FARMEN KENT'S PARSON.

[Written for this paper.] HANKBGIVING DAYand the solemn

With autums tinte was bright: The purple fru t and the russet leaves Shone fair in the compered light While the anthem rose as free and strong As an eagle's skyward When the people passed from out the door. Some gazed with rid-

louin On a ragged beggar, old and blind.

Who stood in the vestibule.

The parson stayed a moment's space By the beggar grim and gray: He said: "Good morrow, my worthy friend, Are you giving thanks to-lay! Move on-no doubt your dinner waits:" And the parson went h s way. The begyar smiled: "My Father's lands Extend from sea to sea: He feed . the raveas when they cry, And He'll save a crumb for me.

Bomewhere within His wide dom sin A table doth await; Beseath some humble cotter's root. Or by the rich man's gate; I only know I used not haste, I will not be too late." Then Farmer Kent passed where he stood ; He was a kindly man. With sheulders broad, and heartsome vo.e. And check and brow of tan.

He said: " I own as fair a home As is beneath the say: Yet, when I catch the scent of flame, Or when the wind is high, I fear, mayhap, a smolting heap Will greet my eager eye. My fields are rich with flocks and herds, My wife is good and fair; And half a score of gi is and boys Crowd close about my chair.

"If I could know death would not come And all their beauty blight-This morn I was a happy man, I may not be to n gat." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth Do for His own the right? Some time agone, it is not long. Your fortune fair was mine; My wealth took wings and flew away: But shall I fret and pine?

" My wife and child-green grows the turf Above their place of rest; No drop of blood is kin to me, There s no lowly nest To call my own; and yet I'm sure The Father doeth best. When summer breezes round me play, And sunshine warms my face. I fare along, I only know I'll find my rightful place.

" And when the summer days are dead, When ice and frost and snow Blot out the sun and hide the earth, And flerce winds wildly blow. Still trusting to my Father's hand, Upon my wav 1 go. The summer leaves and running brooks Were never more His own Than are the frosts and biting winds That chill me to the bone.



inine susons for speaking is a slighting way of Francis Bruton. Now, Dick's heart had long before out into Francie's keeping. If the young

girl berself was aware of this she made no sign. Why should she when he had never spoken-in words. But on this particular day Dick Blaze had resolved to

" ---- put it to the test And win-or lose it all."

This, then, was the meaning of the sheet after sheet which, completed and torn up in disgust, filled his waste-paper basket Thank-giving morning, while small Sim, he monkey, having temporarily escaped from his mistress' room, sat looking town at the disturbed weter with talkate interest from the open transom over the door But finally Dick managed to compress his hopes, fears and desires into four closely-woven pages of commercial note. "I' I may venture to hope," he said, in burst of originality at the close, "will you wear at your throat when you come down to dinner one of the Jacqueminots the chambermad left on you" dressingcase this morning." and signed his name. This epistle, enveloped and addressed, he took up-stairs. Miss Francie's door stood a little ajar. He rappet once, twice, but only echoed replied. Hesitating a moment, Mr. Blake stepped softly in and with a half



phere of womanly purity and taste, laid the letter on a chair where it would catch the young girl's eye on entering, and withdrew.

He was met on the lower corridor by the stylish widow, in a most becoming Francie, to whom, on entering, he had morning negligee. Had Mr. Blake seen her naughty, naugh-

y Sim that morning! Mr. Blake had. He was even then placidy munching bonbons in his favorite resort -the open transom over Mr. Blake's door.

He_ Yet a glance at the transom showed that it was empty. Sun, taking advantage of Dick's absence, had probably descended in quest of more bonbons. It was a way had an

But a thorough search of the room, which Mrs. Brown's sense of propriety did not permit her to enter, revealed no trace of the missing link So finally the lady took a higher flight to the second and third stories, whither the erratic Sim was wout to escape whenever he slipped his chain, which on an average was six times a week.

way. And then be wanted to spongine to | For meteod of eboffically approaching

Rev. Putter for his hasty utterance. In short he brought every reason for his at-tendance except the real one. And this was that having an expensive upright bead. Then he chattered and hiccoughed niano which she could not play. Mrs. Brown always included Francie, who mang and plaged divinely, in her invitations to those informal "gatherings."

