

A SONG OF PRAISE.

WHEN winter clothes the earth in white,
When coldest winds are blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night,
When icy streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living,
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath,
When birds are rapidly singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leafing of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And hearty praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are ours,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendors wide-abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its weight of treasure,
And rich reward of care and toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A myriad orchards, fields, and vines
Proclaim to all the living:
"A loving God supplies your need;
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"
—Mary Joanna Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

MARTHA GATES THANKSGIVING

"ES," said Mrs. Gates, decidedly, "I'm goin' to do it!"

Her husband looked at her transfixed with horror. "But listen to reason, Marthy," he said, pleadingly. "You mean all right enough, but it's a terrible risky experiment. You'll spoil the hull day for them and us too." "Just wait and see, 'Bijah."

"A nice Thanksgiving we'll hev!" groaned Farmer Gates. "It's jest reedikerlus the way ye're goin' to act. I'll go and tell Jane about it, and stop her comin'."

"Now see here, 'Bijah Gates," said his wife, turning around upon him quickly. "If there's any reedikerlusness about this hull business, I reckon it'll all be owin' to you. Here's Jane and John Roberts hasn't spoke to each other for fifteen year—own brother and sister, too—all on account of nothin', as ye might say. She's livin' on the old farm all alone with old Jehu, growin' cranker an' bitterer ev'ry day. As for him, he's got a pretty little wife an' baby, an' yet I'll bet his heart keeps a hankerin' after the sister that was alwaz a mother to him. An' I say it's a shame, an' I'm jest a goin' to bring 'em together!"

He shook his head. "It can't be done, Marthy," he said. "If you bring 'em together in this house it'll make it unpleasant for ev'ry one. Besides, it'll be a queer Thanksgiving for poor Tom and Susy, fur we've alwaz had sech good jolly times on this day. We'll all be like chunks o' ice."

Tom and Susy were as blue as their father over their mother's decision. "Lots of fun we'll have," complained Tom. "I don't see what mother can find in Aunt Jane, a regular straight-laced old maid. Her very looks would turn sweet milk sour."

"I know I shall laugh at her," said Susy. "I do just love to do something a little bit improper, just to see how shocked she looks. She thinks I'm the boldest, worst-mannered girl she ever met. I know she does. And she thinks Tom's the sulkiest."

"Susy," said Tom, scornfully, "I do wish you'd be a little more particular about your grammar. One would suppose I was the sulkiest girl she ever met. Don't underrate my dignity any more than necessary. It'll be erished enough when Aunt Jane comes. She isn't our aunt, either—only our second cousin, thank goodness!"

"Oh, mother," tauntingly cried Susy, "here's Tom talking about losing his dignity because my grammar made him out a girl. My goodness! I reckon there isn't any such thing as dignity unless it's connected with b-o-y, boy."

"Now do stop your quarreling," exclaimed Mrs. Gates. "It's very strange that you two can't talk without saying somethin' hateful to each other. I don't see why you can't behave and treat each other politely as you do other people's brothers and sisters."

"But Susy is so unladylike," grumbled Tom.

"And Tom is so dignified," sarcastically retorted Susy, "that even his own sister can't touch him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Besides," said Mrs. Gates, severely, "Aunt Jane's had enough to make her stern and unloving. She was a pretty girl when her mother died and left John, only three years old. She was goin' to be married, but gave that and everything all up, to make a home for her father and John. Then her father got sick with old-fashioned consumption, and for long, weary years she took

care of him and managed the farm, and took care of John, till her health give out an' her nerves got all unstrung. Then she grew awful fretty, an' ev'ry-thing bothered her. An' John, he never understood how it was. An' after their father died they had a few words, which led to bigger ones, and John called her a mean, hateful old maid, that the world would be better off if she was out of it, and she retorted that that was all the thanks she got for givin' up ev'rythin' for him. So they parted. She give John half of what the place was worth, an' he bought another in Stamford. An' they've never spoke sence. But I know she's most broke her heart over it, an' it's a shame."

"But how in the world, Marthy," said Mr. Gates, "kin you reconcile two people if they won't be reconciled?"

"That's jest what I'm goin' to try to find out, father," said his wife, "I reedly don't know nothin' about it, but it does seem to me as if they two couldn't be in the same house together, an' at a Thanksgiving dinner, too, without thinkin' of the past an' kinder meltin'. An' there's the baby, too! I s'pose it will be kinder embarrassin' at first, but if we use tact, an' be reel keerful—"

The unsuspecting brother and sister both accepted their cousin's urgent invitation to spend Thanksgiving with her family. Poor 'Bijah's heart misgave him more and more as the time passed



"THAT CHILD HAS GOT THE MEMBRANOUS CROUP."

on. He didn't have the heart to speak his discouraging thoughts to his troubled wife, and he felt that it would not be loyal to her to appear to blame her to Tom and Susy, so he made a frequent confidant of old Sorrel, the horse, to whom he would shake his head and say: "I never looked forward with dread to Thanksgiving day before, Sorrel, an' I hope I never will ag'in."

