# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1889.

## LET US GIVE THANKS

For the Many Blessings Granted by Providence During the Past Year.

#### ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

A Puritan Farmer Who Believed in Cheerful Gratitude to God.

OBSERVING THE DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Thunksgiving Day Instituted by the Pilgrim Fathers-A Good Man Whose Name Is Forgotten-Why Governor Wise, of Virginia, Refused to Issue a Thunksgiving Proclamation-A Puritan Celebration-Long Church Services and a Big Dinner-A Conflict Between Conscience and Venison-How Pomp Shorter Got Into Trouble-A Preacher's Reproof to His Cold and Hungry Congre-

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



none is now more universally or more joyously celebrated than that of Thanksgiving Day, which has been appointed this year for next Thursday. Though of New England origin, and for many years confined almost exclusively to that section, it has slowly, but surely, extended itself all over our great We are indebted for it to the Pilgrim

Fathers, who may be said to have celebrated it for the first time upon the completion of



their first harvest at Plymouth in 1621, when Governor Bradford sent out four fowlers in search of game, that they "might, after a more special manner re-joice together." But fasts were much more common among those bardy Puritans than feasts, and though they occasionally observed a general thanksgiving day for some specially propitious occurrence. such as some action favorable to them on the part of the mother country on the arrival of a shipload of provisions, they devoted much more time to deploring their miseries than they did to rejoicing over their blessings. It is said that their adoption of the custom of annually appointing a Thanksgiving Day was due to a sensible old farmer-whose name tradition has unfortunately failed to preserve-who rose up when it was proposed in the Assembly to proclaim another fast and piainly told them that he believed God was weary of their complaints in view of the fact that He was causing the earth to reward their labors; that He had filled the sens and rivers with fish, had made the air sweet and the climate besithful, and was permitting them the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. The speaker therefore proposed that instead

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING and feasting should thereafter be annually proclaimed, which sensible suggestion was

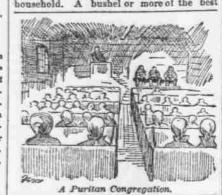


Going to Church in Colonial Days. by the year 1680 it had become a fixed custom for the Governors of the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay to appoint a Thanksgiving Day late in the autumn of every year, a usage that soon ex-tended to all the other New England colonies. The adoption of this custom outside of New England was very slow. How slow will be readily understood from the fact that as recently as 1855 it was considered a remarkable event in Virginia when Governor Johnson recommended the observance of a Thanksgiving Day and that Wise refused to appoint one in 1857, on the ground that he had no authority to interfere in religious matters. Thanksgiving Day was not regularly appointed by the Governor of New York until 1817. During the Revolutionary War Congress an nually recommended a general Thanksgiving Day. Washington proclaimed one in 1789, on the adoption of the Constitution,

peace with England in 1815. After Madison, Abraham Lincoln was the first Presi-dent to proclaim a Thanksgiving Day, and he did it in 1862 and 1863 for war victories. In 1864 he proclaimed a Thanksgiving Day in November for general blessings, and his example of that year has since been annually followed by every one of his successors and by nearly every State Governor down to the present time.

A PUBITAN PEAST.

But popular as Thanksgiving Day now is throughout the length and breadth of this land, it is in New England that it still continues to be what it has been for more than two centuries—the greatest and most eagerly anticipated holiday of the entire year. The old Puritans and their descendants, who so long frowned severely upon Christmas-which, indeed, many of the latter still continue to do, refusing to it any recognition whatever—found an excellent substitute for its cheerful hilarity, pence and goodwill in Thanksgiving Day. For at least a week before the important occasion all was activity in an old-fashioned, rural New England bousehold. A bushel or more of the best



wheat was sent to the mill to be converted into flour. Great rounds of beef were chopped up into mince-mest. Cartloads of yellow pumpkins, with an abundance of milk, spices, ringer, mo-lasses and sugar, were made up into pumpkin pies. An abandance of turkeys, chick-ens and geese were killed and made ready for roasting. A pair of immense plum puddings were baked in the largest sized earthen pots, with Indian puddings and custard puddings to match; while there was baking of pound cake, plum cake and sponge cake from morning till night.

From its very beginning divine worship was an important feature of the day's obin the public market place. I was glad of meant something very different in rural New England in old colonial days, and even for some 40 or 50 years atterward, from what it means.

RIDING TO CHURCH.

