

Song of the Thanksgiving Bird



Let poets sing the lark a-wing,
The thrush's silvery suing,
The mocking-bird to rapture stirred,
The robin's rhythmic wooing;
Aye! let them praise in lyric lays
The blue-jay pert and perky,
But O for me each time, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey!

Fair Madge may pet her parouquet
As wondrous wise and wary,
And Mistress Maud may loudly laud
Her cunning young canary;
Content am I as days slip by,
And skies above grow murky,
If it's my luck to hear—"cluck! cluck!"—
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.

Then let prevail the love of quail,
Ye skilled men of the cartridge,
Give meed profuse to grouse and goose,
To woodcock and to partridge!
Faith, naught I care how others fare,
If sour they look or smirky,
When hot for me is served, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.
—Harry Delouse.

A THANKSGIVING SACRIFICE.



PLEASE God we shall all of us eat our Thanksgiving dinner at home this year." The bleak November day might have been blue and glittering with the sunshine of an Italian morn, to judge by Captain Ross' face, as he hurried aft; and the two passengers who leaned over the rail of the Forest Queen, watching the foamy crests of the waves, looked after him.

"A good fellow that," said Mr. Aymescourt. "Well, I, for one, shall be glad to hear the church bell in the old square steeples at home. And you, Mr. Dayrel?"

"Home!" repeated the gentleman addressed, a tall, dark, Spanish type of individuality. "It may sound odd, but now you mention it, I have no home!"

Mr. Aymescourt looked quickly up at his gleaming eyes. "But I suppose you had one once?"

"Homes are not immortal, any more than people!" answered Dayrel. "Is his a riddle for me to guess?"

"No; it is hardly worth the trouble—unless you cared to listen to the eternal self-repeating story of human life."

"Human nature is the worthiest study to which I can aspire," Mr. Aymescourt answered. "And if you deem me worthy of becoming your confidant—"

"Here it is, then," interrupted Dayrel almost impatiently. "I was betrothed to a girl as beautiful as an angel, and, as I believed, true. Well, I had occasion to take such a journey on this one has been. When I returned she was engaged to another man."

"And she married him. Why do you look surprised? The fickleness of women is no such new development, I suppose? But then I belong to an unlucky family. The Dayrels seldom succeed in fortune, and they always die sudden and violent deaths."

"It is not possible that you are so superstitious as to—"

"Not superstitious, Mr. Aymescourt. Call me a fatalist, if you will; I only report the unerring record of the past. Since the time I mention, I have been a sort of wanderer to and fro on the face of the earth. I hear other people talk of homes; to me it is the merest catchword."

"Stop a minute," said Dayrel, lowering his voice, and laying his hand lightly on his companion's arm. "Do you see that young man by the cabin door? The tall, handsome man, who has a smile for everyone?"

"Yes."

"That is he—the man who married Mary Armitage."

"Does he know—"

"That I am his defeated rival? No. He has talked to me of his wife at home—of the two little children counting the days till his return—of the bright hearthstones where the Thanksgiving fires are all ablaze; and I have listened, and answered him 'Yea' and 'Nay' with the calm philosophy of a stoic. After all, there is a certain grim humor in the game called Life."

Aymescourt looked sadly into the stern face.

"And does all this please you?"

"Please me? Yes—about as much as it pleases the writhing hospital patient to feel the surgeon's knife. I could have murdered that man more than once and felt it no sin. You need not start; the Cain-like impulse has passed away. I am quite harmless now. Only you cannot expect a man to feel kindly toward him who has ruined his whole future."

And Dayrel turned away and resumed the slow, measured walk up and down the upper deck, which his casual meeting with Aymescourt had interrupted.

And all this time the Forest Queen was plowing the rosy tides nearer and nearer home.

Captain Ross had calculated that the brisk little craft would ride into the rock-bound harbor of the Maine port to which they were consigned early on Thanksgiving morning.