On Thanksgiving eve, 'Bijah Gates and his wife were at the depot to meet their guests. The train from the east came in and deposited John and his pretty young wife, and his wonderful baby. Then the train puffed away westward. 'Bijah placed the three newcomers on the back seat, then they waited a few minutes before starting, ostensibly for the purpose of talking. Then the train from the west slid in.

Now Mrs. Gates' heart gave a great jump, and 'Bijah became very nervous and uneasy. What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?

Mrs. Gates slipped away to meet Jane. "Thank heaven, it's too dark for her to see! Now if the train'll only start before she finds it out! Then she can't do nothin', but come with us to-night, anyway, 'cause there isn't another train till to-morrow morning."

This train also puffed off. Mrs. Gates began to feel a little shaky, as she escorted Jane to the carriage. What would Jane and John do?

"Wall, Jane," said Mr. Gates, heartily; "glad ye've come. Step right in on the front seat with Marthy and me." Then, with a fast-beating heart, to let her know who was in the back seat, he called out: "Now, John, I'll take care of Jane, an' leave you to take care of your wife an' baby."

They felt Jane suddenly start and then grow rigid, and then felt more and more sure, as the miserable time passed on, that she could never forgive them for their good-intentioned deception. She would not speak one word on the way home, but sat upright and motionless. The others talked to "keep up appearances," but a strange wall of ice seemed to have frozen up between each one there.

Tom and Susy met them at the door, filled with mingled humor and apprehension. They were too young and inexperienced and thoughtless to feel the tragedy in the scene before them. Their bright, inquisitive, laughing faces

filled the lonely, middle-aged woman's heart with new bitterness. Then, when they entered the warm room, everybody crowded around the baby and John's pretty young wife. They tried to include Aunt Jane in the brightness, but she kept herself persistently aloof. She wouldn't even take off her hat and cloak, nor wait to warm her hands, but marching straight up to Mrs. Gates, said, "Martha, please tell me which room I'm to have." She added, sternly: "I'll never, never forgive you, Martha Gates!"

Poor Mrs. Gates showed her the room and left her. Then she went into the kitchen. 'Bijah was there alone. "Oh, Marthy, Marthy," he said, "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

"She's a goin' off on the six o'clock train in the mornin'," half sobbed his wife, "an' she won't eat no supper nor breakfast, an' she says she'll never forgive me. Oh, 'Bijah, I did it all for the best! Surely, God'll help us out. He alwaz did before when we did the best we could."

It was only about six o'clock in the evening when they reached home from the train. The day had been very mild and the heavy snow of the day before had rapidly disappeared in the warm sunshine. Suddenly, however, a keen, fierce wind arose, and when John and his wife went to bed their panes were covered with a thick frost in spite of the

place the baby in the bed. Very soon the little tent was filled with warm, moist air, and a hot poultice was placed on the child's throat. When the doctor came the little one was breathing easily. Jane told him what had been the condition of the child and just what she had done and he said, very emphatically and respectfully: "Madam, you have undoubtedly saved the child's life. I should have come too late."

He remained a short time, then left, and there was a deep silence amid the little company. The pretty young mother went up to the stern, lonely old maid, put her arms around her neck and sobbed on her breast. "Jane," she said, "dear sister Jane!"

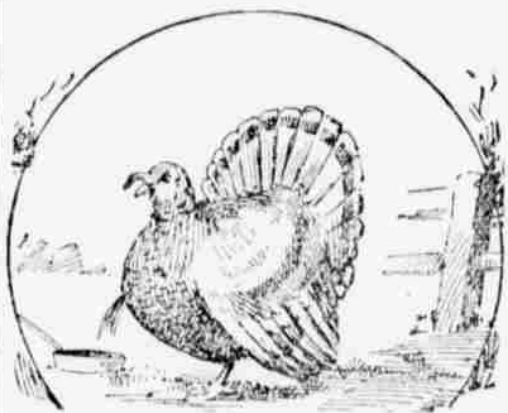
And John? John was crying like a big baby, and Martha's eyes shone, and Martha's lips said: "Oh, Lord, I thank thee!"—Rodney Blake, in American Agriculturist.

Comforting Thoughts.