ieg. "He's mad-he's got the hydro-phobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dise dis-Mr. Blake did not appear as uscal at may as he held on to the wounded member supper. The monotonous tread of slippered feet pacing back and forth in his with both bands room and the strong smell of tobacco smoke, which drifted through the tranmadness; for all at once, having violently twitched the tail of the Angora cat is pass som would seem to indicate an abortive attempt at drowning his sorrows in the ing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table upon which stood the handsome buhl overflowing bow! of his meerschaum. writing desk beionging to Mrs. Brown Most rooms exhibit certain characteristics of their occupants. Thus, Mrs. Theo dosia Brown's might be described in a situation Sim threw back the lid and word-showy. There was a certain garenstched in his small paw an addressed enishness of color everywhere visible. from velope with a broken seal, with which he elaborately framed oil paintings sprang to the floor. the against their background of heavily gilt paper, to the portiere and inside curtains sickly pallor as she saw the art. and figured silk upholstery of the furn-

But it all looked very cheerful and pleasant in the subduel glow from the gas chandeliers to the eyes of the dozen or more invited guests on the Thanksgiving evening of which I write. At least, so they all remarked as a sort of opening reverent glance about the prettily furchorus, and we all know that what every nished little apartment with its atmosone says must be perfectly true. The menagerie was, generally speaking,

in a somnolent condition. The pet alli-gator, relegated to the small ante room out

of consideration to Mr. Futter's feelings, was presumably dormant in his box. The Angora cat slept contentedly on a Turkish rug before an open grate of glowing anthracite. The parrot slumbered-or pretended to-in his swinging perch in the bir bay window. One of the pugs snored on a corner cushion. The whereabouts of the other was made known directly after the entrance of Rev. Mr. Putter. Being nearsighted he had not seen that the canine was occupying the newest easy chair, into which the reverend gentleman dropped heavily, to spring lightly and hast ly up with . short, sharp shrick that was drowned in ear-piercing yelps. But even this agreeable incident which

convulsed several of the worldlings present with secret but unseemly laughter tailed to chase the gloom from the brow of young Mr. Blake In vain Mrs. Brown vouchsafed her sweetest smiles, while equally vaia were the attempts of Miss Dasher, a very decollete young woman, to

lure him to her side. With an air of Byrouic melancholy that closely re-embled sullenness, he stood afar off tollowing with his eyes every movement of pretty vouchsafed the most formal of bows. Indeed, so marked had been his coldness

that Francie, who was perfectly unconven tional, had asked, with gentle surprise in the depths of her dark eyes: "Have I done any thing to offend you,

Mr. Blake!" "It isn't what you have done, but what you haven't," he answered, rather bitterly. And his eyes had rested so strangely her little lace pin at her throat that, involuntarily, Francie put up her slim

hand to see if any thing was wrong there. "I do not understand you," Francie had simply answered. And as poor Blake, full of jealous b tterness, forbore to explain, Francie drew herself up rather proudly and walked away.

But is it to a that gives the simple touch

-'under the artist's flying hand

"I am tired-beart and feet

I am tired-rest is sweet.

"I am t red. Loss and gain.

The white keys rise-the white keys fall."

Turn from busy mart and street.

Hath the day not passed in vain.

"I do not feel in the mood for singing to

Golden sheaves and scattered grain,

THE SPONGE TRADE Now York Dealer Tells Where and How De arbitates Min Goods.

"The only place in this country where sponges are to be obtained is off alternately for a moment, after which be the Florida Keys," said abig New York plunged boisterously at unhappy Mr. Putter, and whom he bit in the calf of the dealer. "They are also found among the islands of the West Indies and in the Mediterranean Sea. They also abound in the Greek and Turkish archi-If Sim was mad there was method in his pelagoes. The natives dive for them, and sometimes they go down in from thirty to forty fathoms of water. The divers live only a short time, and after five or six years become blind or deaf-Before that estimable lady realized the that is, if they are not eaten by the numerous sharks that abound in these waters. They are a laty set of men,

and after they get their vessels well Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to provisioned will not work until their supply is exhausted. Then they will work until they obtain a good cargo, gasped, and Francie Bruton, who was not and then dispose of it on the outer in the least afraid of Sim, whom she had islands. Six to eight men go on each often comed into her room with bonbons, vessel. They live on fruit, drink wine Seizing Sim laughingly as he dashed and hanker after the society of females."

