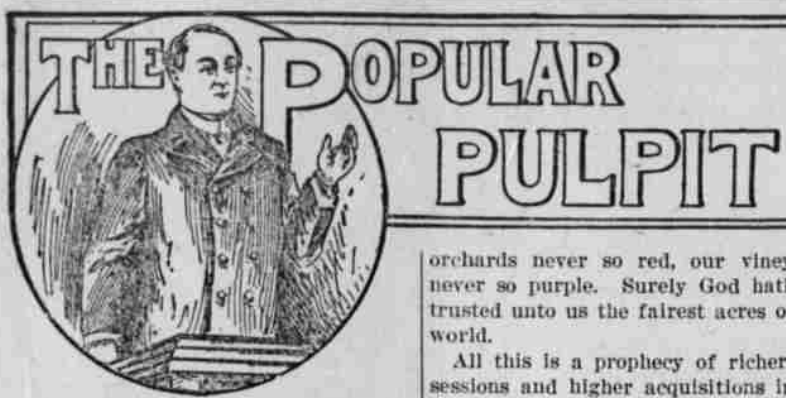




THE THANKSGIVING TIME.

By Rev. D. F. Fox, D. D.

In the Yellowstone National Park is the famous "Old Faithful" geyser. Year in and year out, winter and summer, day and night, in cold and in heat, in sunshine and in storm, every seventy minutes "Old Faithful" sends up its glorious shaft of crystal, each drop of which unravels a rainbow.

We now turn from Old Faithful to Old Grateful—Thanksgiving Day. Let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day. We need to cultivate and cherish the deep religion of a thankful heart. Having only one life to live, we owe it to our friends to make it cheerful and glad. Not infrequently Thanksgiving Day is abused. Men dwell on the discouraging aspects of our national life. These, on occasion, every lover of his country must consider, but on this day we are to praise God for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. We are to dwell on the things for which we are to be thankful. Not to do this is to become pessimistic, and a pessimist is a man who, when he has the choice of two evils, takes both. Now let us consider the three kinds of benefits for which we as a people should be profoundly grateful to Almighty God.

Blessings Personal.

A living torch and a dead coal started out into the world to see what it was like. The torch came back with smiling face and reported that all was brightness and beauty. The coal, with doleful countenance and sepulchral tone, said he found the world black and cheerless everywhere. If for nothing else, then, thank God for life. In this age of sounding hammers, with steam hissing from the rivets, we need to remember that the most wonderful thing is not a dynamo or an automobile, but man, and a man's life does not depend so much upon what he has as upon what he is. Your house may be small, but it may be a home, for home is not spelled h-o-u-s-e. It is the inward disposition rather than the outward state that determines our happiness. You may have few servants in your house, possibly none at all. What of it? The man who lives in the large house can at best occupy but one or two rooms, the rest are occupied by the servants; and for the man who runs it, it may not be a home at all, and perhaps is little better than a barracks.

Look about in your modest little home. Count your blessings. Look at the top of your dining table; a hundred summers of sunshine are hidden away in that oak table top. Look at the rug on your floor; indigo from India, cochineal from Mexico, yellow from Madagascar and black from Nicaragua. Look at the tablecloth of snowy whiteness made from flax that grew in Ireland, and the dishes from a Dresden kiln. See the pearly bread made from Minnesota flour. Behold the high-breasted, brown-baked bird from the barnyard whom your farmer friend has been feeding on corn and grasshoppers for the past nine months. Think of that mince pie, the apples from New York, the meat from Texas and the raisins from sunny California. Think of the celery from Michigan, the figs from Sicily, the dates from Arabia and the coffee from Brazil. Look into the faces of your children, and remembering those who love and encourage you, be thankful for the personal blessings of life, and eat your Thanksgiving dinner with gladness and praise to God.

Blessings National.

Our country is the best part of the globe. No nation on the face of the earth possesses such a territory. Think of its illimitable vastness, its rich stores, boundless prairies, stately rivers, deep forests, great lakes, high mountains—everything on an immense scale. It is as Mr. Gladstone affirmed, "the natural base for the greatest nation of the world." If a wall were built around our country the only people to suffer would be those on the outside. And we are only beginning to develop our resources.

