THE KENT NEWS:
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OFFICE IN KENT NEWS BUILDING.

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. C. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

We Have Just Received
a Full Line of
FALL GOODS!
and will continue to replenish the stock throughout the season. We have now in stock the best line of
BLACK HENRIETTAS, BLACK QUAILS,
COLORED FLANNELS, DRESS FLANNELS,
AND CAMEL'S HAIR.
Canton Flannels cheaper and heavier than ever. Ginghams 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12½ cents. Cassimeres and Flannels. Complete line of Underwear of every kind. A complete line of
Boots and Shoes,
GUM BOOTS, Best Quality.
A more complete stock than ever of every kind and price. The largest line of CARPETS ever shown here. Hats and Groceries. We must not forget to mention our celebrated line of Douglas Shoes, they knock all others out in low prices and best quality.
Call and look over our stock, we will do everything to entertain you and guarantee you a bill as cheap as the cheapest.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

SCHOOL BOOKS!
—AND—
School Stationery
Largest Stock,
Lowest Prices.
All ready for the opening of the schools. Parents will find it to their advantage to make their purchases at our store for all they need in the school line. Grand opening Saturday morning Aug. 27.
COLIN F. STAM,
a27-tf. DRUGGIST.

Farm Implements!
ONCE MORE WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES WITH
PLOWS,
Rope and Chain Traces,
BACKBANDS, FARM BELLS, GRUB HOES, VISES, FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, GRINDSTONES, AXES,
FARM and GARDEN BARROWS, WAGON HAMES, PLOW HAMES, HATCHETS, GATE HINGES, &C.
ROOFING and SPOUTING a Specialty!
NORTHERN EARLY ROSE SEED POTATOES. BEAUTY OF HEBRON SEED POTATOES.
Don't buy FENCE WIRE until you get our prices.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
a12m. Chestertown, Md.

C. M. LUCAS
has a Beautiful Selection for the
HOLIDAY TRADE!
such as Waltham, Elgin and Waterbury Watches, Chains, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Collar Buttons, Breast Pins and Baby Pins. A nice assortment of Clocks. We still keep the old reliable 18K Wedding Rings. Those who have bought them with the W. as trade mark on the inside, can recommend them to be just what we said about them. Also, the famous
Rogers & Bro. Triple Plated Ware.
such as Tea, Table and After Dinner Coffee Spoons, Cake Basket, Breakfast and Dinner Castors, Cream Pitchers and other things in silver.
Will REMOVE the first of the year next door, the same now occupied by W. H. Lambert. n21.

STIEFF PIANOS
GRAND AND UPRIGHT.
Highest grade instruments manufactured. Endorsed and preferred by the best schools and musical authorities. Only Upright Piano on the market today equal to the Grand. Reasonable terms. Old Pianos taken in exchange. Pianos for rent. A large assortment of Organs constantly on hand. Send for Illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue. Inducements on Second Hand Pianos. Tuning promptly attended to.
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
WAREROOMS { Baltimore, No. 9 N. Liberty St., Washington, 417 11th St., N. W., Chicago, 178 Wabash Avenue, Philadelphia, 1204 N. 5th St.

About Spectacles!
This Summer Weather Steel Spectacles Rust, Nickel is Heavy and is Easily Bent, and Gold is Expensive.
Aluminum Fills the Bill,
Looks Like Steel,
Wears Like Gold,
Is the Lightest Frame Made and Will Not Get Out of Shape Easily. Does Not Rust or Tarnish, and Costs But Little More Than Steel.
You can get these goods
at D. T. WILLIAMSON'S,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
j18-tf. Chestertown, Md

JERMAN & COSGRIFF,
(Successor to W. M. Bell)
MANUFACTURERS OF
Porous Drain Tile.
Egg-Shaped, 2 to 8 inches calibre. Round, with collar, 2, 2½ and 3 inches calibre.
Send for price-list and circular.
Address, JERMAN & COSGRIFF, SMYRNA, DELAWARE
or T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Agents, Chestertown, Maryland.
fe20-y.

Facts for Fall

Our preparation for Fall and Winter '92 has eclipsed our best previous efforts. Never before has there been such an immense stock of Clothing, Hats and Furnishings held under any one roof, and at such low prices that they will surprise you.