past her, Francie wrested the envelope "Is the sponge of animal growth?" from his paw, but as her eyes unwittingly rested on the address so plainly visible up-"That's the question which, after an der the glass chandeller, she uttered a lit exhaustive scientific discussion in this city some years ago, resulted in the "Why-it's addressed to me-and the conclusion that it is. In its original sea' is broken !" she exclaimed, fixing her state the sponge resembles the blow-fish clear eyes on Mrs. Theodosia Brown, who, in its appearance. When it is first taken from the water it has a pulpy flesh, and it is laid on the shore and covered with

rushes until the rays of the sun burn the flesh off. Then it is just in shallow water and "cradled." " "What are the different grades of

sponges, and whence do they come ""

"Sheep's wool, grass, velvet and reef the Forida article. It has large pores. fion The grass, velvet, reef and wire . - Mrs. Bings -- There goes poor could stread over a given surface The wire sponge is not sold for use. the loss of her husband." Mrs. Blogs to an astiuth. The Mediterranean sponge is known as "Yes' She stands it nobly. Biather try and as the honeycomb in Europe. know ... Lowell Claten. It is brought to this market after under- - "Make yourself necessary, young After this is applied the sponge is himself necessary in a breach of prom-

salt water, and finally colored to the as it might be - Burdette. desired that by a solution of common washing soda. From Nassau we also kins has given up writing for the receive the silk, surgeons' large cup, | magazines," Scribbler -- He is a man the polls. First Female Votor -- How

"They are known as cup-sponges, and we get them from the Greek archipelago. The sponges used in hospitals are the small surgeon and abdominal. and they are rapidly being done away with, absorption cotton being their supstitute. The sponge now made to

Countries Herno.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHE

-High life below stairs in England

A policeman died in Decatur the

other day with yellow force. Nobody

knows how he caught it - Himlington ;

-Judging by their doctor's balle-

tins, all the great men who fall sick |

continue to improve until they die -

the death of her. -N. Y. Sus.

ing peddlor. -- Burlington Free Press.

-A comic opera has just been writ-

on which deals with base ball matters.

If there is an unspire in it, it would be

N. Y. Telegram.

ter Past-Koneras.

box it belongs .- Pack

-The oldest and largest tree in the world is a climitant cast the fast of is nothing to the low life above stairs Moont Line. The circumsteranes of . 'a some other country .- N. O. Picathe main trank is 212 foot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

-In Europe it is eastomary to leave visiting cards on the graves of posts. This scone grange, when it is builten that the occupants of the graves are

-Statistics lately published in England show that the world has the Cromsuses worth \$5 (191 (10) or over of -A Denver fortune taller could not whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the tell what would happen if she at- United States, 100 in Germany, 75 in tempted to fill . Sighted herosone lamp, France, 50 in Nomia, 50 in India and and this defect of foreknowledge was 120 in other countries.

-There is a new high wire art. Two men starting from different ends of a -The ancients believed that the earth was square, but then they had she's wire most and pars each other, going by on a waits step. A compa never had any dealings with a travelactually dances on the vire, and a near trots across it with a companion up. right on his should en.

The invest island in the worldwhich is also regarded as a continentbetter described as a tragedy. - Roches is Australia. It is toesty-five basedand -First journalist -"Is the Morning miles in length from east to west, and

Kronikia a witty paper" Second jours measures 1,920 miles from worth in nalist -"It used to be." First journal south. Its area is 2.294,287 square. ist - When did you leave it?" Second miles.

journalist ---- Yosterday." -- Bostan Ben- -- A new idea in trieveling has been In venteal by an Englishman which as been -One of the strangest freaks of vision traveling with his wife through France is displayed by the rural postmistress, on a machine fitted with a bembes who has to examine the message side mast on which a sail eas he holded of a postal card to determine in whose The wind has semetimes kept him moving, even in up-grains, without -Taimage advises young men to using the pedals.

strike out. This is particularly good ; A weaver with a muthematical turn alvice if the young men mean to go of mind, where even twenty themeand stonges can be obtained on the Florida |into the new spaper business. At first france in a lottery, racked his beaux son-const. Sheep's wool also comes they should strike out nearly every by arithmetical and geometrical enterfrom Nassau, but it is not as good as thing they write, -Journal of Educate Lations respecting the minuter of louis, five-frane pieces, and more which for

sponges can also be obtained at Nassau, Mrs. Elisther. She bears up well under Finally the paur fellow had to be taken

