THANKSGIVING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

There is a new song in my lips,
A song that fits to-day,
The music of a quiet stream
Upon its seaward way—
The monotone of such content
As to a mortal life is lent.

The song a tiny river sings
That through a meadow glides,
Half hidden by the waving grass
Its level course divides;
At last forgetful of the hills
That vexed so long its infant rills.

Not yet its chant of victory
Re-echoes from the shore;
Not yet is all its duty done,
Its rush and labor o'er;
But ocean neareth every day,
And bright is life that glides away.

A little hymn of gratitude,
Like bird-songs from their nest,
My heart must fashion into speech
And utter from its rest
A tender voice of thankfulness
For love that loveth most to bless.

The slow speech of a weary child
That, wandering lost and lone,
Comes unaware on home at last
And nestles to its own,
Wrapped all at once in warmth and peace,
Where all the storm and straying cease.

Ah! can it be, at last, at last,
The time of toil and tears,
Of bitter trouble overpast,
That hope again appears!
That after all this weary strife
I live to thank thee, Lord, for life!

To gather up the broken clue
And tread the path again
With quiet hope and thankfulness
I trod so long with pain,
To trust again with such a faith
As once was wounded unto death!

Lord, keep me closer at thy side
As life the sweeter grows,
Lest I forget in this content
The thorn beneath the rose.
That, dear as home and love may be,
I find them still most dear with Thee.

THANKSGIVING THEN.

Remembered for Polly.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Get up in my lap, Polly, and I'll tell you all about Thanksgiving when I was a little girl. Dear me! that is a long time ago, and sometimes mamma thinks there will never be any more such days, even for you little girls; but, after all, I know you do have nice times now.

I must begin with my grandmother's kitchen; for I know you will never see a kitchen like that. It was large and low, with two windows opening on to the back yard, out of whose green, knotty panes I used to watch the pigeons and the cats and see what Hiram was doing at the barn, when it was too cold for me to play on the wood-pile or in the carriage house. There were all sorts of closets and cupboards about the kitchen, and a sink-room and kettle-room opening out of it, and beyond these a well-room. But the queerest thing of all was the fireplace. It was very wide, indeed—so wide you could sit in each corner and look up the chimney to the sky. The fire was in the middle, and was made of big logs piled up on great iron andirons. Over it was an iron thing called a crane, a flat, strong bar of iron, that swung off and on, so you could put on the kettle without burning your arms in the flame, and then swing them back to their place. They were hung on hooks, and these hooks put into short chains, that had other hooks which held them on the crane, so the pot-hooks could be put in higher or lower just as was needed. There was a bake-kettle stood in one corner of the chimney, and a charcoal furnace in the other, so that you could cook a great many things at once. What fun we children did have at that fireplace, when the cook was good natured. We used to tie apples to strings, and then fasten the strings to the shelf above and see the apples twirl and roast and drip into saucers. We used to melt loaf-sugar in little wire baskets tied to just such strings, and see it drop into buttered pans, making cakes of clear amber candy. We thawed frozen apples in the dish-kettle, and roasted ears of corn by leaning them against the andirons. We always begged the pigs' tails at "killing time," and, rolling them in brown paper, baked them in the hot ashes. They never were good, nobody ever ate them but we persisted in doing it year after year. But I am forgetting Thanksgiving. In those days we always began to get ready for it on Monday; for there were a great many people to come—aunts and uncles and cousins—and they must have more than they could possibly eat, or it would not be Thanksgiving. So Monday we began to stone raisins and cut up citron. My sister and I lived with my grandfather, and we had other cousins in the same town, who came there every day; and I can tell you little girls and boys were made useful then. I often wonder what you would do in these days if you had to help as much as we did. We stoned raisins, and picked over cranberries, and washed Zante currants, and sliced citron, and beat eggs till our arms ached. Sometimes I had to run up and down hill to the dressmakers: for, if I had a new winter dress, it was always made for Thanksgiving, and so was my winter coat and hat. Monday the cake was made and the cranberry sauce. I never see such cranberry sauce now. It was hard as jelly and poured into molds which turned out stiff and smooth. But Monday was not so nice a day as Tuesday, for then we had apples to peel and quarter and core, so they could be stewed and strained and spiced for the next day; great lemon-colored squashes to cut up for the pot, and then the delight of seeing them rubbed in soft streams through the seive; lemons to grate for the puddings, and eggs to beat for the calves-foot jelly, that was a long time in making, and was at last poured into odd, old-fashioned jelly-glasses, where it looked like white wine. To-day also bread was made and baked. The great brick oven crackled and roared a long time, then it was cleansed of its coals and swept with a damp broom, and then one after another the white swelling loaves were put in, the pans pushed to the end by a large flat shovel, with a very long handle, called a slice. Then Mary filled a stone jar with baking pears put in a cup of molasses and two or three of water, put on the cover, and fastened it down all round with a roll of dough. This went into the oven when the bread came out, and stayed there till next morning. By that time the pears were soft and deep red, and the jar half filled with syrup. How tired we were Tuesday night. But we did not mind tire, for Thanksgiving was coming. And really next day it began to come, for this was pie day. There in the kitchen Grandmother could be heard long before breakfast pounding the crust with her rolling-pin, while the big oven flamed and roared: and Mary baked biscuit in a little tin oven before the fire, or a big shortcake on a pewter platter, set up against a flatiron and held in place by a stick, browned and crisped steadily before the bright blaze. Then, if I was good, I was allowed to tuck myself into a corner and look on and run of errands. I went for nutmegs, for cinnamon, for pie-dishes, for more sugar, for milk and spoons and spices; but I was more than paid if I could only watch Grandmother roll the thin crust out, lay it so neatly over the dishes, shave off the edge so close, and then, after filling it with the red, or yellow, or creamy mixture before her in big bowls, cut strips of paste with the dough-spur and ornament their surfaces. What a work of skill it was to set those pies in the oven and never spill a drop or slop the broad edges of crust and leave a smear! How deliciously they smelt when they came out, glazed and crisp, and fit to melt in your mouth like the cream-tarts of Bedreddin Hassan!

