

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

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PLUCK VERSUS LUCK.

There was a man which his name was Milla. Which he owned a farm all stones and hills; He was one of these fellows that kearily till His land an' by keepin' up with his bills, Without foolin' with lawyers or makin' o' wills, When he died, his boys had a sight o' land.

Ben was a slouch from heel to crown, He looked at the valleys an' hillsides brown, "They ain't wuth a cent," he said, with a frown; Then he blamed his luck an' went to town, An' bought some licker an' poured it down, An' somehow forgot all about the land.

But Jones, the youngest, he wa'n't no shirk, He rolled up his sleeves an' he went to work, An' he stuck to his business like a reg'lar Turk, Siddy like, an' kearily, not with a jerk, Just enough to make 'im enjoy his pork An' the beans what he raised on the sandy land.

Ben 'lowed 'twa'n't no use to tend that farm, But Jones didn't seem to feel no alarm; Somehow or 'nuther he found a charm In a willin' mind an' stnery arm. An' reckoned at least it wa'n't no harm. To make all he could from the pesky land.

So he piled up the stones 'stid o' loasin' in town, He planted his corn on the hillsides brown, An' ditched the low land an' seeded it down, In a little while, like a golden crown, The ripe grain waved, an' no trace of brown, For the grass an' grain could be seen on the land.

Five years passed by with Ben an' Jones, When Ben in the sorrowfulest kind of tones, Said: "Wife, I'm tired of these ole stones, An' 'seoin' my stock all skin an' bones, An' a livin' along on corn bread pones, An' blamed ef I ain't goin' to sell my land."

The man what'll work 's the one to win, An' Jones had worked hard an' saved his tin, An' the time had come when he could begin To set 'roun' without committin' a sin, An' Ben's land was for sale so he bought it in, An' it come about he owned all o' the land.

Now Ben as he'd got some ready cash, Moved to town an' went to cuttin' a dash; He fed on the finest kind of hash, An' throwed that money aroun' like trash, But as such fellers will be had to smash, An' then he had neither money nor land.

An' now he was pore as pore could be, An' Jones let him live in his house, rent free; But he wa'n't a bit thankful: "Why, look," says he, "He's so stuck up an' proud any one can see, Kase he's had better luck he feels above me, An' hit's mean after he's cheated me outen my land."

Jones offered 'im work but he declined, An' told 'im to remember an' bear in mind, Ef he had forgot, an' 't was so unkind, That they were brothers. Though he'd tried to grind An' bring him down he'd've very soon find He couldn't scrooge him, ef he did git 's land."

But now as Ben ye thought say he'd struck, Jones jest went off an' of course, he tuck An' hired a chap made o' better truck, While Ben sat aroun' an' moaned about luck; When 'twa'n't nothin' on 'arh but want o' pluck, An' proper git up to tend his land.

STAGE ROBBERS.

An American's Adventures with Mexican Road Agents.

Mr. Edgar Wood had two thousand silver dollars in ten-dollar rolls nicely packed in a valise with a few toilet articles, and twelve thousand dollars in bank-notes and bills of exchange snugly sewed into a thin belt worn about his person. In an outside belt, elegantly embroidered, he wore a superbly jeweled revolver, warranted to be useful as a weapon at long range, in the hand of a self-collected man resting under safe shelter.

As to other personal furniture, his comfortable figure was adorned with a fine gold watch, possessing a national reputation for beauty and value throughout the Republic of Mexico, and a hat covered with gold lace and bangles that made it the envy of all the beaux in town.

Under these conditions Mr. Edgar Wood entered the ten-mule stage, that stood in the patio of the Hotel Iturbide, for a trip down the country to pay off three thousand laborers a month's wages.

The stage started out amid the usual hubbub. The driver gathered up his lines, shouted at all the mules together and at each mule by name. The assistant driver seized the whip and added its resounding crack to his vociferous entreaties and denunciations. The two outriders ran along the sides of the team, shouted, and swore, and pelted the mules with stones, while ten bows of cow-bells, suspended above the ten collars, added their clangor to the confusion, and the whole cortege rolled over the roughest cobble-stone pavement on the American continent, awakening an angry city from its comfortable slumbers.

