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THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown and the skies are gray,
And the windy woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are afloat in the frosty air.
But the sparks fly up from the hickory log,
And the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake and the rafters ring
To the lads and the lasses' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn,
And his looks are thin and white,
But his hand is firm and his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in the gown of gray,
With cobweb kerchief and creamy frills,
She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board
And his guests they are silent all—
"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the rain and sun,
And the fruit on the orchard wall,
For the silver wheat and the golden corn,
And the star of a toilsome life,
The greatest blessing that Thou canst give—
A true and loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss
Her hand in its frill of lace,
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,
With a proud and courtly grace.
And the snowflakes click on the window pane,
And the rafters ring above,
And angels carol the farmer's thanks
As they mount to the Gates of Love.

—Minna Irving.

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

BY S. J. EDWARDS.

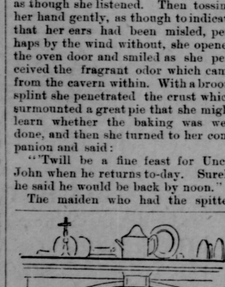


BEFORE the great bakeoven built into the huge stone chimney of Captain John Folsom's house there sat a fair young girl on a lowery morning of November, 1777, and near her, basting a fat goose on the spit befor a log fire, stood another even fairer than she. These maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun their hair concealed except for a few locks that wandered from beneath the linen handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows, revealing arms that were fair to look upon, so white were they and of such exquisite roundness, were busy with the preparation of a feast, and the natural tint of their cheeks, which was as delicate as the peach blossom, was heightened by reason of the heat that came from the cracking logs.

She who stood at the door of the bakeoven hesitated a moment and turned her head slightly to one side as though she listened. Then tossing her hand gently, as though to indicate that her ears had been misled, perhaps by the wind without, she opened the oven door and smiled as she perceived the fragrant odor which came from the cavern within. With a broom splint she penetrated the crust which surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well done, and then she turned to her companion and said:

"'Twill be a fine feast for Uncle John when he returns to-day. Surely he said he would be back by noon."

The maiden who had the spitted



"BASTING A FAT GOOSE ON THE SPIT."

goose in charge paused for a moment in her task of anointing it with rich gravy, and said:

"Father will be here, I know, if the Lord permits, but in these dark days that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and mayhap he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a sorry feast for us if we must eat alone. How is the pie?"

"'Tis nearly done, I think, and such a pie was never made. 'Tis full of giblets, for you know that Uncle John delights to eat them, covered with the gravy of the dish."

For some moments the maidens continued these preparations, and then she who was called Abbie went to the window, and peering out for an instant turned and opened the door, which creaked with mighty moans as it turned upon its rusty hinges.

"What is it that you hear, Abbie?" said the other.

"It seems to me that I hear the march of the company, and still I do not know but 'tis the wind. See, the snow has begun to fall a little." The other maiden arose and went to the door, and so they stood side by side, peering out far down the highway to the turn of the road, where it skirted the Long Island Sound. And such a picture did these fair maidens make as they stood thus framed by the doorsill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of that town.

"'Tis true, Abbie; 'tis true. I hear their step, and surely that is Ephraim's fife."

Abbie returned to the kitchen and made preparations for the great table to receive the bounty with which the day was to be celebrated, while the other maid stood awaiting the coming of her father. She saw the company as it marched around the bend in the road, with her father at the head, and she was going forth to meet them, when of a sudden she halted. The look of joy upon her face was changed to one of wonderment, and she stood, her head bent slightly forward, that she might the better see, perplexing and hesitating.

The company had come as near to the farmhouse as the meadow that adjoined it on the west, and there they halted, and the maiden saw that one was with them who was not of the company when they marched away the night before. He stood alone, erect, constrained, and she perceived that his hands were tied with thongs behind his back. She saw her father talking earnestly and seemingly directing two or three men of the company to take this man in charge, and scarcely knowing what she did she approached her father and was so near that she could have put her hand upon his shoulder before he saw her.

