

It looks as if the czar were due to get his crown nicely Japanese.

If sour milk will keep a man sweet it only proves once more that this is a contrary old world.

"The Amazing Marriage," by George Meredith, is understood now to mean marriage on the 10-year plan.

There is almost as much formality in the coronation of a Serbian monarch as in the assassination of one.

Silence sometimes serves as a substitute for wisdom, just as stupid self-satisfaction does duty for dignity.

Now the head of the house bewails the fact that the 30-yard skirt and the 17-barrel flour came into fashion the same season.

"Undoubtedly the Lord hates a liar," says the Boston Herald. Isn't this open to argument? He may hate the lie, but love the sinner.

King Peter succeeded in getting himself crowned without the firing of a shot. If he is wise, however, he will see right on compelling the cook to taste his victuals first.

Men who attach themselves to a political party with the intention of having everything their own way make mistakes. They should begin with a vestry or a church choir.

This new language, Esperanto, judging from samples that have appeared in print, is full of hyphenated words, that settles its fate in this country. It will never get the hyphens past the roofreaders.

There ought to be no room in this country for the "Black Hand" and the "Before Day" organizations. The purposes of both are too dark, as indicated by their names, to be permitted to survive among an enlightened people.

A New Haven man has been sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary for embezzling \$75,000. The wonderful thing about his case is that the pessimists are not calling attention to the fact that he was a Sunday school superintendent.

A Liverpool cable dispatch in a trade journal reads, "The world is hungry for cotton and cotton goods." Besides selling an important truth, this sentence suggests how often "hungry" is figuratively used to imply abnormally felt wants of all kinds. One never says that the world is "thirsty" for cotton goods, for work, or for vacations.

The average reader will give but a glancing notice to the statement of a New York costume creator that "society girls" cannot dress on less than \$10,000 a year. The same reader will look upon any girl, man or woman who spends \$10,000 a year for dress as having more money than sense. It is the good, hard-working girl to whom the majority of Americans look with pride—one who can get along with \$100, \$50 or even \$25 a year for clothing—not the pampered ones who spend from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year for dress and have set their traps to snare a foreign duke or count.

The test of the habitual criminal is the lack of response to reformatory influences. The beginner in crime, whatever his temperament or his apparent hardness of heart, is entitled to at least one opportunity to show whether or not he is thus amenable to reformatory influences or not. If not and he persists in a criminal action, the interest of society would seem to demand the indeterminate sentence and he must be made to understand that, having forfeited his chance to shape his own career, he belongs to the State, and that whether his imprisonment lasts for a shorter or longer period depends upon himself.

Skilled labor is generally able to change its base when the desire awakens, but few craftsmen can see so much of the country as expert fruit-men do. They begin their year in Georgia, for instance, where the peach season comes in June. From the south of the State they go to the north; then to Arkansas and Missouri; later to Michigan and to the mountain districts of western Maryland; finally to California and Florida, and thence round to Georgia again. Metaphorically, "cherries are ripe" at every season elsewhere in this fortunate land, and he should be a happy man who, even in the way of business, can keep perpetually in touch with the beauty and abundance of harvest.

A few years ago the scientific sensation was liquid air, so recently it has been radium. Liquid air was to turn things white, heat our houses in winter, and cool them in summer—liquid air was to destroy our garbage, anesthetize all our pain and usher in a new era. It was solemnly argued by men who made claim to scientific knowledge that liquid air could be used to compress air to make more liquid and thus, with a thimbleful at the end of a hose could be created strong enough to pay the earth from its orbit. The same theory on these high hopes was advanced to the effect that judgment could be made against the company owning the patent. The patent has been returned un-

used. Liquid air is as wonderful as it ever was, but wonderfulness is not usefulness. Science also has its toys.

George Bernard Shaw's new Don Juan play has already started a lot of talk about Byron's "Don Juan." Byron did his best to prevent this. He rhymed Juan with "new one" and with "true one." But he has shared the fate of the other English poets, who for years and years, and almost for centuries, rhymed Cadiz with "ladies." They had annexed Cadiz and had Anglicized it. Their descendants have hunted down the flag. Cadiz again belongs to the foreigner. It is called "Caldieeth." We say "Don Kehote." And we shall probably go on saying that a project is "kehotic." Which leads to this general rule for culture: "Take all foreign words that have been Anglicized and translate them back into their original languages." Versailles, for instance, became so completely Anglicized that in the mouth of the most fastidious English scholar it rhymed with pails. To acquire culture, make it rhyme with pie. Then, some day, the exquisitely cultured man will come who will remember that York is simply an Anglicized corruption of the name which the Romans gave the town, and who will, therefore, talk of taking the train for New Eboracae.