The wealthy contractor was alone that morning, and he occupied every corner of the stage in such rapid succession and varied positions that, if the City of Mexico had been twice as broad as it was, he must have been a disagreeable jelly before reaching the suburbs. As it was, however, the grand exhibition of style and enterprise was soon over, and the team settled down to the comfortable habit of the country, a very slow trot on rather soft roads, while the passenger settled himself in the corner, lighted

they bound themselves together by written compact; how they found been its effect upon man that even poets have not disdained to invoke.

"This month," he considered, "will cost me twenty thousand dollars, for which outlay the government pays me one hundred thousand dollars, which is eighty thousand dollars clear gain. In two more I shall be in good trim, and then I shall ask old Juarez for Emilia. I think she admired me last night when I said my adieu," and he looked at his pistol, his fine watch and elegant hat, and—a rifle-ball whistled through the coach-window, followed by a command of "Pararse!" (halt).

There is no discussing such an order given under such circumstances. It was not possible for Mr. Wood to say just how he looked, but he felt very pale, when a pleasant, gentlemanly voice at the window inquired: "Have I the honor of addressing Senor Edgardo Wood?"

"That is my name, sir." "Ah, Don Edgardo, I am so sorry to have to molest you in your journey, but won't you do me the favor to alight for a moment?"

Now, if there was one quality on which that gentleman prided himself more than on another, it was the superiority of his manners. He was known as the polite American of Mexico, and so, when addressed a simple request in such courteous terms, he was fain to comply.

He therefore alighted, and tried to do so promptly, but his motions were not so graceful as usual; there seemed a tremulous excitement, almost a stagger in his movements, when he looked about him.

Four men, armed with cutlasses, rifles and revolvers stood ready to receive him. The upper half of each face was covered with a black mask. They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the others at the temples, and ruddy face below the mask, ending in a thin, frouzly, tow-colored goatee—seemed to indicate an Englishman. Mr. Wood, noting him carefully, thought he had seen him before, but failed in every attempt to place him.

"Senor Wood," said the spokesman, advancing, "I am pleased to meet you, and regret that you are not able to reciprocate the cordial sentiments I entertain for you. I must say, Amiguillo, you wear a charming hat, and such things are so common to you that I am sure there will be no objection to an exchange. See what a poor thing I wear, and so unsuited to my years and position in society! It fits well, too. And also, Senor Wood, you are said to possess an excellent watch; that, sir, would be an extremely convenient article to have, in my profession, that I may be prompt in meeting the stage, and thus avoid tiresome watching. I will accept it, with your permission."

Mr. Wood was rapidly learning to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew he must submit to being stripped, so, handing over the watch with the best grace possible, he said, with a smile and a bow: "May I present you with a pistol, as good as there is in the republic, except your own?"

"Oh, senor! now you flatter me; I accept it in your name, Amiguillo. And also, senor, I admire your coat; let us exchange; your trousers, too, will fit me nicely, and your boots, even if a little large, will be better than these. Have the goodness to be seated on my old coat, and we will assist you in removing them; we are experienced valets."

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have thought he was engaged in a frolic. He used to say, in telling this story, that he felt all through the performance as if he were being joked by a friend.

"And now," continued the ladron, "we will trouble you, Senor Wood, to pass out your valise, if you will be so obliging."

Mr. Wood hesitated for the first time, and looked around, but there was no morery; the muzzles of three pieces looked into his eyes, while he replied: "Very well, gentlemen, if you insist." He handed out the heavy valise, which was taken aside by the Mexicans, while the English-looking thief kept guard at the stage-door. When the precious cargo was removed to a short distance from its owner, the sentinel muttered to him in English: "If you give me two thousand dollars, unseen, from your belt, you can save the rest; otherwise, I'll fix every dollar you've got."