And all this time somebody else has been cutting up chickens, and packing their nicely jointed bodies away in an iron pot for the chicken pie. There they simmer, being now and then tormented with a fork, to see how they are doing; while Grandmother makes more crust and pounds it "like a Trojan," as the old sewing-woman used to say. Now the last pies are out and set on the buttery shelves—almost forty of them, as well as a small girl can count, rising on tiptoe and stretching her neck to see. There are cranberry tarts—lakes of clear crimson jelly in a shore of flaky crust, with ornamental bridges across; apple tarts, dark with spice, their shining brown surfaces setting off the delicate cream-colored rims; squash pies (which we always called punkin pies), their pale yellow substance savory with ginger, cinnamon and cream and eggs, besides the squash; Marlboro' puddings, rich enough to give an elephant dyspepsia, and which in my secret heart I always thought were made of pomatum, they looked so clear and yellow and tasted so of lemon-peel—just as pomatum smelt. Mince pies were never made in our house till Christmas; but we had covered apple pies, where the apples were piled in without sugar or spice, till the covering crust looked like a bag of walnuts. And, when these were baked, that upper crust was lifted off and the inside carefully mixed with butter, sugar and nutmeg, and then the top replaced. This was a delightful performance to behold. Now was the chicken pie's turn. The oven was re-heated, and the great pastry, in a deep yellow dish, set in to bake, adorned with twists and curlicues of every sort, and a hole left in the top, much to my childish wonder. Now the guests might come, and come they did—some from the river-boat, where they had spent a long, weary day; some from the stage, that rattled and rumbled up to the door, and unloaded there more bundles and babies than it ought to have held. And oh! what fun it was to hear the house ring with fresh voices; to see our dear, handsome old grandfather welcoming them all so heartily; to hear fires crackle in the spare room and in the drawing-room; to see the tea table with an extra leaf for extra guests; and see them all enjoy the bread and butter, the loaf cake, the cookies, the dried beef, the pears and cream, that nobody ever got so nice anywhere but at grandmother's house. And then there was the last delight of the day, to see mother, just as I was dropping off into sleep, standing close to the lamp to baste in a bit of old lace into the throat of my green merino dress and pin on the front her own little pin of rough Carolina gold. Oh! my mother!