MASTERPIECES
of the Tailor's skill in the shape of Superb Suits for Men are stacked high on our counters, all newest and best fabrics represented. Beautiful line of Suits at $10 $12 and $15.

10,000 OVERCOATS
could not afford you a more ample assortment than our mammoth stock. Everything bright and new is represented. Prices $7, $10, $12, $15 and upward.

YOUR BOYS
are richly provided for in our grand gath'ring of Juvenile Wear. There's no excuse for keeping your boy in a shabby rig when so little money will dress him like a prince. Handsome Suits and Overcoats $2.50, $3.50, $5 and up.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.
finds graceful expression through the medium of our celebrated Order Annex which occupies the building 6 & 8 S. Charles St. Our $20 and $25 lines of Business Suits to Order are the exclusive tailors' $35 grade.

HANDSOME HEAD-DRESS.
When you come to our store you cannot afford to pass by our Hat department. At $1.98 you can get the regular $3 Derby or Soft Hat, pay nothing for the name or surroundings here. Large lines $1.24, $1.49, $1.69.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR
in enormous variety. Soft, cosy and comfortable Suits that won't scratch the skin at $1 for both garments. Our matchless laundred Dress Shirts 50 cents, matchless elsewhere under $1. Neckwear, Sox, and all other possible needs for stylish dressers in magnificent profusion at very moderate prices. Send for Samples, Price List and Self Measurements.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS & FURNISHERS
5 & 7 West Baltimore Street,
Annex, 6 & 8 South Charles Street.

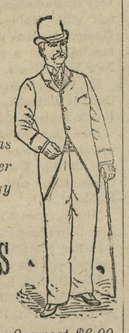
LOW GRAIN PRICES!
DRESS GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
MATTINGS, &c.,
ARE NOW BEING OFFERED AT
R. F. PARKS'.
Full Line Hosiery,
GLOVES AT LOW PRICES,
COTTON DRESS GOODS.
Prices are leaning towards you most temptingly.
French Organdy Lawns
Black or Delicate Tinted Grounds, with handsome design, &c., &c.
Our Linen Department and White Goods are up to the best. Mattings of all kinds and at low prices. SHOES as cheap as the cheapest.
Call and examine my stock.
R. F. PARKS,
July 16, 1892. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

NOTICE:
The Board of County Commissioners for Kent County, give notice that no articles or supplies of any kind for Kent County, purchased by any County Officer, Supervisor or Agent will be recognized by the board unless such purchase or purchases have been made upon the written order of the County Commissioner of the district in which the party purchasing such supplies or goods may reside.
T. J. SHALLCROSS, Pres't,
ROBERT C. MORGAN,
GEO. W. RODENHISER,
JOHN A. GROVES,
HORACE WILLSON,
Commissioners.
Attest:—T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk. dec19-tf.

FULL line of UNDERWEAR for Men Women and Children, just received and as low as the lowest give me a call and I will convince you.
8 WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

FLIES TO PIECES!

The Making and Trimming of Clothing is a Very Important Feature.
Examine the Workmanship of our Goods and see the Difference. Then we sell these Honestly Made Goods at a less price than the Chinese Labor Made Clothing you have been buying. For the dealer who don't cut his expenses close is not in the boat with us at all. This is one of the Chief Considerations, or should be, with every consumer. We often hear the inquiry, "Why is there such a difference in the price of Clothing?" We explain in a few words: WE BUY CLOSE, LIVE CLOSE, consequently can and do SELL CLOSE. You have only to compare prices to convince yourselves that
MOODY & PERKINS,
is the place to buy Clothing at Squre, Honest Prices. We have just received direct from New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia Manufacturers the Largest, Best Made and Trimmed, Best Fitting and Cheapest Line of Men's, Boys and Children's Clothing ever shown in the county. Don't go to the City. We have the assortment, and a saving of ten per cent. means $1 to $2 on a suit.
Full Line of HATS, NECKWEAR and UNDERWEAR.
Respectfully, MOODY & PERKINS,
Nov. 5, 1892. Old Stand W. E. Moody, few Doors Below Postoffice.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE!

