

WANTERS.

Grace, Beauty and Caprice Build this golden portal; Graceful women, chosen me; Dazzle every mortal. Their sweet and lofty countenance His enchanted food. He need not go to them, their forms Beat his solitude. He looketh seldom in their face, His eyes explore the ground— The green grass is a looking-glass Whereon their traits are found. Little and less he says to them, So dances his heart in his breast; Their tranquil mien bereaveth him, Of wit, of words, of rest. Too weak to win, too fond to shun The tyrants of his doom, The much-devised Eudynolou Bligs behind a tomb.

MRS. DOBBS' "WHIM."

From the Argosy. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs lived at Clapham. They were a very worthy couple, their friends said. That is about the best people will say of an elderly pair if they are not intellectual or troublesome. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs were neither. Mr. Dobbs was stout and commonplace in appearance, and did not flirt with his neighbor's wife, or gamble in stocks, or live beyond his income. He was hall-marked among upright men, and was trustee for half his friends' children. No doubt he was a trifle heavy and prosy at times, but these are drawbacks frequently attendant upon men of probity. He certainly was never tempted by impulses or inspirations of any sort either to do wrong or to become witty or original. Mrs. Dobbs was reputed a respectable and virtuous matron for other reasons. Imprimis, she had no taste in dress; neither did she paint her face or excite the envy and spite of her female friends by beautifying her house. She was fond of a good dinner of a solid English sort, and always wore black silk or satin gowns. Her caps were preposterous erections of lace, with gilt or steel ornaments attached; and when she went to the theater she wore a red berouze. Truly this couple were left behind in the race of extravagance, frivolity and eccentricity. Fashionable folks would have nothing to say to them; those who did consider them worth cultivating explained their status as "good, worthy people," with a compassionate shrug or smile. Mr. Dobbs was "something in the city," and his big office and many clerks brought in something more than a comfortable income. Yet he made no parade of wealth and kept household accounts strictly. Every evening he returned home punctually by the 6 o'clock train from Waterloo, carrying his fish basket with him. Fish was cheaper and better in the city than at Clapham, and Mrs. Dobbs was particularly fond of fish. The worthy Josiah would not have spoiled her dinner for the world. She must have her salmon in season, and her red mullet and white-bait, all in due turn, of the best. By this you will understand that Mr. Dobbs was devoted and domestic. Yet there were thorns amid the roses of his conjugal paradise. Mrs. Dobbs was now and again beset by spirits of unrest and discontent, and her whims at intervals caused dear, steady-going Josiah much inconvenience. There were no children at Clarence Villa; and perhaps for this reason Mrs. Dobbs had more leisure for complaint. She practiced the art of murmuring with as steady a persistence as a prima donna her scales. Josiah suffered her discontents with more than the ordinary patience of an exemplary husband. As years went on Josiah philosophically gave up wishing for an heir, seeing his Dorothy had grown portly and middle aged. He subscribed largely to the various charities not having a legitimate outlet for his human kindness. A philoprogenitive organ impelled him toward children's hospitals. Why, said he, should not his generation benefit instead of that which were to come after? Mrs. Dobbs did not however, view such matters with equanimity. Seeing the undue and unwelcome number of olive branches round about other people's tables, she resented nature's cruelty to herself. She, therefore, frowned persistently on Josiah's philanthropic schemes for other people's children. His benevolence toward orphans, foundlings and waifs and strays was a never-ceasing cause of argument and mortification to her. She did not suffer any loss, personally, from these charitable deeds. Not a wish remained ungranted, and checks were forthcoming with cheerful readiness when required. She had her carriage, her servants, her milliners as she listed. Josiah erected a miniature Crystal Palace in his garden because she wished to have bananas growing. He took her to Egypt one winter, and nearly died of seasickness by the way, because she had been reading Eastern romances and yearned for Oriental glitter. Nothing that money could obtain was denied her—only she had no children. For a long time Mrs. Dobbs had displayed no extraordinary caprices. Josiah was sailing along in wonderfully smooth matrimonial waters. But the lady's frequent absence of mind and contemplative mien might have convinced a more sophisticated man that mischief was brewing. In truth Mrs. Dobbs was slowly hatching a scheme which she felt sure would run counter to Josiah's wishes. This lent an additional zest to her plan. She considered it a retributive scheme. She would fight Josiah on his own ground with his favorite weapon of benevolence. "I'm going to adopt a child, Josiah. Now this is no use your contradicting

