

A THANKSGIVING.

Lucy Larcom.

For the sound of waters rushing
In bubbling heads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;

THEY ALL PRAYED

A Commercial Traveler Says This
Story Is True, So It Must Be.
Did I ever tell you of that adventure
Of mine in Eastern Kentucky in the
fall of 1888— fellows? inquired the
veteran commercial traveler.



"Drink!" He said.
Thanksgiving is close at hand.
If any of you have ever traveled in
the extreme eastern or northeastern
counties you know there are some
pretty tough localities in that region.

"I was traveling for a wholesale
house in one of the live towns in
Upper Ohio, and had left Catesburg
two days before and made my way by
easy stages through the little Kentucky
towns toward the southwest I had got
into Carter county and was on my way
from Rush Station to Mount Savage.

ragged-haired merchant in a 10x12
store near a Kentucky iron furnace—
and that is saying a good deal.
"had gone about half a mile up that
ridge when I heard voices, pitched
in different keys, making a most un-
earthly sound, and just then, as I
turned a bend in the road, I saw four
men a short distance ahead. They were
at the side of the road, and seemed
to be in a stooping posture. They
caught sight of me at the same in-
stant, and the noises stopped. I could
feel my hair rising on end. There was
no use of my turning back. If I
had started to run they could have
overhauled me in no time with the four
fresh and powerful horses that were
wedged to some bushes close by them.

"I then noticed what I had been too
much excited to see before. All four
of the men had been drinking.
" 'My friend,' I said, 'never drink.'
" 'Be y' trav'lin' alone?'
" 'Yes.'
" 'He seemed relieved. He drew a long
breath, put the flask of whisky in one
pocket and his revolver in another, and
said:
" 'When I fust seed ye I thought meb-
by y' wuz ridin' ahead of a dozen other
fellows. We've never be'n over this yar
road afore, an' it looks skeery. Th'
fact is— and his face reddened as he
went on sheepishly— 'we wuz a leetle
skered, an' we wuz jes' holdin' a leetle
pra'-meetin' fore goin' any farder.'
" 'Think of it, boys,' four half-drunken
men stopping to pray for safety
on a dangerous highway and scaring
another praying man half to death.
The queer noises I had heard before
I saw them were their voices lifted in
earnest supplication.

IMPERIAL NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

Empress Catherine II. of Russia
Wrote for the Press.
" In the galaxy," translates a corre-
spondent of Fame from a German
paper, "of famous women, writers of
history have long since placed Cather-
ine II. of Russia. That she was an au-
thor of no mean parts is known to
students of Russian history, but the
fact that she was also a journalist is
less familiar.
" A member of the Imperial Russian
Society has published a paper upon her
newspaper work. The journal for
which she used her pen was the Com-
rade of the Friends of the Russian Lan-
guage, founded by her friend, the
Princess Deschokop, in 1783. One of
her articles ran:
" I leave my domain, truth and
fancy, to any one who wishes it on the
condition that he who does accept it
continues to write without exaggerated
praises and without pretending to be
benevolent under a great weight of
thought. He must always use short,
clear sentences rather than long and in-
volved ones. Use Russian words in
preference to those of foreign origin.
Why should we borrow from the lan-
guage of our neighbors? Is our tongue
not rich enough? Do not be tedious,
and, above all, do not attempt to be
clever at the wrong place and time.
Do not "run after" the spiritual and
comical. One should never use crutches
when the legs will do their own work;
that is, avoid pompous and swollen
words when simple words have more
dignity, usefulness and beauty. Where
it is necessary to draw the moral from
the story do so with spirit and without
tediousness. Heavy, deep thoughts
should be made as light as possible.
They should be expressed clearly, so
that the ordinary reader can grasp
them. It is desirable that the author
disappear as completely as possible,
and that the reader think only of his
work; it is not necessary that his mo-
tions be always seen and his words
always heard."—London Sunday Sun.

A PECULIAR BIRD.