Are you tired, Polly? "Teep on." It is well for mamma that her little girl likes "talkee-talkee," as the Indians say; for those days are very fresh in my mind, and sometimes I can't help crying when I think about them and then I forget how much I have said. But the next day is Thanksgiving. Grandfather is down stairs early, and has a big bright fire all ready; and there is sweet, gentle Aunt Clara, with the last baby beside her knee, and a smile and a kiss for all of us; there are half a dozen cousins and five or six other aunts and uncles; and I get into a corner, silent and shy. I love them all, but I couldn't say so, possibly. So I get out of sight all I can, swallow my breakfast, and am happily at play under the table with paper boats and handkerchief babies, and my dearest cousin Taf, the dearest boy in the world, I think; when mother comes for me to be washed and dressed and go to church. Taf is a big man now and a general. He has taken ports, and conquered rebels and been trailed about the world from pillar to post, and been praised by the newspapers and honored by the country; but I asked him not long ago if he remembered how we played boats under the table, and he laughed and said he did.

I'm sorry to say I didn't like to be washed and dressed and go to church, Polly. My nose was always rubbed up, and soap got into my eyes, and my hair braided in dreadfully tight pig-tails. I wanted to stay at home, and see the big turkey roasted in the roaster. I should have liked to baste him through the lid behind and turned him on the spit. I wanted to help stick cloves into the cold ham, and score the mashed potato before it was put to brown in the reflector; but I had to go to church, for all that, in my plum-colored pelisse and the pea-green silk hood, lined with pink and edged with squirrel fur, that was made for me out of a piece of old Aunt Eunice's petticoat. She left two of them—one sky-blue and one pea-green, quilted in flowers and scrolls and in the most elegant manner, and they made beautiful hoods Polly.

But then there was church. We sat in a square pew close by the pulpit, and when the long prayer came I always got up on the seat and knelt down and looked out of the window into the graveyard. There were two tombstones under the window, very small and brown, with a disagreeable cherub's head on each of them and letters to tell about Mr. Joseph Hancox and two little sons, from New Hampshire, lying there. I used to wonder if they liked to be buried there and have burdocks grow over them. I never did like burdocks! Then I looked around a little at the people, and gaped a good deal, and slid down into my seat and heard Dr. Hawes come to very near the end, and say "finally." Then I brightened up, and pretty soon they sung a hymn out of Dwight's hymn book; and old Mrs. Ellery, in the widows' slip, sung. She had a very queer, cracked voice, and I used to wonder what made her sing. But there was only one hymn. The rest were anthems and set pieces, very loud and long. So was the sermon. The Doctor thumped the cushions and made a deal of noise; and I did not know about politics, and got so tired. It seemed to me very hard that we had to go to church on a week day. But I suppose they wanted us out of the way at home. For when we got back there was the long table all set out with silver and glass and china; the big bunch of celery in the middle, in its sparkling glass vase; the molds of crimson cranberry at the corners; decanters of bright wine at either end, the hams, starred with cloves, at one side and a pair of cold tongues on the other; little dishes of picked mushrooms, mangoes, and butternuts standing interspersed about; and on the sideboard such an army of pies and jellies and nuts and apples and almonds and raisins as might make four desserts to-day. But then people liked to eat and drink. They had open fires and rattling windows, and so plenty of fresh air. There was Grandfather in his knee breeches and queer old-fashioned coat, with all the children clustering and clambering round him, there was Grandmother, with her brown silk dress and best cap on; ruffles of soft thread lace about her face and throat; the pretty young aunts, dressed for the day, and the married aunts, talking to each other about their children and servants and clothes, much as married aunts do still; and there were the uncles, looking a little as if they wished the dinner would hurry. And, last of all, there was one little table—for we children always had a table to ourselves—with a set of small pies on it. And sometimes I sat at the head, if Kate were not there, for she was older than I; but Quent always sat at the foot, being always there and the oldest of us all. What fun we had; and how hard it was to say what we would have to eat, for we could not eat everything. And by this time the table was loaded with turkey, and roast ducks, and chicken pie, and celery sauce, and gravies, besides all the cold meats; and I knew mother's beautiful dark eyes kept good watch over her little daughter's plate, for fear of next day's headache, for even then I had headache. The other little girls had fathers to see to them; but our father was always gone away. How nice it was to cut the pies just like a grown-up woman! And how our small tongues ran as we played at being grown up! We know now that it isn't play to be men and women; some of us have done being that even. Lou shut her blue eyes long ago and laid her fair hair down to sleep far away in the west. Kate's bright, dark beauty, "her cheeks like roses and her eyes like aloes," (as old people used to say)—they are gone, too, and a great river sings to her rest. Charley lies by the Gulf of Mexico and those of us who still live are scattered from shore to shore—long, wide miles lie between us; and between some rolls a deeper ocean than space or time. If ever it is bridged there will be a Thanksgiving in heaven and on earth both.