me, because I won't listen," said the lady one evening over dessert. She spoke aggressively, cracking the shell of a walnut with decision. She peevishly found fault with the fish and the salad, and had slapped her pug for no earthly reason. If Josiah had been less slow he would have opined that a storm was brewing. There was silence for a minute after Mrs. Dobbs had opened fire. "Aren't you going to speak?" she said at length. "A child," remarked Josiah, dropping his fat chin into his shirt. "My love, that is surely a project requiring very serious consideration." Mrs. Dobbs tossed her head ominously. Every inch of lace in her cap seemed suddenly to have acquired starch, while the gilt ornaments thereon scintillated fiercely. "When I say a thing I mean it, as you know, Josiah. I have considered that you indulge your hobbies without restraint. It is high time my benevolence found something to occupy it." Josiah drank up his wine slowly. When he spoke again it was in a subdued tone. "Dorothy, my dear, how often have I reminded you in the past three years that your poor sister—left a child. As I have said before, it is your clear duty." "Mr. Dobbs!" The lady rose, and swept her black satin skirts to the door. Here she paused to add: "I repeat, I remember no sister. A disgraceful marriage severed all connection of birth. I beg that you will never allude to that shameful matter again." Perhaps the episode alluded to was well remembered by Josiah, for he sighed several times in his after-dinner solitude. He knew the mad-cap girl he had sheltered for many years beneath his roof was dead, but he knew, too, that her child lived, and he would fain have cherished it for the mother's sake. In the course of the evening Mrs. Dobbs resumed the question of adoption. Josiah was a peaceable man, and he loved his wife; but this last whim was a serious one, and would inevitably entangle her in difficulties. "I'm going to advertise at once," she said. Mr. Dobbs looked very blank. "I should advise you to try some other plan that would give less publicity to the matter," he said mildly. "That would bring any amount of beggars and impostors about you." Mrs. Dobbs looked over her crewel work in an injured way. "There you are again, Josiah; always trying to oppose me and make my life miserable. I declare you contradict me every morning and evening about something. Haven't I told you before what a lonely life I lead? It's all very well for you, who go away to the city every day to make money. You are just like all men—you are selfish to the core." With this final female platitude, Mrs. Dobbs began to whimper. Mr. Dobbs felt guilty of heinous cruelty. "A companion might—" he began. The lady lifted herself from the sofa cushion and Josiah quailed. "A companion!" with withering sarcasm, "to make love to you, no doubt, Josiah. I know their scheming ways. Didn't I have enough of Miss Griggs and her maneuvering tricks, working you braces, the hussy, and sending you Christmas cards. How dare you mention a person of that sort after all my sufferings with them?" Of course in the end the lady prevailed, and Josiah passively countenanced the adoption. Matters were soon set in order for the fulfillment of the latest whim. Yet verily her heart failed her during the week following her advertisement. Her lonely condition had never been so apparent to her before as when she was beset by a crew of parents and guardians bearing some puny or blighted infant for her adoption. All sorts and conditions of men craved her pity for their wretched children. She was bewildered by the offensive bearing of bolder applicants. More than once Mrs. Dobbs had to ring in her respectable butler to get rid of some insistent parent who endeavored to intimidate her into an immediate purchase. The result of all this was a cessation of the daily advertisement. Mr. Dobbs, of course, was not informed minutely of all that went on, though an interview with his butler one evening threw a little light on things that had occurred. "I wish to give a month's warning, sir," said this gentleman in privacy to his master. "Why, now, Tinker, what is the matter? I'm sure you've a very comfortable place, with a boy to do all your dirty work." Tinker coughed and stammered a few words before coming to the point. "Well, now, sir, to speak plain it's along of that wild crowd of vagabonds, as Mrs. Dobbs she's seeing of every day. Babies by the score, they're brought by impudent rascals such as I ain't been accustomed to. One of 'em she wouldn't go out of the gate till I called the police. It aint respectable in a gentleman's house, I do assure you, sir." Somehow or other Mr. Dobbs managed to soothe the outraged feelings of his man servant, and prevailed upon him to put up awhile longer with the inconvenience of the situation. The worthy Josiah was concerned for the protection of his wife. "How are you getting on with your business, my love?" inquired Mr. Dobbs that evening. "Oh, pretty well," said the lady cheerfully, yet persistently avoiding her husband's eyes. "I find it very difficult to make up my mind; and I want a pretty little boy, not quite a baby, with no disgraceful connections to hang about him. No doubt I shall see one to suit me in a few days." The few days passed without further allusion to the subject, and the following curious advertisement appeared in all the daily papers: WANTED.—For immediate adoption, a little boy between 2 and 4 years old. Must be healthy and pretty and sound in body and mind. The parents or relatives must renounce all claim on him forever. He will be comfortably provided for in the future. Apply daily to Messrs. Griffiths and Grabham, Solicitors, 201 Parliament street, Westminster.