"Sir," she heard her father say, "you were captured within our lines without a pass and having no authority to be there. I am going to send you with a guard to the commander of our army, who is in the camp a dozen miles or so beyond. He will discover whether you are no British spy, but have strayed, as you have said, within our lines by accident."

"What has he done, father?" the girl asked, for she was filled with pity for this man, who seemed so proud and yet so pleading in his manner.

"What Thankful, is it you? Why are you here, my daughter?" said the Captain.

"I came to welcome you, father."

"But this is no place for you. We have a prisoner."

"A prisoner! Surely he can do no harm. He is not like an army man and he seems well favored."

"Nevertheless we found him wandering within our lines and there are spies about and he may be one of those."

"A spy? Surely, I think not."

And the girl went to the prisoner and stood before him in the innocence of maidenly confidence and looked full into his eyes, lifting her head to do so, for he was tall and seemed to tower far above her in his splendid presence.

"You are no spy," she said at last.

"No, my child, not a spy. I am an officer of the King's army who has strayed within your lines. Thank you for your sympathy. You have beauty in your face, my child, but you have what is better—you have sympathy.

The girl went back to her father and she said:

"Father, suppose my brother John, who is somewhere in the Jerseys with Washington, should by accident be captured by the redcoats. It would break your heart and mine if they took him for a spy. Surely there is truth in this man's words. Come, bring him with you. Don't you remember that it is Thanksgiving Day, and that we are to have a roasted goose and a chicken pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious pumpkin pie? Let him come and be our guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise me that he will make no effort to escape until you hear from the General what shall be done with him."

The Captain seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then turning to his prisoner he said: "Sir, I am myself impressed with your dignity of manner. It may be that you speak the truth. My daughter's intuitions are that it is so. I have changed my mind. I shall send a messenger to the General with a dispatch telling of your capture, and then whatever he commands—that will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our feast day. We are accustomed every year after the harvest to give thanks to the Lord and to eat a great feast and to make merry in our families. I will ask you to share this with us. You will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape."

"You do me honor, sir. I give my parole to you, and, if I may be permitted, to this fair maiden who has interceded for me."

They unloosed his thongs, and when his hands were free he stepped up to Mistress Thankful and he took her hand and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding and gentle manners prevailed.

They had a fine feast at Captain Folsom's table, and the British officer being no longer under great restraint, became most companionable and ventured gentle jests with Thankful and her cousin, Mistress Abbie, who served the meats and bounties with gentle dignity and unconscious grace. And when she turned to converse more seriously with Captain Folsom upon the war and its battles they—Thankful and Abbie—under pretense of some engagement for the preparation of the dessert, glanced furtively at him and exchanged confidences that he was a handsome man and well favored and moreover very young for one of his stature and of his rank, for it was plain that he was a high officer.

In the afternoon there was gentle merrymaking, and Captain Folsom, being greatly impressed with the manifest honor and nobility of his prisoner guest, had such confidence that he at last said: "Sir, I do not know whether your rank would permit me to call you Captain or Major or Colonel, for one of these offices I know must be yours. You do not care to tell us your name or your rank, but I have that confidence in you that I am willing to leave you for awhile with these gentle guards, my daughter and my niece, for I have a mission of some consequence in the village, which is a few miles away."

"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not destroy it. While these maidens guard me I shall protect them until you return."

"Will you promise to obey us?" asked Thankful in a merry mood.

"In all things," he replied, bowing with grace, and yet with the mock dignity of gentle sport.

"I exact only one promise, sir," said the Captain, "and that is that you will not quit this house until my return."

"I give that promise willingly."

After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even the more earnestly to entertain these maidens, and their intuition taught them that their charms had found favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although with the greatest courtesy and deference. He told them stories of England which they were pleased to hear, and of life among the nobility there and how the ways of those titled people differed from the simple customs of their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many things about their manner of life, and it was plain to see that Mistress Thankful had already won his high regard.

"Tell me," said he, "how is it that they call you Thankful? 'Tis a pretty name, and well given to you, I should say, but I never heard it before I heard them call you by it."