Mr. Wood felt sure he had somewhere seen the face, of which the mouth and chin were exposed, but if he suspected the truth he kept it to himself, and quietly handed over the money to the man.

In a few minutes the nearly empty valise was returned, and the party bade the traveler adieu and wished him a safe journey. In his disagreeable fix he could only ride till he met the return stage, and go with it to the capital, under the shelter of a shawl lent him by a sympathetic lady among the passengers, with whom, at noon, he entered the patio, from which he had so exultingly sallied in the early morning. The idle populace, as usual, rushed in with the stage and witnessed

been its effect upon man that even poets have not disdained to invoke. The nearest entrance of the hotel and made his way to his room.

When Mr. Wood emerged therefrom he made his way to the English bank to deposit the papers saved in his belt, and there encountered the second surprise of the day. The teller, who received and credited him with the amount was the counterpart of the English robber of the morning; but he had no beard, nor could Wood recall that he had even seen him adorned with that symptom of manhood. It was impossible that he should be a ladron—his position in the bank, his easy, self-possessed manner, not brazen, but natural and innocent. No, it was a mistake.

The next day, there being several Mexican merchants to start for Vera Cruz, Mr. Henry Yorke, of Wood & Co., was dispatched with them in the morning stage. He went well armed, and had the name of being a fighting man. But, as yet, no crowd of Mexican passengers has frightened a band of robbers from its enterprise, and so, at sunrise, Yorke discovered two small squads of horsemen bearing down on the stage from opposite directions.

"There are six of them," he said, and we are nine men, with only one woman. Are we to fight, gentlemen, or shall we surrender?"

"Mexicans never surrender," cried one of them. "We will fight to the last drop of blood."

"Yes, always," answered the other eight. "I shall be killed; oh, I shall be killed!" shrieked the frightened woman.

"We shall defend you, senora," they declared. The horsemen drew near. All were masked and armed. One party passed the coach, wheeled, and instantly returned. Meanwhile Yorke sprang from the stage, which had stopped, and, calling to his fellow-passengers to join him, fired his rifle at the nearest of the gang and killed him. He then began discharging his revolver, as they closed in on him, and looking about for his companions, discovered them all in their seats, pallid spectators of his recklessness. In another instant a pistol-ball struck him down.

Evidently the ladrones had only contempt for the Mexican passengers, for they rode directly forward to the fallen American, whose body they mercilessly hacked in pieces with their sabers, for a warning to all who resisted their robberies.

The entire treasure of Wood & Co. was taken from the person of Yorke and his valise; and the passengers, the lady not excepted, were robbed of every article they possessed, even to their outer clothing. When the ladrones left, their captain opened an embroidered jacket, revealing the form of a woman, and cried, with a sneer: "You are men. Adios!"

When the stage, returning, entered the patio of the Hotel Iturbide, with the body of Mr. Yorke, it was met by Wood, to whom the lady-passenger declared that his partner had been killed by an Englishman of the band, whose lower face was ruddy, narrow and thin, ending in a little shadowy beard; that he had reached into the coach, and shot Yorke in the back, through the open doorway of the opposite side, as he was firing rapidly at the gang, and that, as he withdrew his head, his beard dropped from his chin, and she had secured it.

At ten o'clock, that morning, he went to the English Bank with the woman, and presented a check for payment. As the teller laid down the money he saw the little wad of beard on the counter, picked it up, and, looking at it curiously, said: "What is this?" At the same moment, Mr. Wood discovered that his companion trembled violently and was becoming alarmingly pale, and lost no time in leaving the bank.

The woman was sure of the identity of the man, and would listen to no possibility of her mistake. As for Mr. Edgar Wood, he was confounded, but he did the customary thing, and set an English detective on the track of Mr. Carlos Watfils, the teller of the English Bank of Mexico.

The next payment went to the line in charge of a paymaster and a mounted guard, of whom the chief was one of the most successful ladrones of Mexico; he gave safe conduct to the treasure, for which he was well paid.