WE ARE cautious with our promises. The house as well as the individual who exaggerates is soon sized up. We enter no claim that cannot be substantiated, and we unhesitatingly say that our display of
Fall and Winter Overcoats and Suits
FOR MEN, YOUTH, BOYS and CHILDREN,
are the BEST EVER OFFERED IN CHESTERTOWN. Suit or Overcoat $6,00, $8,00, $10,00, $12,00 represents the Greatest Value to be Obtained at these Prices. At A. FRIEDMAN'S is the Place where you Always get Value for Value.
Boys' and Children's Clothing.
This department is complete in every respect. Prices from $1,25, $2,00, $3.50 $5.00, strongly made garments and have more styles than any other house can show you. Come early and examine our stock.
Respectfully,
A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,
Opposite Stam's Hall. The Leading Clothier.

A GREAT DRIVE!

IN FALL & WINTER DRY GOODS
Notions, Underwear,
Boots, Shoes,
Hats and Clothing
Marked Down to the Very Lowest Cash Price!
We are doing practically a Cash business, consequently bad accounts have been eliminated from our book. We are giving our customers the benefit of this WASTED MONEY in a sharp reduction of profits. Remember our motto: "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."
F. H. HARPER & SON,
Still Pond, Maryland.

WHAT KIND OF STOVES
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?
~~~LOOK OUT FOR~~~
J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S
Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!
SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.
Have your Old Fire-Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,
at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

FURNITURE Bargains! AT ALL TIMES.
EDWARD A. HARTMAN
NATHAN DUNBRACCO.
Hartman & Dunbracco
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Furniture!
222 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
NEAR HOWARD ST. BALTIMORE, MD.
Full line of Furniture at Reduced Rates.

Thanksgiving, 1892

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.
Enter his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.
Be thankful unto him, and bless his holy name.
I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,
In the council of the upright and in the congregation.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fatness.
I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord;
Yea, in the presence of all his people; in the courts of the Lord's house;
In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands;
Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.
Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine in the innermost parts of thy house;
Thy children like olive plants about thy table.
Thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life;
Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children.

The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thy hand;
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates,
He hath blessed thy children within thee;
He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is wholy unto the Lord; neither be ye grieved, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.
Let the people praise thee, O Lord; let all the people praise thee.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS

"We must be early at church today, Aunt Charlotte," said Dorothy. "I have promised to play the organ, and I would not be late for anything."

"What a beautiful Thanksgiving day it is!" she continued, when she had left the table and put back the curtain from the window. "How fine the sleighing will be!"

As she spoke, a jingling of bells was heard without, and a sleigh glided rapidly across the white lawn.

"It is Bert Darricote, auntie," said Dorothy, looking out at the handsome young man, who sprang out of the sleigh at the steps.

"I have come to take you to church, Dorothy," called out Bert to her as she threw up the sash, letting in the crisp air, which blew her fair curls in sweet confusion about her fair, pretty face.

"I know you would not for worlds miss the opportunity to exhibit your skill at manipulating the ivories today," the young man continued, as he came and stood under the window and looked up into the bright face above him.

"I am so very glad you came, Bert," said Aunt Charlotte coming up behind Dorothy. "This child has been hurrying me all morning, and a housekeeper must needs look well to the ways of her household, particularly when her pastor and his wife are to take dinner with her."

"Just wait a moment, Bert," said Dorothy, "and I shall be ready. Do not keep auntie standing here talking to you, though. She is all impatience to explore the mysteries of cellar and closet to see if perchance she can discover some delicacy to tickle the palate of Brother Mallory today."

She looked very beautiful to the young man when she came down to him.

"Isn't the road fine, and isn't the air crisp, and doesn't Selim travel well today, Bert?" asked Dorothy loquaciously when they were seated in the sleigh and were skimming over the smooth, hard packed snow.

"What makes you so quiet, Bert?" she asked, astonished at the happy fellow's unwonted silence.

"Perhaps it is because I have so much to tell you, and I hardly know where to begin," answered Bert solemnly.

"Do you know, Dorothy, I am twenty-one years old tomorrow?"