"But it is not my name," she said. "I have heard my mother say that on one Thanksgiving Day they sent to my father, who was in the church, and bade him hurry home, and when he came home he found me there, though I was not there went he went away, and so he said, as he held me up: 'It is Thanksgiving Day. The Lord has been good to me these many years, but he has been best to me to-day. So her name shall be Thanksgiving since she is born upon that day;' and that, sir, is my name, although they call me, for the sake of shortness, Thankful."

She said this with such modesty and with such delicious suggestion of grace, and her cheeks were so gently flushed and her eyes so bright, that the young officer could not conceal the admiration for her which had seized him, and when she perceived it she turned away with gentle coquetry. Thus this Thanksgiving afternoon, which had promised to be so dreary a time for him, was one of joy, and when the shades of evening came and the candles were lighted the maidens and the young officer were like those who had been long acquainted.



"YOU ARE NO SPY," SHE SAID.

In the evening the girls brought apples and nuts and cider, and they were having a merry time, when of a sudden Abbie arose and went to the door. Her quick ears had detected a strange sound. A moment later a lad came panting into the room.

"Look out, Thankful; they are coming to attack you," he said, scarcely able to speak for lack of breath.

"They? Who? Who can attack us?"

"'Tis Ben Williams and his gang. 'Twas yesterday that the cowboys captured a lad—a cousin of Ben Williams—and for some reason they hanged him, and now Ben is bound to have revenge, and he has heard that there is a British officer here, and he swears he'll have him hanged to a tree for revenge."

A moment later a young man with a musket in his hand entered the door and he said: "Mistress Thankful, your father left me here on guard unbeknown to you. There's trouble brewing, I fear. They are coming to take the officer away and to do him harm. Let him go with me and I will hide him."

Thankful brought the officer's cloak and hat and bade him go, but to her amazement he refused. "I cannot go," he said. "I gave your father my word of honor that I would not leave the house till he returned."

"But you must. Ben Williams is a brute. He will take you out and kill you, sir. Go under the escort of the guard and he will take you where you can be concealed."

But the officer would not stir. He would only say that he had given his pledge and he would not break it. In an instant Thankful seem changed, and the officer, even in the suspense and terror of the moment, perceived that she had assumed the manner of one who had authority and can exercise it. She stood erect, her head thrown back, her eyes very bright, her cheeks now somewhat pale, and she said: "You must go, sir. I command it. Go with him. Hark. Don't you hear that mob shouting? You have not a moment to lose." And then as he did not stir she went up to him pleadingly and with gentle manner, not knowing seemingly what it was she said or did; she put her hand upon his arm with gentle touch, and she said: "Go, go; for my sake, go."

"For your sake?" he murmured, and he seemed to hesitate, and then she turned to the guard and bade him lead the officer forth. But at that moment the cry of the mob was so distinct that it revealed that escape was impossible. Thankful bade the guard step in and bolt the door, and commanded him to use his musket if anyone should try to force an entrance. And even as she spoke the door was forced and an ugly face was protruded, and some one shouted: "Come out, you redcoat!" and would have said more had he not been felled by the butt of the guard's musket.

The door was closed and bolted, and the guard stood with the manner of defiance. In an instant Thankful had made disposition of the officer. Before he was aware what she was doing she had led him to the settle in the chimney corner, and she bade him to be seated there. None too soon, for the window was forced open and some one shouted: "Come out, you cur, or we will shoot you where you are!"

"Oh, you coward—you coward, Ben Williams! He has done you no harm, and he is unprotected," and Thankful, speaking thus, placed herself so that she stood directly before the officer. There was a crash, a confusion of sounds, for they were trying to force the door. The officer, then realizing that this fair maiden was protecting him with her body, pushed her aside, saying: "No, no; I cannot permit this. You must not be injured. Let me pass." At that moment a musket was discharged, and the officer, perceiving that Thankful was reeling, supported her in his arms. She had received the shot instead of him.

A moment later there was a mighty shout, a great rushing noise, the door was burst open and Captain Folsom and some of his company entered. "What is this? What is this?" he said.

"Ah, uncle. Ben Williams and his gang are trying to capture the officer, and they have shot Thankful as she tried to prevent it," said Abbie, crying bitterly.

