# THE ADVERTISER.

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### THE LOST SUMMER.

How did she leave us? Ah, we cannot tell. When did she die? We never knew her dy-Till round our path the painted leatlets fell.
And where the dew should be white frosts

were lying. So slowly drooped the wild flowers to their seemed but in enchanted sleep en-

We only knew a cooler, caimer breath Stole through the breezes warm, o'er uplands

We knew the stream within the brooklet's Grew deep with promise of the tide here-

Till where the willows kissed it, slivery sounds far-off bells, came rippling, full of laughter.

We knew the singing birds had southward We missed their lover's ways and tuneful We knew the sun's broad beams, less angry grown, Came slanting o'er the hills in tempered

glory. Yet, were our senses cheated with his glare-Though day by day still shorter grew his

roaming — And all the roseate tints in upper air More quickly melted in the tender gloam-

We knew that in the silent, solemn night The blue depths deepened with a glow supernal. And all the trembling stars seemed fresh With flames from Heaven's altar fires eter-

Till from Day's portals-far to south and Her coming heralded by quivering flushes-Aurora trailed her gorgeous garments forth.

And crimsoned all the heavens with her blushes.

All these we knew, and yet knew not that Told how the time, the happy time, was fly-

And that the bubbling stream and whispering Sang sadly sweet the beauteous Summer's

And so she faded-like a lovely dream, loveliness we dream not, till we To find its beauty but a passing beam angel's wing across our path has

#### -Good Company. THE REASON OF IT.

shaken.

The great dinner was over, and around the bright fire in Grandma's parlor were gathered her children and grandchildren, discussing it happily.

It had been a great dinner. There was no question as to that. Grandma was one of those comfortable bodies who keep up the good old customs in the modern times. To her a Thanksgiving without, at least, a week's preparation would have been a ridiculous affair, and it was the general verdict that this year she had surpassed herself. Such turkeys, such ducks grandma had never roasted! Such pumpkins, such minces, such puddings, such marvels in jellies and tarts and patties she

had, surely, never made before! to eat again for a week, said Jem.

Such a speech from Jemmy-Jemmy, with his far-famed stomach and unquestioned stowing powers-was received with peals of laughter from old and

"I don't know," chimed in Susie. "I think I'll be ready pretty soon again. By to-morrow morning, any way.

"You don't look as though you would," spoke mischievous Peter. "You look as if you had turkey clear up in your eyes and years.

Truly, she did, and the words caused fresh peals of laughter, so merry, so contagious it seemed as though it would never end.

It seemed so certainly to the funnylooking old man who stood without on

the doorstep, rapping to get in. "Eyes and ears!" he muttered. "I will put something in their eyes and gave a thundering rap! rap! which instantly silenced the noisy laughers and sent Grandma, followed by the whole troop of children, flying to the door.

As she opened it and beheld the funny-looking old man there was, apparently, never a more astonished old | do. lady in the world.

"Why, as sure as I am alive, it is Father. Father Thanksgiving. dears.

So she exclaimed, turning to the heads and heels about her, in their anxiety to see.

The funny-looking old man knocked time. the snow from his boots and entered; parlor, with their big eyes still on him.

He was certainly a funny-looking man. A very old man, you would have said, whiskers and his feeble, tottering steps; but his face was tresh and fair and wrinkleless, and his eyes bright as a ten-year boy's. He wore a faded suit of regimentals, in style two centuries old; a cocked hat; and carried a stick to little Sue's. almost as long as those with which they used to tap the sleepy folks in church in the far old times.

A funnier-looking old man the nineteenth century has never seen. In he went, followed by Grandma, still, apparently, the most astonished old lady in the world.

" As sure as I am alive, it is Father. Father Thanksgiving. my dears."

So again she spoke, turning to the stood staring at them both. And again his inexpressibly funny way.

There was a dead silence as the mysterious Father Thanksgiving laid events. Not always in this land, but cried, gayly, "Father Thanksgiving, aside his hat and stick and sat down occasionally in other countries. For my dears!"—Rose Graham, in N. Y. Inby the glowing grate; a silence during example, twice in England, between the dependent.

which his bright eyes blinked around upon the awe-struck children, as well as upon the odd grown folks. who, now, for some strange reason, had ranged themselves along the wall and of the British troops. Then there is the were sitting with their handkerchiefs to their lips.

