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JUSTICE

E. D. BLARENEY

BLAKENEY. at-Law

a, Si C. M. Street,

Ve look to the hills for rest;
For strength we turn to the sea;
or the boon of these, and fair bequest
Of teeming lands to the sea ways, we
With joy give thanks.

lest thanks for the favor is

Beet thanks for the fevor is

The fullest use of the gift:
And pleasure expressed is song of praise,
And praise is a prayer whereby we lift

Unceasing thanks

Now at the time of the feast,
And of bursting granaries,

Now sound of soythe on the grass has been
And respers rels, with a smile of ease,

Do we give thanks.

Do we give thanks.

But now at the teast, alone,
But ever, from Juna to June,
While the harvest is budded and blows,
By the gind thought of the heart in tune,
Do we give thanks.

By full deep pleasure one has,
And so by he sweet, swift joy,
A lighted votor and bloom of grass,
Or the touch of winds, uncessingly
Do we give thanks.

For suns that mellow the truit;
For strong, clean winds and the snows
Like a fold of fisces upon the root.
Of the oak, and the root of the rose.

For dows and for warm, soft rains, *
That infuse new blood in the wood,
For the kerb and vine that flushed the lanes.
Through waving fields at the Summer flood,

nood, Do we give thanks.

'Oh, Frank, how nice!' explained the housewife, clapping her hands. 'It will be just what I wans to give color and decoration to my table. And I baked the chicken pies to days after your mother's rucipe, and I'm sure they are going to be perfectly splendid!'

'Splendid! are they?' said Elator, amiling good humoredly at his excited all little wife. 'Wall, I'm glad or that. It hat Dirale, I forgot to tell you.'

'What is is, Frank!' with a half-startled air.

'You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on,' said is.

"Who, Frank! Not Abby Harte!"

'No. It's a wrintled little old women, with a regular little old women, with a regular little old fash-living doast ance atted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, ap I thought I'd just along up and give you a word of warning."

'Haggaga!' cried Lizzle, in constormation. 'What baggage!' Is abe going to stay!'



"There's boxes and boxes" sate
Frank, laughing "And Trehind Billy
Willett with his winelbarrow to hoise
emup to the house."
"But, Frank, who is the Why does
'There's house and boxes and boxes and boxes are true to the house."
"But, Frank, who is the Why does
'There's house the Hart of the house."
"But, Frank, who is the Why does
'The true to the house."
"But he captain or the Sea Bay."
"But he say show was a second could be sea and the words "Dirabeth and "Qirabeth and "Qi

she whispered.
So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely schievements, and just as they were altting around the fire cracking nuts and drinking home-brawed cides. Uncle Lemus uttered a

A Battle of Long Ago. Elderly Hairess (aadly)—"No. Mr.
Jim'en, my heart is dead to the tender
pass ou. The only man I eyer loved;
or could ever love, was killed at the
battle of—of—"
Mr. Jimsen (disappointed and reaching
for his hat)—"Lundy's Lane!"—Siffage.

Wise in His Generation. "I say, Brown, you know Shorty pretty well, don't you?"

"Oh, yes,"
"What kind of a fellow is hel!"
"Well—Shorty is a man who generally carries his money in his inside pocket."

This person exist.

A reporter of the New Took Sus has not him in the flesh, has shaken hands with him, eaten with him, drunk with him, and been merry with him.

Barring his fad, he is a very decent sort of fellow, but to be continually ested such questions as:

"Did you ever notice that your mother in law, in law is not your mather?"

"Has it ever secured to you make although the good die youngs there are proctous few bishops under sixt,"

"Have you observed that while honesty is the best policy, it is about the only kind you cannot get in the policy shops?"

"Do you notice that the lower you live in a flat the higher your rent?"

"Isn't curjous that the more shopping there is done in the stores the less storing there is in the shopa?"

And so on, otever, world without and, is distinctly thresome, and for this reason the collector of paradoxes should be avoided.

A Dude's Idea of Bad Form. Freddy—'I say, old boy, they tell me you've broke with Miss Tiddiwink. How the deuce did it come about?"

Harry—"I found her out, old chappie.
She wasn't a bit nice, don't you know. I caught her firting with a foliah, you know I was real mad, quite desperate, you know, and I was going to slap him, you know, and what do you think he did?"

TEMPERANCE.

The Coming Power.

We are Templar boys, we are Templar girls,
Our numbers fast are swelling.

We are doing our but, and will tell you

NO. 9.

We're opposed to drink, and as Templars To stop the Equor-selling. You may say we're small, and we can't do

You will find, we think, in the boys an girts.
A source of help and power;
Men, and women so strong, they will grass the foe and by you declare that the curse must go When comes the trying hour.

-T. H. Thompson, in Tumperance Bunner.

When comes the trying hour.

The Piopures.