"Twenty-one? Yes, you are, and I am eighteen. And yet—how short a time it seems since we were little children; since we used to go coasting down Dobson's hill. Do you remember the time, Bert, when Tom Arnold asked me to try one trip down on his sled and the thing came all to pieces and I went tumbling down and sprained my ankle? Oh, how furious you did get! Don't you know? You pummeled Tom's big head till you split your gloves and your knuckles, too, I believe, for they looked very red when you were dragging me home."

"Do you remember all that?" said Bert. "I thought you must have forgotten it from the way you were smiling at Arnold the other night at choir practice."

"Why, Bert, how could he help the sled's coming to pieces?" asked Dorothy laughingly. "I see you are as unreasonable as ever."

"Well, it's a man's business to take care of a woman, even in little things, and when a fellow's even indirectly the cause of a girl's coming to grief in any way I think he deserves to be demolished," said Bert unreasonably. "But this is not what I wanted to say, Dorothy. As I told you, I am twenty-one now, and father has given me the junior partnership in the bank, and—and—you know how I love you—how I have always loved you, dear, and I want you to be my wife."

The young fellow wound up abruptly, hastily, looking lovingly into the sweet face beside him.

The sleigh sped smoothly on, the horses' feet resounding upon the bridge they were just crossing.

"Won't you speak to me, Dorothy?" Bert said, almost pleadingly. "You must know that I love you, and now I am able to take care of you, dear, if you will only trust yourself to me, no harm shall"——

Bump! The runners of the sleigh struck a board at the end of the bridge, there was a cracking, a creaking, the horse bounded forward and Bert and Dorothy tumbled over into the drift beyond the bridge.

"Are you hurt?" said Bert, scrambling to his feet, and extricating himself and Dorothy from the mass of rugs and soft snow.

"Not in the least," she replied, "but how are we to get to church? Who will play the organ?"

"Can I help you out of your difficulties?" called a cherry voice behind them, and big Tom Arnold came up in his handsome sleigh.

"Oh, Tom," said Dorothy, "I am so glad to see you! I must be in church in time to play the organ today, and see what has befallen us!"

"Well, get in, both of you," said Tom, arranging his rugs and holding out his hand to Dorothy. "Just fasten up Selim's traces, Bert, and hitch him behind. He will lead, won't he?"

"Thanks!" said Bert stiffly. "I can take care of myself; you had best not waste any more time, since Miss Daly must hurry."

Dorothy looked at him mutely from her seat in the sleigh; Arnold smiled beneath his fierce mustache, cracked his whip, and the horses sped forward, leaving Bert standing flushed and angry in the middle of the road.

It was a very silent, gloomy ride, after all, that Dorothy had. Tom saw her distress, and like the good fellow that he was said nothing to her. Her hands were trembling and her eyes were full of tears when he helped her out at church.

She struck the first few chords doubtfully, but when the voices pealed forth clear and sweet the organ tones grew firmer and fuller.

During the sermon Dorothy did not take her eyes off the door, but Bert never came. It was a very demure, a very sad hearted little maiden who went back home with Aunt Charlotte in the big old sleigh. When they reached the bridge, and she saw the overturned sleigh by the roadside; when she thought of Bert standing angry and alone, his sweet, earnest appeal to her still unanswered, her heart grew very heavy.

"But surely he will come," she kept saying to herself; but when the day was gone and she knelt down by her bedside, with the Thanksgiving hymns still ringing in her ears, there were tears in her eyes and sadness in her heart.

That was one Thanksgiving, and, oh, how sad a one!

There were dreary days of hoping, of waiting, of disappointment to Dorothy before another came. She had known Bert Darricote all her life, and it seemed to her she had always loved him. His bright, quick boyishness, his innate manliness, his very faults even were dear to her.

"If I could only see him," she said, as the weeks passed by and he came not; "no matter where I should meet him I would go up to him and give him his answer. I would tell him I loved him."

Women are not very reasonable creatures in matters pertaining to love. To her love means sacrifice, and her pleasure is to take the faults of the loved one upon herself.

If Dorothy saw Bert at all it was only occasionally and at a distance. The first time she saw him was at church, and he had only lifted his head coldly.

His heart was very heavy during the days and weeks and months after he parted from Dorothy with the words of love upon his lips, but he was young and foolish and proud, and had let a silly jealousy blind his eyes.

The season of heartache was good for both of the young things. It softened, it strengthed them. They both felt themselves growing—felt their feelings intensifying.

"How like to last Thanksgiving today is, Dorothy!" said Aunt Charlotte, as they took their seats in the sleigh.

