

TWO THANKSGIVINGS AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

It is Thanksgiving Day in a Western farmhouse. The farmer sits at the head of the table and a tear starts in his eye as he glances at his bright, happy and hungry family.

The farmer says nothing, but with the calmness of a veteran, carries the deceased pride of the barnyard.

Not much is said for a few minutes. Everyone is too busy.

Finally, little Johnny, with his mouth full of mince pie, manages to articulate: "Wonder where our 'Dolph' is to-day."

"Ah, poor dear boy, I wish he were here to-day," sighs the silver-haired matron at the foot of the table.

"Well, he might have been here if he'd been himself," says the old farmer; "but a boy who writes spring madrials when he ought to be plowing, composes a sonnet to the third girl who he ought to be harvesting, and spins out verse on the mental snow when he ought to be splitting fence rails, is no sort of use around a farm."

Every one at the table sighs and feels that Dolph is indeed lost to his family.

He is a prodigal son for whom there can be no fitted calf or stuffed turkey.

THE PRODIGAL'S THANKSGIVING. Where is poor Dolph? Perhaps our sympathy is misplaced. When Dolphus left home and arrived in the Gas City he found that iron was worth more per pound than poetry.

Adolphus was kicked by a mule once, and was slow to take a hint.

fully shown as the examination of its accounts proceeds. The evidences up to the present do not point to anything worse than fatal errors of judgment, which are frankly enough avowed.

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of a prohibitory duty on foreign wools will be abandoned. There is, however, just as much reason to believe that the British syndicate, if it is a real thing, will labor just as heartily with soul and pocketbook to kill competition by legislation in its best market.

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THE TOPICAL TALKER.

The Bank Failure of To-Day Recalls Incidents of a Grand Predecessor—McCullin's Affairs—An Idyl of the Sixth Street Bridge.

EVERYBODY was talking of bank failures yesterday, retelling experiences and bits of gossip about the Penn Bank smash and other dark days.

One story of that awful Penn Bank collapse that was told to me has never been in print, although a good many people know it.

A VERY shrewd business man had some \$70,000 in the Penn Bank when it went under the first time.

THE report that Col. McCullin is to retire from the management of his opera company, particulars of which including the denial of its truth are given elsewhere, is a very interesting one.

THE wind blowing from the southwest with a vicious force made the passing of the Sixth street bridge last evening very unpleasant.

THE jaded appetites of Chicagoans received a fillip yesterday in the shape of a new kind of food, the result of the experiment of a certain individual.

THE explosion of natural gas, which brought destruction and probably death to two households in this vicinity yesterday, prove to be not the dangerous quality of our fuel gas as the carelessness of the average person in dealing with it.

THE discovery Stanley can give us is of himself, whole and sane in body and mind in some place with a pronounceable name beyond the confines of barbarism.

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COSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Two Old Italians Imposed On. NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIAL.

NEW YORK, November 22.—Two elderly Italians to-day carried a little bundle, knoched in a handkerchief, into the bank of P. Capone, at 24th street, and on the glass shelf before the receiving teller's window.

The handkerchief was open, and exposed to view a bundle of worthless paper. The teller of the two Italians fairly bubbled with indignation.

Both fell upon their knees, and with innumerable "madre de Dios" and Santa Maria's, implored the return of their money.

It was some time before they could be quieted, but finally they managed to tell the story of how they had been robbed. They were workmen, who had saved \$250 between them during their residence in America.

They started to the bank to get their money changed into Italian currency, preparatory to sailing for the old country to-morrow.

A Red in Pickle for Mr. Easom. The war vets of Kings County have a red in pickle for Pension Commissioner Hamm, because he has removed the Hon. Henry Phillips from the position of Chief of the Middle Division of the United States Pension Office.

Found at the Foot of a Cliff. The dead body of a workman with a fractured skull was found on the Hudson River Railway, at the foot of a cliff near One Hundredth street, this morning.

Fatally Shot While Hunting. James Conking, Benjamin Foster and Benjamin Tyson, of Chatham, N. J., went out hunting this afternoon. While they were stopping in the woods for lunch, the latter was shot and killed.

Lincoln as a Watchman. For Half an Hour a President Once Acted as a Policeman.

Washington, November 22.—James Edger, an old soldier who for over 20 years has been one of the day watchmen on the Hudson River, which is occupied by the bureau of the Second Auditor of the Treasury, relates with an interesting experience he had in 1863.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Riverside, Cal., markets showed a 27 1/2-pound potato and a 40-pound turkey this week.

Only 13 of the 375 Senators and Representatives who sat in Congress in 1870, the Centennial year, still remain their seats.

The Kentucky University this year opened its doors to female students, and now the names of 20 young women are entered upon its rolls.

Buffalo Bill contemplates taking his Wild West show to India. Certain Indian princes are to visit Paris this summer and visit him on his tour.

A young brakeman named Frank Binnatt fell from an Erie train near Newburg, N. Y., and three cars and a caboose passed over his body.

A Smith county, Kan., girl won \$50 the other day by husking and cribbing 60 bushels of corn in five hours.

Of the seven weeks which the "weed law" of Wisconsin requires farmers, under the United States, all the rest being unproductive importations from Europe, where they are common about the past year.

During the last two years the Italian army has been increased by 20,000 men, 20 field guns, and 6,000 cavalry.

Something like the miracle of the loaves and fishes was recently performed at Oakland, Me. The managers of a church supper prepared for 100 persons, but had an unexpected crowd and their supplies spread to the satisfaction of 130 people.

The notion that snuff taking is one of the vices that are dying out in this country is pretty thoroughly disproven by the report of the Internal Revenue bureau, which tells of a material increase in the amount of taxes derived from snuff the past year.

Boston is now receiving letters from San Francisco in four days and 19 hours. When General Sherman was a young man in California, orders which the War Department at Washington took a week to reach him did not reach him till the following day.

The Dispatch. ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1864. Vol. 48, No. 228.—Entered at Pittsburgh Postoffice, November 14, 1890, as second-class matter.

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PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1890. MR. SHOENBERGER'S BENEVOLENCE. Again are the annals of Pittsburgh enriched with the record of the magnificent charity of one of her citizens.

An Allegheny county jury yesterday ignored the argument of drunkenness as a plea for lessening the degree in a murder case. The point was made that this exception was perhaps because of the color of the defendant.

ENGLISH PROTECTION FOR US. The English syndicate has bopped up again in this country and this time in connection with a truly patriotic scheme to prohibit the importation of foreign mineral waters by procuring the imposition thereon of a duty of eighty per cent.

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