"Williams, take him away; bind him; put him in the guardhouse with his gang!" the Captain shouted, and then kneeling down over the body of his daughter he moaned, saying: "My Thankful, my Thankful; oh, my daughter, they have killed you!"

"They have killed her, sir, while she was trying to save my life," said the officer, and he wept like a child.

But she was not dead. They lifted her tenderly and carried her to her room under the gable roof and when they saw that she opened her eyes and that her lips moved they were rejoiced, and there was a prayer of thanksgiving to God that He had spared her life that night.

A few days later the order came from the General instructing Captain Folsom to deliver the prisoner under his charge to the outposts of the British army at the Bronx in exchange, for it was demonstrated that he had told the truth when he said that he had strayed within the patriot lines by accident.

As he was about to go away he said to Captain Folsom: "I have one favor to ask. May I see Mistress Thankful for an instant alone?" It was permitted. He went and stood by her bedside and took her hand, "Thankful," said he, "I am going away. It is not right that I should speak to you except in thanks, for I am an officer in an army opposed to yours, but I may say this: I heard your unconscious confession when you bade me go for your sake, and your sweet words then uttered will be in my memory until I come back again when these battles are over," and then he kneeled tenderly over her and touched his lips to her forehead.

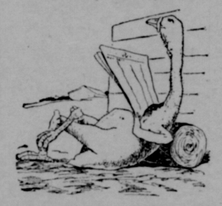
When he looked at her he saw the glance of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that gentle tears were coursing down her cheeks, which she did not care to wipe away, and he knew they were tears of joy.

Six years later, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, a traveler dismounted from his horse in front of Captain Folsom's forge—for the Captain was a blacksmith in time of peace. The traveler looked curiously about, as though not sure that this was the place he sought, when his eyes rested upon a maiden who was standing in the doorway. It seemed to him as though the picture which he had seen in that identical spot six years before on the day of his departure was there again. He went up to her and said: "Thankful, my Thanksgiving. I have come."

"I knew you would," she said, and with such gentle sweetness of manner that he took her to his arms.

It was a grievous sorrow to Captain Folsom that his daughter Thankful was compelled to leave him when she married this man whose life she had saved, but it was a joy for him to know that she had a husband worthy of her. She had married Sir John Sterling, and he took her to his estates in England, which were great, and there as long as they lived, and to this day among their descendants, the last Thursday in November in every year is celebrated as a thanksgiving ceremonial, and in the evening to the children every year is told this romance of the day when their grandfather and great grandfather met his Thanksgiving.

A Heartfelt Thanksgiving.



Turkey (Thanksgiving Day)—"How thankful I am that I don't see my death in this morning's paper."

Cooking by Electricity.

The greatest novelty in cooking appliances at the Fair is unquestionably the apparatus for cooking by electricity, shown in operation in the gallery of the Electricity Building. The electric current is conducted into plates of enamel, where it meets with resistance and is converted into heat. These plates are attached to specially constructed ovens, broilers, griddles, flatirons, etc. An ordinary stewpan, coffee or tea pot, or steam cooker may heated on the "disk heater." An outfit of articles necessary for a private house costs $60, or $77.50 if a heater for a kitchen boiler is included. Electricity has the same advantages over coal that gas has; its advantages over gas depend upon the fact that combustion, with its needs and limitations, is wholly done away with. There are no products of complete or accidentally imperfect combustion, there is not even a slight loss of heat into the room or up the flue. The strongest points of electrical cooking are comfort and convenience, but claims are made for it also on the score of economy. It is said that the cost of cooking by electricity is less than the cost with coal and about the same as where fuel-gas is used. This is on the supposition that the electricity is furnished at half the price charged for lighting.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Child Seized by a Coyote.

During the night recently a coyote came up to the ranch house of D. S. Thomas, near Arizola, where the families of the men employed on the ranch, Samuel West and Manuel Marino, were sleeping out of doors, the West family on the east side of the building, the Marino family on the north. The tracks of the animal showed that it passed the cot where the Wests were sleeping. Going to the north side the voracious beast seized by the arm a little girl about six years of age, dragged her from the cot and around the house in the direction whence he came.

