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VOL. XLV. NO. 48

LOS ANGELES, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.—TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Of music we are living.
And to the theme about swell and grow,
As weeks and months pass o'er us,
And rise sublime at this good time,
A grand Thanksgiving chorus.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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A THANKSGIVING

High on the hedge the wind blows the
bayberry bright,
Turning the leaves until they shudder
and shine in the light;
Yellow St. John's and zarrow are
nodding their heads;
Iris and wild rose are glowing in purples
and reds.

Quail and sandpiper, and swallow and
sparrow are here;
Sweet sound their manifold notes, high
and low, far and near;
Chorus of musical waters, the rush of
the breeze,
Steady and strong from the south—what
glad voices are these!

O, cup of the wild rose, curved close to
hold odorous dew,
What thoughts do you hide in your
heart? I would that I knew.
O, beautiful iris, unfolding your purple
and gold,
What victory fling you abroad in the
flag you unfold?

Sweet may your thoughts be, red rose,
but still sweeter is mine,
Close to my heart, hidden, clear as your
dew drops divine,
Flutter your gossamer, iris, the pean I
sing
Is it not better than joy or beauty
can bring!

Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look
and rejoice;
Prayerful I add my one note to the In-
finite voice,
As shining and singing and sparkling
glides on the glad day,
And eastward the swift rolling planet
wheels into the ray!

ELLA THAXTER.

THE TWO THANKSGIVING DINNERS

Rebecca Laurence, a dainty, sweet girl,
wife, sat on a low window seat apparently
watching the gray clouds scurrying be-
fore a southeast wind. But darkening
skies nor wailing winds occupied her
mind. She was in a bitter mood over her
recent disappointment, since her marriage.
Great had been her joy in furnishing and
adorning a lovely, comfortable home,
shared by the only "man among men"
for her; loveable, handsome and honor-
able, he was at once her ideal and her
very own. But the line of perfection will
not stand, and sometimes even her wisest
husbands, and just now this one had de-
pendent on her income, especially for
luxuries and the amount came just as an
expensive rug for the parlor was, to her,
a necessity to complete the beautiful fur-
nishings; and her money had been all ex-
pended. She had been carried away by the bewil-
dering array of silken and lace draperies,
pretty cabinets, tables, etc., and to com-
plete and harmonize all she needed only
just that one \$150 rug. She thought of
her father, but shamefacedly buried her
pretty face in her handkerchief. Her
room and beautiful parlor set, together
with a generous check, were his gifts to
aid in this addition to her enjoyments.
The agent took the check and carefully
went over each item. No, she could
not return; comforters demanded every
article. But a set expression flared her
lovely lips; she determined to do it
in this first conflict. "He has a
good business and can afford it, and he
must." Just then she heard a quick step
in the hall and in another instant her
husband had her in his arms and was kissing
a pair of unresponsive lips. He held her
off a little way, and she saw the agent
was surprised to see all the sweetness
gone from her face, her brow puckered,
her lips firmly set in a new expression.
He inquired as to the cause and she
simply said: "What is it?" "Nothing," she
grimly replied, but the delicate chin
quivered and a slight relaxation of her
features in spite of her determination,
showed a severe conflict, for she felt a
wild desire to capitulate and fling herself
into her husband's arms. But rising with
dignity she coldly gave her hand to the
agent, remarking that "Dinner was wait-
ing." As he led her along he quickly
divined the cause of her anger, for the
rug purchase had been shown to her
during breakfast, and he had ex-
pressed himself finally in regard to the
day beyond the amount she had at
first settled upon for house furnishings;
and knew she was not pleased with him.
Yet she coldly talked about affairs and
the agent and the approaching Thank-
sgiving dinner they were to give to her
bridesmaids and her groomsmen. This girl
was a fine conversationalist and bid fair
to become a brilliant woman, full of sub-
tle fascination and wielding a wide in-
fluence for good in her social relations.
This her husband fully appreciated and
wisely determined to let her develop un-
der his loving care, and not be deterred
by notes in the sun or shadows by the
way. He braced himself to gently but
wisely carry out his plan, permitting
his outlay to exceed his income,
even for the gratification of this worship-
able wife, who must learn to be his
master. It was the rule of his life, and
it must be hers also, and doubly trying
to deny her so simple a gratification now
in the flush of love, the dawn of their
fellowship, she must learn to be his
true yokefellow. He evinced many plans
to compass his ends, and at last discarded
them all for a very simple one. As he
kissed her good-bye he casually said he
would call at half past 3 to take her for
a drive. A wild hope shot through her
brain that he would take her to get the
coveted rug, but the idea faded from her
mind and she was depressed and unhap-
py. Her conscience was not quite at
rest, but her strong will held her to her
plan. Promptly her husband called, and
as he assisted this faultlessly attired,
beautiful young woman into the buggy
his heart gave a great throb of pride and
love; he felt that if her better nature re-
sponded to this test he would be the
happiest man alive. His pride in her was
great, but his love was greater, and that
she should stoop to shoulder to shoulder
with him in sweet, honest, wholesome
living, was the great hope of his life.
They drove past the fashionable quarters
and past his beautiful cottage, passed
for and down a long, dusty thorough-
fare to a row of tenements on the out-
skirts of the city. They were not squalid,
but were just a little shabby. He stopped before
the tall end house and assisted Lucie to
alight and conducted her to the wondrous
bride up a long flight of stairs to the
southeast room of the fourth floor. As
he knocked, the door was quickly opened
by a faded gentleman, whose face be-
shined with pleasure as he warmly greeted her
and presented his young wife. He ex-
plained to Lucie that Mrs. Von Blum was