-A only way a driver, anger with the Turkish bath sponge in this coun- carried a good deal of insurance, you his horses for some far-ied official about to lich them severely. She into r pts I him by inquiring the way to going the process above described, and man," said Josh Billings long ago, a certain street, to a certain man a bleached here. The bleaching is done "and success is certain." Yes, yes; house, both of which she know very by the use of mangamate / of potash. but suppose the young man makes well. But he driver, the gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opplaced in cleansing acids, washed in [ise sniff Success isn't also so cortain [sorton by for his tomper to cool, and Printoryou the whip to its socket without

Scrowley . "I understand that Jonstriking a blow. -Time, twentieth century, Place at

eye-cup, toilet and Zamoca sponges." of considerable distinction." Serveniey do yau do, Mrs. X? Who are you going "What are the finest sponges, and --"Why? Because he writes?" Scrib- to rote for far governor?" Second Fomale Voter "O. I have not desided yet. The Republicans have put up Mr. A They say he's very popular, and surv to be elected. But Mr. B. his onponent, he doesn't score to have any friends at all, poor follow; guess Ft. on the other side as the somen do .- vote for him." First Female Vator

Victoril "Way, IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME!"

for the moment, was stricken dumb

"Yes, Miss Francie," he said, quietly, "I know it is yours, because I wrote it and laid it in your room while you were out this morning. The soal was unbroken then," he added, with a curling lip "By Jove, that's a facer for the widow,

muttered Bluffer, who was known to have where to they come from?" sponting proclivities.

said Francie, bowing with a slightly heightened color to the curious faces about her. "Good night, Mrs. Brown," and vanished through the door.

Half an hour later Mr. Blake heard a gentle tap at his door. Throwing it open,



"Catch him, some one-that letter".

was quick to respond.

tie exclamation of surprise.

There was an awkward silence that was suddenly broken by Dick Blake's deliberate voice.

"I think I must bid you good night,

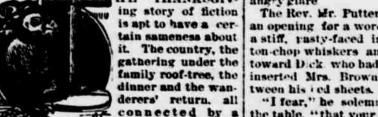
He said: "I came to-day To hear the parson talk of Heaven, And, haply, show the way; But the truest preacher I have seen Is this begrar, lean and gray. Now come with me; from this day forth You are my honored guest." The beggar shrank-the farmer said: "The Father knoweth best.

"He leadeth you. He les leth me, He brough: us all the war. Through paths of sin, and doubt, and pa To this Toanksgiv ng Day, That you might teach me how to trust, To thank Him, and to pray. A cozy nook awaits for you Beside my ample hearth; Aha! He never makes mistakes. The Judge of all the earth."

MARGRET HOLMES. DICK BLAKE.

The Story of His Thanksgiving Rose-How He Won It.

> [Written for this paper.] HE' THANKSGIV-



thread of love or | duly thankful-" pathos, as the case may be, are quite familiar to present day readers.

It vaguely occurs to me that I have Dick. somewhere read or heard that "truth is stranger than fiction." Ard this shall be my apology for thus departing from es-tablished ysages in the simple Thanksgiving tale which itselt is connected with

Sim-TheoJosis Brown's monkey. The monkey was only a part of Mrs. Brown's menage-menageric, Mrs. Baxter's other boarders called it. The widow was also the owner of a parrot, two dwarfed pugs with sawed-off noses, an Angora cat and a small pet alligator. But Mrs. Theodosia Brown had inherited from the deceased Brown something like half a million. And as she paid liberally for her two front rooms on the first flight, Mrs. Baxter would have allowed her to have kept an anaconda or a baby elephant provided they did not annoy the other boarders.