Two months passed. No outward sign indicated any depravity on the part of Mr. Watfils. He lived modestly, and seemed a retiring, rather studious man. His sole dissipation was his horseback-ride each morning and night.

The time had come for another payment to the men of the contractor, and again Wood determined to go in person with the money, and by stage. This time, he selected a day when a fair complement of Mexican men, having commercial relations with Vera Cruz, would travel, and went accompanied also by two Americans, armed with rifles and revolvers. The English detective, with a com-

THE OPIUM HABIT.

The Most Abject of Slavery—Is There any other? The road had not been so infested of late, but the Americans understood the danger to which they were exposed in the transportation of treasure, and made their disposition accordingly. Mr. Wood and one companion occupied the front seat of the coach, looking to the rear; the third man of the party sat with the driver, being a crack shot with a Winchester rifle.

When they stopped for coffee, at eight o'clock, no one had appeared to molest the stage, or create suspicion. As they left the little inn the detective appeared in sight, but the stage made no delay, and the party were again on their way.

Suddenly the inside passengers detected the effort of the driver to stop his cumbrous team, and heard the voice of the American by his side shout to him: "If you stop, I'll kill you; drive on and drive hard." Then a rifle-shot, and another shout as he passed down his rifle, and called for a fresh one, which he received at once.

Mr. Wood and his companions, looking from the coach, saw they were pursued by eight horsemen, who were now within two hundred yards at the rear. Leaning from the coach-window he cried out to the driver: "If those fellows catch us, you are a dead man!" The threat told wonderfully on the speed of the team.

Meanwhile the band approached, and the three Americans fired together, throwing the ladrones into confusion and forcing a halt; but they rolled at once, and six horsemen of the eight were drawing near, when the driver's companion by another shot brought a man to the ground. At this moment the detective and his guard appeared in the rear of the band, and Mr. Wood ordered the driver to slow down. The robbers discovered the trick, for turning, they saw the reinforcement in their rear, and lost no time in leaving the road, and making off across the valley toward the mountains.

The stage met no further adventure, and Mr. Wood was able to return to Mexico in a week. The afternoon of his arrival he accompanied the English bank manager and the detective to the hospital of Guadalupe, and found there, to the surprise of the manager, the teller, Mr. Carlos Watfils, suffering from a shattered leg.

If Watfils were tried in Mexico, it is by no means certain that a conviction could be secured under those laws. It was, indeed, a chance if the Americans might not be made to suffer for killing men who had not attacked them. In this view of the case, Mr. Watfils was sent across the water with the English officer, and having been convicted in London of the crime of counterfeiting, was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude.—Argonaut.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

Why It Is Not Worth While to Worry Over What "They Say of Us."

What suffering and writhing! What sleeplessness and tears! What twisting and acting of petty falsehoods goes on under the lash of a silly fear of what people will say! I do not now refer to any important thing like the matter of character. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." No one can afford to do without that; and, no doubt, the cases are exceptional where one can not have it if he is worthy. I refer to the needless suffering one must endure who allows himself to be worried by the pin-pricks and gnaw-bites of criticism and censure to which every one is more or less subjected. No soul escapes; but one who pursues his independent way without the slightest notice of these things, goes nearer free of these human insects than the one who looks after and tries to slap them in return for their bite. Now it might repay a sensitive soul to steer clear of these annoyances, if such a course were possible, but it is not so. It is just as impossible as it would be to create a new set of fellow-beings. In fact, that is just what would have to be done, for each of these small, self-appointed judges argues and tries your case; and condemns or acquits according to his own individual notion, and from the standpoint of his own character. The selfish judge will accuse you of selfishness—the ambitious one of a desire for honor and influence. The untrustworthy will accuse you of hidden motives, and so on. They will do it. What does it matter! Your own true friends who know you thoroughly will understand what you are doing—or if not they will trust you—believing that you, yourself, understand, which is even better. So let me beg of you, my good, honest friend, as life brings plenty of unavoidable worries, not to waste one moment's pleasure in considering "What will they say!"—Christian at Work.

—He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—Lord Cherbury.

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.