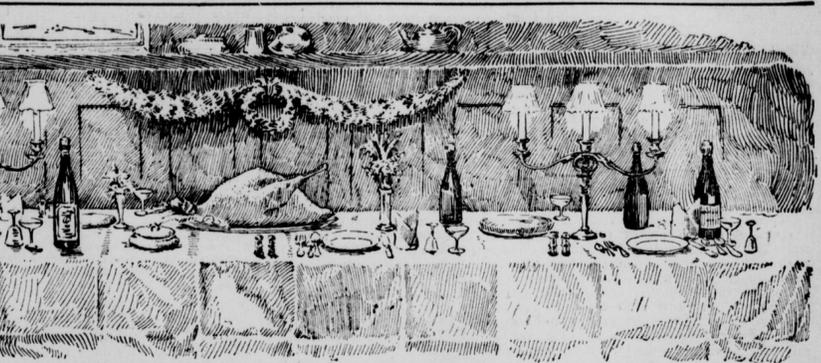
the life-long friend of his mother and
once his social equal, but her husband in
an evil hour had endorsed for a friend.
A crisis came and he was swept down in the
commercial crash, and what a friend
heard! Robert did not add that he had
always seen that she had a pleasant
sunroom and plenty of fuel to make
her comfortable. She was a skillful
cook in Berlin wool and made dainty ap-
parel for infants, and thus she was secure
from want and was enabled to do a world
of good in her little sphere. Every
Thanksgiving Robert followed up his
mother's plan of supplying an ample
dinner for her. And while he went below
from the packages stowed away in the
buggy, these two gentlemen found a
common bond of interest in Robert and
chatted with Lucie's glowing cheeks,
and Mrs. Blum told incidents illustra-
tive of Robert's early career, of his un-
selfishness, self-denial, until the warm
tears came to his eyes. He was a
gentle, a man of a fine, and a
sentiment just a little skin to refer-
ence crept into her softened heart.
She watched the packages and inwardly
measured a box of other delicious
pies and crullers should supplement the
feast. While Robert was entertaining
Mrs. Von Blum, Lucie marvelled to see
a box of fruit, a box of nuts, and
a few pictures, a snowy spread and ruffled
pillows, prettily striped curtains grace-
fully disposed, with books, table and
stools, a box of granular sugar, a
bouquetiere of chrysanthemum,
could make a refined and beautiful home
for her husband's friend. She returned
courtesy for courtesy, and, as she
promised herself the pleasure of seeing
Mrs. Von Blum often, a woman on
whose sweet face she had seen the
glow of a home in Heaven, and Lucie justly
esteemed it a privilege to be entered on
her list of friends, as she knew Robert's
life would be as bright in the
future as it had been in the past, and
listened to Robert recall the elegance
of Mrs. Von Blum's former life and her
proud independence of character that re-
fused to be under the yoke of a man,
conquered her will and she became a
beneficiary of his mother's, sweetly bend-
ing beneath the storm of poverty and de-
stitution, she was not to be
discarded. She fully resolved to never again
question her husband's liberality, naively
saying to herself, "To think I thought
him close, when there is so much
in his head," and she then and there ac-
cepted the \$50 rug, and if it did not quite
satisfy her, she would return it. The
gift of her father, she had something
priceless in its stead—a noble, self-sac-
rificing husband—and again with the in-
crease of her income, she mentally
calculated "And he so well, so fashion-
able!" On the following morning, at
Lucie's own request Robert accompanied
her to select the rug. They looked at one
which harmonized with all the perfect
furnishings and Lucie was surprised to
find how much better her rug looked
when she had it placed on her own beau-
tiful drawing-room.