After the appearance of this advertisement the persecution of Clarence Villa died away, and only now and again a respectable man or woman, leading a little boy, was heard inquiring for Mrs. Dobbs' residence of a local policeman. But the lady was obdurate to all claims made on her pity. She had hardened her heart to destitute cases; and penniless widows or consumptive fathers met with scant ceremony at her hands if their offspring were not desirable. After this had gone for a fortnight or more, Mrs. Dobbs one day visited Messrs. Griffiths and Grabham during business hours. "I have come about the child, Mr. Griffiths," she said, going at once to her point. "How is it you have sent me none that are pretty or interesting?" From the force of habit, Mrs. Dobbs was apt to speak dictatorially to strangers. "My dear madam, pray remember children are not made to order." Mrs. Dobbs winced. "I see I must except no assistance from you, sir," she said loftily. No doubt my husband's opposition to my object has influenced you, I will trouble you no further in this matter. You may consider your quest at an end. Good morning." Weary of her undertaking, Mrs. Dobbs had almost resolved to abandon her whim. She chewed the cud of bitter thoughts on her homeward way that day. Providence or fortune was against her success. That evening Mr. Dobbs came home in an unusual degree of haste, and of a cheerful mien. "Love," said he, tripping over the dining-room mat, "I've found a child for you." Mrs. Dobbs looked up coldly. "It's impossible I shall like it," said she perversely. "No one wants to part with a child unless there's something the matter with it." Mr. Dobbs beamed yet more brightly. He was not to be subdued by any wet blankets. "It's a little boy, and he is 3 years old, fair, pretty and most intelligent. His father is just dead." "What about his mother?" queried Mrs. Dobbs cautiously. Josiah reddened, stammering a little. "She—ah, poor soul—is dead too. This is no beggar's brat. He is well born, Dorothy, on one side. I can give you every proof." The next day the child was brought to Clapham and left a Clarence Villa by a clerk from M. Dobbs' office. He was poorly dressed, but a handsome little lad, lively and spirited. He was not at all shy, and addressed himself freely to the pug and parrot. The piping treble voice and shrill, childish laughter touched the maternal chord in Dorothy's heart. She went a little sadly that day while her eyes followed the child. He stroked her velvet gown and fingered her rings while he sat upon her knee, chatting about the things around him. "What is your name?" questioned the lady. "Harry," answered the boy readily. But nothing more could be elicited from him. He did not seem to understand that he could have a second name. He was but a baby boy, scarcely three. In the afternoon Mrs. Dobbs telegraphed to her husband that he must make arrangements for her to keep the child a day or two. It would not be necessary to send any one to fetch him that evening. The day passed quickly, with little feet pattering beside her, exploring the wonders of garden and green-houses. Towards 7 o'clock Mrs. Dobbs began to look anxiously for her spouse's return. She had quite decided that she would keep the child, but still there were questions to be asked—preliminaries to be settled. The boy must be hers entirely. None must ever claim him, or interfere with his welfare. Mr. Dobbs came leisurely up the garden at his usual hour, carrying his fish-bag. His stolid face changed a little when he looked through the window and saw the child on his wife's knee. "He is a pretty boy, Dorothy," he said nervously, when he came near. "A darling little boy; I mean to keep him, Josiah," she said, gently disengaging the chubby hands from her chair. "Will you stay with me, Harry?" The child laughed gleeily, tossing back his curls. "Stay with oo; pity, pity flowers," he cried clapping his hands. "Tell me all you know about him, Josiah. What is his parentage, and will his nearest relatives surrender all claim upon him?" Josiah shifted uneasily in his seat. He had the appearance of a man oppressed with guilt. "He is an orphan," said he looking speculatively at his own broad toes. "So much the better for me," said Mrs. Dobbs. But I will have no distant relatives hanging about. He must belong exclusively to me." Mr. Dobbs drew nearer to his wife. "Dorothy, he ought to belong to you if to anyone." The lady put down the child from her knee. His large blue eyes gazed in wonder at this sudden rejection. "What is the boy's name?" said Mrs. Dobbs, breathlessly. "Henry," he rejoined, slowly. "But Henry what?" she asked, more sharply. "Henry Morrison. He is your sister's child—a friendless orphan now. God help him if you don't." Mrs. Dobbs fell back on the sofa cushion, and covered her face with her hands. The tears were falling through them when little fingers essayed to move them. "Has oo, been naughty! on't ky." Perhaps the lady was very conscious of her own naughtiness, for she cried still more at this appeal, drawing the child into her embrace. There was never any more doubt about the adoption. Henry Morrison calls Mrs. Dobbs mother to this day, and Josiah is a little less generous toward asylums and hospitals. There will be a very pretty penny by and by for his adopted son.

