



THANKSGIVING DAY

THANKSGIVING DAY came with a bang. The birds were flying, the trees were green, and the people were happy. It was a day of peace and good will, a day when everyone forgot their troubles and enjoyed the simple pleasures of life.

But Farmer John, with a grumpy face, felt not the gladness of the day. He had a headache and his eyes were sore. He felt that he had done nothing special for anyone, and he was tired of the long day.

With a grumpy face and a heavy heart, he went to his room. He thought of all the things he had done for his family and his neighbors, but he felt that he had done nothing special for anyone. He felt that he had done his duty, and he was tired of the long day.

When the meal was over, Farmer John felt a little better. He had enjoyed the good food and the company of his family. He felt that he had done his duty, and he was tired of the long day.

"You—Maria?" he called, "What are you doing out here? It's late at night. Go to bed."

"I'm here," she said, "to help you. You look so tired. Let me get you some tea and a glass of milk. You need to rest."

"I cannot stand it," he said, "I am so tired. I feel like I have done nothing for anyone. I feel like I have done nothing special for anyone. I feel like I have done nothing special for anyone."

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"I'm sure Sam don't mean to be ungrateful," said Mrs. Ware, ever ready to defend their absent boy. "You are allus hard on Sam, because he was rather wild. But I have faith in Sam yet."

"That's the way with you women," granted Silas. "The wuss a boy gets to be the more you stick up for him. And if he ain't 'nough, the best steer on the place must lay down and die, just when I was a needing him to help in the fodder. 'Twar hain't his fault in the country."

"Oh, well, father, you said you was 'going to make beef out'n both the yoke. We'll get the fodder hauled somehow. Let us go to church, and do our part. The Lord'll be sure to do his'n any day."

"Go yourself, if you want to, Maria, but don't bother me about thankin' the Lord for what he hain't done, and for what I can see hain't goin' to do neither."

Silas got up as he spoke, put away his pipe and went into the sitting-room. He picked up a volume by the window. Though he ignored attending church, he did not feel like going out to work, but grumbled himself into some sort of interest over the market reports. The sound of Mrs. Ware, at her work in the kitchen, mingled softly with the gentle flow his reveries soon fell into. He felt sleepy, yet he did not wish to sleep. It seemed as if he lay a long while wondering what would happen next. Then he rose, put on his hat and went out doors.

The sky was overclouded and a cold wind was blowing. The promise of a bright day had not been kept. He wandered slowly over the farm, noticing the stumps, the stumps, the ragged fences, and the general poverty of the soil. He felt more than ever what an ill-used man he was. Nothing good could be seen in anything.

"And yet Maria thinks we ought to be thankful. That's about all the sense a woman has."

On the way back to the house he passed through the barn. The mate to the dead steer looked at him mildly, from over the manger.

"I'll make sure of you fer-motter," grumbled Silas. "You'll have to make beef, whether you're fat or not. Hit don't do to risk too many chances these hard times."

He went through the woodshed and into the kitchen. Everything was in order, yet the house seemed strangely silent within, though outside the wind mourned dolefully. In the kitchen, the fire had gone down, though the tea kettle was on, and in the cooling oven lay the Thanksgiving turkey.

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"That? Is turkey's most done, Silas, and the sun's come out, wonder-ful. Don't you think we might go to meetin' after all, father?"

Silas threw his arms around his wife and drew her gray head down close to hisown.

"I thought I'd lost ye," said he, brokenly. "If I holloed it wasn't without good reason; for I tell ye, Maria, I jist can't live 'thout ye. Thank the God his will was only a dream! But I thought I was comin' in from the barn, and foar was a layin' c'ose by the door, Oh, Maria! I never knowed, till then, what a selfish, ondesarvin' creature I'd ben. But I know now. Let the Lord take everything, if He will, as leaves you me!"

Just then the first bell for meeting began to ring. Almost simultaneously came a crisp sound and a peculiar odor from the kitchen. Mrs. Ware rose to her feet in great consternation.