They are both instantaneous pictures, sketched by that wonderful instrument the eye, and hung in that invincible pictures gallery—"the hally of memory." He towen them a such listory intervenes. The break them a such listory intervenes. The first is a brief sketch, done in life's roseate morning. It is a beautiful name, amid green lawns, shade trees, and gardens and comes ratory are filled with cho cest flowers. But its chief charm is the genial, energetic, Christian master, with his beyon of beautiful nithers. The large manufacteries across the way are the fountains of his wealth, and he has attained the highest honors in the gift of the citizens of his native Stale, yet never forgets that by industry, economy, integrity and the blessing of God, he cose from powerly to his enviable position. The bright happy children are carefully trained in the ways of wisdom, while they enjoy all the advantage which abundant wealth affords.

The second picture is taken when the lengthening shadows proclaim, that life's evening is approaching. We stand in the same apot, and are looking upon the origins, of the picture drawn so many years ago. The lawn is green and velvet-like as before, the trous, more beautiful, and the mansion handsome and well-preserved, but the conservatory is filled with farming implements instead of rare exotics, and the garden with vegetables instead of flowers. And where is the soul of the loome—the delightful family so well known through all this section. The father has genesic the house of many mansions, the daughters occupy homes of their own, and care for the way we well trained and with such a father. Not Governor H. souls with such a father.

MATHEMESSINGE

Job Printing Office.

Call and examine Speci-mers and Prices.

PERSUNAL GOSSIP.

The Mikado of Japan is said to have

The Mikado of Japan is said to have become intemperate.

E. C. Stedman, the poet, is at his orttage at Newcastle, N. H.

M. Chovrayl, the French scientist, who is now in his 103d year, has never used tobacco.

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirks, the novel-writer, has been the object of much social attention at Hoston recently.

The Rey Newman Hall, the distinguished English divine who is so well mown throughout Canada, is still well-and hearty.

Professor: A. Lacroix, of the College

Professori A. Lacroix, of the College
I France | Paris, is visiting Professor
H. Williams, of Johns Hopkins, and
athering geological specimens.
Colonel J. W. Bennett, of Philadelnia, Pa., has added \$25,000 to his forur gifus of \$110,000 to the Methodist
pitoopal Ophianake at that place.
Wandell Holmes has rerentancy of the MassachuLatrary Association after
of continuous service.
of the late Roscoe ConkConkling, is gathering
making preperation for
of his uncle's hiography

s Stowe, though by no much bester condition are her recent serious overy has astonished

, the "leading man" who has just returned h the rost of the com-hiladelphian, is a fa-

tertained on his

go and meet him," she said to Por Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all those graceful memories of the honeymoon time.

Frank Elston, the captain of the listle boat that piled between Baypert Landing and the nearest large town, met her with a smile and a klas.



the kitchen win allow occalonally as she went about her dally work, "we're going to have a bad Thankagiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thank ful, whether it rains or alines; but it is provoking who noe has invited company from a diatance. And Uncle Lenuel wont drine over from Rayport with Aunt Rhods, if it snows; and Sue Starkey can't venture out in a storm, with first weak chest, and everything will go wrong?

Toward nighes however, the sur burst trimphantly through the clouds, lighting up the somber asies of the seeks woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the weves that broke sullenly on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. Elston, And she harst into little roulades of song, as ahe picked over the red Baldwin apples, set away the yellow, earthen bowl of stowed cranberries, counted the ples, and looked to see if the turks, was all plucked and dressed, ready for the morrow's oven.

For Lizzie Elston kept neither cozik

"To Lizzie Stoon kept neither cozik was a licental to have been in cartily labyed to have been in cartily and the silk rage," said lizzie, when she seard of her quaint in chilled, poor creature."

I don't want the silk rage," said lizzie, when she seard of her quaint in chilled, poor creature."

"Thal's my own little girl!" said they be to me?"

"You're and cheer take 'em," said Uncle frank, with a caressing touch to the stry looks which had escaped like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red. were the stry looks which had escaped like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red. were the stry looks which had escaped like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red. were the stry looks which had escaped like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's were underly out to the stry looks which had escaped from the border of Lizzie's red. were the stry looks which had escaped in the stry looks which had escaped in the caresting to the stry looks which had escaped like rings and the work in the pies, and looked to see if the turkey, was all plucked and dressed, ready for the morrow's oven.

For Lizzie Elston kept neither cook now waitress, but depended on herself only for all these household details, and no one understood better the necessity for a careful economy of time.

She had invited Uncle Lemuel and Aust Rhoda, from Bayport, Miss Starkey, her whilom schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the beach.

It was the first Thankegiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

"But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an helrloom from Lizzies grandmother, and the old oups and platas, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dallest shade of pisk—and the young wife, looking down the road, saw Frank Lizzie looked be wildered; but the captain cheerly throw himself into the grant model of the set.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yot, have we, it is cooking down the road gow of the set."