The outcries of the child quickly aroused every one, and they were not long in determining the cause. Mr. West ran into the house and got a pistol. As he came out of the door Mrs. West called that the beast was passing her cot. The cries of the child, however, were sufficient to locate its whereabouts. Going close Mr. West placed the muzzle of the pistol against the beast's side and fired. The animal released its hold and fell dead. The child was severely bitten and her face was considerably bruised from contact with the ground as she was being dragged.—Arizola (Cal.) Oasis.

Old Corn.

While studying geology from nature I discovered a large deposit of the white flint gourd variety embedded in conglomerate rocks of carbonate of lime and silica. The grains are beautiful crystals, but the cobs are not so transparent. The ears of corn are embedded at every angle of inclination, showing cross and longitudinal sections. It was evidently grown by the antediluvians, and from all appearances was husked and gathered by them over 4000 years ago. The deposit is in the extreme northeast part of the borough of Norristown, Penn. The above discovery goes far to prove the existence of man on the Western Hemisphere during the antediluvian period of the world's history, and is considered by scientists one of the greatest wonders of the age.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a Thanksgiving Tidbit.



The Dog—"Well I'd just like to see anyone eat me on Thanksgiving Day, that's all!"—Life.

JAMES R. RANDALL, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," is now connected with the office of the Senate's sergeant-at arms. Mr. Randall receives requests from all over the English-speaking world for autograph copies of his song.

THE NEWS.

Prendergast, the murderer of Carter Harrison, has quarreled with his lawyers, because they want to make him out insane.——Ex-Chief Weigher Henry S. Cochran, of the Philadelphia Mint, was found guilty in the United States Court of the larceny of $130,000 worth of gold bars from the mint.——By an explosion of natural gas in the flattening department of the window glass factory near Greensburg, Pa., James Pickette and William Reeves were terribly burned. Their recovery is doubtful. The furnaces was considerably damaged by the force of the upheaval, and a quantity of stock was destroyed.——Three men were roasted to death at a fire in Newberne, Tenn., while trying to save property.——A collision on the Missouri Pacific Railway near Tipton, Mo., will probably result in the death of two men.——H. M. Eaton twenty-five years of age, night operator for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, was shot and killed while on duty in his office, at Davisville, Cal.——Typhoid fever is epidemic in St. Louis.——A verdict of not guilty in the murder trial of E. W. Harris, editor of the Greenville (Tex.) Herald, was rendered after a long trial. Harris killed Dr. Yowell at Denison, Tex., for slandering his wife.

Adolph Messer and Herman Bachel, while walking on the tracks of the West Penn Railroad, near Tarentum, were run down by a train and instantly killed. They were glass decorators.——A big fire in Richmond caused a loss of $10,000 to Kratz & Co., $15,000 to Putney & Watts, and $5,000 to Taylor & Co.——The wrecked Commercial Bank of Brooklyn opened its doors to pay depositors.——The smallpox epidemic has become so alarming in Elizabeth, N. J., that extreme measures have been adopted by the health authorities. All Italians in this vicinity are being vaccinated. Children from the infected districts have been excluded from the public schools.——Welcome H. Hathaway, who took $100,000 from the Fall River banks by forged warehouse receipts and other methods was arraigned in the Superior Court in Taunton. He pleaded guilty and sentence was deferred.——The trial of the suit of ex-Governor Evans and other stockholders in the Consolidated Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railroad corporation against the Union Pacific, calling for an accounting under an existing agreement, the awarding of damage and the appointment of a receiver pending the suit was begun in Denver before Judge Hallett, of the United States Circuit Court.