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When the total vote was declared there was a scene of indescribable excitement. Delegates arose in their seats and threw their hats in the air and shouted themselves hoarse. It was some minutes before order was restored.

A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the New York Evening Telegram for courtesy towards miners.

A resolution was passed asking congress to pass a law protecting agriculturists, and such law or laws as may encourage and rehabilitate the industry. It was also passed asking congress to protect the forests of the mountains and to encourage the cultivation of trees.

Both the mother's eyes too, were moist. Spectacles, however, were found, and from the cramped lines, Sam's good wishes and loving expressions were slowly deciphered.

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MINING CONGRESS ADJOURNS.

Enthusiastic Vote For Free Silver Campaign

DEVER, Col., Nov. 21.—The committee on resolutions appointed by the mining congress were in session over night when they agreed upon their report, which was adopted by the vote of every member of the congress, except the one representing Wyoming. The resolutions were strongly in favor of bi-metalism. The roll of states was called, and the following vote was taken: For the free and unlimited coinage of silver, 451 votes against the gold standard.

When the state of Connecticut was reached great enthusiasm was manifested by a delegate from that state arising and saying that they had come to learn. When he finished the entire vote in favor of the resolution of the most intense enthusiasm was manifested. The delegates arose and for fully three minutes pandemonium reigned.

When the vote of Canada and Russia was called, the delegates from those two states there was another scene of confusion.

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CHOICE OF WORK.

The Best of the Child's Mind should be Reserved for Parental Pleasure

Half the misery in the world has been occasioned by attempting to force people into places for which they are not fitted. The majority of the offenders are parents who do not understand their children, and who wish them to be other than the beings that nature has made them. Of course there are in all children bad tendencies that are to be overcome, but habits that must be broken up, and little weaknesses that must be met and remedied, but these need not touch the well-spring of the child's own life, and the development of vigorous healthy individuality. The best of a child's mind manifests itself very early. The boy shows aptness with tools, mechanical skill that is sometimes remarkable, or the aptness that he shows in writing or drawing. If the gift be one that may enable him to be a useful, successful, honorable man, let the parents beware how they interfere, even if the career which it foretells is not that of a man of letters.

There are other boys who, but for discouragement, might make model farmers, and in that most independent and honorable calling be able to utilize all the intelligence and culture they may possess.

There are hundreds resting in editorial rooms who are admirably fitted for business, who in the competition of buying and selling, might be alert and alive, when they are only idlers and dreamers.

Among women there are quite as many thwarted destinies as among men, except that they find failure in marriage instead of professions to which they are unsuited. It is as much of a failure, however, as the former, and consequences are just as disastrous. Their duties as wives, weariness and indifference and despair. Frequently all this culminates in the divorce court, where the whole miserable story is made known.

It is a pity and a pity, the one marked trait, if it is consistent with usefulness and happiness, should be encouraged and cultivated. The child who has a gift for writing should have patient teaching and training. When he is drawing, or painting, or anything else, even if the artist's profession be not the one that the prudent father would select, the child should be allowed to hold to the life which nature has ordained for him. It may be taken for granted, though he may have to struggle with poverty and discouragement, that the struggle will be not half so disheartening and painful as that from which he may become an indifferent merchant or a less than indifferent mechanic.

The same freedom of choice, under the same conditions should be granted the daughter of the household. If she has marked ability that may enable her to support herself in comfort and dignity, she should be allowed every facility to cultivate her gifts. If she chooses, then, to marry, the chances are that it will be a voluntary decision based from the one and only right motive based from the one and only right motive based from the one and only right motive.

FOUND WANTING.

How an Editor was Weighed in the Balance. She gazed into the sanctum, and with an airy gesture placed the treasured MS. before him. He had declined it fifteen times previously, but like the Sybil of ancient days, she had returned again, and again, with a faint grunt, and feebly motioned it away.