Dick Blake, who had the room endosite, was never annoyed by Mrs. Brown's pets. indeed, generally speaking, they were to him a source of perpetual joy and comfort. It might have been the extreme interest which he took in them all-the alligator ated that led the fair widow to fancy , that in spite of her six years of seniority she had made a conquest of the handsome young follow at whom she had cast ian-

ag eyes. himself was far too modest dream of the interest he had aroused in the widow's heart. Indeed, he would as soon have thought of making love to Mrs. Bar-

Ten minutes later Mrs. Brown, with a heightened color and Sim struggling in ber arms, passed Mr. Blake's door and enlere i ber own But Blake had little thought for captor Harg or captive. The Marguerite refrain-"she

loves me-loves me not"-kept repeating itself over and over again in the mind of this usually matter-of-fact young man. Would she or would she not wear his roses! Hope suggested she would-fear took a contrary view. And so the pro's and con's straggled for precedence till the summons night," she said, somewhat abruptly, ris o dinner.

ing as she spoke, to be at once taken pos-Though Dick's back was toward the diasession of by young Golden, to Blake's in ng-hall door, he knew with a lover's clairward wrath and despair. And then, in : voyance when Francie entered. Above reaction of reckless defiance. Dick began the clatter of chair legs, the rattle of dishflirting fast and furious with Mrs. Theoes and babble of voices he heard the soft dosia Brown, who, resplendent in old gold rustle of her dress before she reached and and diamonds, was but too ready to repassed him, but he had not the courage for | spond to such marked advances.

listeners, as--

the moment to look up. And while Francie and Dick thus played Not until Francie had taken her accus at cross purposes the evening wore on in tomed seat at the table directly opposite the usual way. The guests talked a little scandal, considerable gossip, and between did Dick raise his eyes to learn his fate. And then his heart almost stopped heat rubpers of whist introduced enough liter ing. He saw nothing of the little smile ary conversation to give the correct tone to and nod of recognition. All he saw was the occas on, till the entrance of the colored that at Francie's whi e thr. at, encircled by waiter with a tray on which were glasses a dainty rulle scarce waiter-no roses were of egg nogg. pinned. Even Rev. Mr. Putter considered that :

How Dick managed to get through the mild potation of this kind was allowable form of eating that Thanksgiving dinner on Thanksgiving eve, and accepted the he does not know to this day. He ate and agreeable beverage with a cheerful smile. drank mechanically of the odorous turkey It was perhaps a trifle unfortunate the that tasted to him like the ashes of Dead he chanced to take his place, gobiet in Sea apples. Side dishes were an abomi- hand, directly under the swinging perch nation and pie a hollow mockery. The of the observant parrot, who just then was only time he ventured a second glance in very wide awake. Francie's direction she was challing gaily For as Mr. Putter, elevating the gobiet with that infernal young Golden, of whom and clearing his throat, was about to -erhe had long been secretly jealous. And in propose a toast, the wre ched bird, cockmetaphor, this was the last feather. ing his head downward and fixing his hard. unwinking eye with infinite meaning upon

"Guess you left your appetite up-stairs, ch. Biskef" cheerfully remarked Widger. Mr. Putter, remarked sepulchrally: on his left, entirely unabashed by Dick's " Let up pray." | angry glare

Of course only wrong-minded people, The Rev. Mr. Putter, Dick's ris a-ris, saw given to unseemly levity, would see any thing to laugh at in this, which was peran opening for a word in season. He was a stiff, pasty-faced individual, with mut- haps the reason that such a general chorus ton-chop whiskers and a chronic dislike of severe coughing followed the injudicioutoward Dick who had once surreptitiously suggestion, while a number of faces were inserted Mrs. Brown's pet alligator besuddenly averted. Old Bynner, it is true, shouted "Haw! haw!" and young Golden "I fear," he solemnly remarked across grew purple to his ear t ps with supconnected by a the table, "that your young friend is not pressed mirth but these two didn't count. It was Dick Blake who, coming to the

What the devil have I got to be thankrescue of his embarrassed hostess, tried ful fort" savagely ejaculated unhappy

Rev. Mr. Putters turned quite pale at this unexpected and altogether diabolical outburst which fell like a verbal thunderboit in the immediate vicinity. Yet what could one expect from a young man who had boldly avowed his sympathy with the

heretical professors at Andover. From the stand-point of those who had heard this explosive query, Dick Blake had much to be thankful for. Youth, health, intellect, gook looks and a comfortable competency are certainly blessings worthy of being counted.

Thus in effect mildly remarked a boarder as Dick, having pushed his chair back. abruptly left the room, followed by a wistful, wondering look from Francie's dark eyes, and one of different import from Mrs. Theodosis Brows's languishing orbs. "And a rich widow to be had for the ask-

ing," muttered old Bynner, anto work, yet loud enough for Rev. Putter to hear-that gentleman being strongly suspected of entertaining designs against Mrs. Brown's beart and bank account.