Eugene H. Munday, a poet, the publisher of a trade paper, the Proof Sheet, and at one time prominent in Philadelphia affairs, died aged sixty-two years.——While standing before the dining-room stove, the clothing of Miss Rena Kelly, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl of Valley View, Ky., took fire, and before assistance could reach her she was fatally burned.——Nine of the fourteen inmates of the jail in Mount Vernon, Ill., escaped. They were permitted to remain in the corridors of the jail during the day and managed to bend the iron bars in the upper windows sufficiently to permit them to escape.——A free-for-all family fight took place in the suburbs of Chattanooga, Tenn., three men and as many women being engaged. As the result Frank Pierce was mortally stabbed near the heart by his brother-in-law, West Moreland, who was jailed. The parties were all drunk.——J. W. Fuller, a notorious bank swindler and crook, was arrested in Richmond, Ind., by Detective Charles Page. When arrested, Fuller carried a large pasteboard box filled with bank checks from as many as fifty banks throughout the country. He claims his home is at Williamsport, Pa.——The Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific Railroad was disposed of at master's sale in Mankato, Minn., under decree of a mortgage foreclosure.

The United States cruiser Columbia on her official trial trip averaged 22.81 knots an hour during a four hours' run, thus assuring the Cramp Company, the builders, a premium of $35,000. In a spurt the cruiser achieved the remarkable speed of 25.3 knots an hour.——Ida Lewis, of Allegheny, Pa., attempted suicide by taking a two-ounce dose of carbolic acid and laudanum.——Lewis Peterson, ex-mayor of Allegheny City, Pa., died at the age of sixty-five years.——The Carnegie Company will erect a large addition to their works at Homestead for the manufacture of Harveyized steel.——Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., the noted preacher and religious writer, died at his home, in New York city.——William Davis, who shot and killed his son-in-law, Thomas Harlow, in Culpeper, Va., was convicted and sentenced to twelve years in state prison.——The Union Coal Company's collieries at Shamokin, Pa., shut down for an indefinite period, and three thousand men were thrown out of work.——William Whittaker, his wife and little daughter, of Boone county, Ia., were killed while crossing a railroad track near Moingona.——Fire destroyed the four-story brick building of the Western Warehouse and Storage Company, at Kansas City, Mo., involving a loss of about $220,000 worth of property and the serious, if not fatal, injury of three firemen.——The jury in the suit of Mrs. Eva Wetmore Buffum, in Pittsburg, against her father-in-law for false arrest disagreed.——The Plant of the Windsor Wire and Spring Company, in Joliet, Ill., was seized by the sheriff to satisfy a claim of $15,103. Inability to make collections is the cause of the failure. A large number of workmen are thrown out of employment.

In South Louisville, Ky., Jefferson Gordon shot and fatally wounded William Shumate, his brother-in-law. Gordon had been arrested for abuse of his family, and was being taken to a justice's office, when Shumate opened fire on him. Gordon drew a revolver and returned the fire, one bullet going through Shumate's head and another taking effect in the left shoulder.——The tug Charles R. Stone sank at Pier 1, North River, New York. Two men on it were drowned. They were Harry R. Rogers, the nineteen-year-old son of Robert Rogers, of 64 Barrow street, and the fireman, known only as "William."——W. A. Powell was arrested in Scranton, Pa., as a crank too dangerous to be at large.——A party of kidnappers were fired upon by J. H. Kraft and his friends, in New Albany, Ind., who lay in wait for them and one of the number, Stephen Whitman, was killed.——William Parrish, who was in jail at Dallas, Tex., awaiting trial for the murder of his partner, committed suicide.

FAIR PROFITS.

Managers Alermed Over the Swift Depletion of Their Bank Account.

The assets of the World's Fair are dwindling to an extent that alarms the managers. When the Exposition closed, on October 30, Treasurer Seeberger had in round numbers $2,200,000 in cash in bank. This has been slipping away, in spite of what the managers claim is the most economical management, at the rate of $ 9,000 a day.

But in addition to that, the assets have been shrinking in the most unexpected manner. Discoveries have lately been made, it is said, which in any enterprise but the World's Fair would be regarded as sensational in the extreme. It transpires that a large amount of property that the Exposition managers expected to sell, and with the funds pay back to stockholders a small percentage of their contributions, does not belong to the Fair at all, but is owned by contractors. The contractors are moving their property away. They are literally stripping the Exposition grounds. How much will be left when they get through can only be surmised. In some cases they own the roofs of the buildings.

BLOUNT'S REPORT

Regarding the Revolution In the Hawaiian Islands.

LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

The Commissioner Says that Mr. Stevens was Responsible for the Queen's Overthrow—Hauling Down the Flag—The Cause.