It Eats Only Raw Meat and Is So
Fierce That It Is Caged.
Capt. Fausset, of the British steam-
ship Lord Lansdowne, from Androssan,
Scotland, captured while at sea a most
peculiar bird. It is still held captive
on board, being perched up in the lower
chart room beneath the flying bridge.
It is very fierce and the captain's large
dog is afraid to venture near the pecu-
liar bird. Ever since its capture it
has been fed upon raw meat, which is
thrown in the window gratings.
Early one morning when many hun-
dred miles from the shore the bird
was seen hovering about in the locality
of the ship, and finally it landed ex-
hausted on the foretopmast, where it
was captured with some difficulty by
the boatswain. When brought to the
deck its crew was found to be empty,
but it refused everything offered until
the steward threw into the quarters
where it was confined a piece of canned
beef, which it ate. Upon becoming
rested the bird grew very fierce, and
the sailors were afraid to go near it.
It is not known to what species the
bird belongs. Its head resembles some-
what that of an owl, but the body is
like a chicken, only the wings are much
larger and appear more powerful.
Capt. Fausset believes the bird was
driven off shore in one of the recent
gales. He does not think that it is a
sea fowl. It is his intention to have
the curiosity killed and stuffed.—Phila-
delphia Press.

A Perfect Dream
He—Don't you think Miss Highheels
is a perfect dream of beauty.
She—Oh, yes; a perfect dream, which
never comes true.—Vogue

THE LATEST IN HUMOR.

SCME BRIGHT LEAVES FROM OUR
CONTEMPORARIES.

How the Lawyer Got Even With the
Heartless Being Who Rejected Him
—Never Heard of the Installment
Plan—An Ungrateful Texan.

Pale with suppressed emotion, the
struggling young village attorney stood
before the haughty heiress, hat in hand
and ready to go.
" I could have borne your refusal,
Verdigris McSorrell," he said brokenly,
" although I had hoped for a more fa-
vorable answer. But you have chosen
to accompany it with words of scorn.
You have accused me of fortune hunt-
ing. You have twitted me with my
poverty, my insignificance and my lack
of worldly knowledge. I have not de-
served this. I may have been pre-
sumptuous, but I am not the sordid,
mercenary, soulless wretch you have
pictured me to be. And, mark my
words, proud beauty, the day will come
when your haughty spirit shall be
brought low!"
" What will you do, Mr. Bramble?"
soothingly asked the young woman.
" Will you sue me for damages? Will
you publish some dismal verses about
me? Or will you crush me by silent
contempt?"
" I shall bide my time. Heartless
being, farewell!"

Long years passed away. In a crowd-
ed court room in a large city, the fa-
mous case of Kersmith vs. Jehones was
on trial, involving the possession of
millions. Enos A. Bramble, now one
of the most notable and successful law-
yers in his native state, leaned forward
in his chair to cross-examine a wit-
ness.

" Your name, madam," he said, " if
I understand you rightly, is Mrs.
Bimm?"
" Yes, sir," replied the witness.
" Your familiarity with this case grows
out of the fact that you have resided
all your life in the neighborhood of
the property in dispute? Is that cor-
rect?"
" Yes, sir."
" It will be necessary, then, to ask
you— but, first, how long have you been
married?"
" I— I was married several years ago.
I am a widow."
" How long have you been a widow?"
" Oh— several years."
" What was your maiden name?"
" McSorrell."
" Full name, please?"
" Verdigris McSorrell."
" Thank you. In order to ascertain
all the facts pertaining to this contro-
versy it will be necessary to ask you
one more question. Now, then, Mrs.
Verdigris McSorrell Bimm," thundered
Lawyer Enos A. Bramble, rising to his
feet, " please tell the jury your age!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Never Heard of the Installment Plan.

" Darling, I lay my heart and life at
your feet."
" Oh, George!"
" I love you sincerely, devotedly, ar-
dently, passionately—I love you more
than I can tell. Be mine."
" George, I will."
" And will you engage yourself to me?"
" I will."
" Bless you, my darling. I am the
happiest man in America to-night."
There was a long, delicious pause
while the compact was being sealed.

There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup
and the Lip.

The subjoined announcement actually
appeared in a suburban paper of the
German capital:
" I hereby declare that the engage-
ment of my daughter Marie with Mr.
W—, merchant, of this city, was
broken off five minutes before the wed-
ding, as the honorable stepfather of
Mr. WWW came to me and observed
that it was high time I should state
what amount of dowry I was going to
give my daughter. As the thumbscrew
of the right honorable Herr Stepfather
was not to my liking I showed the
honourable gentleman the door, and I
believe that, in doing so, I have acted
as a man of honour."
The full name and address of the
gentler are appended to the above.—
Neue Freie Presse.

An Ungrateful Texan.