But Mamma is getting too sober for you, Polly. "What makes me cry?" Why, little girl, don't you think grown people ever cry? We never used to Thanksgiving Day, for after dinner we felt horribly dull. We had all eaten too much, to tell the truth; and it was cold outdoors and getting dark by this time. A few of the courageous went out to the barn, and got into the ark, as we called the old family coach, that we never had seen used in our lives. There we jumped, and squealed, and laughed, and played to go to ride; but I never liked it much. There was a musty smell of old cushions and dried up leather, besides the stable smells; and there were cobwebs and dust, and oh, horrors! I was afraid, mice! But by and by came tea-time. I don't think we ever ate anything only drank our milk and water and longed for the table to be cleared: for then we all had games—very quiet ones, to be sure, so the old people could help us. "Twenty questions," or "What is my thought like?" or we capped verses, or Grandfather told us about "Little Robby and old Rose the dog," and sung, "Did you ever, ever, ever see a man eat a whale?"

Then the dear Aunt Kate, who was always ready to make us children happy would perform her one astonishing juggler's trick—eating a bit of lighted candle. How we stared never finding out for years that the candle was cut out of an apple, and had a bit of walnut meat for wick. Then she melted sugar in the real candle and dropped it on white paper for us. She played the game of human life on a queer old parchment sheet, with illustrated stopping places for our counters. I always wondered why the complaisant man had to begin the game all over again. I don't think he does always. Then she would repeat poetry to us—the "Battle of Ivry" or the "Bullfight of Gazul"—till my blood used to grow cold and give me shivers of excitement. And then came the order for bed. It was dreadful to go to bed, to feel that Thanksgiving was over, that a whole year, with winter and lessons and headaches and various small miseries, lay before us. But all things come to an end at last—not only Thanksgiving, but my story, Polly. Aren't you glad?

Written especially for this paper.

DINAH'S "FANKSGIVIN'."

A Story of the South.

MATTIE O. CAMPBELL.

"Nice appl's, Missus; Yo' want to buy some?"

"Not to-day; I—"

"De berry nices' appl's yo' kan fin', Missus; I nebber's got no sech appl's 's dese yere Sweetin's sen e I kan 'member on'y on dat dere tree o' mine. Sell 'em cheap, missus."

"W-ell! I will take a few; just empty them into this basket."

"I nebber lak to do no beggin', but it 'peared lak yo' boun' to buy jes' a few, dis mawn'n. Yo see my li'l gran'chile, wots been ailin', hes plum sot her heart on havin' chicken fo' dinnah a-Fanksgivin', an ole Tom jes' a spilein' to please her. She jes de sunshiniest chile when she feel good yo' ebber did see, but when she gits de mizry in her po' li'l back dey aint no use ter try to mek her forget hit; she don't nebber say much, missus, but hit nigh 'bout breks ole Tom's heart to see her lay dere so quiet lak, wiv nuffin to say an' her po' li'l face all drawed out o' shape wiv de pain."

I could see that the old man's thoughts were with her, but he recollected himself and drew his hand across his eyes with a shame-faced expression.

"Where do you live, Uncle?"

"'Bout a mile f'om yere, missus, down on de line road—jes' de aige ob de town."

I remembered having seen a little hovel there, and wondered how a family could exist in such a tumble-down cabin, especially when the nipping frosts reminded one of the bleak months to come.

"I think I shall send down for more of the Sweetings in a few days, Uncle," I said, succumbing to one of those fits of philanthropy which, alas! often left me a victim to designing tramps. "Can you spare me a few more?"

"Law, yes, missus, dere's mo' on dat tree dan yo' fam'ly cud use all de fall. Yo' kan hab what yo' wants." And the old man went off with a beaming face.