This past year we have taken from our mines a billion dollars in gold, and that is only a handful of newboys' nickels compared to the total output of our wealth. The eighteen million barrels of flour that have been turned out from our mills, if placed end to end, would reach to Liverpool and back. We have woven cloth enough to reach twenty times around the world and give every man and boy in the country a suit of clothes besides. Our shafts never raised so much coal, our cornfields have never been so yellow, our

orchards never so red, our vineyards never so purple. Surely God hath entrusted unto us the fairest acres of the world.

All this is a prophecy of richer possessions and higher acquisitions in the days that are to come. We thank God for our land, for our history, for the blessings of all the yesterdays, for the victories of right and truth, for the achievements of the human intellect and heart. All these like golden bells hang high in our country's cathedral tower, and join the universal chime of praise to God and prophesy a brighter and a better to-morrow. We believe in the past; all the world is familiar with our story. We thank God for the present; we have hope for the future. There are higher mountains of vision to be climbed, richer soil to be tilled, sweeter songs to be sung, stronger character to be developed and grander history to be made. To-day as a nation we reverently thank God for the divine favor of the past, and humbly supplicate his guidance in the days that are yet to be.

Blessings Spiritual.

Finally let us be thankful for spiritual blessings. The embers have fallen upon us like sparks and have kindled the fires of true devotion, of increasing liberality, of growing intelligence, of increasing Christian unity. Our schools, colleges, libraries, asylums and churches have been liberally supported. There are more young people in our institutions of learning this year than ever before. More and more we are teaching and coming to know that true nobility is not of birth or wealth or diadem, but of mind and heart and manhood. We are developing heart power. We are no longer insensible to our brother who may be in distress. Never was there a year in which so much was done to care for the orphan, to alleviate human suffering, to prolong life and to bind up the broken-hearted.

And this spirit of brotherliness is abroad in all of our churches. We no longer insist that the denominational name shall be blown in the bottle. If the perfume is good it is a sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord, no matter what the label may be on the outside. This does not mean that we do not love the traditions and rejoice in the histories of our various churches. Our Episcopal friends wear their gowns and have their uprisings and down-sittings. Let them. It might help some of the rest of us if we were to use more of these helps to devotion. Our Presbyterian brethren hold fast to their catechism. It is well. The conservative has always been a valuable man in every community. Our Baptist friends have their baptistry, and it might not be a bad thing if they could wash some of the sheep that are in other folds, as well as their own. Our Methodist brethren—in some quarters at least—still hold on to the mourners' bench, and it would be good for all of us to be more on our knees than we are.

But in all of our churches the great fundamentals are being emphasized, and we can thank God this year as never before for Christian fellowship. "Like a mighty army moves the church of God!"

While we thus render thanks to God, we will not forget those to whom the year has brought sore trial and bereavement. Let us increase the volume of praise by visiting the widow and the fatherless. Let us tell them that the light that was extinguished in the earthly home will shine as a beacon from the window of heaven for them by and by. Let us thank God for that best of all gifts—his Son, our Savior. Let us confess our dependence upon him and renew our allegiance to the great principles he has taught us.

God of our Fathers known of old, Lord of our far flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over land and pine, Lord God of hosts be with us yet Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Short Meter Sermons.

He who cannot dream cannot do. Faith is ever prophetic of facts. Pain is the price of all deep pleasure.

The church service that drags will not draw men. Joy is gold picked up in the path of helpfulness.

Where might seems to make right it is but making ruin.

Our borrowed trappings account for half of our trippings.

The heart that sees goes always before the hand that obtains.

Too many think of religion as sowing wind and reaping wings.

People of many deficiencies always talk about their difficulties.

The bars that blind men most effectively are within and not without.

CHEROKEE SLAUGHTER DAYS.

Quick Trigger Work Turns Court Into Battlefield.

Zeke Parris, the full-blood Cherokee Indian, is one of the most noted characters in the history of the Cherokee nation and was always a terror to evil-doers that infested that part of the territory. He lives near Talequan, says the New York World.

Parris was for eighteen years a deputy United States marshal and one of the most noted hunters of outlaws ever produced. Under the tribal form of Cherokee government he was the official hangman. Out of the fourteen men executed in that nation Parris hanged eleven of them. He is a nephew of Zeke Proctor, one of the most noted man-slayers and killers the Indian Territory has ever produced.