Secretary Gresham made public all the correspondence between the Secretary of State and James H. Blount, commissioner and later minister to the Hawaiian Islands.

The matter consists of three parts, the first beginning with a copy of the instructions given Mr. Blount on March 11, 1893, prior to his departure from Washington for Honolulu, and the last part ending with a brief letter under date of July 31, 1893, in which he takes his conge, as follows:

"The condition of parties in the islands is one of quiescence. The action of the United States is awaited by all as a matter of necessity. This condition, it can be assumed, will remain until the proposition to annex is accepted or rejected. In the latter contingency no sudden movement is likely to occur. The present government can only rest on the use of the military force, possessed of most of the arms in the islands, with a small white population to draw from to strengthen it. Ultimately it will fall without fail. It may preserve its existence for a year or two, but not longer.

Then he adds that he has done his duty as well as he could, "considering I was surrounded by persons interested in misleading me." And his private affairs necessitated his return home.

Secretary Gresham's letter of instructions to Mr. Blount, dated March 11, define clearly how far, in the opinion of the President, the use of armed force is permissible by the United States to pull down or set up governments. Mr. Gresham says:

"In the judgment of the President, your authority, as well as that of the commander of the naval forces in Hawaiian waters, should be, and is, limited in the use of physical force to such measures as are necessary to protect the persons and property of our citizens; and while abstaining from any manner of interference with the domestic concerns of the islands, you should indicate your willingness to intervene with your friendly offices in the interest of a peaceful settlement of troubles within the limits of sound discretion.

"Should it be necessary to land an armed force upon Hawaiian territory on occasions of popular disturbance, when the local authority may be unable to give adequate protection to the life and property of the citizens of the United States, the assent of such authority should first be obtained, if it can be done without prejudice to the interests invaded.

"Your power in this regard should not, however, be claimed to the exclusion of similar methods by the representatives of other powers for the protection of the lives and property of their citizens or subjects residing in the islands.

"While the United States claim no right to interfere in the political or domestic affairs, or in the internal conflicts of the Hawaiian Islands, otherwise than as herein stated, or for the purpose of maintaining any treaty or other rights which they possess, this government will adhere to its consistent and established policy in relation to them, and it will not acquiesce in domestic interference by other powers."

In a letter dated April 6, Mr. Blount announces his arrival at Honolulu and tells of his refusal, against the strong urging of Minister Stevens, to accept a house and the use of servants, carriages, horses, &c., furnished by the provisional government, paying "whatever I wanted for it from nothing up." He also notes the refusal of tenders from the ex-Queen and others.

Appended to a letter of April 8, in which Mr. Blount deplores the perverted influence of Minister Stevens and Consul-General Severence, to whom he ascribes the existence of the provisional government, is a stenographic report of an interview between Mr. Blount and Admiral Skerrett, in which the following occurs.

Admiral Skerrett: "I called at the Navy Department on the 30th of December to see Mr. Tracy, the Secretary of the Navy, to ask him if he had any final instructions for me, as I was going to leave the next day for San Francisco to assume command of the Pacific squadron. He replied: 'Commodore, I have no instructions to give you. You will go there and perform your duty, as I know you will, and everything will be satisfactory.'

"I remarked: 'Mr. Tracy, I want to ask you about these Hawaiian affairs. When I was out there 20 years ago I had frequent conversations with the then United States Minister, Mr. Pierce, on the subject of the islands. I was told then that the United States Government did not wish to annex the islands of Hawaii.'

He replied: 'Commodore, the wishes of the government have changed. They will be very glad to annex Hawaii.' He said as a matter of course none but the ordinary legal means can be used to persuade these people to come into the United States."

On April 21 Mr. Blount says he was called on by Claus Spreckels, but, says Mr. Blount: "how much or how little Mr. Spreckels knows about this matter I am unable to say, as I do not know."

On the same day Mr. Blount, for the second time disapproved of a request of the provisional government that the American forces be landed for drill. "The landing of the troops, pending negotiations between the Queen and President Dole," the commissioner says, "might be used to impress the former with fear that troops were landed to lend force to the provisional government in bringing her to an adjustment. I did not think proper to communicate the reason to Mr. Stevens or any other person save Admiral Skerrett."