A great majority of the members of the religious congregations of that time, lived at a considerable distance from the meeting use, and had to be up bright and early on Thanksgiving morning to prepare for their long drive through "a nipping and an eager air," for the weather in New England is often bitterly cold by the middle of November and it was no uncommon thing to ride to "Thanksgiving meeting" in a sleigh. On Thanksgiving and on all other feast and fast days, as well as on the Sabbath; there were held two services—morning and afternoou—each of some hours' duration, and for places of rest and refreshment during the noon intermission between them, there were erected in the immediate vicinity of the meeting house, for the accommodation of distant worshipers, small buildings, called "Sabbath day houses." These structures were usually built and held in partnership by two families and consisted of two rooms some 10 or 12 feet square, with a chimney

out and well warmed after their long, cold ride. At 9 o'clock, the hour for worship, they were ready to sally forth and shiver in the cold during the three-hour morning service, for the "meeting houses" or churches of those days were wholly un-warmed by artificial heat of any kind. As a consequence the minister preached in his overcoat and mittens, and when the services drew near an end on a cold day everybody was anxious to escape from the chilling atmosphere of the church and seek warmth in their adjacent homes, or "Sabbath-day houses" as soon as possible.

A PASTOR'S REPROOF. Apropos of this a good anecdote is told of the Rev. Mr. Milton, a very eccentric man, who was one of the early pastors of that Congregational Church at Newburyport, within whose walls lie the remains



Whitefield. One bitter, cold Thanksgiving Day Milton had scarcely pronounced the "Amen" of the benediction before the door nnanimously adopted. Whether or not this is a true account of the origin of the pracof every pew was swung open and its occu-pants made a hasty rush for the aisles. But their unseemly haste was checked when their eccentric pastor leaned over the pulpit and cried out, in his peculiar nasal voice, "Ye needn't hurry; your turkeys and minos pies won't get cold." At noon the family returned to the Sab-

bath-day house, where a warm room re-ceived them, and where their Thanksgiving dinner was cooked and eaten, a blessing being invoked and thanks returned by the head of the family. The morning sermon formed the chief topic of discussion, all being allowed the utmost freedom in their remarks. A long prayer was offered by some one present, and then all returned to the meeting house

for another three-hour service. For the following quaint account of an old colonial Thanksgiving church service and dinner, I am in debt to a letter written in the year 1714, by an ancestor of mine, the Rey. Lawrence Conant, of the old South parish in Danvers, Mass., and still preserved as a most precious heirloom in my

"Ye Governor was in ye house, and Her Majesty's commissioners of ye customs, and they sat together in a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, hoardered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings.

POMP SHORTER'S TRREVEPENCE "There was a disturbance in ye galleries, and another in 1795 for the suppression of the whisky insurrection in Western Penn-sylvania, while Madison proclaimed one for Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner,

was called forth and put in ye broad isle, where he was reproved with great careful-ness and solemnity. He was there put in ye deacon's seat between two deacons, in view of the whole view of ye whole congregation; but ye aex-ton 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 staire; some children and a mulatto woman were reprimended 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 nearby, and we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, 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 lessing was craved by Mr. Garrich, of Wret tham, word came that ye buck was shot or ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Spes with a lye in his mouth, like Ananias of all Vengue of the pitched on the outskirts of a county fair o old. Ye council therefore remand to eat ye venison, but it was afterward decided that Pequot should receive 40 stripes, save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Spes we cost of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a bless inc had been grayed on ye mest we council ing had been craved on ve mest, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of venison."

FRANK H. WADE, M. D.

THE BID WAS WITHDRAWN.

An Interesting Tale Concerning an Ante-Bellum Slave Auction.

In Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter of 1848, an auction sale of the personal estate of a deceased planter, comprising some 70 the opportunity to see for myself how such things were done. On beginning the sale the auctioneer announced that families would not be separated, but would be sold would not be separated, but would be sold in "lots." After a number of "lots" had been duly brought to the block and knocked down to the highest bidders, a bright-look-ing boy was brought forward and placed upon the stand. The auctioneer at the same time called an old colored man among the crowd to come up and stand beside the boy. He did so, and the auctioneer then said: "Gentlemen, the old man is this boy's father; he lives in the West Indies and is a

tree man. He wants to buy the boy and take him to his home and make him free. He bids \$400, which is all the money he The intent of this statement was evidently to discourage any advance on that bid, and it touched a sympathetic chord in his audience. The crowd watched the proceedings for a minute or two in silence, while the auctioneer dwelt upon the bid of \$400, and was calling it for the third and last time, when from the outskirts of the crowd a voice bid "Fifty." Every eye was at once turned in the direction of the bidder,

some 10 or 12 feet square, with a chimney between them, having a fireplace in each apartment.