The old woman sat down in the warm of fielight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm frelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

"It's warm and comfortable here," and said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desire Johnson didn't want me. She said old folks was too much care. Lucy Wilcox was too fine a lady to notice her old Aunt Sarby; and my Cousin Maxwell as good as turned me out of doors. But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right over again—the kindest hearted creetur that over breathed. I'm glad I come

that ever breathed. I'm glad I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll She said all this slood, in her strange, crosking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it. "Frank," whispered Mrs. Blaton, muggling close up to her husband. "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know; she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly, "I think you duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of particolored sill strips when the Thanksgiving competitived, next day, and she cagedly.

western horizon.

Lizzie slood a minute, stiently tulink ing.

Lizzie slood and seaf in the paper under my pillow. Mind you dos't forget!"

Aunt Rhoda.

With the sarly dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

"Little girl, what are you mondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

"I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island; Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me."

The captain patted Lizzie's bright head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiv."

head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiving Day yet?" said he tenderly.

"Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

works in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked be wildered: but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" aid he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're very ine."

The old woman sat down in the warm firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands togsther.

"It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desire Jennson didn't want me. She said old folks was too much care. Luce

The Gobbler's Fate. A gobbler stood upon the fance, When all but him had fied. His form erect—his tall outspro-and stately was his head.



The Fault of the Fashion When Fault of the Fashion.

Jendie, don't you know that it is good form to open your mouth so allow the smutty-fingered printers to thumb such beautiful writing." as you have my dress sleeves made so tight. I can't laugh in my sleeye, and there's no use trying, and you know I should die if I could't laugh somehow."

-Danville Breese. A Special Inducement. Agent—"I'd like to insure your life."
lespectable Old Party—"I don't want l'espectable Old Party

by life insured.

"But we offer special inducements.

Every policy paid on death."

"Well, all the companies do that."

"fes, but we pay up even if you are hanged. How's that for a special inducement."

Tetas Silvings.

He Became Recordled, Too.

The Became Revercited, Too.

Tenderfoot (to, Dakota hotel proprotox)—'You say your charges are \$8 per day without, or \$1 per day with potators. It think those rates are ridiculous and exercitant.

Tropciety (with one hand on a gun, and pointing out of window to private cametery with the other)—"There are a number of gentlemen out there as held the same views at first, but they became reconciled?"—Teurs Siftings.

Mutual Secreey. Promptibes at reparted is capitally illestrated by the following incident:

A singer in a suburban theatre liegan to sing the sone, "For Goodiess inke, I non't way I Told You," a few nights ago, and was promptly hit with a rottening by one of the andiques.

Who threw that?" he howled.

"I was me," oned a voice in the gallery, "but for goodness sake, don't say I told you."

This brought down the bouse, and the singer retired.

The Reason. Billy Bliven is very generally and gen-crously indebted.

"By the way, Brown," said he to a friend the other day, "can you tell me how much I owe you?"

"Certainly," replied his friend with expectant anxiety, "just seventeen dol-lars and a hail."

A pause followed, which was broken by the remark: "I thought perhaps you might-have some reason for asking." I had " replied Billy "I was in hopes you had forgotten it."—Mer. hunt-Traveler. A High Compliment. A High Compliment.

An Andover professor one day stopped to look into the window of the Old Corner bookstere, and among other things upon which his eyes felt was a large | hotograph of the men engaged in the famous "Andover controver." his own figure being prominent in the group. A pair of small trichins were looking at the picture, and just as he stopped, the gentleman heard one of them say to the other:

Hey, Tommy, will yer look at them

Tommy gazed accordingly, and asked, in a tone of interest;
"What nine is that?"
"Ch. I don't know;" the first apeaker responded; but they's just storyers, now, ain a they?"
"You but," was the admirine reply.

gradient to the course of said the youth, "the course of said meetianical embraces of the course of said meetianical embraces of the course of said the youth the course of said the course of said the youth the course of said the youth the course of said the youth the course of said the youth, "the youth, "the

"I can copy them in a rougher hand."
"Oh, an. I could not think of putting you to such trouble. Run along, now. Good bye." - Arkansaio Transfer.

Saw the Connection, "Is that check good for anything?" asked a passenger on the . nke Shore. Road of the policeman at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot yesterday.
"No, sir," replied the oilicer, after an inspection. "That's a confidence man's

check. How much did you let him "Thirty dollars." "Well, you have been awindled.
Didn't you ever read of their games."
"I ois of times."

"And yet you were toped in ?"