"Please God it will not be so sad a one," said Dorothy to herself.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself in this old sleigh with me?" she continued to her aunt.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Charlotte. "It seems safe enough."

The tramping of the horses' feet kept time to Dorothy's thoughts. She glanced at the tall stump upon the hillock just before they reached the little river. Yes, it looked lonely, desolate, like a white robed ghost—just as it had looked a year ago when she and Bert had sped by.

The horses' hoofs beat a mournful strum strum upon the bridge, the sleigh glided rapidly down the last steep decline, the left runner struck a projecting snag, and before they had time to think Dorothy and Aunt Charlotte were struggling to extricate themselves from the overturned vehicle in the soft snow. A jingling of bells was heard behind them, and before Dorothy could realize it Bert Darricote was bending over her.

"Are you hurt, dear?" he asked very gently.

"Oh, Bert," she said joyfully, taking his hand and rising to her feet.

The young man looked a moment in silence upon the sweet, young face upturned to his.

"See where we are, Dorothy! Just here, a year ago today, I asked you to be my wife," he said. "Will you give me an answer now?"

"Yes, Bert," was all she answered, but it was enough for him.—Patience Oriel.

POSTPRANDIAL.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure—
Ever faithful, ever sure.
—Milton.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.
—Whittier.

I praise thee while my days go on;
I love thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.
—Mrs. Browning.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
—W. D. Howells.

Hints on Table Manners.

The Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Austin Bluelight tabernacle, gives the following advice on table etiquette:

A few remarks, ladies and gennermens, is what I wants ter make dis ebenin on de subjec' ob eatin in gineral, and also ter say sumfin about manners at de table in pertickler.

I has been readin ob late a book on de subjec' ob table etterket.

Sam Johnsing, ef yer wants ter avoid bein smashed in de mouf, you will keep it shut in dese sacred precincts. I didn't say nuffin about eatin a cat at de table. What I said was table etterket, which am a hoss ob anudder color. Use yer ears instead ob yer mouf, and you'll larn sumfin what yer don't know.

When you am seated at de table you must be like de goat, what ain't partickler about what he feeds on. When a dog growls ober his food yer knows dat he likes hit. When a lady or gennerman growls ober what dey git ter eat it's vice versy.

In de book on etterket what I am perusin hit says dat soup must not be eaten wid de fork. If yer has contracted de bad habit ob eatin soup wid a fork or a carvin knife jess drop it, bekase hit's not bongtong.

You should always hab clean finger nails at de table, bekase dar's whar dey am mos' conspicuous, but don't clean 'em wid a fork after you has done sot down.

Ef yer wants ter attend ter yer finger nails or ter pick yer teef wait until de repast am succumbed, and den go out behind de barn or crawl down under de table, and pick yer teef dar.

Don't stab a raw oyster wid yer fork, and holding it up ask de host ef hit's dead yit, bekase he may jab yer wid de carvin knife. Besides hit's not embonpoint in some respects.—Texas Siftings.

HISTORIC FEASTS.

EARLY THANKSGIVINGS AND THE EVENTS WHICH LED TO THEM.

The Pilgrims First to Celebrate the Festival in America with Massasoit as Their Guest—A Curious Long Island Custom.

We wonder how many boys and girls know the facts which we shall tell them about this holiday. How many, for instance, can tell in what year the day was first observed? To recall the circumstances of the first day of Thanksgiving may serve to remind us of how much more we have to be thankful for than had those early pilgrims. History tells us that of the 102 emigrants that landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod bay in the winter of 1620 almost half died before the following winter fairly set in. Today in our comfortable country and city homes we cannot even imagine the sufferings of the survivors, both from destitution and the inclement weather, which they were not prepared either as to clothes or habitations to brave. The most of the brave people were not inured to hardships. Among them were gentle and delicately nurtured men and women.

They staked and laid out two rows of huts for the nineteen families that comprised the colony, but within the first year they had to make seven times more graves for the dead than houses for the living. Notwithstanding all their trials and hardships these brave founders of a great and glorious race had so much for which to be thankful that they had to appoint "an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies."

So they agreed among themselves that, since their prudence and forethought had been so wonderfully blessed of God, they would send out four men hunting that they might rejoice together in a special manner after the fruit of their labors had been gathered. According to the historian, barley and Indian corn were their only crops; the "peas were not worth gathering, for, as we feared, they were too late sown." This was under the good Governor Bradford. The four men who went hunting brought in as much game as served the company for a week. The recreations of the day consisted of the exercises of their arms—Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his men coming among them for three days, during which time they were entertained and feasted by the colonists, the Indians killing and bringing to the feast five deer. This was in 1621 and was the beginning of Thanksgiving day in America.