Prof. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been studying the blonde peoples and now feels warranted in announcing that in six hundred years the blondes will have disappeared from the face of the earth. We are not going to quarrel with Prof. Mason. As an attaché of the Smithsonian Institution he ought to know all about blondes—in the abstract, of course—but perhaps he has permitted the evidence of his eyes to weigh against the testimony of centuries. He has probably observed in his journeying to and from the Smithsonian Institution that the locks of many of the women he meets are becoming darker. Being a man of science and not an idler in boudoirs Prof. Mason has ascribed this change to the processes of natural evolution instead of to its rightful cause, the fashion. With due submission to the professor we will hold to the belief that the blonde will continue as an institution. The passing of the peroxide person is admitted. It is proper that she should be on her way. She remained over long. Her successor, the bronzed blonde, is but an ephemeral creature and will disappear in much less than six hundred years. But the tow-headed races who have been making history since the morning of time, they give no evidence of vanishing. The brunette long head has been kept busy for twenty centuries trying to hold his own with the blonde hat head and the might of the Teutons dominates a great part of the civilized world to-day. We will not worry about the fitting of the blonde in spite of the dismal prophecy of Prof. Mason. He is an image breaker who sees with unseeing eyes and who dispassionately makes an announcement that would destroy the anthology of romance and passion and spoil the scenery. His study of the races might be of more avail if it were carried on in the mounds of the Middle West rather than on the blonde crowded streets of the nation's capital.

A THANKSGIVING SURRENDER

BY MARION A. LONG.

"Oh, Bob, just look at these two pumpkins! Aren't they monstrous? They are just alike, too. I'll bet they're twins. I never saw such big ones, did you?" "My eyes, Roy, but they are whopping!" I wonder if we can have them for lanterns. We'll ask mother." "Mother!" called Bob and Roy from the back yard, "can we have these two pumpkins for lanterns?" "Oh, what large ones. Yes, boys, you may have them. They are too big for pie," answered Mrs. Phillips from the doorway.

GREAT FOLK AND LITTLE FOLK.

Henry James, in his recent biography of William Wetmore Story, gives a delightful glimpse of the amusements of the group of American and English children in Rome of whom just fifty years ago little Edith Story, the sculptor's daughter, made one. She was, too, the most favored one, for she was just recovering from a dangerous illness, and was therefore the special pet of her father's famous friends.

Hans Andersen was one of them, and says Mr. James, "The small people with whom he played enjoyed, under his spell, the luxury of believing that he kept and treasured—in every case, and as a rule—the old tin soldiers and broken toys received by him, in acknowledgment of favors, from impulsive infant hands."

"Beautiful the queer image of the great benefactor moving about Europe with his accumulations of these precious relics! Wonderful, too, a certain occasion, that of a children's party, when, after he had read through 'The Ugly Duckling,' Browning struck up with the 'Pied Piper,' which led to the formation of a grand march through the spacious Barberini apartment, with Story doing his best on a flute in default of bagpipes."

"But the tenderest recollection is of Thackeray reading 'The Rose and the Ring,' as yet unpublished, to the little convalescent girl who was always so happy to remember that in the old Roman days, between daylight and dark, the great author had sat on the edge of her bed and read the immortal work to her, chapter by chapter."

Happy little convalescent, indeed! And think how proud when, later, in the first volume of the first edition published, she found a drawing of an obnoxious little finky presenting a little rose and a little ring on a silver, with his "most respectful compliments to Miss Edith Story."

Truthful. "Didn't you say you had all the comforts of home?" asked the indignant guest. "Well," answered Farmer Corntoe, "after you folks are gone we do have 'em. That's what we take care of, 'em."