"An angry gleam kindled in the maiden's eye. 'Out upon you, sir,' she said in a high declamatory voice. 'You have no appreciation of genius. There is nothing in you which responds to the life and feeling of my poetry. You have cultivated the mental state of your being at the expense of the emotive and vital. Sir, you can't feel. Sometimes you think you do. There is a little, sticky irritation of the cerebellum, but you must have to struggle with anger, pride, joy, or cetera. But that is not emotive, that is mental. It is nothing but a little fretting of the brain, and all fretting is purely mental. There is no life in you. The grand is the language of the vital state of being, and you can't even grunt properly. You can't give a down-right, wholesome, vital grunt to say your little one-third of a soul. Sir, I pity you when you come into my den. She vanished like a wreath, and never reappeared. The editor's cerebrum is irritated to such an extent that he thinks he is experiencing a great joy—Pharmaceutical Era."

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When they were in work to be done, the boys saw it as a duty to take a hand. —Youkers Nationalist.

Many little children lose their good health to the John Bull's Worm Destroyer. —New Massachussetts.

"I don't disagree with you," remarked the green apple to the small boy.—August Chronicle.

Active Vocalists, Pianists, Singers, please hear of the new "Ladies' and Gentlemen's" Vocal and Instrumental Music. —Boston Herald.

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Beware

Foolishness and some unscrupulous growers will tell you that this is as good as any of the same as Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never equalled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be loyal—send it back. —JAMES E. FLYE, New York.

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How an Editor was Weighed in the Balance.

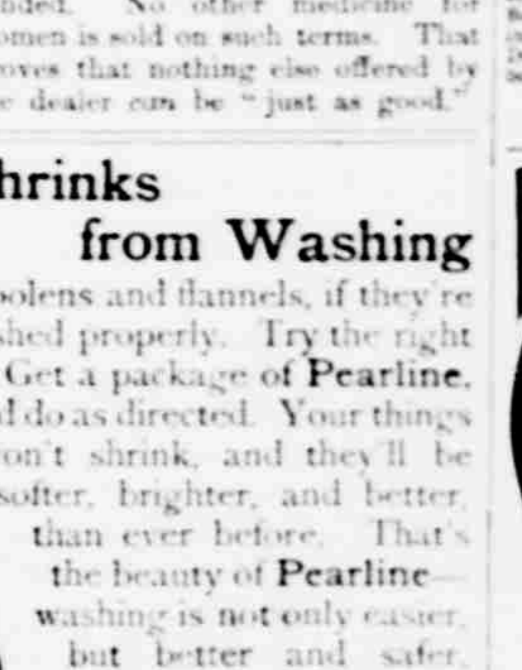
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KANSAS CITY, NOV. 21.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	\$10 25
Butcher's Steers	\$7 50
Bulls	\$6 00
Native Cows	\$7 00
HOGS—Good Heavy	\$10 00
Medium	\$9 50
WHEAT—No. 1 red	\$1 00
No. 2	\$0 90
CORN—No. 2	\$0 75
OATS—No. 1	\$0 60
EYE—No. 1	\$0 85
FLUKE—Common	\$0 75
FEATHERS—Fancy	\$0 150
HAY—Raised	\$0 75
STRAW—Common	\$0 30
CHEESE—Full cream	\$0 30
Eggs—Choice	\$0 30
SAUEN	\$0 20
Shoulders	\$0 75
Sides	\$0 35
LARD	\$0 20
POTATOES	\$0 35
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	\$10 40
Butcher's Steers	\$8 00
HOGS—Choice	\$10 00
Medium	\$9 50
WHEAT—No. 1 red	\$1 00
No. 2	\$0 90
CORN—No. 2	\$0 75
OATS—No. 1	\$0 60
EYE—No. 1	\$0 85
FLUKE—Common	\$0 75
FEATHERS—Fancy	\$0 150
HAY—Raised	\$0 75
STRAW—Common	\$0 30
CHEESE—Full cream	\$0 30
Eggs—Choice	\$0 30
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Shoulders	\$0 75
Sides	\$0 35
LARD	\$0 20
POTATOES	\$0 35



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