WASHINGTON SWORE.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY PROFASE FOR ONCE. Angry With Riotous Banqueters—A Turkey, an Oath and a Broken Nose—A Hitherto Unpublished Story—Our National Holiday. The first national Thanksgiving day ever observed by the United States of America owes its historic interest to one broken nose and an oath. To the oath we owe the supremacy of the turkey as a national feast day, and to the broken nose we owe the only evidence that has come down to us that George Washington ever swore. Yet all these important things are collateral to the main fact that we narrowly escaped losing Thanksgiving after all, and that all the famed men of that day got into a very bitter quarrel over it and ate a turkey dinner at daggers drawn, so to speak. The idea of having such a national holiday at all originated in the fertile brain of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton was then secretary of the treasury, and in August, 1789, he broached the matter at one of the meetings of President Washington's cabinet. To be sure, there had been Thanksgivings in this country from time immemorial before our government was born, but the first celebration of a genuinely national character was the one appointed by George Washington of glorious memory. This correspondence is now in the possession of the Schuyler Hamiltons and is authority for this hitherto unpublished history. It was in September, 1789, that the matter was brought to the attention of congress. Representative Boudinot of New England moved that, in view of the blessings so abundantly bestowed on the country by the Almighty, a day of Thanksgiving be set apart by the president. The resolution was supported by Representative Sherman of Connecticut, but it aroused violent opposition. Many members of congress denounced the proposition as effete and monarchical, and we have the authority of Representative Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania for the statement that some members grew so personal in their discussions of the matter that blows were exchanged on the streets of New York. It appears from the Hamilton letters, and the fact will certainly surprise the historians, that Jefferson and Hamilton immediately differed as to the desirability of the holiday. Jefferson was opposed to the idea because it seemed undemocratic. He was then, of course, fresh from his long residence in free-thinking France. Anything that savored of prayer and church observance in the government was opposed to his extreme views in the matter of separation of church and state. He expressed these views with moderation and good sense in a concise letter, for he had as yet hardly assumed the reins of office. Unfortunately, the letter which Washington is said to have addressed to Alexander Hamilton on the subject is lost. The resolution went through congress, however, and Washington duly appointed the last Thursday of November, 1789, as the first of one long line of national Thanksgivings. Immediately another acrimonious contest was begun. How was the day to be observed? It was proposed to have a monster procession of dignitaries, headed by Washington himself on horseback. Jefferson's opposition to anything of the kind effectively prevented such spectacular parambulation. It was finally determined that the day was a domestic holiday, and should be observed in the privacy of the home after the good old New England manner. This much we know from John Adams, the vice president, who came from Massachusetts, the mother of Thanksgivings. This settlement of the controversy was most gratifying to Mrs. Washington, who at once made arrangements to hold a levee in true colonial fashion in the presidential mansion. Every one of prominence in the new government was asked, from Chief Justice Jay down. And they all came, too, for George Washington was a gentleman, and to be asked to his house was a social distinction, apart from the fact that he was president of the United States. Now it seems that Alexander Hamilton, eager to do anything calculated to put Thomas Jefferson to confusion, had been organizing all manner of festivities and observances likely to make of Thanksgiving a noisy holiday. Jefferson, on the contrary, had held somewhat aloof from the whole thing, for he had too great pride in his superiority to all affairs of a religious nature, and he looked upon Thanksgiving as a religious contrivance entirely. By the time the day arrived there had been engendered much unpleasant feeling between the cabinet factions, and this unpleasant feeling was communicated to the respective partisans of the two cabinet leaders. The friends of Jefferson did what they decently could to ignore Thanksgiving altogether, as John Adams' letters show very emphatically. Hamilton's partisans, on the contrary, did all in their power to make the day a success, and when the state of affairs was made known in Boston and in Philadelphia, the battle was heartily entered into. Washington had the mortification of seeing that his day of thanksgiving for the blessings of Almighty God had become a source of no end of contention. However, the day dawned bright