UNCLE JAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

There's a lot o' folks they say that's a holdin' o' the turkey. Several families they say they just had a turkey. There's a river full o' thanks that's a holdin' o' the turkey. And a hundredth all de country round. Dars a lot o' folks I fear that's attracted by de turkey. An' I think like day never thanked before. An' there's lots o' fessent papers like de tickets on de cars. Good fur dis yer one day only an' no more. I'm agoin' to make dis day sort o' up an' o' de way. Fur a regular thank procession thro' de city. So I'll sort o' set me down 'fore de turkey fessent is gone. An' I'll undertake to view my merces close. Here's dis rhesonment, I s'pose it's a blessin' in dis respect. Fur in happy when it isn't to be found; Must be ketchin' it from de moon in de sea an' o' de coast. An' I s'pose 'em de Lawd was watchin' in de house. Here's dis bullet in my knight, 'twan't by no request o' no sort. But it saved from de night I need to roam. An' I think in that affair, dat de Lawd was dea surety there. Fur I'm raisin' all my chickens new to home. My ten children I suppose good as offspring gen'ly goes. But their everlastin' tricks won't let me be. All de foolery I conceived, in deir actions is revealed. An' 'em 'char de Lawd has got a joke on me. Dese yer enemies I've got, can be strored as well as not. Ef I only could de whole mankind as 'twan't. An' de state an' jels dey gib underneath de lower rib. I chastidin' dat de Lord Almighty sent de when dere comes a melon-fambin, an' de vines is all a shamplin'. It's intended I wid gratitude should think o' de seasons farder back, when dere wasn't no de hobbent fruit containin' food an' drink. An' de dollars I done see dat didn't even call on me. An' de love or greater loved ones dat I didn't see. An' de things dat I'm bereft, makes me thankful for what's left. An' it's worth to seal an' body all dey cost. An' a million joys dar are, from de daisy to de star. Dat is worth de time o' countin' o'er and o'er. But all o' thank tumber set, it's de things I didn't see. That I think I hev to be de thankfulest for. —Will Carleton in "Songs of Two Centuries."

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE FUTURE.

When the citizens will be independent of market prices.—Chicago Daily News.

Roy pinched Bob and they both crept up the hill and into the pumpkin field. Seeing the twin pumpkins gleaming in the moonlight, both sat down on them. "I say, Roy," said Bob, "that's pretty hard not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, and that's a brick. Did you hear him comforting his mother? I like him even if he did nearly knock out my front tooth. Let's tell mother all about it. It makes me squirm, though, to think what she'll say about us scaring people. I'm glad we didn't do it, anyway."

But Roy did not answer. He was thinking. Suddenly he jumped two feet in the air and said: "Hurrah, Bob, hurrah! I have it now!"

"What have you, Roy? Tell me quick!" The boy resumed his seat on the pumpkin and unfolded his plan. "We'll tell mother all about it," he began, "and ask her to sell us a lot of pies, cakes, jelly, tarts and a turkey, and we can pay for them with our chicken money. Then we'll scoop out all the insides of these twin pumpkins and fill 'em with the nice things, and the night before Thanksgiving we'll carry them down to that old house and kick the door and run. Won't that be fun? A hundred times better than making a lantern."

Bob heartily agreed to the plan, and both boys hurried home. "Mother! mother! we've got something to tell you," called Bob, breathing hard.

Mrs. Phillips sat down and listened while the boys shamefacedly told about their intention of scaring the people in the hollow, at which she looked very grave. Then they excitedly told her their plans.

"Take all our chicken money, mother, and give us piles of good things," said Roy.

"And if there isn't enough money you can have some of our chickens to pay for the stuff," added Bob.

Mrs. Phillips entered gladly into the scheme and promised to have everything ready by Thanksgiving eve. She allowed the boys to pay for part of the feast, as she thought it would be a good lesson for them.

The boys were much excited and early on the appointed night brought in the twin pumpkins, nicely cleaned inside, and each with a small cap cut off at the top. It was a very important part of the plan that the pumpkins should look as if just carried from the field. Mrs. Phillips carefully filled them with tarts, jellies, cakes, celery and delicious mince pies, a great pat of fresh butter shaped like a pumpkin, two loaves of currant bread and a pair of chickens. The boys added a big bag of oranges and a box of candies, especially for Bessie. Then the pumpkins were so full that not another thing could be crammed into them. Mr. Phillips now appeared to assist with heavy good will and brought a great basket of potatoes, turnips, apples, and, last but not least, a huge turkey, all ready for roasting. These things, together with the pumpkins, were carried with much smothered laughter to the door of the little old tumble-down house. The golden balls filled with goodies held the place of honor and were stationed directly before the door. The boys had the pleasure of kicking on the door and then diving into the darkness.

The door flew open and a young voice called, "Mother, oh, come and see these immense pumpkins! And oh, there's a turkey and a big basket of things."

The surprised little woman hurried to the door and, after gazing at the gifts in astonishment, said, "Let's carry them in. I wonder who has been so kind to us?"

They dragged the basket and pumpkins into the house, and suddenly the boy cried out, "Oh! oh! these big pumpkins are full of lovely things. Don't cry, mother, dear. I know you left these things. It was those Phillips boys, Bob and Roy. I'm sure it was, because I heard them ask their mother if they could have those big pumpkins. Twice, they called 'em. To-morrow I'll go and ask Bob Phillips' forgiveness for hitting him and tell him I didn't mean to."