Mr. Putter scowled and Widger, who posed as a cynic, shrugged his shoulders. "Blake is one of those fellows who, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, is mad all the time because it isn't gold, don't you know," he observed, looking about for the applause which did not follow what he thought rather a nest remark.

But carelessly unconscious of the charwould perhaps not have vostured the

he stood for a moment in a state of extatiwhich a few moments later thrills the bewilderment. For before him stood Francie, looking made of reef-sponge, and is used for

demurely downward at a knot of roses, cleaning out wounds and also in obwhose carnation seemed reflected in her stetrical cases. The sponge is an articheeks. cle none of which goes to waste. The With a rapturous exclamation Blake sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes clippings are used for filling mattrasses.

World.

to his own with a sweet, yet, shy glance, and are also used by rail engineers for which told him all he would know, Franpacking journal boxes." cie turned and sped lightly up the stair "I suppose there are no tricks in the way. Pausing at the head of the flight trade?" and detaching one of the roses from her

breast, she touched her fresh young lips "O, yes, there are. The sponge can to it and tossed it so deftig that it fell at be easily doctored. Common grass Blake's feet. sponges are frequently bleached and "Something to be thinkful for," she whispered-"good-night " And Blake not put on the market as Turkish goods. unfrequently, calls his wife his Thanks So neat is the work that even druggists FRANK H. CONVERSE giving rose.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Peculiary a Woman's Festival-A Day Celebrated Within the Walls of Home. It may not be generally recognized, but t is none the less true, that Thanksgivin

is peculiarly a woman's festival In the first place, unlike our other chica National festival, the Fourth of July-for Christmas and New Years' have never Parliament. They were the duties born enthusiasm for the just cause of Latin, he's got to much to death to case been made the subject of National enact ment or proclamation by the cade of the Government-Thanksgiving is a day celebrated within the walls of home; for even the church service in the moraing, when one is attended, is a part of the nome surroundings, the various members of the family gathering in the new as in another sort home, and all the rest of the day is a cel ebration of the idea of home and its environment. It is toward home that every one who is away from it looks on the approach of the day; it is home to which every one comes who has any home

to come to. It is home and the things of home that are remembered afterward in recalling the way the day was passed. And nome is the woman's throne-a platitude very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep s gnificance. Whatever other spiere she fills sbroad and in the world, still, as where Macgregor sat was the head of the table, wherever woman is is the fireside and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is the festival of the home-is the festival of

woman

ward I in 1294 and 1297, but the in-Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of reased exactions were condemned in this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanks he latter year as "mala tolts" when giving one, to which Delphon could have Parliament formally recognized the offered but a fceble rivalry. For the rates of 1275. Henceforth the latter sceping of Thanksgiving Day intends not only th offering of thanks to Heaven for were known as the ancient or great cusall blessings received, all m sfortunes oms. Twenty-seven years later, in withheld, but it is with all that a celebra-1302. Edward L, in some want of money. tion of the fact and existence of home commuted the prisage of wine for a And who so fit and natural to make that elebration, to officiate as priestess at that hrine, as women are! Long, long ago, in same year he made an agreement with profane records, we have the thankagiv. the foreign merchants for additional ng before meat and far back in sacred luties on wool, wool fells and hides. records the thank sgiving was made before the bread was broken; but never till for additional duties on cloth, and for in the e times of ours and of our grand the payment of what would now be mothers has an entire day of thanksgiving called an ad valorem duty of 3d. in een organized in which women were the chief actors, as circumstances have made them in the celebration of our Thanksgiving Day, and in which women, owing to that fact slope, can join with more heartiness than in any other. The rei Indian has his wigwam, the rude savage his hut or cave, sometimes his associated but or cave; and the woman of that w gwam or that but or cave has a vast journey to make

before she reaches the em neace of the implest woman is our homes when Thanksgiving Day is kept. It is this home ad its opportunities and possibilities, which was separated from the hat, improved on the wigwam, differenti and at last from a piace where a sia

Wife fat breakfast; "My dear, cal use is called a sponge-tent. It is

America

will you have some more of the stowed pointoes? I cooked them myself. Husband - "No; I've had enough. Wife What is the best way to keep pointces, John" Hushand - I think is to stew 'em " -- Harper's Razar. ----