Speaking of Thanksgiving some peo-
ple never know when they ought to be
grateful. Old Judge Peterby, an old
Texan, has been laid up for some time
with the gout. His legs are swelled up
to an enormous size. He is very im-
patient, and his doctor, who is also a
church member, rebuked him, saying:
" You should be grateful to the Al-
mighty for his kindness."
" What kindness?"
" His kindness in giving you only two
legs to suffer with. Suppose you had
as many legs as a centipede?"

A Question of Color.

" My dear, don't you intend to invite
Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?"
" Certainly not."
" Why not? They are good friends
of ours and will feel hurt."
" I can't help it if they are hurt. I am
going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."
" Well, why can't you invite the
Greens as well?"
" You shock me with your bad taste.
Brown and Green in my parlor togeth-
er? Never. Why, I wouldn't be a bit
surprised to have you asking me next
to wear blue and yellow. Have you
no idea of harmony whatever?"

He Didn't Wait.

Traveler—Does Mr. Thompson live
here?
Western Native—Yep, he lives here;
but he ain't in at present.

Traveler—Could you tell me when he
will return?

Western Native—Blame me ef I
know, pardner. He went lopin' off
with ther cyclone thet struck these
parts 'bout a week ago 'n' ain't been
seen or heard of since; but yer kin
kin come in an' wait fer him ef yer
like.

An Explanation.

Mr. Eastside—You don't look happy.
What's the matter with you?
Mr. Westside—Well, I've been in-
vited by Waters to eat my Thanksgiv-
ing dinner at his house, and I really
could not think up any excuse for re-
fusing.
" An excuse! Why, most men would
think themselves lucky in not having
to dine alone!"
" Most men might. But you see, Waters
is a strict prohibitionist and—"
" Say no more! You have my hearty
sympathy."

He Knew the Pills.

Farmer Hoefast—There's just as
many miracles now as there ever was.
There's whole columns about miracles
every week in the Bungtown Bugle.
Mrs. Hoefast—If you'd read th' paper,
stead of jus' skimmin' over it, you'd
see them articles is all about people
gettin' cured by Dr. Dossen's Bilious
Pills—the same you tried.
Farmer Hoefast—Eh! Did those pills
ever do anybody any good? Well, that
is a miracle.—New York Weekly.

A Serious Loss.

Miss—What did you do with that
old brown dress that hung in my closet?
Domestic—You told me to get rid
of all the rags, ma'am, and so I gave it
to the ragman.
Miss—Goodness me! How do you
suppose I am ever to get any new
clothes if I haven't an old dress to put
on when my husband comes home?—
New York Weekly.

The Requisite Qualifications.

" Sis, I think you had better shine my
shoes and wash the dishes," said a
wealthy New Yorker to his sister, who
moves in aristocratic circles.
" What do you mean by such non-
sense?" she asked.
" No nonsense about it. I see you are
flirting with an Italian count. If you
are going to marry him you ought to
be fitting yourself for the position."

In Philosophy.

Instructor—Cadet A., you may define
a sonorous body.
Cadet A.—A body which may be
made to ring, sir.
Instructor—For example.
Cadet A.—A bell, a pitcher, a nap-
kin.
Instructor—A napkin, Cadet A.? Ex-
plain yourself, sir.
Cadet A.—Why, Tiffany, when I was
a plebe, made a napkin ring for me.

That's All.

Mr. Austin (of Texas)—I don't see
that you New Englanders have much
to boast about. Why, a negro was
burned at the stake in Massachusetts
in 1735, as one of your Boston papers
admits.

Mr. Backbay (of Boston)—Then Tex-
as is only ninety-eight years behind the
times, after all.

Justifiably Postponed.

Mamma—What's the matter, John-
nie?
Johnnie—Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell
down and hurt myself.
Mamma—Well, what are you crying
to-day for?
Johnnie—You weren't at home yester-
day.

It Makes a Difference.

Mother (near-sighted)—See that dis-
gracefully-intoxicated brute across the
street! Where can the police be?
Daughter (weeping)—Oh, ma, it's
Brother Bob!
Mother (swooning)—Then the saloon-
keepers have been drugging that poor
child again!

The Brute.

" Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Young-
husband, breathlessly, " I have some-
thing terrible to tell you. The baby
has swallowed your shaving brush."
" Oh, that's all right," responded the
brute; " it was worn out, and I was
going to get a new one anyhow."

Some Consolation.

The Rejected One (after a painful
pause)—I think, on the whole, I will
accept your offer to be a sister to me—
but on one condition.
The Rejected One—What is that?
The Rejected One—That you will let
me be your little brother. Then I can
get even on some of my successors.—
Vogue.