and even warm for New York. The bells of Trinity were rung for an hour and there was a parade of one regiment, reviewed by Hamilton from Faunce's tavern. Then the cheering part of the day began by indulgence in various forms of stimulating percolations, and every one no doubt was very thankful. Washington went to church in the morning, and at high noon began to receive his visitors. It was well on in the afternoon that Hamilton's little dinner began. It was rather a famous little dinner in its day and generation, although it is never talked of nowadays. It was eaten at Faunce's and was the first official Thanksgiving banquet in our history. Hamilton was to respond to a toast and then go off to the president's mansion, but it seems the secretary of the treasury was behind time, and there occurred at the dinner table what would now be called a disagreement among gentlemen. We have much and detailed information about it in Hamilton's letters. In the first place Lieut. St. Clair, a nephew of famed Arthur St. Clair, took occasion to say, upon his honor as a gentleman, that he was sober. An unhistoric per-



sonage of whom we know no more than that his name was Tisdal, and that he was an alderman and notary, impeached the veracity of Lieut. St. Clair, and defied him to prove it. The lieutenant thereupon threw a bottle at nobody in particular and missed his aim. In an instant, as they say in novels, all was confusion, and then, like a god out of a machine, in walked Alexander Hamilton. The scene that met his gaze, according to John Adams' account of it, was shameful. Vands and glassware and gentlemen were all massed together. However, they were separated, and Hamilton, dreading the effect of the scandal if the episode became public property, did the best to patch matters up. The skeptical alderman appears to have had his doubts upon the subject of Lieut. St. Clair's sobriety set at rest, but unfortunately there could be no doubt that the lieutenant's nose was broken in the course of debate, for the Hamilton letters distinctly say so, but we have the same authority for maintaining that it was agreed that a gentleman is at times justified in insisting that he is sober. A Row about the Turkey. The next thing that happened, according to the letters, was a dispute about the turkey. Where was the turkey? It had not been brought upon the table. There were loud shouts for turkey, but none was forthcoming. A proposition to dispense with that fowl was booting down, and Alexander Hamilton swore—the Hamilton letters say he swore—that no citizen of the United States of America should abstain from turkey on Thanksgiving day. Well, they got a turkey somehow, and ate it. Then they drank and cheered and sang songs and sang songs and cheered and drank. They knew how to observe Thanksgiving in those days. This little matter attended to, Hamilton made a speech and bled him to the presidential abode. Here there had been dignified observance of the day, but it seems that some inkling of the little row at Faunce's had got abroad already, and Washington put some questions to the secretary of the treasury about it. Both Knox and Randolph mention the exercised condition of the president, and Hamilton seems to have been influenced somewhat by his recent excitement. However it was, Washington at any rate became vexed and indulged in some pointed remarks. Readers of the history of the period remember the effective way in which Parson, Marshall and Hilliard have touched upon the anger of our first president. Washington's displeasure always took the form of just resentment. He resented the whole Thanksgiving episode. John Jay gives the language of the Father of His Country on this occasion with some pretensions to exactness. Washington was incensed that a young soldier should have broken his nose in a tavern brawl while professing to be giving thanks for heaven's best gifts. Our first president went so far as to say that it was disgraceful "by God." "By God, sir," was the most blasphemous imprecation in the Washington vocabulary, and he used it twice to Hamilton. The first occasion was on this unhappy Thanksgiving. At the second, Hamilton quitted his master. Thus, in a bundle of family letters, does the forgotten episode lie preserved. Like many another event of the time, it has passed out of human knowledge, and the printed correspondence of the great ones of the time,

What We Are Made Of.