"I am very glad to see you. You are looking very well, Father; very fresh and young," spoke Grandma, presently.

"I am a very old man," he answered, in a gruft, yet not unpleasant tone. "That is, Ma'am, counting by years, But, you see, I only live one day in each, and this odd world of yours does not get much chance to wrinkle me. I am very glad to see you, Ma'am. You are one of the few who keep the good customs as they should be kept;

The old man paused. Something very like a scowl dawned on his hand-

some face. "I do not wish to complain, Ma'am," I heard talking-very pretty ly proper, of course; but I did hope to funny grown folks-" in fact, I believe these little creatures think Thanksgiving means turkey and pumpkin pie.

The old man was really very much excited. He stamped on Grandma's the former toward the spring. pretty carpet and eyed her threateningly.

expression. She crossed her hands humbly over her knee.

"I am afraid you are right, Father," she replied. "I am afraid many of the all winter. Provisions were scarce, grown folks have come almost to think- and they were obliged to live mostly on ing Thanksgiving a turkey. So what can we expect of the little ones? But I am very sorry; and, if you will call again next year, Father, I promise, in the meantime-

"Next year!" interrupted the old man, crisply. "I will wait till next As the fasting day drew near, the peoyear, I think. Come here!" he added, ple were all discouraged. It was rucatching at the nearest skirt, which chanced to be little Sue's- "Come baking in the Governor's oven, and that here, and tell me what Thanksgiving is, was a sorry prospect for them. But my dear."

Susie was not at all afraid. In fact

the old man's eyes. "It's a time-the and you may believe they had a joyful time when-'

"Good!" interrupted Father Thanksgiving, delightedly. "The time when Thanksgiving days was not limited to what, my dear?"

continued Susie, solemnly; "the time America, in times of great public reto pick 'em, and roast 'em, and eat 'em; joicings, and by others, but only at the time when Aunt Joe says pumpkins | times; not, as here, regularly every just ache to go into pies; a time just year. It was long ere the other States "I declare, I do not think I will want | made for eatin'; when you can eat, and | began to keep an annual Thanksgiving eat, and eat-

man was scowling again, and the funny very popular. The Governors began grown folks seemed suddenly to find to issue yearly proclamations, and now this an appropriate time to take their Thanksgiving has become as much a handkerchiefs from their lips and scream uproariously.

man, impatiently, to Grandma. Then | dears? he fixed his eyes on famous Jem. "You boy there," he said, "you look like the oldest. What have you to say about it? Is she right, sir, do you think?"

"Yes." replied Jem, with an emphasis that brought fresh bursts of laughter from the funny folks by the wall. "Then pray, boy, why is this called

Thanksgiving Day?' "Why, because we give thanks," continued Jem, regarding the old man say. I wish you could tell me," he even more amazedly than before: "because we give thanks for all the turkeys, ears if ever I do get in." And here he and pumpkins and good things that we have. The big folks go to church and have prayers and a-preachin'; but I can't see why at all. I think Thanksgivin' means givin' thanks; and givin' thanks, eatin' on Thanksgivin' Day. Eatin' lots and lots! So that is how I

> Jemmy's logic. She would have gladly put in a word of protest; but the old man gave no chance.

"It is sometimes better to give thanks eager little folks, who were tumbling by acts than by words, boy," he answered, right good humoredly, "as I hope you will fully understand some But come, now, do you know anything about this great Thanksgiving bowing and smiling in all directions Day, outside of giving thanks? Aught and following after the astonished chil- of its origin, its history? Did you ever dren, who retreated backward into the hear, for instance, that one of the first Thanksgivings of which we have any record in old New England was intended for a fast day, and was only judging from his snow-white hair and changed to a Thanksgiving day the even from grandma and the jolly gennight before?

