2 per cent. to be recovered by each claimant.

Two boys, aged 6 and 8 years, inmates of the Children's Aid Society Home at Uniontown, ran off because, as they said, "there were too many girls at the house." Their homes were at Connellsville and they tramped the distance, 12 miles, in six hours, barefooted. They were returned by the authorities.

It is stated that the American Ice Company is endeavoring to obtain control of all the ice supply companies in the Pocono mountains, at Stroudsburg. It is claimed that an offer of nearly \$2,000,000 has been made for the plants at Tobyhanna, owned by the Pocono & North Jersey Ice Company.

The will of George Driver, the aged grocer of Washington, who died last week, authorizes his executors to purchase a "plain monument suitable for the whole family, not towering and costly for show, because such is vanity, and makes the living poorer and the dead heed it not."

William Simms, colored, a wife murderer, was hanged in the Fayette county jail at Uniontown Thursday morning. The drop was sprung at 10:42 o'clock and life was extinct in 15 minutes. Six hundred people witnessed the execution, the jail being thrown open to the public.

A new concern, the Aluminum Iron and Steel Coating Company, will start a large plant at South Connellsville at once. This company is composed chiefly of English inventors and capitalists, who will introduce the Poppell system of coating in this country.

A boiler exploded at the foundry of Vanberger & Co., Carbondale, demolishing the boiler room, wrecking the rear end of the foundry walls and scattering debris for many hundred feet. Engineer David Wilson was killed, being blown fully 200 feet.

Gov. Stone has appointed Max L. Mitchell, of Williamsport, common pleas judge of Lycoming county, to succeed the late Judge Metzger. Mr. Mitchell's commission runs until January, 1902.

Charles J. Coll, of Connellsville, superintendent of Lemont plants Nos. 1 and 2, of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, has resigned to become general manager of the Acadia Coal Company, limited, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

The Tarentum, New Kensington and Springdale Street Railway Company has forfeited its New Kensington street rights and a bond of \$2,500 by its failure to complete the proposed street railway within a specified time.

H. W. Hartman, superintendent of several industrial interests at Ellwood, has let all the contracts for a dam to be constructed across the Connoqueeness creek just north of the town, to furnish cheap power to factories.

The conductors and motormen of the New Castle Traction Company were asked for an advance of 3 cents an hour.

The Waynesburg Coal Co. purchased 15,000 acres of coal land on the line of a proposed railway between Greene and Washington, \$20 an acre.

By a vote of 18 to 11 the bytery decided in favor of a planatory or supplemental article on election in the

At Philadelphia, while solving Mrs. Donald's young woman, shot and ed her 2-year-old son.

At Fayette City Thos. awed hostler for the Pinciric Railroad Co., ed by shooting himself th