On Thanksgiving morning a bountiful supply of good cheer was stowed away in the wagon or sleigh that was to convey a household to "meeting." Arriving in the vicinity of the sacred edifice, the "Sabaaihda‡ house" was first visited and the provisions deposited there. A fire was then lighted and soon all were thoroughly thawed out and well warmed after their long cold. fusal, saving he "wanted that boy, and had as good a right to bid as anybody." "Four hundred and fifty," came slowly from the lips of the auctioneer. The shouts of "Withdraw your bid!" were repeated in angry tones on every side.

"Well," said the bidder, "I withdraw it." The auctioneer quickly went back to the original bid, on which he dwelt two or three mes, when down went the hammer. "Sold at \$400. Old man, the boy is yours; take him down." The crowd cheered, and the principal figure in this little drama, who the oment before had been the nicture of despair, burried down from the stand, smiling

BISCUITS WITH WHISKERS.

They Were Made in 1823 and the Boarders Refused to Eat Them.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.1 To give variety to the aucient fiddle busi ness, I will tell a true story of an old thing which is old and odd, if not musical. Not long since we moved here from Arkansas, where generations of our folks had kept house. Searching yesterday in a trunk we brought I found a wealth of relics. One was a bundle of biscuits wrapped in a copy of a Franklinville paper, dated January 3 1823, during Monroe's prosperous regime, The bread had evidently been laid away, and, the weather being cool, the boarders had refused to eat cold biscuits. That was

before baking powder was in vogue. They were so tempered by age that they would actually ring forth a metallic sound which I think would not flood the soul of a hungry wood-chopper with rapturous mel-ody. What would I take for them? Noth-Aunt broke a tooth in biting one and that cost me \$11. We will keep these bis cuits as a family heirloom. I would like to hear from anyone who has a biscuit more entitled to whiskers.

Nothing Taken but Flight.



Billington-Aha! Elvira, a camera. Let's stand just as we are. These fiends are always ready to capture good-looking people,



Industrious Mullins-Two cre bucksaw from the mansion. Trade's gettin' good. Wonder what struck them two high-toners to make'm git out like that —Puck, SWORD SWALLOWERS

Eccentric Performances of People With Peculiar Throats.

LUNCHING ON LAMP CHIMNEYS

Remarkable Appetite of a Sailor for Clasp Knives.

MEN WHO EAT STONES AND GLASS

IWHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. "Of course we have all heard of people who thrust swords down their throats, swallow pebbie-stones, and eat glass; but nobody believes that they really do those things." So writes one who evidently believes himself too sharp to be imposed upon by any of the ordinary or extraordinary arts of trickery. But there never was a greater mistake. There are many people who actually perform the feats enumerated. They are to be seen

I once had the pleasure of scraping the acquaintance of a sword swallower. He and a hairless horse constituted the attractions in a small tent that had been pitched on the outskirts of a county fair. He called himself "Feretta, the Man With the Iron Throat," As soon as a dozen people had paid their dimes and entered the tent Feretta would bring out his sword and pass it around for examination. There was no deception about it. It was of steel, about 14 inches long, an eighth of an inch thick, half an inch wide at the hilt, and slightly tapering toward the tip. Feretta was very deliberate in his movements. Assuming a posture intended to be graceful, he would throw back his head, insert the point of the sword in his mouth, and gently push it downward until the cross-piece, or guard, prevented it going any further. Then he would throw both arms behind him for the space of four or five seconds, after which the sword was withdrawn as carefully as it had been swallowed.

A DANGEBOUS TRICK. Then would follow a bow and smile, which appeared rather forced. Feretta told me the operation often cost him considerable pain, but of this he never gave public manifesta-tion. He also said the utmost care was necessary in performing the feat to avoid in-jury to the throat and stomach. Notwithstanding his caution he occasionally hurt himself, and was obliged to suspend sword swallowing for a few days. But he had other ways of entertaining his patrons. He developed an appetite for pebble stones, which he turned to account by swallowing sbout three every balf hour during the day, to the wonder and admiration of those who assembled-in his little tent. This was not a trick. The act was done too slow to admit of deception. He placed the pebble on his tongue, permitted it to remain in view for a moment, and then closed his mouth. The pebble reached some destination within his internal economy, and must have found a resting place in his stomach. He did not pretend that the stones were digested; but he said they never gave him any trouble.

Feretta was also an all-around sleight-of-

hand performer and juggler, as well as a good talker; so it will be seen that he was quite a host in himself, and well able to give 10 cents worth of amusement to the audiences that passed in and out of his humble little

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

chunks out of lamp chimneys and crunched them almost into powder with apparent ease. The other was a youngster of not more than 14, known as "Little Glass Sam." He was a bright boy, and had amassed quite a stock of knowledge about people and places, on which he could talk intelligently and entertainingly. His teeth, too, were white and sound, and he masticated chunks of glass and swallowed the fragments with seatness and dispatch. He performed the feat in private before a committee of physicians, who were forced to admit the fact, but who were able to advance no explanation of how it could be done without disastrous effects. But no injurious results followed. I never knew a glass-eater to cut his gums,

ongue or any portion of his mouth.