"No," replied Jemmy, quite aghast, for his thoughts were on the final words. And "No!" echoed all the blue eyes, and brown eyes, and black eyes, down

"Very well, then listen, all of you, and see that you do not forget. To begin with, I think you are all a bit curious about me. Well, as I told your Grandma, I am the genius of the day. You little creatures have heard of genii and fairies, of course, and, as I told your Grandma, I only live for this one day of the year. The fact is, I am rather a mysterious old fellow and I don't know very much about myself: besides, as grown folks, who, too, openly amazed. | you see, I am a very modest old fellow, so you will excuse me for passing on. the funny man bowed and smiled, in Thanksgiving was not always, as now, a regular institution, popping up once and stood now bowing on every side. a year, but at intervals, according to

years 1814 and 1816, on account of the victories gained over French Napoleon and on the final restoration of peace. Again, in India, in 1854, for the success fifth of November, dating back to 1605, which is marked in the English Church service as a Thanksgiving Day, in commemoration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. You have heard of Guy Fawkes-you boys, at least-and how they put the powder under the Parliament House and were going to

blow it up. "But it was in this great land, my dears, that was born the permanent Thanksgiving Day, and this is its his-Long years ago, some very worthy people lived in Old England, toward whom other folks, who had power, acted very badly. And so these became so discouraged, so tired of persecution, that they left their homes, and at last they resolved to go and live in this great New World, of which they he added, after a minute; "but I was a had heard so much. So the, packed bit disappointed as I stood out on the their goods, and with their families sailed across the big ocean to America. talking; but it was all of turkeys, and You can form no idea, in your happy ducks, and pumpkin-pies. All perfect- days, of what these poor people suffered. It was a good land they had hear a word of the great institution of left, and this was then mostly a wilderwhich I am the genius; of its origin, its ness; and, between cold and hunger history, its establishment in the land. and other hardships, life to these emi-But I see, Ma'am, you are like the rest grants was very, very dreary. But they of the world. You regard the day only as a stuffing-day. In fact, Ma'am—" trusted in the Great God; and at a very and the old man gave a jump that sent early period of their history in America the children flying back toward the they began to ascribe calamity to His frown and prosperity to His smile. From this they came to celebrating regular Fast Days, and Thanksgiving Days, the latter usually in autumn and

"The earliest Thanksgiving Day on record in what was called the Massa-Grandma's face assumed a very meek | chusetts Colony chanced, as I have told you, on an appointed fasting day, the 22d of February, 1632, and in this way. The people had been in great distress clams, muscles, acorns and groundnuts, and these obtained with much difficulty in the winter time. A ship had been sent to the Old World for supplies; but it had not returned and it was greatly feared that it was lost. mored that the last batch of bread was the good God did not desert his people. On the very night before the fast day none of the children were. They were from those who were watching hopetoo much amazed, too curious to feel- lessly for the ship were heard loud cries any other emotion: and, involuntarily, of joy. They had descried it, and preswith Susie, they all drew close to him. ently in it came laden with the supplies: "I never thought it was a turkey," on which account the appointed fast day she said, looking triumphantly up into was changed to a Thanksgiving day,

time. "It is true that the keeping of "The time when turkeys get ripe," ed also among the Dutch settlers in Day-as late as the year 1817 in New But Susie did not finish. The old York; but finally the custom grew part of the year as Fourth of July or Christmas, without which folks would "You see! You see!" cried the old feel quite homesick. Is it not so, my

Father Thanksgiving paused, and blinked comfortably around. There was a moment's silence, and then little Susie's voice broke in.

"Do you suppose there was any turkeys and pumpkins-pies on that

ship?" she asked.

"I hope they were. I hope they were, little creature," answered the old man, chuckling; "but I could not added, turning to the grown folks, "just how turkey and pumpkins got so twisted up with Thanksgiving. But yon've no record; more's the pity."

Jemmy stood regarding the old man curiously.

