

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Written for This Paper.)



My country's bird, of thee,
As plump as bird can be,
Of thee I sing,
Thou for our sires hast died

When thou wast in thy pride;
Let their sons, far and wide,
Thy virtues ring.

Who cares if florid Pat
Corned-beef prefers, and rat
Is Johnny's fare?

Let Donald still rejoice,
Making the hare his choice:
Sambo the praises voice
Of 'possum rare.

Our votive gobbler thou,
Chosen by tongue and vow,
Better by far
Than Hans e'er loved his goose
Sauerkraut and onion juice,
To us thy savory use
Nothing can mar.

On thine unconscious head
Are richest blessings said
Thanksgiving Day
No other fowl beside,
Be he boiled, stewed or fried,
Is half so sanctified,
Victim we slay.

Our fathers' bird and ours,
List these our vocal powers
Thou hast induced,
Long may our land resound
To thy queer gurgling sound,
And turkeys fat abound
On every roost!

JULIA H. THAYER.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Historic, Gastronomic and Poetic Features Reviewed—The Thanking of Olden Times as Contrasted with That of To-day.

(Written for This Paper.)



The festival of the year most universally observed is the cheery one which comes with November chilliness. On Thanksgiving every sect brings its thanks to a common altar, and even the vast body of men and women who are identified with no religious body feel their hearts moved at the approach of the feast, and send up their praises to Him who is not alone the God of sects, but the gracious and merciful Father of all. Thanksgiving Day, for a couple of centuries was, one may say, almost a local festival, being confined to the New England States. Since 1862, however, it has been a legal and National holiday, and its observance is wide-spread, and almost universal in this country. It was appointed to be a National holiday—a day of praise and petition—at a time when, as a Nation, we were passing through the vicissitudes of war, yet had reason to hope that the Nation would be saved.

President Lincoln, with the intense reverence for Divine goodness which showed itself so plainly in his life, proclaimed for two consecutive years, '63 and '64, a general thanksgiving, and since then succeeding Presidents have made the custom a permanent one. To go into the history of Thanksgiving, carries one back into the mediæval ages, if not farther; indeed the era is very remote when there is not chronicled records of special feasts and fasts, at which times the various nations gave thanks for mercies received or disasters escaped. Some time it was for success in battle, again for deliverance from flood, famine or pestilence, and while many of those nations of the dark ages marked their existence by bloodshed only, it will be found that they were as punctilious in the observance of their religious rites as the Christianized people of our own century. Among the feasts of the Hebrews is mentioned one which is probably the most ancient and original Thanksgiving. It is the Feast of Tabernacles or the "ingathering at the end of the year." This proper celebration of prolific harvest, inspired later the festival known as Harvest Home, observed by various countries, and this in turn presently suggested the suitability of a day of thanks after the Harvest.

We who celebrate this Thanksgiving Day, secure in our religious faith, protected by a powerful Government, citizens of a prosperous commonwealth, surrounded by luxuries of mind, body and estate, can not realize the intense meaning of the primitive Thanksgiving celebrated two and a half centuries ago on the "wild New England shore." The Pilgrim band at Plymouth had just garnered its first harvest in the autumn of 1621. They had been but a year in this country. Of that famous landing the narrative is old. How the company of one hundred men, women and children, landed first at Cape Cod; how, before they left the Mayflower,

they bound themselves together by written compact; how they found "walnuts, strawberries and vines and a basket holding several bushels of Indian corn, yellow, red and blue, such as still grows on Cape Cod!" How the Mayflower, weather-worn after her long journey, stood in the harbor until the colonists should decide upon a permanent location, the captain grumbling at the delay and bidding them to hurry that he might start back to Holland. How finally the party consisting of Carver, Standish, Bradford and others, selected Plymouth rock and the Mayflower with its load of women and children came into that harbor five days later, being the 22d of December, new style. There they spent a bleak winter, illy housed, poorly clothed and fed. Half of them died from scurvy and other diseases and at times there were only a dozen who were well enough to wait upon the sick.