Mr. Blount says he called on the Ex-Queen and informed her that no person was authorized by President Cleveland or himself to place the Government of the United States in the attitude of desiring an adjustment between herself and the provisional government, and the Queen replied that she did not intend to enter into any negotiations until the Washington Government had taken action on Mr. Blount's report.

On May 4 Mr. Blount wrote: "At this time the indications are unmistakable that a large majority of the people of the islands are utterly opposed to annexation. I do not look for any change from this situation through future information. There is a strong disposition on the part of the annexation element to suppress expressions against annexation by social and business hostility."

In the third part of the correspondence is printed a statement of Mr. Volney V. Ashford, dated March 8, 1893, in which he says he has put in writing certain information in regard to Hawaiian affairs at Mr. Blount's request. This statement refers to Queen Liliuokalani as "a reigning sovereign who had at least twice striven to supplant her brother, even at the expense, if necessary, of walking over his strangled corpse to the throne; a woman notoriously loaded with the grossest social vices, such as had contributed so largely to the late King's downfall in 1887, but still strongly upheld by the majority of the native people, who believed her professions and promises to restore them to an equal franchise.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE
For Sale By J. S. GRIFFITH, and Leading Grocers of Easton

In another part of his extraordinary communication Mr. Ashford says: "Wilson's 'pull' on the Queen consisted in the fact that for many years he has been her favorite paramour (she has several.) The Queen had a private gateway cut through the palace wall immediately contiguous to her apartments in the 'bungalow' that he might alone enter by a near and more convenient way—a scandal at which even the most obtuse of the native people drew the line. The pair openly lived together in the Queen's cottage at Waikiki (a suburb of Honolulu) during and succeeding the 'sandbag' episode at the palace, just preceding the descent upon the league. This place was formerly an assignation house, built by the business manager, formerly her native coachman. All these and many other equally scandalous acts are matter of public notoriety at the capital and have been aired and commented upon in scathing terms by the native press of Honolulu; but the English press were either gagged by the palace party or kept silent to avoid the effects of the scandal abroad."

These statements against the deposed Queen are discredited by Mr. Blount.

Mr. Blount's conclusions of fact are embodied in his report to Secretary Gresham dated July 17. It is a very long document, filling 37 large printed pages, and indicates very closely that he understood that he was to confine himself to a plain statement of facts, for nowhere does he make the slightest suggestion or recommendation. Refusing all proffers of hospitality on his arrival on the islands he says he took up his quarters at the Hawaiian Hotel, where he passed several days in receiving calls, and soon became aware that all minds were quietly and seemingly looking to the action of the United States Government.

The troops of the Boston were doing military duty for the provisional government with the American flag floating over the government building, and, says the Minister, "within it the provisional government conducted its business under an American protectorate, to be continued, according to the avowed purpose of the American Minister, during negotiations with the United States for annexation."

This brings the story down to the incident which created such a stir, of hauling down the American flag, which Mr. Blount describes as follows:

"My instructions directed me to make inquiries which, in the interest of can or and truth, could not be done when the minds of thousands of Hawaiian citizens were full of uncertainty as to what the presence of American troops, the American flag and the American protectorate implied. It seemed necessary that all these influences must be withdrawn before those inquiries could be prosecuted in a manner befitting the dignity and power of the United States.

"Inspired with such feelings and confident no disorder would ensue, I directed the removal of the flag of the United States from the government building and the return of the American troops to their vessels. This was accomplished without any demonstration of joy or grief on the part of the populace.

"The afternoon before in an interview with President Dole, in response to my inquiry, he said that the provisional government was now able to preserve order, although it could not have done so for several weeks after the proclamation establishing it."

Mr. Blount says that it seemed strange to suppose that there was any necessity for landing troops. "And," referring again to Minister Stevens, "to consent to an application for such a purpose without any suggestion dissuading the applicants from it on the part of the American Minister, with naval forces at his command could not otherwise be construed than as complicity with their plans."

This was the first time