"I believe all you say, Mr. Father Thanksgivin'," he spoke, suddenly; "but, somehow, I don't quite believe in you (I never did much in genuses Grandma looked a bit shocked at and fairies), and I thing it's very funny that Grandma should know you and

never speak of you. I think—"
But Jemmy paused. Suddenly Aunt Joe had whisked out from among the grown folks and just here seized the old man very unceremoniously by his hair and whiskers, which, to the utter amazement of the children, she lifted and held triumphantly above his head. And then? Well, such shouts from the unsuspecting little folks! Such shouts from the funny grown folks. who had early discovered the pretty plot, and who dared only now have out their mirth completely. Such shouts tleman, sitting now in his own black hair and whiskers! Such shouts truly were never heard in that house before! For the jolly gentleman was Uncle Hal - mischief-loving Uncle Hal - who, with Grandma, had arranged this little

"I really wanted the children to know something about Thanksgiving, said Grandma, when the tumult had ceased a little, "and I thought this would be a pleasant way."

"But I did not expect to be shorn of my glory so suddenly, Ma'am," spoke Father Thanksgiving, turning to funny Aunt Joe. "I will thank you, young lady, for my hair."

But fresh shouts of laughter drowned his words. Aunt Joe had drawn the white head-rig over her golden curls,

"The great genius of the day!" she

### Youths' Department.

COURAGEOUS JOHNNY.

"Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly From their firm base as soon as I Roared Johnny, in a voice so loud it proved him hero of the crowd; He was a Captain with a sword Made from a whittled bit of board.

Ther marched upon the village green; And though no foe just there was seen, They trod as proudly as if war. With all its glories, was not far. And, as if spurring them to strife, One big boy waistled for a fife.

They had a tin pan for a drum That made the very echoes hum; Their paper caps had tufted peaks. Tired were their legs and not their cheeks; They moved in rather zugzag line; Yet was it martial, bold and fine.

Just then, old Brindle chanced to pass, Nibbling the wayside weed; and grass, Seeking the daintiest bits to eat— Clover or thistics prickly sweet— And anxious for a paich of shade, She came upon this grand parade.

She lifted up her meek-eyed face:

Grave was her look and slow her pace; So long she stared, 'twas evident She wondered greatly what it meant; And if her horns were seen to shake, Clearly 'twas only by mistake. But Johnny spied her, nearing thus,

Looking so huge and dangerous; Just as he finished the third time Shouting his fierce defiant rhyme, Down dropped both voice and sword, and he Over the fence went instantly.

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote valorous words another wrote; But he who rank and file would lead Should prove his courage by his deed. Small virtue has the eloquence Of him who's first to climb the fence.

- Youth's Companion.

#### A BRAVE BOY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years old, and he lived in a large city in the State of Ohio, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools. He was a s'ender lad with quiet gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of the "brag" about him. Some of the boys called him a coward because he never would fight; and whenever a rough fellow would shake his fists in Frank's face with "You don't dare to fight," Frank would quiet- room. ly say: "I dare not to fight;" which was a much braver thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one doubted Frank's bravery. It was it mid-winter, and the fires in the schoolbuilding were fed with bushels of coal in order that the rooms might be kept

cold winter weather. Suddenly the teacher in the division where Frank Thompson studied discovered from a cloud of smoke that burst into the room that the schoolher room knew, as did she, of the danback into their seats, and they dared not | riors.

danger and to give the alarm of fire. flashing eyes had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in speak both names with perfect distinctthe room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"Stand back?" he cried; "not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door with uplifted hand was equal to an army with banners. Every one fight, dared to hold his post, and guard man took occasion to swear a little. "Look here," cried Parson S., "you it, too. And so he stood until the a passage-way, and fairly flew to one of was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, a stony field as this." who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones. Frank lifted him in his arms and never lost hold of his but he very soon had considerable burden until he had put him safely squares away. Then he returned to the school-building from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire-engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a coward after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the words:

To Frank Thompson. From the Citizens of C.——, In Honor of a Brave Deed. Dec. 21, 1809.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do right, and always a coward who dared to do wrong.

him. - Wide Awake.