The stories of princely salaries which these queer-throated and tough-stomached people receive, are for the most part ficti-tions. "Little Glass Sam," being only a boy, and small for his age, ought certainly to have been a drawing "card" in his line of work. But he was frequently thrown on the world, and ready to do odd jobs of any sort to keep soul and body together. I have known him, within a week, to discard the tights and spangles of the variety stage for the soiled garb of a stable boy, and consider himself lucky at that.

AN ECCENTRIC SAILOR.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of ec centric swallowing on record is that of John Cummings, an American sailor, scraps of whose history have been handed down in medical records. In the year 1799 Cummings, then 23 years old, was sojourning in a village on the coast of France, where his ship had put into port. He and others of the crew attended a small theater at which a professional juggler was astonishing the spectators by pretending to swallow clasp-knives. Cummings believed that the performance was genuine. Besides being credulous, he was boastful, and also fond of the cup that inebriates

That evening, on shipboard, he boldly aunounced to his companions that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was just drunk enough to be reckless, and promptly accepted a challenge to per-form the feat. He placed his own knife in his mouth-not without some misgivings, as he afterward acknowledged—and, greatly to the surprise of himself and the spectators, it slipped down his throat easily. The witnesses of the feat were not satisfied, and asked him it he could swallow another. "All the knives on board the ship," he answered, in a spirit of bravado. More knives were produced, three of which he bolted like so many pills; and thus the company was entertained for the night, as Cummings himself said: "By the bold attempt of a drunken man." His stomach was readily relieved of its

unusual burden, and the affair was passed over merely as an episode which had served to enliven a few leisure hours. MADE HIS WORD GOOD.

Cummings gave no more attention to knife swallowing for six years. In March, 1805, while in Boston, he related his exploit to a party of carousing sailors who were engaged in a friendly contest of telling were engaged in a friendly contest of telling marvelons stories of their experiences. No one believed him, and, being again drunk and reckless, he awallowed six knives in the course of the evening. The story of his performance was quickly spread about, and the next day, in the presence of crowds of wondering visitors, swallowed eight more knives, making 14 in all.

The exploit nearly killed him. He was taken to a homital and for a month suffered

taken to a hospital and for a month suffered great tortures. He was finally relieved, and started on another voyage to France. The course of his wanderings at length took him to England. where, being again under the influence of liquor, he boasted of his former feats. He was again challenged to repeat them, and again complied, "disdaining to be worse than his word." This was in December, 1805, and in the course of two days he swallowed nine clasp-knives of days he swallowed nine clasp-knives of only got five pins an' a brass buttor various sizes. A few other feats of the kind I let him in ter see one ac'?—Fuck.

brought his record up to a total of 35 knives DAWN IN A BIG CITY.

A MISERABLE DEATH.

Now, however, he reaped the natural fruit of his folly. He was taken violently sick, and, despite the efforts of physicians, the greater part of the knives "stayed by him."
He suffered excruciating pains and passed the most of his time in Guy's Hospital, London. After leading a miserable existence for nearly four years, he died in March, 1809, a striking and melancholy example of a "total wreck."

Another peculiar case was that of William Demoster as Feeligh, ingeler, who in

Another peculiar case was that of Will-iam Dempster, an English juggler, who in 1823 accidentally swallowed a table knife, handle and all, which he was thrusting down his throat. The mishap was occa-sioned by the spectators crowding around him and causing the knife to slip from his fingers. Dempster died in great agonyafter many ineffectual attempts to relieve him. It is related that a similar case occurred in Prussia in 1635. This patient was cured by the extraction of the knife through an in-cision made in his side.

It cannot be regarded as a great misfor-tune that the swallowing business is waning in popularity. However, there lives in

in popularity. However, there lurks in mankind a taste for the horrible, and there will probably always be found the means to gratify it in some form of grotesque and shocking violation of nature's commands, in dime museums, side-shows, and occa-WILLIS KENYON.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOUSES.

Many Conveniences That Our Cousins Dwellings Do Not Have.

The London Invention prints a very complimentary article in regard to the household contrivances of the better class of American dwelling houses, such as electric lighting, the elevators, the heating, the burglar alarms, the calls for servants and the others of our domestic details. There is no question as to the fact that, in all these particulars, this country is vastly in advance of any other.