The next New England Thanksgiving day was in July, 1623, which had been appointed a day of fasting and prayer on account of drought. While the people were praying rain fell abundantly and the governor appointed it instead a day of thanksgiving. In June, 1632, Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay colony, invited the governor of Plymouth colony to unite with him in a day of public thanksgiving because the action of the British privy council had been favorable to the colonies. In Massachusetts Bay colony old records show that days of thanksgiving were appointed in 1632, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639 and sometimes on more than one day in the same year. In Plymouth we find mention of one in 1651 and again in 1668. In 1680 it seems to have become an annual custom.

During the revolution it was annually recommended by congress; then there was a thanksgiving for peace in 1784, and in 1789 President Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution. In 1795 there was one for the suppression of insurrection, and in April, 1815, the president appointed a day of thanksgiving for peace. In New England, during all this time, however, annual proclamations were issued by the governors of the various states officially recommending the religious observance of the day, where indeed it became the principal social and home festival of the year.

During the war of the rebellion President Lincoln appointed special thanksgiving in 1862 and 1863, and a national proclamation of annual thanksgiving was issued in 1863 and 1864. Since that time the president, as well as governors and mayors, have issued such a proclamation annually.

One of the most remarkable thanksgivings on record was the custom in Southampton and Easthampton, Long Island. Montauk Point, consisting of about 9,000 acres, was owned by numerous proprietors in those two towns. They used it as a common pasturage for their stock. The time for driving the flocks home for the winter was fixed at a meeting by the town council, "and it came," says the historian, "to be a rule from the period beyond which the memory of man runneth not that the Thursday of the week following the return of the cattle from Montauk should be observed as a day of thanksgiving."

But thanksgiving is older even than the United States. In many countries there have been from time to time thankful hearts. In Holland the first anniversary of the deliverance of the city of Leyden from the siege, Oct. 3, 1575, was kept as a religious festival of thanksgiving and praise. In the English church service the 5th of November is so celebrated in commemoration of the gunpowder plot.

We think we have told you as much as you can remember about what other people had to be thankful for and when, and if you will master some of these dates you will probably be better informed about the day, which to you means perhaps only a great feast, than will some of the older folks, who, we are sure, will be very proud and pleased to hear what you have learned.—American Agriculturist.

Canvass Orators.

Humorous, if a trifle unkind, was the orator, who, when describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent, said, "He is so fond of being praised that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost if it were but to look up and read the stonecutter's puff on his tombstone." This is in striking contrast to the graceful and witty compliment paid to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, of whom, when they canvassed the electors of Westminster on behalf of Fox in 1784, it was said that "never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvas."—London Standard.

The Day of Memories and Hopes.

At the recurrence of the home anniversary we pause, take up the scattered threads and weave them into a golden tissue of memory. Today we may think over the past—today indulge, if we wish, in roseate anticipations for the future. The home anniversary lays upon us its gently arresting hand, and our hearts are full.

A THANKSGIVING HUNT.

How the Mighty Nimrods Fared—Dinner in the Forest.

In a broad and general way hunting parties may be divided into two great classes—those that people hear about and those they do not.

The writer has in mind a hunting party of the second class—that which appears not on the written page, nor is found in the mouths of men. It went for big game, and got but little of it. It went out with plenty of wagon room in which to bring back venison, deer and antelope to tickle the stay at homes' palates, and returned, the wagon space still unoccupied and carrying no load but that of solid, soggy, destroyed hopes. Yet the party was successful—in a way.