POT-HOUSE POLITICS. The Character of the Things Engaged in

bler - "No; because he doesn't."-

things, but noted a has ever discovered

one that would jum a hat pin clean

through his head and make it come out

Man is awfully smart in some

Exponending its Morita. As a general thing the har-room

colitician is not attractivo personally He racely pays much attention to his clothing or his general make-up; becan not detect the difference."- N. F. cause his time is completely abacehed ORIGIN OF PROTECTION. When the System Now in Yogue in Most The customs-whose origin is unment or in manipulating a clothes Crown before they were granted by caused by his glowing with heavenwhich the merchants, who is early days the people, nor by the raidy has of of fire, ch?" - Baston Transcript were almost exclusively foreigners, robust health, but may safely be atwere "accustomed" to pay to the tributed to an inferior brand of whisky, Crown for the privilege of trade and The average pot-house mogul of small

possibly for protection. And the Great | caliber is the victim of many strange Charter distinctly recognizes the hallucinations. One of his net defin-Crown's right, for while it condemns sions is that he is indispensable. He the "main tolta," or unjust tolls, it harbors an undefined sort of suspicion reserves "antiquas et rectas consue- that the continuance of the planetary tudines," the ancient and ordered cus- system, somehow or other, rests on toms. These ancient customs are be- him. As for the political party to lieved to have comprised export which he claims to belong, or rather juties on wool, skins and leather, and which he imagines belongs to him, he a "prisage" on wine. Their amount is is perfectly sure that but for his sage not known, but sixty years after the counsel it would fall to pieces and re-Great Charter, in 1275, the merchants. solve itself into chaos. It is almost for the sake of increased protection, impossible for the small-hore dema-

undertook to pay higher duties of 6s. gogue to believe that his party could 3d, on the sack of wool, or 300 woolsurvive a single campaign in case he should pay the debt of nature the fells, and 13s. 4d. on the last of leather and these increased duties were only dobt, by the way, which he ever formally voted by Parliament. They does pay.

were raised without authority by Ed-Instead of being a modern Atlas with the whole world on his shoulders, he himself is a burden grierous to be borne. He wanders around, never allowing himself to stray far away from the saloons, like an exil spirit seeking rest and finding none, and allowing nobody else to find any, either. He will halt gentlemen on the public high ways, and unless they sock safety is flight. ixed duty of 2s, the cask; and in the he will inflict on much victime, in a whisky-index whisper, whele libraries of stale political loro and decayed campaign rubbish.

In regard to the estimal services he renders his party there will always he an honest difference of opinion. There he pound on all exported and im- is good reason to believe that this posported commodities. These duties were talant for pap does more to cause the thenceforward knows as the new or respectable element of his party to go small customs. The King endeavored, over to the opposition than all the other hough without success, to extend causes put together. The shrewder hem to native merchants in the foi- politicions and office-sectors perceive owing year; and in 1300, during the that the unsavory but enthusiastic demreign of Edward IL, the new customs agague is in reality a dangerous Jonah. formed the subject of a petition to Par- who should be promptly inserted into inment and were suspended. Subse- the raging main if the ship is to be questly revived. "they received legal saved, and they often do throw him anction in the statute of the Staple in overtuned; but he always bobs servesig 1353." But this statute did not finally op and owims to shore, or is pirked up

Martink 2 Barting

"So will L" --- Yankee Black

-"What will it cont my Uncin Raytas to have my coop whitewashed? "I knin t toll yet, suit, till i makes up estimate ob de size and dimensions. That night the owner was distarted by a loud noise in the hendoor. "His the best way for you to keep potatoos there" he shouted from an opport window, "what are you doing them ." "It's Chet, Baston," was the reply, "and he's figgerin' on de size an' dimonshuns ob de comp." -- Hacper's Re-

-"This is the daradest place I ever was in," exclaimed the bucoffe gentleman at the theatre. "I've been look. ing around for the just half have and with matters of great political import | can't find the door." "Don't yest on He is kept so busy saving the country the sign on this discussion. "Exit, that's Latin. in removing grease spots on his rai, and means the place where you group. "Then why is time don't it say so? I known-were certainly imposed by the brush. The blush on his check is not don't know nothing about dead has guages. Cause a feller can't read