Bob and Roy walked slowly home, kissed their parents good night and went to bed. The last thing Bob said was, "The boy's a brick. He needs't beg my forgiveness. And we'll be friends after this."

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

Them

And now.

THANKSGIVING IN 1795.

How Washington's Proclamation Differed from Those of Later Days.

Nowadays, the Thanksgiving proclamation of the State and national executives are brief compared to what they were in the early days of our republic, says a writer in the Boston Herald. In the case of the latter he doesn't foreshadow his forthcoming annual message as was somewhat the usage in President Washington's time. This is seen in the Thanksgiving proclamation issued by our great and good first President in the early part of the year 1795, in which he appointed Feb. 19 as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. The "Father of His Country" was then 63 years of age and was serving his sixth year as President. It was a long document and covered quite a number of points. Of these, I will advert very briefly to only three or four which are peculiarly significant.

In the preamble he mentions, as the first subject, "demanding the public attention on this solemn occasion, our exemption from a foreign war" and next proposes, as "an object of gratitude," the "increasing prospect of the continuance of our exemptions from a foreign war."

Which propositions evidently relate to the settlement, through special envoy, John Jay, of our serious troubles with Great Britain, growing out of the continued occupation by the British of the western forts on Lake Erie, contrary to the treaty of 1783; and the seizure of American vessels bound for French ports by British ships and the imprisonment of American seamen.

Another cause for thanksgiving, according to the same high authority, is "the great degree of internal tranquility we have enjoyed." To which is added "our cause for thankfulness for the recent confirmation of that tranquility by the suppression of an insurrection which so wantonly threatened it."

And in another place the President repeats this idea, asking his people "to render tribute of praise and gratitude to the Great Disposer of all events, for the seasonable control which has been given in a spirit of discretion, to the suppression of the late insurrection."

What the President had in mind in this allusion was the "great whisky insurrection" in Pennsylvania in 1794, caused by the passage by Congress of acts imposing duties upon spirits distilled and upon stills. It was finally suppressed by Gov. Lee of Maryland, with 15,000 troops, acting under orders of the President.

A song is borne upon the breeze That doth mine ear delight, When nuts are ripening on the trees And thistle pods are white. No cadence clear of ringing bells, No music set in rhyme, But just a symphony that tells 'Tis turkey-gobbler time.

What vistas open to my view! What glorious dreams arise! A song of riper, sweeter and new, A row of pumpkin pies. The girl Thanksgiving's golden store! This year is at its prime. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! once more! 'Tis turkey-gobbler time.

"Going to observe Thanksgiving at your house, Johnnie?" "You bet! Mamma gave the cook 50 cents to buy at home that day."

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Football players rarely have reason to dread their college examinations. It is inferred that the professors are inclined to be lenient with them.

An officer in the German Army has invented an acetylene searchlight which can be carried by one man, and which will illuminate everything with in a distance of one hundred yards.

"All SKINS FAIL IN A DRY TIME. THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME. WHY DON'T YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER AND KEEP DRY!"

A popular boarding house for printers exists in Madison street of a certain city. The manager is very shrewd and employs only stout wavy girls. Some of the types occasionally stagger home under an excessive quantity of beer, and the stout girls are found very useful in helping the tight gentlemen up stairs.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is (carrion). Carrion is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Carrion being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Carrion cures a laxative, internally, acting directly on the blood and nervous system of the system, thereby destroying the formation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer the Hundred Dollar Refund to any one that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toronto, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Mail a family pill, see the best.

Farmer's insurance companies have awakened to the fact that lately the killing of cattle by lightning is largely due to wire fences, which attract the electric fluid.

It is asserted that the glare of electric lights on war vessels is so intensely brilliant that the sailors frequently suffer from weakness of the eyes. In a few cases total blindness has resulted.

We hear a good deal said about the dignity of intellect, the force of reason and the discrimination of judgment; but man is more remarkable for his whims than any thing else I know of. The physical strength of most men begins to decay after their sixty-third year.

St. Jacobs Oil

Sole and sure for Lumbago and Sciatica

It is the specific virtue of penetration in this remedy that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure.

Thomas Quinn, of No. 321 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has a cat which is so anxious to persecute her race. She recently gave birth to twenty-one kittens, each about the size of a bird mouse.

ECCE'S CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

It is the specific virtue of penetration in this remedy that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure.

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