The first evening after they had in-
spected their finished and finished
main, she put both arms around her hus-
band's neck and said softly, "O, Robert,
I am so ashamed, and so proud and so hap-
py!" and she was somewhat incoherent, but
understood.

They had resolved to have all the
wedding attendants to dinner for Thank-
sgiving, and Lucie felt her husband's
will would indeed be one of thankfulness
and praise. With the aid of her
cook, her entertainment was all planned
for the house adorned with the
over the dainty lace draperies and the
beautiful pepper and ivy made a back-
ground for the great bowls of roses and
candy, and the silver service, and the
house. One great Thanksgiving bowl
of American berries lilted the window
space, ivy and chrysanthemums adorned
the mantel, and the snow
nations blended with the snowy
napery, the green and white ribbons, cut
glass and rare china mingled with some
quaint pieces of old-fashioned silver
from her grandmother, who had brought it
over the seas when she fled from France's
gay saturnals of the month in 1793. The
gay girls and their cavaliers had all ar-
rived and Robert and Lucie received be-
neath the net of smilax and roses. Mu-
sic, song and happy laughter
filled the hour till the silver tinkle of
a bell gave Robert the signal. He gave
his arm to Lucie's mother and Lucie,
and the three entered the dining room in
a procession to the dining room. It was
a trying moment for Lucie, but she was
reassured by the gay exclamations of ap-
proval from the girls and the satisfied
glances of her mother. The pretty white-
capped maid served the guests quietly
but adroitly, and the first dinner passed
so smoothly that Robert's fastidious taste
was more than gratified and Lucie's menu
was the promise to him of a table al-
together to his taste and to her guests
the evidence of good taste. And now we
take a peep into that other Thanksgiving
dinner in the fourth story of the tenement
house. The motley guests were
eager to get to the table, and the
of their invitations. But an expression
of supreme satisfaction was predominant
on every face. The table was a "thing
of beauty" to them, as they gazed deligh-
tedly on the flowers, the beautiful, pitch-
er, the tall chocolate pot, the cakes, the
pickles, the white rolls, the funny
little men and women in ginger cakes,
and the joy of a brown, beautiful
turkey, with its neck all ruffled in pure
white crumpled paper and lying on a bed
of green parsley, with a great gray slice
beside it. They tried to be mannerly,
but funny ejaculations, half smothered,
would drop out of their mouths. Mrs. Von
Blum's grace was a dreadful trial to such
children, but she had already disjoined
and sliced the turkey, and she gravely
served each plate with generous slices,
mashed potatoes, green corn and baked
beans, a roll split and covered with gravy
and pickle, and a spoonful of rich stuff-
ing, each one of them a real
"beautiful" and that Mrs. Von Blum
must be Christian. Pumpkin pie (not
Lucie's) and a red apple completed the
happiness of the feast. The guests, in
whose hearts their generous friend by her
self-denial and loving kindness was sow-
ing seeds that would bear golden fruit to
all eternity.