"It'll be a close run," said he; "but somehow I don't like the idea of

spending my Thanksgiving on ship-board. It isn't orthodox, as Deacon Posey would say." And the captain laughed.

And just at the gray break of dawn, when they could almost hear the church bells ring through the fog and darkness, there went a thrill and quiver through the Forest Queen from stem to stern—a sudden pulse, like the beating of a heart. Guy Dayrel started up in his berth and tapped at the board partition which separated his sleeping quarters from those of his nearest neighbor.

"Aymescourt!" he cried, "wake up! There is something wrong!"

Aymescourt started from his dreams. "Wrong! What is it?"

"We have run aground somewhere, or struck a rock. Stop—don't ask any more questions. Keep your breath and strength; they will both be needed. Dress as quickly as you can."

When Aymescourt came on deck, amid the darkness and chill and confusion, he could learn only one fact—that the ship had struck a rock, and was fast leaking away her life.

"But you needn't be so alarmed, ma'am," said the captain, to a pale young mother, who was kneeling on the floor of the deck, with her arms round both her children. "We can't be far off Wayne's Beach, and our sailors would know the way through these shoals if you were to blindfold 'em. We have two good life-boats. It's only leaving the Queen to go down by herself."

The captain rubbed his shaggy sleeve lightly across his eyes as he spoke, and then turned away to issue the necessary orders.

The ruddy shine of sunrise was tipping the waves with crests of coral-red, when the first life-boat rode off, manned by true hands and fearless hearts.

"Make haste!" the captain called to the men who were preparing to launch the last. "She's filling fast."

"How long do you think she will last?" asked Guy Dayrel calmly.

"Half an hour perhaps—not longer."

The passengers crowded into the boat with the headlong haste of those who are fleeing from death, and she was full, while two men yet stood on the deck of the fatal vessel—Captain Ross and George Vassar, the man whose bright eyes had stolen Mary Armitage away from her first lover.

An old sailor started up from his cot.

"Captain! Captain! this musn't be! Take this oar! I'm not such a lubber as to save myself and see you perish!"

"Sit down, sir!" roared the captain. "Do you suppose discipline isn't discipline now, just as much as ever it was? I am captain of this craft, and I mean to stand by her to the last. Only," turning to Mr. Vassar, as the discomfited old salt dropped down into his seat. "I'm sorry for you, sir! I have always expected some such end as this; but you—"

George Vassar had become deadly pale—he clasped his hand to his eyes.

"May God have mercy on Mary and the little ones," he uttered.

With a sudden movement, Guy Dayrel swung himself past Aymescourt once more, on to the deck of the fast-settling ship.

"Mr. Vassar," he said quietly, "take my place. You have a wife and chil-

dren. I have no one to care whether I perish or not. Don't stop to thank me—go at once. And if your wife should ask you who it was that reeked so little of his life, tell her it was one Guy Dayrel!"

There was a crash and splintering of the timbers, as Dayrel almost pushed Vassar into the boat. The Forest Queen settled lower and lower, and went down in the very sight of the horror-stricken survivors.

George Vassar sat at his Thanksgiving board that afternoon, with red and white chrysanthemums decking the feast, and wreaths of autumn leaves rivaling the coral shine of the red embers on the hearth—sat with wife and little ones at his side, and warmth and brightness all around. Four or five miles below, washed ashore by the cruel rush of the waves, with his white face turned up toward the darkening autumn sky, and seaweed in his wet locks, lay the corpse of Guy Dayrel.

But perhaps there was no night even to overshadow his Thanksgiving Day!

A Nice Prospect.



Gobbler—"Oh, you feel very tickled over Thanksgiving coming, don't you?"

Boy—"Yes, and when it gets here you'll feel very much out up over it."

A Thanksgiving Dinner, Hard, Though Pleasantly Earned.