## A Pig Caught in a Sly Trick.

My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew and rain. They were now as big as hens'

was something wrong with his potato patch. The vines were torn up, and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thie? By watching, may be, the robber might be found out.

bushes. But he saw nothing, except classmates.

on of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every stee. Did the pig

know where he was going? One corner of the rail fence rested on a large hollow log. That log was just like the elbow of a stove-pipe. One of its ends was outside and one was inside

of the potato field. The sly pig went straight to that log! With a grunt, he crawled in at one end of it, and, with another grunt, he erawled out at the other end, into the field. There he began, at once, to root up the nice potatoes, and to eat them.

The farmer jumped over the fence. In a trice the bars were put down. There was a loud call: "Here, Rover, Rover, seek him! seek him, sir!" And the dog chased the thieving rascal squealing from the field.

The farmer said to himself: "Il fix things all right." Then he turned the log so that the elbow was in the field, and both of its ends were on the outside. Then the farmer hid and watched again. Mr. Pig came along a second

He thought everything was time. right. He crawled into the log once more. He crawled through it. But he was still on the outside of the fence! The pig grunted. He lifted up his head. He looked all around in great surprise. He wondered what was wrong. Then he grunted louder, and

tried once more. Again he failed. And he failed as often as he grunted and The merry farmer laughed loudly at the wicked and astonished pig. Thieves are sometimes caught in their

#### slyest tricks! - Our Little Ones. How to Introduce People.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems

to me a very simple thing." "Well, when I have it to do I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward, I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room, all you have to do is to say: 'Mother, warm for the hundreds of boys and this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my girls in the school-rooms in that very mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your aunt Lucy: 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins; Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton. But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minbuilding was on fire, and there were ister, or an elderly gentleman, naming five hundred children in it; and in less the most distinguished personage first, than one moment half the children in you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, ger, and were preparing to rush out of naming her first. Fix it in your mind doors. The teacher, Miss Olney, said that among persons of equal station old New England. They were observe not a word, but springing to the door, the younger are introduced to the she lifted her hand and with a com- older, and that inferiors in age, posimanding gesture motioned the pupils tion or influence are presented to supe-Be very cordial when, in your disobey. She then harried from the own house, you are introduced to a room to warn the other teachers of the guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly suffi-Quick as a flash, a slender boy with cient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, ness."--Harper's Young People.

### Old, but Good.

Men should be careful not to use useless expletives if they would successfully rebuke profane swearers. Old Parson S., of Connecticut, had a man plowing in his field, and went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every felt that the boy who dared not to time the plow struck a stone the plow-

teacher returned, when he stepped into must not swear that way in my field." "Woll, I reckon you'd swear, too," the lower rooms, where he knew there | said the man, "if you had to plow such

"Not a bit of it." said Mr. S. "Just let me show you!" So the parson took hold of the plow,

trouble with the stones. As stone after down at his mother's door, two or three stone caught the plowshare, Mr. S. ejaculated. "Well, I never saw the like!" And this he repeated every time a

> soon as he had plowed around once, he stopped and said to the man, -"There, now! You see I can plow without swearing." "But I guess it's pretty near as bad to

stone stopped his onward way. As

newspapers, and several gentlemen had lie." answered the man, "and you teld a gold medal made, and on it were these a dozen o' lies. Every time the plow struck a stone, you said 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before!"

The parson's ejaculations were as unnecessary as the workman's were profane, but they did not show an irreverent spirit.

—In the sale of unclaimed packages by the Southern Express Company, at New Orleans. Colonel J. L. Cross purchased a small box for ten cents, in And now that the story is told, let us which, upon being opened, was found rive three cheers for brave Frank a heavy gold medal, attached to a gold Thompson and all the other boys like pin, on which was engraved the name of Dr. J. C. Legare. On the face of the medal, which is embossed with a laurel wreath, are inscribed the words: "Howard Medical Corps," and on the back: "Awarded for services rendered during the yellow-fever epidemic of Memphis, 1878." The medal was accompanied by a flattering certificate from the Howard Association to Dr. Legare, who now lives at Donaldson, The owner of the field saw that there and was informed of the discovery of the medal by telegraph.

--A pretty and useful custom in some of the public schools is to have a class exercise their skill at composition on The farmer hid himself among some letters to one of their sick and absent