Curious features of the New Conn.
included a monkey who dashed rub-
ber balls thrown at him. An agent of the
Hinsman society interfered, in behalf
of the monkey, and a colored youth took
his place.

Twenty-two coal-laden ships sailing
from Newcastle New South Wales, have
been reported as missing at sea since 1888.



A TWELFTH CENTURY KITCHEN

"Whoever would well dispose his fam-
ily, his household and his goods should
first provide himself with utensils and
household gear. In the kitchen should
be a table, on which can be chopped vege-
tables, such as lentils, peas, pulse,
beans in the pod, onions, millet and any
other kind he can cut up. He should
have earthen pots, trivets, a hatchet,
mortar and pestle, a pike, a hook, a cooking
pan, a copper vessel, a small frying
pan, a gridiron, a pitcher, a round dish,
a salver or waiter, a dessert dish, a salt
cellar, a knife to disembowel fish; there
should be a large ladle to correct froth-
lines and boiling over. In the house
there should be a hooked pole or an eel
spear or dart or light hook for taking
fish to be lowered in a fish pond. Also
the head cook should have in the kitchen
a cupboard in which to keep aromatic
spices and meal flour and bread, which
he should rub through a sieve and wash
up in order to pot small fish. There
should also be a sluice where geese and
domestic fowls may have their legs and
breasts washed by means of a tap, and
where all small game may be scalded.
There should be a pepper and a hand
mill. Small fish, to be cooked, should
be put in salt and water or a mixture of
fish should not be put in this, for they
are of different kinds, namely, salmon,
sea, lamprey, mussel, smelt, gudgeon,
barbel, logghead, sea-horse, cod, plaice,
turbot, herring, lobster, stickleback
pressed with eggs, oysters and bass. In
the steward's room should be tabiclotis,

AN OLD DOMINION THANKSGIVING DINNER

(R. Lawrence)
A blaze of sacrificial yellows and crim-
sons had fallen on the oaks, elms,
beeches, hickories, maples, chinias, catal-
pas and willows of the park that stretched
from the great pillared gate on the road
to the wide veranda and mulberry win-
dows of the old Chichester place in Fair-
fax county, Virginia. Dear stalked through
the sea leaves and nibbled the sooty
grass. Near the house the rose beds had
turned into a naked, bristly thicket. The
honeysuckles and trumpet creepers held
on their green leaves, but the flowers had
vanished, and only a few chrysanthemums
with face downward, a few withered
altheas with some flaming standards now
marked the flower beds. But the earliest
bittersweet and pure white waxberries lit
up the veranda and mingled with the
leathery globes of the clematis, trailing
luxuriantly over pillar and roof. The
pale autumn sunshine of Indian summer
enveloped the fine old mansion and park
with a dreamy atmosphere of repose,
somewhat uncomfortably broken by
gay laughter and noisy conversation of
groups of guests scattered about the ver-
anda and lawn. Cousins galore had
arrived by invitation to the Thank-
sgiving dinner, and the young people had
escaped from the beautiful old parlors and
were drinking and eating deeply of the
fountain whose waters flow only for
them. Their elders were deep in polit-
ics, religion and law—for litigation is to
the American a legal recreation. Funny
little darkeys carried lights or matches
around and something delightfully abun-
dant. Oh, if you could have seen those
dressed in modern silks, garnished with
laces woven in the courts of the old world
kings and in times of peril, of life and of
death that had been recently ranked in
old brass-bound chests and consigned
under cover of night to the carrying ship
that had before the storms of civil com-
munion as well as the wild Atlantic tem-
pests. But in old Virginia they had their
day and generations of beautiful women
were chattered about their chrysanthemums
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dant. Oh, if you could have seen those
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The War of Wealth at Los Angeles Theaters