Two days before Thanksgiving I remembered my promise.

I stopped the carriage a little way from the old one-story structure, and making my way through the cleanly swept patch of door-yard, knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in," said a piping voice, and I unlatched the broken door and entered. A little, thin, colored girl lay on a rudely constructed couch, half-chair, half-bed. The nimble fingers stopped in their work of "picking over" a few raisins and dried currants.

"I came to see about the Sweetings. Is Uncle Tom at home?"

The thin face lighted up suddenly.

"No! Missus, but I ken tole yo' wha' dey is; he done got 'em ready, kase he thought yo' mout come. Oh! Missus, we kan hab a chicken, now! I war done 'fraid sompin' mout happen dat yo' cudent come."

"So you are going to have a Thanksgiving dinner?" I asked.

"Yes, Missus, ef we don' git dis'pinted noways. Las' year we had to spen' all our money we hed save up for wood, kase he cuddent git no job o choppin. Won't yo' tek a cheer, Missus?"

I did so, and looked about the little room, noting the results of pitiful attempts to "mek it look lak white folks' houses." A little shelf which had evidently been put up by unskilled hands was draped with a gayly-colored circus poster; the floor was bare except for a few old, faithfully-washed scraps of carpet placed here and there, while a barrel had been festooned with scalloped newspapers, which dignified it to the position of a work-stand. A braided rug, partly finished, lay upon it, while Dinah gave her undivided attention to the small but glorified preparations for the "Fanksgivin' dinnah."

"Oh yes! Missus, I has ben arnin' a little money, too. Uncle Tom he wuk hard, an' fink he arn all de money fo' Fanksgivin', but Dinah l'arn to braid rugs an' now she got twenty cents done saved up. It meks de mighty in de back a little mite wusser, but we got to have what's right to go wiv de chicken, Missus."

"Would you like to take a ride on Thanksgiving day, Dinah?" I asked suddenly.

"Fo, de lan', Missus! Wouldn't I? but—" here the thin little face fell, "Who'd get de dinnah?"

"You'll never find out what a good cook Uncle Tom is, if you don't let him get dinner alone, sometime," I said, lightly, well knowing that the poor little soul could never get far from her couch unless Uncle Tom carried her.

Early on Thanksgiving morning I drove to the shabby little house once more, where Uncle Tom wrapped poor little Dinah carefully up in a blanket and put her in the carriage.

"Oh, how nice! It's most like Heben!" she whispered, as she leaned back among the soft cushions. She did not speak again until she found herself in Lulu's nursery. Then her eyes closed, and the tears streamed down her cheeks while she murmured softly to herself. I think she must have been praying.

I was afraid so much happiness would hurt her. The good doctor whom I asked to examine little Dinah's back that morning shook his head and expressed but little hope for her case. "But," he added, grimly, trying to keep the kindly look from his face, "if you have set your heart on curing all manner of cripples, I suppose I shall have to humor you and do the best I can."

I took heart at this and went back to the nursery to find that Lulu and the nurse had not been idle. Little Dinah was fast being clothed in soft, warm garments which had once been Lulu's, while her eyes shone with delight. It was evident that she was becoming somewhat accustomed to her surroundings.

When she was rested and had begun to wonder "how uncle Tom was done gittin' 'long wiv de cookin'," we drove slowly back. Dinah's head was fairly buzzing with "what uncle Tom would fink to see her rigged out dis-a-way," but when we carried her gently through the doorway and she was fairly on the old couch once more, she was again bereft of speech, for there, in the middle of the room, stood the table loaded with such eatables as Dinah had never dreamed of, and we left Uncle Tom to unravel the mystery for her, while we went home to our own "Fanksgivin'" with full hearts.

If you should see Dinah now, you would scarcely know her. She can run and play almost as well as any little girl and her taste for household neatness and decoration has unlimited scoop,—at least, it seems so to her—in the gardener's house at the end of the lawn. Uncle Tom's chief delight is to watch her playing about him as he works in "Miss Lulu's gyarden."

A CAT WITH A BROOD.

Four Eggs Were Put in Her Favorite Chair and She Hatched Them Out.