There were days—a week of days—that the party walked or rode over the hill and plain without getting a shot at anything. The members became distrustful of each other and cast glances that plainly asked, "Who is the Jonah of this trip?" For they were hunters by instinct and training—not of little feathered birds, but of game that it takes brains as well as powder and lead to reach. They knew the haunts of the game that they wanted—deer and antelope—but they were perpetually to windward, and game fled the country before them. After a week of disappointment, of muscles aching with unrewarded toil, of a steady bread and bacon diet opposing a rising appetite, desperation took the upper hand.

"I'm getting pretty sick of bacon," said one.

"It looks like that is all we'll get," said another.

It was at this juncture that the party happened on a small bunch of wild cattle. It was the first meat on the hoof with which their eyes had been blessed. It was an exciting moment, and the leader of the party rapturously brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot down a yearling heifer.

"A deer at last! Look at the antlers!" he yelled, capering gleefully about.

"You are mistaken; it's a cow," said a more conservative member.

The leader looked doubtfully at his prize and shook his head. "I admit that appearances are against me," said he. "But—so excited—hadn't shot a gun for so long—sick of bacon—no, no; you're mistaken. It is deer meat."

So this lawless, reckless party took a hind quarter and journeyed on. The next day a deer was actually seen and killed. Hope revived, and the party estimated the probable result of the trip, with a large balance on the credit side.

The third day from the opening of the season the route led through a beautiful oak country. Underbrush there was in plenty, and the enthusiastic leader of the party looked wisely about as he observed to another, "Should think we ought to run across some mast hogs in here."

Strangely enough, at that moment a sedate old black and white sow hove in sight, with her progeny trailing at her heels. With a porker's usual disregard of consequences she was moving straight against the face of providence. The leader's gun was ready, and in a moment the choicest of the litter was a victim of maternal imprudence. The mother galloped away with no apparent regret, and the brothers and sisters of the deceased went galloping after.

That night—Thanksgiving eve—the party camped in a sheltered canyon. There was a spring of clear water in which water cresses grew. There was grass in plenty for the mules. There was wood for a roaring campfire. Who so happy, so well contented, as the hunters as they sat about the blaze, pulling contentedly at their pipes and thinking of the grand and varied feast they would have on the morrow? There were bacon, pork, beef and venison; there were onions, potatoes and canned tomatoes, flour, salt, pepper, baking powder. The next day these should be combined in the most appetizing form. A stew with dumplings! The choicest of meats, roast or boiled!

In their mind's eye they beheld themselves fattening upon the good things that their rifles had procured or their forethought had provided.

Twenty-four hours later this was an accomplished fact. There was nothing left to eat. But the fire burned gayly and the pipes smoked as pipes should. Complacency and lethargy possessed the party.

"I don't feel as though I'd ever move again," said the recumbent leader.

"Mebbe it's just as well if you don't," said a stranger, and the strange owner of it stepped out into the firelight. He had a mean looking gun in his hands, and the muzzle pointed groupward.

"I just brought a few friends along to help you keep Thanksgiving," he continued, and under the spell of his words—or gun—the party remained statuesquely motionless.

"I kinder thought you would like to pay for that shote of mine you killed yesterday?" he inquired.

"And at the same time I'll collect for that heifer," said another stranger, advancing from the opposite direction. The party fancied itself surrounded.

Then the conservative member spoke. "Yes, certainly, gentlemen; name your price. We shall be glad to pay it."

"That saves us all a heap of trouble," remarked the visitors with peculiar emphasis as they took what money they wanted and rode away with it. They left behind nothing but a spirit of unrest—a longing to quit the country—strangely at variance with the peaceful content of a few minutes before. It was voiced by the leader, that eccentric genius who had slain both heifer and shote.

"Boys," said he, "let's go home. Let's start tomorrow. This hunters' life is too exciting; there's heart disease in my family. Let's go home and calm down."

So the next day the party started homeward.—New York Times.

Maltese Wit.

The poorer Maltese have a ready wit. An English officer, failing to make a Maltese understand what he meant, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much the man, who had traveled about a good deal, though he did not understand English, replied by asking, "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then if I be one fool you be four fools."—London News.

Cremation Item.

Little Tommy Peterby, five years old, has been poking at the range and burned a hole in his sleeve. His mother says:

"You will surely catch afire and there will be nothing left of you but a little pile of ashes. What will I say then?"

"You will say, 'Kate, shovel up those ashes!'"—Texas Siftings.

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