According to the diary of Governor Bradford, "they fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed their meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, dressed and undressed them," two of the most vigilant nurses being Elder Brewster and Captain Miles Standish. After weathering this winter, they hopefully welcomed the spring and put in such crops as the soil and their opportunities would permit. In the autumn came their first harvest and with hearts chastened by past miseries, yet undismayed and full of gratitude, they celebrated the first American Thanksgiving Day. It is not probable that the well-clad, well-fed worshippers who kneel to-day in costly churches feel a tinge of the overwhelming gratefulness which pervaded that small, feeble colony, offering up thanks for dangers passed, and present mercies. It was Governor Bradford who gave to this day its significance of good cheer for the old record relates that he sent four men out fowling "that they might after a more special manner rejoice together." In looking over the portraits of those dignified and befrilled gentlemen who gave their character to the first colonies, they do not impress one as being indifferent to gastronomic pleasures. The Endicotts and Winthrops and even old Cotton Mather himself, while their faces indicate plainly their austere morality, have a well-kept and well-fed appearance and most of their anatomies of great rotundity suggestive of a living of "good capons."

Good cheer has come to be the leading feature of Thanksgiving, with many persons eclipsing its religious significance. In each section of the country the leading luxuries are in demand for this day and this combined with the family reunions which universally occur on that day, make it a season of delight. Savory odors are upon the air for days beforehand and the humble pantry becomes a laboratory whence shall issue on Thanksgiving the most wonderful compounds and elixirs. The first turkey of the season usually yields up his life on this occasion; cranberries gleam redly through the cut glass, and the green and comely celery rears its appetizing head high above the more lowly viands—soon, alas, to be brought low on a level with the least of them. Around the mahogany decked with whitest linen and shining with the best dishes sit the hungry, happy throng representing the seven ages of man, possibly to the exclusion of the "merolling and luking" babe whose Thanksgiving cooing comes contentedly from an adjoining room. The youngsters wriggle impatiently through the long grace and a most provoking slowness assails the carving-knife which in the hands of the patriarch at the head of the table is soon making inroads into the brown and odorous fowl. Then perhaps at the end of the feast there is a plum pudding, brave with goodies and blazing gloriously as it is borne in by the exultant cook. Or if not a pudding, there are wondrous mince pies filled with the wealth of the storehouse and of a nature to make one dream of his remotest ancestors.

There are fruits and preserves, jellies and creams, making the Thanksgiving table an exponent of the fruits of the earth. But it is in Yankeeedom that this feast receives its crowning touch. No one denies the Yankee housewife, her pre-eminence in the art of cookery. With her herbs, her spices, her essences and flavors, with her precious recipes handed down from a grandmother distinguished for "faculty," this queen of the kitchen prepares a feast, mysterious and delicious. Conspicuous among its dainties is the plebeian pumpkin. Who has not heard of the New England pumpkin pie? A combination of delicious tastes and odors which no man can analyze and very few women save those who know the arcana of the kitchen. The pumpkin pie, or "pumpkin," as it is so much easier to say is a harvest poem in itself.

Its deep golden circle surrounded by a setting delicate and flaky, the aroma floating upward from its appetizing bosom, it is a concentration and condensation of all the joys of harvest-time. Indeed so potent has

been its effect upon man that even poets have not disdained to invoke the muse in its behalf. The Hoosier Bard, James Whitcomb Riley, has written one of his most elegant poems, inspired by the charm of that season in which the pumpkin plays such a conspicuous part.

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fudder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster hallyyoooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O its thens the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best
'With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house bare-headed and goes out to feed the stock.
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fudder's in the shock."

No poet has felt or depicted more truthfully the charms of the Thanksgiving season and harvest time than has Whittier. When he writes of this season, his pen seems dipped in autumn glory. His poem of the huskers is one of the most charming pictures of harvest merriment that has been drawn:

"Beneath the turnip lay concealed
In many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light
The pumpkin's sphere of gold."
A gift of a pumpkin pie from a lady friend once called out some of Mr. Whittier's prettiest and most graceful touches. Its acknowledgement is couched in a little poem called the Pumpkin, in which the poet apostrophizes beautifully this humble fruit of the vine:

"Ah, on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?
Oh, fruit loved of boyhood the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling,
When wild ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn-heap, our hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for a team."
The poet concludes this reminiscence of the pumpkin by heartfelt thanks: "Then thanks for thy present, none sweeter nor better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!"
Finally he concludes with a wish: "That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky,
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie."

SARAH S. PRATT.

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

How New York Crockery Dealers Attag the China-Painting Craze.

"You say the price of this beautiful hand-painted dinner set is \$175?"
"Yes, madam."
"And the price of this plain set of the same ware is \$171. Only \$4 difference?"
"Yes, madam."

"Then, how can that be real hand painting? Surely it must cost more than \$4 to decorate a set like that. The figures are exquisite."

Both dinner sets were of Limoges ware. They were displayed in Broadway crockery house. The decorated set had delicate figures traced on each of the hundred or more pieces.