Day was certainly behind time. There we sat craning our necks to locate the glorious bird, but it was too dark to see them in the foliage of the magnolias. When the sky began to clear up we took standing positions, and made our necks ache by looking upward. I was the first to see the game, and this one was directly over my head; and it was only a few moments more when each, except the boy, was sighting along his gun barrel waiting for the word "Ready." All of us pointed out a splendid shot to him, but his eyes were stubborn and he



could not see the turkey we had selected for him. One moment he would see him, and, when we were all ready, he would say "Wait," in a stage whisper. The turkeys had discovered that something was wrong, and were sounding their signals of alarm in shrill "pits" and "puts."

We were especially anxious for the boy to bag a turkey, as he had never killed one. When we did get ready to shoot, my neck was almost broken. As the four reports rang out in concert, two fine turkeys, a gobbler and a hen, fell to the ground, the victims of my brother and nephew. The rest of the flock flew away in the wildest alarm.

Everybody has seen a gobbler strut, but the pride of the male turkey was surpassed by my nephew that morning, as he shouldered his first turkey.—Outing.

Holiday Candies.
Molasses candy may be quickly made by placing in a granite kettle one teaspoonful of white sugar and 1½ cups New Orleans molasses. Let it boil until it makes a moderately hard candy when tested by dropping a bit from the spoon into cold water. Add one tablespoonful butter, three teaspoonfuls vinegar, then boil two minutes longer. Take from the stove and stir in well one-quarter teaspoonful saleratus, pour on well buttered plates, and before it gets too cold check off with a buttered knife. This may be improved by having a teaspoonful of hickory or walnut meats spread on the buttered plates, before pouring over the hot candy. Popcorn or peanuts also may be used. A foundation for many fancy candies is made thus: Place in a granite kettle two cupfuls granulated sugar, one cupful cold water and a pinch of cream of tartar. Stir until it dissolves but not after it boils, or it will grain. Cover the kettle and boil about ten minutes. There are several different stages at which it may be removed from the fire, when it is soft and creamy, or hard or quite brittle. If one wishes it creamy, it must be stirred one way until it is cold, commencing when it is a little more than lukewarm. Coconut, chocolate, almond, fig or nut candy may be made from this fondant.

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The Champion in Frugality. Guy, the founder of Guy's hospital in London, was as parsimonious in private life as he was munificent in public. A good story illustrative of this is told of him in connection with John Hopkins, one of his contemporaries, who was nicknamed Vulture Hopkins on account of his rapacious mode of acquiring his immense wealth. On one occasion he paid a visit to Guy, who, on Hopkins entering the room, lighted a farthing candle. Hopkins, on being asked the object of his visit, said: "I have been told that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man living, and I therefore wait on you for a lesson in frugality. I have always regarded myself as an adept in this matter, but I am told you excel me."

"Oh," replied Guy, "if that is all you came to talk about, we can discuss the matter in the dark," and thereupon he blew out the candle. Struck with this example of economy, Hopkins acknowledged that he had met his superior in thrift.—Medical Record.

Class Umbrellas. It is rumored that before long glass umbrellas will be in general use—that is, umbrellas covered with the new spun glass cloth. These, of course, will afford no protection from the rays of the sun, but they will possess one obvious advantage, namely, that they can be held in front of the face when meeting the wind and raining, and at the same time the user will be able to see that he does not run into offending individuals or lamp-posts. But what say the lovers—the seaside holiday lovers—who are to be seen on every beach round the coast, with their backs to the cliff or a handy boat, an unfurled old-style umbrella in front of them, leaving nothing to the gaze of the inquisitive save the soles of their four shoes? Surely they will revolt against the innovation.—Westminster Gazette.

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AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

has been for sixty years the popular medicine for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It cures Asthma and Bronchitis, and soothes the irritated tissues that a refreshing sleep invariably follows its use. No mother fears an attack of Croup or Whooping Cough for her children, with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. It is a specific for that modern malady, La Grippe. It prevents Pneumonia, and has frequently cured severe cases of lung trouble marked by all the symptoms of Consumption. It is

The Standard Remedy for Colds, Coughs, and Lung Diseases.