John Dugdale, a retired seedsman of Dalston Green, Cumberland, England, is the possesor of a cat that hatched out four chickens and carefully cared for them, says the New York *Sun*. The cat is fat and in the neighborhood of 5 years old, and has brought up many families. Mr. Dugdale, as he is fond of open-air sports, has a choice collection of dogs. The cat never received much attention from him, for she was of a somnolent disposition and spent the greater part of the day in the old-fashioned armchair in the kitchen. Mr. Dugdale saw her there one day in the early part of last May. She looked too happy for this world, and in hopes of making her bed less comfortable he placed four eggs between her legs. Old Tabby smelled of them, touched them daintily with her tongue, and then, with her sleepy old eyes half closed, purred roughly and fell into a meditative doze. She had associated some with the chickens on the place and had doubtless watched with a feeling of envy the hens with their big broods of chickens, which far outnumbered any litter of kittens she could raise.

Tabby slowly raised herself and, after stretching her limbs, rolled the eggs in the center of the cushion and calmly lay down upon them. Mr. Dugdale laughed and walked away, fully believing that the cat would get tired of the eggs in a short time and desert them. But the next day she was still cuddled over them and it was clear that unless they were speedily removed they would be unfit for even a very early breakfast. Mr. Dugdale decided to let the eggs remain, and when three days had passed and Tabby was still intent on keeping them warm she became the most interesting of his pets. It was a picnic to the cat in one sense, for it gave her an excuse for not stirring about much, and insured her plenty of good victuals and drink without the trouble of mieouwing. At the end of the first week the work of "setting" on the eggs had become easy, for they had worn little hollows in the furry sides of Tabby. Mr. Dugdale forgot all about his dogs and horses, and even his love of hunting, for the pleasure of watching his old cat in her unique work absorbed him.

During the rare moments, when Tabby found it necessary to desert the eggs for the purpose of stretching herself and getting something to eat, she never lost sight of them. No matter how hungry she was or what she was eating she would desert it immediately to prevent any one from disturbing her nest. In the mornings, when the proud cackling of the hens and the defiant crow of the rooster were heard, Tabby looked a little sorrowful, as though she realized that she could never cackle or crow.

The third week of Tabby's work drew to a close with speculation rife as to whether she would hatch out chickens or kittens, or a combination of both, or neither. One morning the old cat suddenly awoke from a sound sleep. There were marks of disturbance on her brow. She moved restlessly about and after a bit she slowly rose to her feet. Beneath her on the cushion in the old arm-chair were four little, yellow mites that were struggling to stand upon their very frail legs.

Tabby purred loudly in her pride and began licking them tenderly. Her rough tongue rolled them over and over and they plaintively peeped forth their dislike of this proceeding. Then the old cat stopped and with her paws pushed the shells from the chair. The chickens were placed in a box in one corner of the kitchen and Tabby went over and lay down by them. The chickens throve, and when they were strong enough they got into the habit of running out of doors. The old cat resented this, and, lifting them in her mouth, would bring them back and place them in the box again. She did this so tenderly that the chickens showed their disapproval of indoor life by merely wriggling their little yellow legs during the journey.

The persistency of the chickens in going out of doors finally induced Tabby to accompany them. There were other little chickens about, but Tabby never made a mistake in sorting out the four that belonged to her. Every afternoon when the sun was getting low Tabby would move off slowly in the direction of the kitchen with the little chickens hopping after her. If she chanced to come to any impediment in the way that seemed too formidable for her little ones to clamber over, she would calmly walk around it, purring her loudest all the time. If they were too far away for them to hear she would mew softly and the little chicks would scramble to her side peeping like very happy chickens indeed. Upon reaching the kitchen Tabby would jump into the old arm chair, and when the chickens were too small to jump after her she would lift them up herself or call plaintively for the servant to help her. The chickens grew fast, and when they became gawky and had lost all the charm of babyhood, the difference did not change Tabby's affection. She still tenderly watched them and showed her superiority to the hen by always being patient with them.

The chickens were more than half-grown when last heard of and they were still the constant companions of the old cat. Tabby would allow no chicken to interfere with her pets and would permit no cat to interfere with her.

HORRORS OF LEPROSY.

The Panama Canal Company's Surgeon Gives His Experience.