"I can't help you any." "I don't want you to. I want you to look at this." He handed the officer a parcel which, upon being opene I, was found to con-tain a large bunch of human hair which had been pulled out by the roots, and a plece of a man's ear.

he held out a roll of money. Here are \$10, and what does it all mean?" asked the officer. "i'm the man that was swindled. Th's truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the connection? Closely observe my left eye. Fee any squash in there? Feel of my head. Any soft spots anywhere around? Tra la, old boy, and tell 'em

"And count this," added the man, as

not to weep for yours truly!"-Detroit Bred Plea . Watting for a Railway Collision.

"Ours is a profession that tries men's soul," sa'd a train despatcher. "Notsoul," said a train despatener. "Not-withstanding that in late years the different railways have adopted rules which thoroughly systematize the busi-ness, even with all the sneguards a little bit of carelessness or dereliction of duty Hable to cause troub e, and not only loss of property, but in many instances is attended with loss of life.

"I remember some years ago when I

"I remember some years ago when I had charge of trainsons Southern road, where te egraph o'lices were few and far between, of giving an order to the operator at a cortain station to hold the north bound passenger train for orders, so that I might help the south bound passenger frain, to make its meeting point, the latter being somewhat late. The operator papeated the holding order, for which I gave him 'I. K' I then gave the southbound train an order to use some of the north bound train's time to make the meeting point. Instead of de use some of the north-bound train's fime to make the meeting point. Instead of holding the north-bound train for orders in the operator let it go by h.m. The road was crooked, and as both trains were between telegraph stations. I started to at walk the floor and wait notil I should hear of their cum ng together. The huspense was forribe, almost neffiting me for my other dules. As good luck would have it, the north-bound train which had undispited right of the road, was delayed before reaching the neeting point. When the first train reached a tolegraph station I felt relieved, but the strain had been so terrible on my nerves that I was not good for much for sever days, and the experience will ever relieved, but the strain had been so terrible on my nerves that I was not good for much for sever days, and the experience will ever relieved.

iona. This quantity was divided in proportions: different national the following proportions: Germany, 5,881,402, gallons; the United States, 747,080 gallons; Great Britain, 898,380 gallons, and Fortugal, 646 gallons. Germany, gallons, and Fortugal, 646 gallons. Germany, therefore, stands is alle princeps in the work of exterminating the negro—and princeps in quality as well as quantity. I should say—for all the German liquor is exported from Hamburg and Bremen, and we all know what that implies. The gir and rum are said to be occasionally used by printers for turpentine. It is recorded that a gorilla, which had been procured at the Gaboon River, died on the way, and in order to preserve the body properly that it was placed in a cask of trade rum, but that when the cask was opened at Liverpool it was found that the hair and sain of the gorilla had been burned as if by vitriol and that the body was in a terrible state of putrefaction.

Ferils of Traveling in England.
The English railway compartment cars, isolated, without any continuous passageway, and without the presence of the conductor or brakeman while the train is in motion, are sometimes places of great exposure and peril to passengers who are so fortunate as to have bad company. The Fall Mail Gazette mentions the recent journey from London to Liverpool of a gentleman and his niece, and another gentleman, his wife and two children, when three forbidding-looking men entered their compartment at Willesden for Rugby. All three had been drinking, and one was obviously drunk, with a bottle from which he continued to drink, until he became quite crazed. He "stripped himself to the waist and struck one of his companions in the face, drawing blood." The children were pressed into a corner, the writer of the account and the other gentleman standing grard; whereat the maniac "called for the key of his bag, so that he might get his knife out and make a clean sweep of the whole carriage." Just then the train steamed into Rugby station, and they were rescued from what threatened speedily to culminate in a fearful tragedy. Liquor-drinking, both on the laind and the sea, adds greatly to the peril of travel. Perils of Traveling in England.

Temperance News and Notes. Albany has 1200 places where liquor is sold one to every ninety inhabitants. An Iowa men is arrested and fine 1 \$10) and costs for treating a friend to a drink of whisky.

Father Cleary, of Wisconsin, last year de-livered 174 addresses and lectures in behalf of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, and administered the pledge to over 100,000 per-

M. Emile de Lavelye, the distinguished po-litical economist, says there is a "cabaret" for every ten families in Belgium, and within the last fourteen years the consumption of drink has doubled.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Hampshire are making arrangements to open a home for intemperate women. The State Legislature has granted the sum of \$5000 to start the work. "I'll do better next time," said a man who had been drunk when it was successary for bim to be sober. "Oh, no!" said his employer; "you will not do at all. Some one else will be doleg in your piace."

Seven drunken men, taking with them a keg of beer, recently, at night, crowded into a little skiff, at Louisville, Ky. Soon a cry for help was heard, and four of the men were pulled ashore by rescners. The other three were drowned.

Thompson, Dakota, is in an excited condition. A number of women, impatient at it laws powerlessness to close the saloons, the matter in their own hands, gutte offending rum shops and poured to on the ground. A dozen of the attested and carried to Graning white badges and standards.