Mapped Out a Programme.

There is an idea for the woman who
entertains in this little anecdote they
tell of Mme. Necker, the clever mother
of a still more illustrious daughter,
Mme. de Stael. While waiting in her
salon, says the New York Sun, a di-
ner guest, who had through some mis-
take arrived too early, found behind
the cushions of her couch a little book.
He opened it, and found to his surprise
a long resume of the subjects Mme.
Necker intended to talk upon that eve-
ning, labeled, "Talk to Mme. S. on such
a thing," every expected guest being
mentioned by name, with the particu-
lar subject suitable to the taste and
caliber of each. Of course, the gen-
tleman ran his eye down the page un-
til he came to the topic with which he
was to be entertained and put the
book away again. No one would think
for a moment that a woman so much
above the average in intellect as Mme.
Necker required such aids as the small-
er manuscript contained, but perhaps
the reason why many women have at-
tained an enviable reputation as host-
esses is because they prepared for the
feast as a general prepares for the fray
before the battle begins. Rarely does
any conversation follow the lines laid
down in the plan of attack, but, having
studied every point of vantage, one
is ready to take advantage of every
situation without apparent effort.

A Thanksgiving Decoration.

One of the most pleasing decorations
I have ever seen for a church was
wrought out in dried Indian corn, writes

IN FAIR WOMAN'S REALM.

INTERESTING FACTS FOR MAID
AND MATRON.

The Invalid Wife of Gov. McKinley,
How She Induced Him to Enter
Politics—Mapped Out a Programme
—A Thanksgiving Decoration.

When political honors were first
offered to Maj. McKinley his wife did
everything in her power to overcome
his reluctance to accept them. Her
faith in her husband's talents and in-
tegrity are unbounded, and this being
the case she was of course convinced
that they would be of the greatest
value to his state. It required no little
argument on her part, however, to con-
vince the major, but from the moment
of her success she has encouraged him
by her faith and aided him by her prac-
tical advice and assistance. Although
for many years an invalid, her delicate
health has not in any way been a bar
to her help. Mrs. McKinley was never
a robust woman, but her actual in-
validism dates from the birth and death
in infancy of her second child. Her
first-born on Christmas day, lived only
three years. Deceivably, by her unfor-
tunate ill health from actively serving
in charitable undertakings and coun-
cilmeetings, Mrs. McKinley performs her
many charities unostentatiously and
away " from the sight of men." Un-
able to receive the poor who come to
her or to investigate personally their
worth, she intrusts to some member of
her family her large almsgiving. Her
fingers are rarely ever idle; and what-
ever of her handiwork is not sent to
 adorn the homes of friend or relative
will find its way to charitable bazaars
and fairs, or into the hospitals for dis-
tribution among invalids less fortunate
than herself. Both Mrs. McKinley and
her husband are members of the First
Methodist church in Canton. When
in Washington they attend—when Mrs.
McKinley is able to be taken there—
the Foundry church. In appearance
Mrs. McKinley is described by the
Ladies' Home Journal as anything but
the conventional invalid. Her gowns
are always fashionably made and
adorned with the beautiful laces, fans
and knickknacks which she wears
heighten the feeling of disbelief in her
invalidism which a first glance causes.
A second glance at the face, however,
shows that constant and acute suffering
has been her portion. Her hair,
which, since a severe illness in the
winter of 1890, in which her life was
depaired of, is now short, is now gradu-
ally turning gray. Though Mrs. Mc-
Kinley is not actively artistic, except
in the beauty of the needlework which
she does, she is an appreciative ad-
mirer of fine paintings and statuary.
She does not care for music, but is an
enthusiastic attendant—so far as her
health will permit—of good dramatic
performances. So great is her fondness
for them that one winter she and Maj.
McKinley arranged to be in New York
for several important " first nights."
Her reading is confined almost exclu-
sively to newspapers, but she is a close
student of these and of public opinion
as evidenced in their columns.

Clothes Make the Woman.