C. T. Dazey's melodrama, the War of
Wealth, was given at the Los Angeles
theater last night with a cast of charac-
ters and elaborateness of stage that de-
served a crowded house. The play itself
is strong in situations, ably carried out
by the artists of the company. Frank J.
Keenan, as Mayor Pinckney Pinckney of
Poindexter hall, Tennessee, easily car-
ried off the honors of the evening, his
dialect being beyond reproach, and in ap-
pearance and makeup he fully carried
out the accepted type of the southern

Life in Twelfth Century Abbey

(Old Chronicle).
There is a well faire abbey
Of white monks and of grey,
There eth boveris and halles,
All of pasties and rich met,
The likfullest that man may et,
Fleyn cakes both shingles alle,
Of churchre, cloister, boure and halles
The pins both fat podgies
Rich met to princes and kings.
There eth III evels in the abbey
Of treacle and halwel,
Of oom and ase piment,
Gite I do no growe no more to witte
The soes crosted on the spitte
Fleeth to that abbel, God it wotte
And greidith "Gees at hote! A' bote!"

One Worker's Experience

I don't want to be a man, and with
the men to stand, a frown upon my fore-
head, a pen within my hand. Especially
do I object to being a newspaper man.
Oh, my! what a life they do lead him to
be sure. One set will tell him he is
ruining his business by eliminating
some certain bit of news, another comes
tearing his hair and exclaiming aloud his
dreadful, because of the insertion of still
other matter. And so, he not being sup-
posed to possess one atom of principle,
let alone the impudence of waiting to
live up to his ideas, is pulled hither and

For the bountiful harvests now gathered
and stored,
That by Thee in the lap of the nations
were poured,
We praise Thee, gracious God,
For the blessings of friends, for the old
and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trust-
ing and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light
of the eye,
That warms with a welcome and glooms
with good-bye,
We praise Thee, gracious God,
That the desolate poor may find shelter
and bread.

That the sick may be comforted, nour-
ished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing
and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be
lifted and glad,
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may
clasp,
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east
and for west,
The horror of war be forever at rest,
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth, and of air and
of sky,
That fall on us from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessings since
blesting begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of
Thy Son,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

THANKSGIVING
We walk on starry fields of white
And ignore the data;
For blessings common in our sight
We rarely offer praises.
We sigh for some supreme delight
To crown our lives with splendour,
And quite ignore our daily store.

Of pleasure sweet and tender,
Our cares are bold and push their way
Upon our thoughts and feelings,
They hang about us all the day,
Our time from pleasure stealing,
So nobly many a joy
We pass by and forget it,
But worry strives to own our lives
And conquers it if we let it.

There's not a day in all the year
But holds some hidden pleasure,
And looking back joys oft appear
To trim the past's wide measure.
But blessings are like friends, I hold,
Who love and labor near us,
We ought to raise our notes of praise
While living hearts can hear us.

Full many a blessing wears the guise
Of worry or of trouble,
Forsaking the soul and wise
Who knows the mass is double,
But he who has the faith and strength
Has found a joy without alloy
To gladden every morrow.

We ought to make the moments notes
Of happy, glad Thanksgiving;
The hours and days a silent phrase

For bud and for bloom and for bal-
laden breeze,
For the singing of birds from the hills to
the sea,
For the beauty of dawn and the bright-
ness of noon,
For the light in the night and the stars
and the moon,
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy
grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and
the case,

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

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