Dr. Joseph Bechtinger, surgeon of the Panama Canal Company, recently lectured on "Leprosy" at the College of Physicians at Philadelphia. Stereopticon views illustrated the interesting lecture, to which about one hundred prominent physicians listened with deep interest.

"Leprosy," said the doctor, after he had described the beauties of the South Sea Islands, where the disease is so common, and made plain how the dreaded scourge had never been known there until the importation of Chinese coolies, which fact, he said, was now universally conceded by the medical profession, "is of three kinds—tuberculous, anæsthetic and mixed.

"After 1848, when the Mongolians went to the Sandwich Islands, the disease appeared. Had it been there prior to that time missionaries and doctors would have mentioned it. Dr. Hildebrand, who was there as earlier as 1840 never saw a case of it. In 1866 I went to the Lazaretto and had the privilege of seeing and publishing an account of the terrible sufferings of the poor beings confined behind those walls of rock. For which I nearly lost my life."

After defining leprosy to be a prehistoric malads, the true cause of which is not fully known, but which is defined by medical science to be a pathological product exuding from the skin, the doctor told how patients were treated. "They are often treated as rheumatic patients, some physicians using an anti-syphilitic treatment, without, of course, any visible result. Rest is gone, ambition is gone in the preliminary stages of lepra tuberculosis. Then a small brownish spot is noticed in those regions which are most exposed to the air. The skin seems to thicken the face gets disfigured, the mucus membrane, the tongue and the voice go, until finally the patient dies in great agony.

"Africa, I think, is the real home of this disease. I have never seen a negro affected with anæsthetic tuberculosis. I have never seen a case among the Arabs, or in Egypt. Greece knew it not, for Homer does not mention it. In Italy and in lower Spain, however, where there was contact with the Africans, leprosy was commonly known.

"In tropical countries, where skin diseases are prevalent, and where fish and other like foods are eaten, there was a supposition that leprosy was more prevalent for that reason, but I do not think it is so.

"Now, is it curable or not? I have never seen a case of tuberculous leprosy that was susceptible of cure, but anæsthetics can be cured. In the mixed class, if there is a preponderance of the tuberculous form it can not be cured, and vice versa."

Dr. Bechtinger quoted cases to show its contagious or infectious character. Then he closed with the assertion: "There is a predisposition to leprosy in human beings where syphilitic diseases are traceable, which will make such persons susceptible to the disease should he live in a country where leprosy is known."

The Gordian Knot.

Mrs. Poots (who has been dipping into ancient history): "Poots, why was it, do you suppose, that Alexander the Great wouldn't leave the Gordian knot whole?" Poots: "I don't know, my dear. I've often puzzled about that myself. He was a regular gobbler from Gobblerville, but what on earth he wanted to do with a knothole is more than I can see. Perhaps he wanted to erect it in a base-ball park fence. More'n likely that was it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mighty Hard to Tell.

First little boy: "Who is that little baby over there on your stoop?" Second little boy: "I don't know whether I'm his uncle or his aunt." First little boy: "How do you make that out?" Second little boy: "Why, my two twin brothers married two twin sisters and that kid belongs to some of them.—*Mr. Grundy.*

Time Required.

Husband: "It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, doesn't it?" Wife (sweetly): "Yes, about that, John, dear, but it takes you longer than that at times."—*Epoch.*

Empire gowns for girls of twelve to thirteen, have high round waists with lapping surplice fronts, wide bias sleeves, puffed or not, at discretion, a wide, soft sash drawn in with tassels at the ends and straight, very full skirt.

White muslin yoke-slips are worn up to three years old, after which cashmere is a favorite stuff for girls' gowns, both in dark and light colors, though for party and dancing lessons gowns of bright India silk are often chosen.

A Chicagoan has invented a new calculating machine which will add, subtract, multiply or divide. A number of them seem to have been overworked lately on election problems.

The cottonseed oil trust has put the price of that delicacy up 5 cents a gallon, and pure lard, fire-gilt butter and imported sardines may sympathetically advance at any moment.

Consider the chickens, my son; study their ways and be wise. Whenever they take to drinking their bills go up, and, by keeping their bills down, they find enough to eat.

Embroidery, braiding and cording all appear upon cloth hats and bonnets, and the favorite metal ornaments are long, slender clasps, pins and daggers of oxidized silver.