There is nothing that men of so-
ciety dislike so much or criticize so
freely as untidiness in a woman. Slov-
erly details in the way of shoes, gloves,
ties, etc., are always noticed and com-
mented upon, and to say a woman is
" smart" and " well turned out" is to
give the highest meed of praise in
their vocabulary. Very expensive
clothes are not at all necessary to in-
sure masculine approbation; on the
contrary, says the New York Tribune,
the simplest toilets are the most ad-
mired if the fit and style are good,
and if the accessories are carefully con-
sidered—and, above all, if the gown is
fresh and unsoiled. There is something
fascinating about a daintily shod foot
peering in and out among the " fluffs
of her petticoat," and nowadays ex-
pense need be no obstacle, as the pretty
suede shoes, black and white, and tan,
and gray, are very reasonable in price.
Even a girl who is far from wealthy
can easily afford several pairs to wear
on special occasions, while her leath-
ers, tan and black, can so easily be
kept brilliantly clean by the right sort
of polish. A man, also, is more apt
to admire style than beauty. A girl who
is " chic" and dresses effectively is
generally much more of a belle than
her more beautiful sister, who perhaps
relies much on her prettiness for her
attractions. After all is said and done,
clothes are, and will remain, one of the
chief factors of our existence, the tailor
making the man, and the dressmaker
the woman, as far as externals go.
Humiliating as it may seem a becoming
or an unbecoming gown often influ-
ences destiny more than women, much
as they love clothes, dream of.

The Kitchen Closet.

The kitchen closet should be fitted up
generously when a home is started. It
should contain an assortment of porce-
lain saucepans, folding gridirons, oys-
ter broilers, flesh forks, larding needles,
spoons (perforated and grooved), pie
crimpers, marble paste boards, egg
beaters, and the labor-saving contriv-
ances which are constantly becoming
more numerous. There should be a
teakettle, a frying pan, some of one or
two different sizes of saucepans and
dripping pans of medium size for the
roasting of fowls and meat; bread
pans, tea and coffeepots, iron spoons,
common kitchen knives, kitchen pitch-
ers, pudding and pie dishes, and so
on. Inside this closet door can be
hung wooden boxes with hinged cov-
ers, to contain salt, pepper, spices,
baking powder; also a large box for
paper bags and strings; on a shelf
should be the spice box, flour dredger,
knife box, rolling board, casters, grates,
skimmer, strainer and other working
tools.—Good Housekeeping.

Oil-Fashioned Indian Pudding.

Here is a recipe for a " real old-
fashioned Indian pudding such as our
mothers used to make." Take one cup
full of the very finest Indian meal
and mix it with a pinch of salt and
one table spoonful of flour in a bowl.
Pour on to this a cupful of good mol-
asses and stir until smooth. Add three
pints of boiling milk. Mix well and
then pour back into the boiler and
stir until it thickens; this takes from
five to ten minutes. Then pour into
a bowl to cool for half an hour; this
cooling process is very important. Add
one quart of cold milk, stir it in, and
pour the mixture into a baking dish,
pouring half a pint of milk over the
top, and then put it in the oven. Bake
at least three hours, and very slowly.
Half this quantity would be sufficient
for a small family of three or five,
and if made in the evening when it
can be baked slowly and warmed over
it is quite as good.—New York Tribune.

Marriage in Siam.

A declaration of marriage in Siam is
simpler even than it used to be in
Scotland. You ask a lady to marry you
by merely offering her a flower or
taking a light from a cigarette. If it
happens to be in her mouth; and your
family and the bride's family have to
put up at least \$1,000 apiece for a
dowry. Unlike Japan, the Siamese
women are treated as equals, but they
can seldom read or write. The principal
impediment in the way of marriage
is that each year is named after an
animal, and only certain animals are
allowed to intermarry. For instance,
a person born in the year of the rat
cannot marry with a person born in
the year of the dog; or a person born
in the year of the cow with a person
born in the year of the tiger; and there
are similar embargoes about the
months and days.

A London Room.

In a room in a London house the
walls were of ashen gray, with the
decorations and panel frames brought
out in silver, accentuated by touches of
reddish bronze, which latter coloring
relieved the room of its ghastly pallor.
The furniture covering was in deep
rose and silver and deep tones of gar-
net, and the woodwork mahogany.
Around the frieze was an interlacing
of floral work in old rose, and the
ceramic ware was all of a delicate
rose character. The curtains were old
rose and brown, with ash-color cords
and tassels.

A Timely Table.

The following table gives the length
of time required for cooking fruit:
Blueberries and cherries, five minutes;
currants, blackberries, raspberries, six
to eight minutes; gooseberries and
halved peaches, ten minutes; strawber-
ries, fifteen minutes; whole peaches,
twenty minutes; halved peaches and
quinces, twenty minutes; sliced pineap-
ple, twenty minutes; crab apples and
sliced pears, thirty minutes.