"Men." said the captain of the steamer to the frightennel passengers huddled about him. "It is true we are not gaining on the loak, but we are only fifteen miles from land, and f necessary we can throw overland 2.000 tune of freight to lighten ship There is no occasion for slarm. Wo have several hundred casks of run is the hold that we can ----- "Na corasion for alarm?" exclaimed a tall Ken tuckian, turning pain with approximation sion "Captain, do you littend to three that run overleard?" - Chicago Trub 10.000

-The average age of locusardines is about twelve years, yet many, through proper habits of living, taking their meals regular and avoiding all infest esting toverages attain quite a reepoctable old age. The oblast conning engine in Germany has been on the road since 1845, and is come questly forty-three years old. quite a Methuseiah, in fact. With regard to its habits it has always confirmed itself strictly to water, though it has been addicted to emoking all its life. It is ad to see a locomotive grows process turely old by gotting on trains and run. ning all night, but they are often mot with in millaions - Trees Suffigers.

Fingetal, Ma, is an internating town for two reasons. It always has a Miles Mondish among its efficient, and the Mondiah farm corners the ground where Remedies Arnold encamped on his Queber expedition, and where he erected a flagstaff, from which the place received its name. G.W. Standish, one of the leading men of the town, is the only remaining non of Miles Standish, who was the eighth direct dearent from Miles Handlah, the captain of Plymonth G. W. Mand ish a only brother. Miles, died eries rears ago, but he left a any Miles, sure twenty two years aid, and G W has a and Miles, who is four yours old.

-Young lady (at disser, adiy. partner)-"I was foreibly reminded yesterday. Mr. Lartine, of the s



HE WAS ABOUT TO PROPOS

to create a diversion by loudly inquiring as to the whereabouts of his friend Sim, whom he had not seen that evening. Had Mr. Blake known that a wicked young man among the guests-Biuffer by name-had been slyly plying Sim with egg-nogg behind the window curtains, be

Francis during. Her room was up three Sights, and Mrz. Theodonia Brown always upake of her in view of her compation an "that type-writer girl." But Mrs. Brown was thirty odd, asso- what high colored, indinad to estroyest and a Lingtry wave: while Francis was shown and a fran, classific step, suggestive india a serie raised face, instroundark over a india a serie raised face, instroundark over a second the note into the waste-paper the- had a series raise to control, be a proper time	dow, sound usines, " responded the widow, with a grance in that direction. But also? Sim was mather chained or asines, and at the repetition of his name he coddenly crawied from boneath the certals folds on three lags, and uttering a cound like a biccough strangled in its birth. The more timid of the holtes uttered centil creams and cost imploring glasses at their male protectors. Mins Dack, gath- ering her skifts about her, skipped uper the secret chair, as foundes do at the op- prach of a mease. "Ranghty Sin," and Mrs. Brown, re- butingly. "Mr. Rake, will yre." The modes press in her adjuration was cuted by the unexpected action of Sin whe in strict fusice was aroundly one of the next pression of a mease in her adjuration with a the in strict fusice was around at the addition of the cuted by the unexpected action of Sin whe in strict fusice was aroundly one of the action pression of a mease in her adjuration with a the in strict fusice was around atting of Sin at the in strict fusice was around atting of Sin at the in strict fusice was around at the action of Sin a section of a mease in her adjuration with a the metic continues in the adjuration of Sin a the in strict fusice was around atting of Sin a mather pression and metic a string of Sin and the containes and the string of Sin and the action of Sin a the in strict fusice was around at the section of Sin a the action of the string of Sin and the action of Sin and the action of Sin and the section of Sin and the action of Sin and the secr	of the times, the Crown claimed a right to in- rease the rates or impose fresh duties without Partiamentary exection. In 1604 one Bates, a Turkey merchant, the Hampdon of indirect instation, re- fused to pay a new duty on currents; and the Judges formally decided that the comports are the King's gates, which he may open and shut to whom the pleases." Cales, therefore, was ordered to pay the impost. Embold- ordered to pay the impost. Embold- and his friends are lab in this friends are lab in the pleases." Cales, therefore, was ordered to pay the impost. Embold- and his friends are lab in this friends are lab. This style of politician provide and the mail-bare	stamp is a y. The tai- y are being corresonants. Taile at the ratio at the is independ. The basis ratio at the the seigh- of the seigh- the being ratio at the the seigh- the being ratio at the the seigh- the being ratio at the the seigh- the being the be
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