"The truth in masquerade" is Byron's term for a lie. But it is the truth, and no masquerade, that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures coughs and colds. No cure so speedy. Price twenty-five cents.

If you should have a lame horse, and have used every remedy without success invest twenty-cents in a bottle of Salvation Oil. It will cure him.

An amateur chemist wants to know if whisky will dissolve gold. No, sonny, but it will make it disappear.

Matelasse effects are noted in new silk and wool fabrics.

Prosperous Northern Settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central Railroad have issued a new pamphlet describing the following prosperous northern settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, viz: Jackson, Tennessee; Holly Springs, West Point, Jackson, Yazoo City, Terry and Brookhaven, Mississippi; Kentwood, Roseland Colony, Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Lake Arthur, Welch, Iowa, Lake Charles and Vinton, Louisiana. Hundreds of northern families are now happily located at the above points, and in this new pamphlet will appear interesting letters from northern men. It will also give the dates of two special Land Excursions south each month, from the principal points on the line of the Illinois Central in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Dakota. This pamhlet, and also "Southern Home Seekers' Guide," should be read by every person contemplating a southern trip, either for pleasure, health or a permanent home. Copies of each will be mailed free on application to the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. Merry, General Western Passenger Agent.

The engaged young man at this season of the year generally belongs to a party that believes in monopoly.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

It is an odd fact that coal beds are furnished by petroleum springs.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and I would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The man who rides on a handcar evidently believes in manual training.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay Dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, developement and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

The woman who gets but one letter a year always reads it on the street.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A new brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.

Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, billiousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

We naturalize men to make new voters. Old voters are sometimes changed by unnatural lies.

ST. JACOBS OIL
INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

The Ex-Governor of Ohio writes as follows: "Indorse the valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for Rheumatism and other pains."

R. M. Bishop

At Druggists and Dealers.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

$60 Sewing-Machine FREE [...]

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. [...] ASTHMA

CANCER [...]

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

"When I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla catarrh troubled me less, and now I am entirely cured." JANE HINEY, Lumberton, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold." MRS. G. B. GIBB, 1029 Eighth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

The Duchess of Marlborough is credited with saying that the fate of nations has sometimes been decided on a perfectly matched ribbon.

There is not a judge in the city of Philadelphia who does not respect the legal ability of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, the one woman lawyer of that town.

Mothers who have delicate children can see them daily improve and gain in flesh and strength by giving them that perfect food and medicine, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Dr. W. A. Hulbert, of Salisbury, Ills., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Scrofula and Debility. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure." Sold by all druggists.

Perhaps the best paid woman writer in this country is Mrs. Southworth, who receives an income of $7,000 a year.

Mange, Galls, Scratches, Cracked Heel, Thrush, and all diseases of the feet and irritations of the skin of horses and cattle quickly and permanently cured by the use of Veterinary Carbolisalve. 50c. and $1 at druggists.

Black coats and jackets have given place almost entirely to those in rich dark fruit and flower shades.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.

H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., New York.

The oblong toque is becoming to round faces, and the round toque to those with long, slender features.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

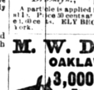
I was surprised after using Ely's Cream Balm two months to find the right nostril, which was closed for 20 years was open and free as the other. I feel very thankful.
E. H. Cressingham, 275 18th St., Brooklyn.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

M. W. DUNHAM'S OAKLAWN FARM.
3,000 PERCHERON and FRENCH COACH HORSES, IMPORTED.



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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE NERVES, THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

Indigestion

is the first form of Dyspepsia. It may be the fault of the food, but the CHANCES ARE it is the stomach's fault. Whatever the cause, it can be cured—and cured permanently—by

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

which are purely vegetable and free from all injurious ingredients.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS.
A General Blood Purifier.

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FOR THE LADIES.

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TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SALERATUS
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SLICKER Is the Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

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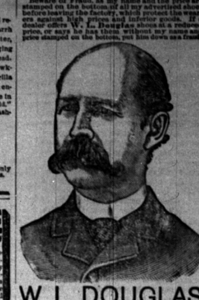

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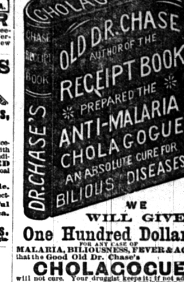

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