A peculiarity of the English grate is that it is fired up in the autumn and extinguished in the spring, not with reference to the condition of the temperature but by the almanac. There is a certain date when the grates must be kindled for the winter, and still another date when they must be put out for the remainder of the season. The tact that it is very cold in the morning of an autumnal day furnishes no reason to the English housekeeper to "lay the coals" unless it be permitted by the almanac; and it is equally no reason why the "coals" should be raked out on a heated day in the spring unless it is a date authenticated by

the same authority.

The distribution of water in an English dwelling house is as imperfect as the heating. In all American cities, the inmates of the house can draw water in any quantiof the house can draw water in any quantities, at any hour of the day or night. Here
in Chicago the householder turns a faucet,
and all of Lake Michigan is instantly on
tap. The English housekeeper has at her
command a limited quantity of water in a
tank near the roof, which is filled each
morping from the public main, and she
must exercise a rigid economy, for if the
supply be exhausted, she must wait till the
next morning for it to be replenished.
In fine, in no essential particular is the In fine, in no essential particular is the English dwelling house at all comparable in

HOW KATE PIELD WAS CHEATED. An Atchison Man Unloads Some Worthles Real Estate on Her.

St. Joseph Herald.] Several years ago Miss Kate Field, the authoress, visited Atchison. While there she made the acquaintance of a prominent Glass caters have become so numerous business man, who, believing that she had some ready money, portrayed to her the material some ready money, portrayed to her the profit she would reap by buying a lot in that city. He induced her to purchase, the and effectionate of the stage in appearance a magnificent set of teeth, with which he bit It turned out afterward that the lot really belonged to the man who induced her to buy, although he had represented differently. The editor of the Herald met Miss Field in San Diego nearly two years ago, when she related the story of her Atchison purchase, described the location of the pro-perty, and said she had received a letter from a friend not to meet the second pay-ment, as the property was not then and never had been worth more than \$1,000, the amount she had already paid. We were requested to investigate the matter for her, and did so. We had two of the best reliable men in Atchison value the property. One placed the value less than \$1,000; the other thought it might be worth \$1,200. We advised Miss Field to lose the \$1,000 she had paid down rather than pay the \$2,000 vet This is the true story of Miss Field's real estate deal in Atchison. The deal was a clear swindle, for which the city of Atchison was in no way responsible, but perpetrated by a man of prominence who clai respectability.

TWO GIDDY OLD GOATS.

They Enter a House, Climb Upstairs and Leap from the Window. Chicago Inter Ocean.?

Two Mexican goats, with Pan-American whiskers, made their way up a flight of stairs in an apartment house on the West Side yesterday afternoon, and took a short turn to the left, which gave them an uninterrupted view of West Madison street. For a moment the two of a kind were noticed gazing abstractedly out at the panorama of moving pedesirians, and the next moment they were in the air, having leaped from the window to the awning below. Did they fall in the street? Not a bit of it. They knew their business, and for fully three-quarters of an hour thereafter amused themselves by chewing up old rags, oyster cans, clippings of tin and other matter that had found lodg. nent on the extreme outer edge of the frailooking store front.

When ready to take their departure the goats toak a flying leap from the wood awa-ing to an adjoining canvas affair, through which they disappeared, like Pantaloon in pantomime. Of course the goats landed right side up with care and lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood.

Although absent they are still held to memory dear, the owner of the despoiled awning being in a quandary as to whether he had best sue the goats, the city, or the landlord of the furnished rooms for damages.

A Sermon in a Sentence. Philosophizing on the tendency of the big apples to find the top of the barrel, the editor of the Ellsworth, Me., American quotes some pertinent words uttered by a Methodist minister whom he once knew. He said: "My friends, if your religion does not insure an honest deal and measure when you sell onions and apples, it is not worth having! Unless you serve God in the measure of your potatoes, vain and futile is the service of your lips!"

At the Boys' Own Theater.

Usher-Say, Dook, Rappecy Pilkinton's

Pittsburg Streets as Seen in the Gray Light of Early Morn.

MARCH OF THE ARMY OF TOILERS

On Their Way to and From Workshops, Mills and Factories.

A TOWN ARISING PROM ITS SLUMBERS

WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.



Best up the light ... and chase ftinto day. MARSTON. We stepped forth from the wearisome glare of the electric light, and found ourselves, all at once, upon the threshold of another day.

Jones started, and, tilting his hat back over his forehead, gazed with thed eyes on the misty gray which seemed to have poured in upon the streets, as with a mighty flood, and sweeping the darkness of night before it, quenched the flaring lights, and engulfed the crowds that surge along the footways in



flood of gray seemed to touch our aching heads with the soft, refreshing embrace of the wild, free water, as it laughs and leaps and sparkles, clasping the weary frame to its pure bosom, and soothing the fevered brain with its cool, white waves.