"I assure you, madam, that it is genuine hand-painting," he replied. "The slight difference in price does not arise from the cheapness of the painting. It comes from the highest of the tariff."

"Well, I thought so," said the lady. "I've done some painting on china, and I know such beautiful work as that could never be had for \$4 a set."

"Just as I thought, too," said the dealer, when the lady had gone. "She is one of them."

"One of what?"
"The women with the china-decorating craze. I told a little fib about the tariff, or rather stretched the meaning. It is our tariff on customer and not the customs tariff that make the small difference in price. We charge within a trifling amount of a much for plain Limoges and other high-grade chinaware, simply to keep the plain sets out of the reach of persons, principally women, by the way, who otherwise would buy them and make their own hand-painted decorations. Few persons can tell real art work from daubs on china any more than they can on canvas. If we gave the china-decorating cranks a chance we'd soon have the market flooded with real Limoges ware, hand-painted by home talent. By making the plain sets almost as expensive as the imported hand-painted sets we shut out these amateurs. This course is pursued by the trade generally."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

The Most Abject of Slaves—Is There Any Emancipator?

The New York papers lately published a very pathetic story about a very popular emotional actress. It was to the effect that she had become a confirmed victim of the opium habit, involving an almost total loss of physical and mental powers, and actual destitution.

The story was at once denied by her friends, who say she has suffered simply from nervous prostration, is in no need of pecuniary aid, and is on the way to speedy recovery.

Opium victims are usually hopeless, helpless slaves, mind weakened, lacking energy for any effort toward recovery, rapidly drifting into imbecility and untimely graves.

A peculiar feature is that victims craftily conceal it from their nearest friends. A young lady at school near Philadelphia was recently found to be secretly addicted to it, keeping her "medicine" in a school-room chest, and injecting the fluid into her arm with a stylographic pen!

In the Chicago *Evening Field & Stockman*, September 24, 1887, is this letter signed S. T. O., from Barstow, Ky.: "I missed the paper that had my letter in, so I did not know that you made the request to know what it was I used to break up the morphia habit, until I got a letter from a gentleman asking information. I should have answered sooner. It was Warner's safe cure. I should have given it when I wrote the letter, but it looked too much like an advertisement."

This voluntary statement goes to confirm the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's safe cure, that it is the only remedy in the world which has any decided power over the disease of the kidneys and liver, and that this terrible habit can not be cured until these organs have first been restored to full health, because they are the ones chiefly affected by this drug.

Editor Wm. A. Bode, of Alton, Ill., was completely cured of the opium habit, acquired by long use in a painful malady, with Warner's safe cure. It can not be cured at all if the kidneys and liver are diseased.

It is not claimed that there is any thing in Warner's safe cure alone which will do away with the habit, except that it puts the kidneys and liver in a healthy condition, giving the whole system that strength and tone without which any attempt to throw out the habit would be vain.

It is because physicians have discovered that no other remedy is so beneficial in restoring health to the liver, kidneys and general system as the one stated that it has come into general use in connection with the special remedies for the cure of the dreadful opium habit.

One of the worst features of the opium habit is the deadening of mental and moral sensibilities in proportion as it weakens the physical system and the will power.

The Wife of a Russian Priest.

There is only one happy woman in Russia—the priest's wife—and it is a common mode of expression to say "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is so happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed and he becomes a mere layman, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to his Government. The dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has secured her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—ininitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

The matter for wonder and astonishment is this: When Remus jumped over his brother's little city wall how were his sprains and bruises cured without Salvation Oil!

What is the difference between a man at the mast-head of a ship and the ship itself? The ship sails over the seas, and the man sees over the sails.

An Unlovely Character.

An experience with a woman who makes life a burden to everybody about her by her relentless insistence on continual flattery as the price of peace in her house is thus discussed by the New York Graphic: She has a painful doubt as to whether she is the most lovable being on the globe. She insists that everyone who comes within range shall contribute to strengthen her wavering conviction on this point. Any conversation in her presence that does not feed it wounds it. You cannot discuss Mr. Brown's pretty conservatory because that is reflecting on madam's house plants; you can't speak of Mrs. Green's beautiful housekeeping because madam straightway pouts, because you are intimating that she is not domestic. The thing that every young girl ought to be taught first, last, and all the time as a recipe for social success is to appear to efface herself.

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.



There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheed suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. B. G. Troll, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8.15 A. M.; at 8.40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottsdam, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: "Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same.

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