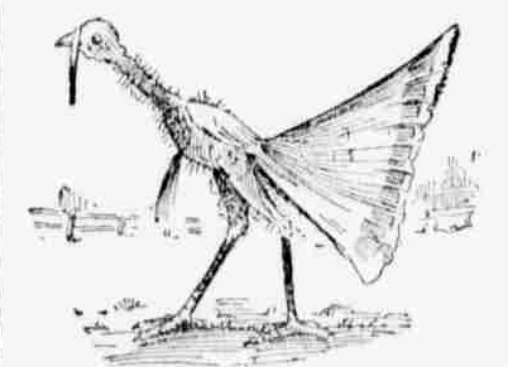
We are not unmindful that during the past twelve months many hearthstones have been left desolate, or that riches have taken to themselves wings and plunged the household into poverty, or that worse sorrow of dishonor or disgrace has quenched the light of joy in the once happy home. Such indeed have tasted of the bitter waters of Marah, but even these trials may have been blessings in disguise. The One who suffers them to be must know that the discipline, however grievous, is for good, and in His own good time He will turn the bitter into sweet and reveal the well of Elim to the burdened and despairing soul. Could we but see with perfect vision in our greatest sorrows we might find ourselves encompassed with a celestial host sent to minister to us in our hour of extremity. Our journey Heavenward is ever beneath the watchful eye of our Father; if He chastens us it is what we require, and He loves us too well to pass it by; in every experience He is lending us, and He will not suffer us to be tried beyond what we can endure, and in the end He will give us comfort and peace. Let us remember that not one of us is called to wander alone; the Lord goes with us step by step ready to bear our burdens and carry our griefs if we let Him, and though our eyes may be tear-dimmed and our voices falter as we uplift them to God to-day is not the thought that He never leaves nor forsakes His children a cause for praise and thanksgiving? Can we not then say from the inmost depths of our hearts:

"Praise to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days!"
—Christian Work.

FOOLISH AND WISE TURKEYS.



The foolish turkey, who indulges his appetite to its full extent and waxes fat totally forgetful of the fact that Thanksgiving day draws near and that "pride goeth before a fall."



The wise turkey, who is mindful of the great national holiday and rigidly follows the anti-fat regimen.



The foolish turkey as he appears the day after Thanksgiving—showing the third stage in the developmental metamorphoses of the great American bird.

Something to Be Thankful For.
If you have nothing else to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day, you can at least be thankful that you are not a turkey.—Acheson Globe.

NINETEEN DROWNED.

A Cleveland Electric Car Plunges Headlong into a River.

Fifteen Bodies Recovered and Identified, and Four Are Still Missing—Pathetic Scenes in the Vicinity of the Terrible Disaster.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 18.—About the hour when traffic is heaviest on the street railway lines, Saturday evening, the West Clevelanders, on their way from business to their homes, crowding the cars, one electric motor car, loaded to the steps, approached the viaduct at an ordinary rate of speed, when a cry of warning arose. The draw was open, but for some unaccountable reason, the signal was not received in time, and the car, with its human freight, shot over the edge, plunging 101 feet to the river below. There were about twenty-five people in the car and all who did not jump in time were drowned. The car approached the draw just as a vessel was nearing it and the bridge attendants had closed the big iron gates and were preparing to swing the draw. As is the rule, the car stopped and the conductor went forward to release the switch in case the way was clear. He must have been blinded by the electric lights, for an eye witness declared that although the gates were closed and the draw was already in motion the conductor raised the switch handle. The motorman applied the current and the car shot forward and struck the gates with a crash. There was only a moment's pause and then the heavy car ground its way through the wreckage and plunged over the brink amid the screams and frantic struggles of the passengers, who at the first intimation of danger rushed for the rear door. The car struck the stream with a great splash and disappeared from sight under the water. As it went over the brink the motorman jumped from the vestibule front, but all the other occupants of the car with the exception of the few who had managed to jump as it toppled over went down to certain death, everyone of them being drowned. Within five minutes after the accident the surface of the river revealed nothing of the tragedy that had just been enacted. The waters had closed over the car and its passengers and the work of rescuing the bodies in the uncertain light was slow indeed.

The scenes about the river Saturday night and Sunday while the work of rescue was being prosecuted were pathetic in the extreme. In the center of the bridge men, women and children went this way and that way, screaming, jostling each other, women tearing their hair and calling upon God to save their dear ones. Women fainted and were trampled upon by the mad, rushing and insane crowd. It was impossible to keep any kind of order and the effort was finally abandoned. The number of victims recovered is fifteen. All of the dead have been identified, but four persons who were supposed to have been on the ill-fated car as it made its awful plunge are still missing, and there seems to be no doubt that their bodies will be taken from the bottom of the river when the heavy iron trucks of the wrecked motor are raised.

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA" DEAD.

Rev. Dr. Smith Succumbs Suddenly to Heart Disease.

Boston, Nov. 18.—Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the composer of "America," was on his way to Hyde Park, where he was to preach Sunday, and was taken ill at the New York and New



England depot Saturday. He was removed to the Emergency hospital, where he died at 5 o'clock from heart disease. The writing of America's national anthem was enough work for an entire lifetime, and it is by this alone that Dr. Smith will be remembered by posterity. His other works, several of them about his missionary labors and travels, for he was a minister, are not of a character or nature to command wide attention. Dr. Smith was a native of Boston and 87 years old last month. Last January, just previous to the celebration in his honor, he wrote the account of how he came to write "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Work of a Maryland Mob.
FREDERICK, Md., Nov. 18.—James Goings, who assaulted Miss Lizzie Jones at the home of Hamilton Geisbert, near this city, Saturday night, was taken from the jail by a mob of 300 men yesterday morning and hanged to a tree in a field on the Jefferson turnpike, a mile from the city.