Jones' parched lips broke into a smile, and

he passed his hand over his eyes, as one does he passed his hand over his eyes, as one does on suddenly starting from a dream. Then we both laughed, and looked back without a regret upon the dazzling brilliance, the uneasy delight, we had quitted. The lights seemed to have grown dim, the glamour which so lately lay upon the seene had been rudely rent apart, and we saw naught save a purposeless glitter, a tawdry, tinsel splen-

Were we waxing drunk with these great draughts we quaffed from the untainted ether, standing upon the threshold? Was this why the scene behind had lost its attraction? If so, this were intoxication in-deed divine—dissipation indeed refreshing! "By Jove," exclaimed Jones, "it's worth

Thy Jove, excitatined sones, it is worth staying up all night if the mornings are like this! Why we can almost 'breast the keen breeze,' as the poet somebody remarks. And how silent everything is!" His cane fell beautily more the newspent. fell heavily upon the pavement. It rang out through the stillness with the



Going to Work

clang of a rifle drill. Verily, here was deserted thoroughfare! But yet not deserted. Half seen forms were passing and repassing in the gray, looking more like the shadowy creatures of a dream, than the strong, sinewy down the street—coming down from sound sleep and peaceful rest, to ons of toil they were. These were coming

BEGIN THEIR DAILY WORK. Each carried his little tin pail, and you

could see by their pleasant faces that breakfast had been agreeable.

We stepped into the street, and sauntered
downward also. This morning air proved
so delightful, so full of balm, that we were
loath to leave it. The early risers passed loath to leave it. The early risers passed us in one or twos, and we saw that they were of every age and size and hue. Old men, bent and wrinkled, plodded by. Boys, laughing merrily, almost ran into the harness that had not yet begun to gall. Men in the glory of life, with frames of Titans, strode down to the mill, wherein they won around whose grandsire's head, perhaps, the



kingly ostrich plumes had waved in distant Africa, and whose luckless aires had cowered beneath the driver's lash in the cotton fields, walked step by step, and stride by stride with those of the so-called superior race. But black or white, all these men were grand with the grandeur of Longfellow's blacksmith hero-grand with the halo of labor accomplished, and the carnest heart and strong had that will work still mightier works, and do things still more difficult.

These were some of those that came down

the street that early morning.

Up the street came another tide of men, the ebb tide one might call it, as the other was the tide in flow. These were returning from the work or pleasure of the night—returning to sleep and rise refreshed, or to



Racing for the First Custom

sleep and rise with pale face and tottering limbs, according as they had labored or

Boys and men—black and white—were coming up the street, much the same as those who had gone down. These toilers, too, bore each his little bucket; but they were not so contented looking, nor so full of the life and power which had given color to the taces and light to the eyes of those who went down the street. They drawed their went down the street. They dragged their limbs somewhat heavily, they looked drowsy and tired, and a few, with bent heads and closed eyelids, seemed to sleep even as they walked. But it was the weariness which hard work produces, the drowsiness of healthful exer-cise, which had attacked these men. No further care rested upon their brains till the hour of work came round again. They endured not the never-ending toil of the statesman—when they had done their night's work, they had nothing more

REELING REVELERS.

Other men, however, came up the street

Other men, however, came up the street besides these honest sons of Adam. With wild, glistening eyeballs, hot red, faces, disordered dress, and unsteady gait came those who had bent the knee to Bacchus—who had let the sun go down and rise again upon their mad, unmeaning folly. Stand aside and let them reel by—they will not find much rest to-night, poor fellows.

Jones was no impertinent chainer of individual liberty. He did not rise up is his fresh starched sinlessness, and exclaim: "Close up the whisky shops—let man drink no more." Nay, I think that Jones drank himself upon occasion. But he was disgusted with these staggering creatures. He said: "Do you know I often wonder why the stheists don't take a drunken man as an argument against the existence of a soul. I the atheists don't take a drunken man as an argument against the existence of a soul. I presume these gentry think it the height of good fellowship to get as drunk as possible. They forget that all the real sybarites—the men who knew how to enjoy conviviality and to take its best parts, never got drunk. Anacreon, Horace, Tom Moore—they all sung Baechus royally garlanded; but none of them sung Silenus, aught but the beast he was."

Life was growing and intensifying along the streets, shops were opening their doors to the public, market wagons were jogging out of town, having left their leads behind. The newsboys were busy buying and exchanging papers at the corners, and screaming in cadence hoarse or shrill the names of the various morning journals.