Professor Langley. In the South Kensington Museum there is an immense collection of objects appealing to all tastes and all classes, and we find there at the same time people belonging to the wealthy and cultivated part of society, lingering over the Louis Seize cabinet or the old majolica, and the artisan and his wife studying the statements as to the relative economy of baking powders, or admiring Tippoo Saib's wooden tiger. There is one shelf, however, which seems to have some attraction common to all social grades, for its contents appear to be of equal interest to the peer and costermonger. It is the representation of a man resolved into his chemical elements, or rather, an exhibition of the materials of which the human body is composed. There is a definite amount of water, for instance, in our blood and tissues, and there on the shelf are just so many gallons of water in a large vessel. Another jar shows the exact quantity of carbon in us; smaller bottles contain our iron and our phosphorus in just proportion, while others exhibit still other constituents of the body, and the whole reposes on the shelf, as if ready for the coming of a new Frankenstein to recreate the original man and make him walk about again as wedo. The little vials that contain the different elements which we all bear about in small proportions are more numerous, and they suggest not merely the complexity of our constitutions but the identity of our elements with those we have found by the spectroscopic, not alone in the sun, but even in the distant stars and nebulae, for this wonderful instrument of the new astronomy can find the traces of poison in a stomach or analyze a star, and its conclusion leads us to think that the ancients were nearly right when they called man a microcosm, or little universe. We have literally within our bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe without is composed, and you and I are not only like each other, and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in a more literal sense, having bodies actually made in large part of the same things that made Sirius and Aldbaran. They and we are near relatives.

The Military Frontier of France.

The cession of Alsace and Lorraine placed Metz and Strasburg, the keys of the old French frontier in German hands. It gave France a new frontier and a very open one, a frontier unprotected by any very great natural obstacles, for the Germans now held both sides of the Rhine, and the northern passes of the Vosges (the passes by which the French army used to march to the Rhine under Napoleon I.) were well within the new German territory. Moreover, this naturally open frontier might be said to be wholly unprotected by art once Metz and Strasburg were gone. True there was the fortress of Belfort on the extreme right, guarding the well marked valley between the Vosges and the Jura, which French geographers call la trouée de Belfort. But Belfort, shattered by the successful siege which was the last act of the war, was only the wreck of a fortress, and in any case its works were not of such a character as to fit it for its new position on the very frontier line. Taught by the hard lessons of defeat, the French Government at once set to work to put the new frontier into a thorough state of defense. Successive War Ministers have steadily worked upon the lines originally laid down by the engineers charged with the task in 1871. Money has not been spared. It has been spent by millions, and now, after the labor of 16 years, the work is done. Probably so vast a scheme of military engineering was never before planned and executed in so brief a time. The French engineers have not been content to erect upon the new frontier three or four first-class fortresses to serve as points of support for a defending army. They have closed it with a double line of works, linked these together by an elaborate system of railways, and, besides re-fortifying Paris, they have constructed two other great fortresses in the heart of France to serve as bases of operation for her armies, if, as in 1870, the barriers nearer the frontier were again pressed by invading armies from beyond the Rhine.—Rural National Review.

How Much Can Be Dreamt in Five Seconds.

Revue Scientifique. I was sitting with a police official at his office, and we were discussing some fantastic story, when an employe came in and sat down beside us, leaning with his elbows on the table. I looked up and said to him, "you have forgotten to make the soup." "No, no; come with me." We went out together, going across long corridors, I walked behind him, at the college where I had been brought up. He went into a wing of the house which I knew well, and which led to the class rooms. Under the stairs he showed me a stove on which stood an oyster shell with a little white paint in it (I had been mixing water colors the night before.) "But you have forgotten the vegetables. Go to the porter at the other end of the court-yard; you will find them there on the table." I waited for a long time; at last I saw him making signs to me that he had found nothing. "It is at the left hand side," I shouted, and saw him cross the yard, coming back with an immense cabbage. I took a knife from my pocket, which I always kept there, and at the moment when I was going to cut the vegetable I was awakened by the noise of a bowl of soup being put heavily on the marble top of the table next my bed. It appears to me that the idea of soup was suggested to me by the smell at the moment when the door was opened by a servant bringing in the soup while I was asleep, and it takes five seconds at the most to walk from the door to the bed.



John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg.



Contemporary Caricature of Jefferson.

In which allusion of it is made, reposes amid dust heaps, and is never perused by the eye of man. But it was a great event in its time, and made Thanksgiving a memorable day to our forefathers in official circles. History is silent on the subject of the future career of the lieutenant's broken nose, but Thanksgiving day has come down to us intact.

Norway, Michigan, was destroyed by fire, its population rendered homeless, and their losses reaching \$300,000.