"At the age of twenty, after a severe sickness, I was left with weak lungs, a terrible cough, and nearly all the symptoms of consumption. My doctor had no hope of my recovery; but having read the advertisements of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I determined to try that preparation. I did so, and since that time, I have used no other cough medicine. I am now seventy-two years old, and I know that at least fifty years have been added to my life by this incomparable preparation." A. W. SPERRY, Plainfield, N. J.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for nearly fifty years and found it to be an excellent remedy for all bronchial and throat diseases." L. H. MATHEWS, Editor News-Dispatch, Oneonta, Ala.

"My first remembrance of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral dates back thirty-six years, when my mother used it for colds, coughs, croup, and sore throat. She used no other medicine in attacks of that sort among her children, and it never failed to bring prompt relief and cure. I always keep this medicine in the house, and a few doses quickly check all colds, coughs, or any inflammation of the throat and lungs." J. O'DONNELL, Seattle, Wash.

"I have sold Ayer's Medicines for forty-five years. I know of no preparation that equals Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the cure of bronchitis. It never fails to give prompt relief." C. L. SHERWOOD, Druggist, Dowagiac, Mich.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral both in my family and practice, and consider it one of the best of its class for la grippe, colds, coughs, bronchitis, and consumption in its early stages." W. A. WRIGHT, M. D., Barnesville, Ga.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of the asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief." F. S. HASSLER, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Neb.

Can be had at Half Price.

Full Size, \$1.00; Half Size, 50 cts.

GERMANY'S NEW AMBASSADOR.

A Diplomat Who Once Before Represented the Kaiser at Washington.

Dr. von Holleben, who comes to Washington as the ambassador from Germany, is one of the best known diplomats in Europe. The doctor is also well known and highly esteemed in Washington, where he filled the post of German minister from March, 1892, to September, 1893. The mission was then raised to an embassy, and Dr. von Holleben was replaced by Ambassador Saurma-Jelisch. The new ambassador is highly educated and a most suave man. He speaks English with as much fluency as a born American or Englishman, and during his stay in Washington five years ago he won many friends in Washington society, where he was known as one of the few bachelors of the diplomatic corps. Dr. von Holleben has had a wide and varied experience as a diplomat. He has rep-



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resented Germany at Santiago de Chile and at Tokio. That was before his appointment to the American mission. He is about 55 years old and has an inclination toward the pleasures of literature. He will replace Baron von Thielman, who is to be secretary of the German treasury. Dr. von Holleben is now minister at Stuttgart.

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Fog and Coal Gas.

According to the statement of Prof. Lewes, a London fog deprives coal gas of 11.1 per cent of its illuminating power, but this is not so astonishing as is the fact that, under similar circumstances, the searching light of an incandescent burner loses as much as 20.8 of its efficacy. The reason given by Prof. Lewes for this phenomenon is that the spectrum of both the incandescent and the electric light approaches very nearly that of the solar spectrum, being very rich in the violet and ultra-violet rays. It is precisely these rays which cannot make their way through a London fog. To this is attributed the fact that the sun looks red on a foggy day. The violet rays are absorbed by the solid particles floating in the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere, and only the red portions of the spectrum get through. The interesting additional statement is made in this connection that the old argand burner is much more successful in resisting a London fog than any of its later rivals.—Science.

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Is it a compliment or a treat to this country that England is constantly strengthening her naval forces in American waters?

Every ship on the North American and West Indian stations whose term of service expires is replaced by a more formidable one, and great sums are being expended in improving docks and harbor defenses. Why this display of strength? Surely it is not for the protection of Canada; the most hopeless pessimist in the Dominion cannot fear an attack from the United States. But there is scarcely more reason to fear an attack on the United States by Great Britain. Probably the true and simple explanation is that the British Government is building larger vessels now than it did formerly, and, having them on hand, is sending them to foreign stations in the usual routine.

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