THE TOWN WAKING UP. Blinds were whisking up and shutters clanging back in upper windows, and sleepy eyes by thousands gazed out upon the morning, fearing frost or rain or snew. The mist was slowly shading into blue and gradually litting alterestic.

was slowly shading into blue and gradually lifting altogether. A morning train rattled into the Baltimore and Ohio depot down by the riverside. Its bell rang clear and loud over the low murmur of the town but just awakening. Old father sun was awake, too, high up in the heavens, and a right happy smile he bears this morning. It is clear he had not been adrinking the night away; he looked too grand and brave and royal on his throne to have reveled by gasflight. Just then it occurred to us that it was about time to return to our domiciles. The reader may wonder that the idea did not strike us at an earlier period; but the charm of the morning in slumbering Pittshot strike us at an earlier period; but the charm of the morning in slumbering Pittsburg and the strange appearance everything had for us must plead our excuse. As we walked home we passed a florist's store. Fresh flowers had just come in from the country and their fragrance loaded the air. We stayed a moment to agles and their fragrance loaded the air.

We stayed a moment to enjoy and then has-tened to our couches, a little tired, it is true, but with a great deal of happiness in our hearts and two white chrysanthemums in our buttonholes. And the sparrows in the caves twittered us to aleep. BRENAN.

HARD STORIES TO BELIEVE. Famous Alchemist Who Claimed to be 1.025 Years Old. The normal duration of life has been a problem sought for from the most remote

ages. Hesiod, Solon, Esculapius, and Pliny had all their theories, mestly, however, associated with astral influence. Boger Bacon believed that man could live a thousand years if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force. Artephius, a famous alchemist of the twelfth century who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life on the credit of his own experience, claimed to be at the time of writing his treatise in the 1,025th year of his age, and used quietly to settle every dis-

age, and used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragible plea of personal testimony.

Gualdo, a brother of the Red Cross, and the hermit Trautmansdorf, declared that they had attained, the one, 400 years, the other 140, by imbibing a solution of the philosophic stone. Paracelsus, whose real name was Bombast Von Hohenheim, boildly asserted that he had discovered the incorporation of the vital spirit, and that he could create men in an alembic, yet nevertheless died in a hospital at the age of 48. Louis XI. is said to have drank the blood of children as a means of renovation, thus

Louis AI. is said to have drank the blood of children as a means of renovation, thus realizing the fabled vampire.

Descartes, who had had relations with the Red Cross Knights, considered a vegetable diet most conducive to long life. His idea was to eat little and often of substances easily digested. But an Australian, who will stuff himself like a boa-constrictor, and alean a week mon it lives as long as those sleep a week upon it, lives as long as those who take only two or three meals a day.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE. The Graves of Two Chums Accidentally Loented Side by Side.

"Speaking of coincidences," said a goodnatured fat man yesterday, "reminds me of one which I consider remarkably singular. An old chum of mine died not long ago. We were great friends. He was a jolly dog, like me, and we were together a good deal. He used to say very often that when he died he wanted to be laid away by my side. This argued that he thought I would be the first one to pass in my checks, but he died first. His relatives intended to take his re-mains South to his old home fer interment, but later on they decided to bury him in Graceland. The cusket was placed in the vault until the widow could buy a lot. She was anxious to purchase a lot in that sec-tion known as 'the old cametery,' but she was told these had all been sold.

"While she was in the office a man came in and said that as he was about to leave

Chicago for good he would like to have his lot sold. It was a desirable lot in the old cometery, and the widow of my eld friend purchased it then and there. I went out to the intercement of the later purchased it then and there. I went out to the interment not long ago and was aston-ished to find that the lot adjoined that of my own, in which my parents are buried and in which I expect some day to be laid at rest. The widow had never heard of her husband's oft-expressed desire to be buried by my side, and I think the coincidence a very

### BELIEFS OF ACTORS.

Footlight Favorites Outline Their Religious Opinions.

LAST WORDS OF JOHN GILBERT.

Why Mrs. Langtry Leans Toward the

SOME PALSE IMPRESSIONS REMOVED

It is a popular impression that actors, as a rule, are at variance with the Church and its dectrines. While many of the public profess a disbelief in the religious ins of the actor the pulpit has gone farther and declared him an atheist. That those who successfully tread the boards of the theater can as devoutly bend the knee in religious devotion is to the minds of many difficult to conceive. Except in notable instances, the actor's voice has been but little heard in the discussion. Of especial interest, therefore, we think, will prove the testimonials of prominent actors sub-joined below. In almost given to the opinions expressed. The con-tributions have thus a freshness of interest

#### BELEN DAUVEAT'S FAITH.

as well as a unique value.