The Career, Achievements and Death of Vitus Behring.

It is now just twenty years since our Government bought of Russia all her possessions on this continent. Since that purchase Alaska has been made familiar to us in the reports of officials, of scientific explorers, of traders and of tourists. The earlier history of the Territory is full of interest, for it is marked by undertakings of the most intrepid daring and of heroic adventure. That was a bold plan that directed from St. Petersburg an expedition across the north of Asia, the building of vessels on the Eastern coast, and the discovery of a separate continent on the opposite side of the Pacific. That plan was formed in the mind of Peter the Great, and it was carried into execution by Behring, whose name has since been connected with the sea and the strait which lie between the continents.

Vitus Behring (Bering) was a Dane. He was born at the village of Horsen, Jutland, in 1680. As a young man, he sailed in Danish vessels to the East and West Indies. In 1706 he entered the service of Peter the Great, and was assigned to the navy which had just been built at Cronstadt. The appointment of Behring to the command of a scientific expedition in the Sea of Kamschatka was made January 29, 1725. On the 5th of February Behring started from St. Petersburg, and three days later his imperial master died. So difficult was the journey overland that it was not until the summer of the following year that Behring, with the advance detachment, reached the Sea of Ochotsk. Behring then built a boat to carry the party over the sea. He had brought men from Russia for this purpose. The craft was christened the Fortuna. The last of June, 1727, it carried over to Kamchatka the ship-builders who were to build the vessel intended for the great voyage.

Their ship-yard was established at the mouth of the Kamschatka river. The next winter was spent in preparing timbers for the vessel, and on the 20th of July, 1728, it was ready for the voyage. Three years and a half had gone by since Behring and his party had set out from St. Petersburg. The Gabriel—for that was the name of the ship—sailed northeast along the coast of Asia. On the 10th of August the Island of St. Lawrence was discovered. Five days later they rounded a cape in latitude 67 deg. 18 min. north. Here the coast line turned suddenly to the west. Behring had proved that the continents were separate. The party returned to the ship-yard and wintered there. On the 6th of June, 1729, they left again on a voyage of exploration, but were unsuccessful, and Behring returned overland to St. Petersburg.

It was not until 1732 that proposals were made for another expedition. Anna was now Empress, and she was ambitious to extend the boundaries of Russia. She directed that special attention be given to the possibilities of a northeast passage along the American coast. Behring's plan was to push across to the coast of America, and trace it northward to the strait he had discovered. The plan gave Behring her possessions in America. The party left St. Petersburg early in 1733. They built two vessels on the Sea of Ochotsk. Seven years had been spent when, in the St. Peter and the St. Paul, they sailed over to Kamschatka and wintered there. On the 4th of June, 1741, Behring started on his last voyage. He was in command of the St. Peter. July 18 the American coast was sighted in latitude 58 deg. 23 min. north. They followed the dangerous coast to the west, meeting head-winds all the time. Scurvy broke out, and Behring was confined to his cabin. A council was held, and it was resolved to return to Kamschatka. The St. Paul was lost. On the 4th of November an island was sighted—the last discovery Behring was to make. It was named for him. Here they landed for winter quarters. The commander was carried on shore November 9, and he died December 19. The survivors of that winter built a boat from the wreck of the St. Peter, and they reached Kamschatka on the 27th of August, 1742.—Youth's Companion.

—The Commissioner of Patents in a preliminary report to the Secretary of the Interior, shows that the number of applications for patents of all kinds for the fiscal year 1886 and 1887 was 38,408 against 40,678 for the previous year. Number of applications for patents, 35,434; for designs, 797; reissues, 150; registration of trade marks, 1,270; of labels, 757; caveats, 2,616. Total, 40,024. Number of patents granted, including number reissues and designs, 21,732; trade marks registered, 1,101; labels registered, 384. Total, 23,217.—Public Opinion.

—A Chance for Some Inventor—Of late they have chimneys invented Which all of their own smoke consume; Now a music-consuming piano Is needed to help out the boom.—Tid-Bite.