Why Actors Seldom Attend Church on the Sabbath

Why is it that such a great portion of the public seem to take it for granted that all actors are irreligious, if not altogether athe-ists? Some ministers of the gospel, who teach Christian charity, look upon us as forever lost to salvation, because we are un-believers. If those who deride us would only take the trouble to investigate with one-half the energy that they display in condemning actors and the stage, they would find such an opinion without foundation.

In my association with my fellow-actors, I In my association with my fellow-actors, I have yet to meet one who ever has snything but the greatest respect and belief in the Almighty Being. We are not church-goers, it is true, but that is not because we are unbelievers, but because Sunday is our only day of rest; and it is most welcome. Sunday is the minister's day of business; therefore, he is punctual in his devotions. But if he had to act every night in the week, and twice on Saturday, retire on Satweek, and twice on Saturday, retire on Sat-urday night physically exhausted he would, perhaps, also, when he heard the early church bells on Sunday morning think twice before he would leave the tempting

bed of rest.

When an actor does visit a place of worship he is most reverential and deeply impressed with what he sees and hears. If any one doubts thus, let him visit the "Little Church Around the Corner," in New York, some day, when there is a special gathering of dramatic people. I have done so, and was forcibly struck with the unusual seriousness of this usually happy hand of lightness of this usually happy hand of lightness. pearted Bohemians. Not being onurch-goers they are all the more impressed, and I firmly believe, while in the house of wor-ahip, think only of the Gospel and its teachings, while regular church-goers, being accustomed to their surroundings, are spt to let their minds wander to more worldly

let their minds wander to more worldly affairs.

Perhaps periodical devotions that are deeply feit will weigh as heavily on high as indifferent regularity.

True religion teaches many noble things, but "the greatest of these is charity." Where in the world, and in what profession, can one find more of the "milk of human kind-ness" than in this self-cause hand of Bernel. ness," than in this self-so

I do not think there is a prominent actor or actress before the public to-day who is an unbeliever. There may be agnostics among us, but I have never met an atheist.

Personally, I cannot say I am a church-goer. I attend service as often as I can; when I do there in no one present who communes more tervently with God, or with greater belief, than L. Three of my child-hood years were passed in a convent, and at the age of 13 I had serious intentions of becoming a religiouse; and though I did not follow out my intentions I have not lost one jot of my reverence for, or my faith in God, Hellen Dauwray Ward.

COMEDIAN CRANE'S ESSAY

The Profession is Not Moccountily Incompatible With Religious Faith.

ors are more likely to hold in reverence religious and sacred thlugs than the members of many of the learned pe saving, of course, the Doctors of Divinity themselves. We are accustomed in our nightly work, many of us, at least, to enun-ciate sentiments of lofty morality and high and noble purport. The emotional part of our nature (and religion, I facey, derives its being from the emotional rather than the intellectual side of man's character) is constantly exercised, and becomes, there stantly exercised, and becomes therein more responsive and more easily six than in the case of other men. They narrowness of intellectual vision, which often and perhaps rightly charged against gives to our views of life a simplify which is not affected by those diverse or rents of thought which affect the opiniof those brought more directly into easily with the outside world.

Thus, at the start, the actor is in

of those brought more directly into consists with the outside world.

Thus, at the start, the actor is, in the nature of things, much more likely to hold good men and divine things in reverence than in contempt; and my own observation has led me to conclude that this is practically as well as theoretically the sase. Because an actor, who leaves the theater at midnight on Saturday, after a hard work and travel, falls to attend service at a strange church in a strange city, on Sunday morning, there is in my opinion no svidence to support a charge against him of infidelity or contempt for religion.

Many reasons deter him from attending divine service. He is ever lable to be charged with estentation, and accused of going to church merely to gain cheap advertisements and notoriety. It is possible he may hear the reverend gentleman descars upon the actor's profession as the straight pathway to perdition. He is accustumed, naturally, to place correct elecution above virtues which other men hold in higher esteem; and the time he speeds in listening to a service read in the sing-song, haiting fashion, which, I fear, is the rule rather than the acception, is a period of setual mental torture. Finally, as I have himself above, he is a wanderer for eight or nine menths in the year, and stays in no amplace long enough to enable him to attach himself to any particular church organism.

simself to any particular church orga nncompromising Puritanism, ventual many deny. I have known many actors and many actors see who were good Christians, just as I have known many in all other professions who delighted to insist in season and out of it on their hostility to all forms of revealed W. H. Charm.

STUART ROBSON IS MAD.

Grant Virtues. The morbid curiosity concerning the spiritual and private life of the insustio artist is only worthy of that vulgar and ignorant mass of semi-imbeciles who delight