One of the worst characters Parris had to deal with was Bald Christie, brother of the notorious Ned Christie, who was captured in the Rabbit Track country of the Cherokee nation after he had stood off the deputies for many months and after he had killed several officers. Bald Christie was captured only after his cabin was blown up with dynamite.

For years Christie defied the United States marshals, roaming over the same ground now the hiding place of the Wyckliffe. He was finally run into a gorge by Zeke Parris and forced to surrender. Tom Bearpaw was another dangerous outlaw for Parris to handle, and before he was finally run in had killed eleven men. This outlaw was followed thirty-one days and nights before he was captured, sentenced and hanged.

One of the greatest fights that ever occurred in the Cherokee nation was that made by Zeke Proctor, an uncle of Parris, at the Going Snake courthouse, some years ago. Proctor was on trial charged with the murder of an Indian woman. He had killed the woman, but it was accidental, she being shot by Proctor while the latter was trying to kill her husband. An Indian court was usually a table under a tree.

At the trial the husband of the dead woman attempted to kill Proctor, but the latter was quicker on the trigger. This precipitated a general fight, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that fourteen persons had been killed or wounded, including the judge of the court, a juror and six deputy marshals.

Proctor himself was badly wounded, but managed to escape to the woods. He eventually recovered from his injuries and is still living.

WHAT A SHEEP DOG KNOWS.

He Can Tell Right Animals by Sight and Smell.

What a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of 200 or 300 sheep and to know them both by sight and smell, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. This he does thoroughly. When Watterson was running sheep on the plains he had a young collier not yet put to the herd, but kept about the pumping plant. As the sheep came in by hundreds to the trough the dog grew so to know them that when they had picked up a stray from another band he discovered it from afar off and, daring as a hornet, nipping and yelping, parted it out from the band. At that time no mere man would have pretended, without the aid of the brand, to recognize any of the thousands that bore it.

How long recollection stays by the dog is not certain, but at least a twelvemonth, as was proved to Filon Girard, after he had lost a third of his band when the Santa Anna came roaring up by Lone Pine with a cloud of saffron-colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing close to another band, Filon's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it, and rounding with their own, nearly twenty head, which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mesa following after Filon the spring before.

Quick to know the willful and unblinding members of a flock the wise collier is not sparing of bites and, following after a stubborn stray, will often throw it, and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding range sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Pete's dog, Bourdaloue, that, at the Stockton landing, with assistance, put 800 wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes by running along the backs of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites set them forward, himself treading the backs of the racing flock, like the premiere equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see.

During the Championship Series.

Boss—The bookkeeper tells me you want to get off this afternoon to go to your aunt's funeral.

Boy (absently)—Yes, sir; if it does not rain.

Granted in Advance.

The young doctor who had lately settled in Shrubville had ample opportunities to learn humility, if nothing else, in his chosen field.

One day he was hailed by an elderly man, who requested him to step in and see his wife, who was ailing. At the close of his visit the young doctor asked for a private word with the man. "Your wife's case is somewhat complicated," he said, "and with your permission I should like to call the Brookfield physician in consultation."

"Permission!" echoed the man, indignantly. "I told her I knew she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did."

The Original Porous Plaster.

It's Allcock's, first introduced to the people sixty years ago, and today undoubtedly has the largest sale of any external remedy. Millions are sold annually throughout the whole civilized world. There have been imitations, to be sure, but never has there been one to even compare with Allcock's—the world's standard external remedy.

For a weak back, cold on the chest or any local pain the result of taking cold or overstrain, there's nothing we know of to compare with this famous plaster.

Table Mustard.

Common, ordinary, every-day table mustard obtained its name in a remarkably curious way. It is said that Philip, Duke of Burgundy, granted to Dijon some armorial bearings on which was the motto, "Moutt me tarde."

This was later carved in a stone archway of the city, but as the years went by the central word became effaced. A certain firm in the city was engaged in the manufacture of snuff, which was the former name for mustard, and, wishing to label its products with the city arms, copied the incomplete motto.

Thus, ignorant people seeing the name "moutt-tarde" on the jars, fell into the custom of calling the contents by that title. In time "moutt-tarde" was contracted to *mustarde* (mustard).

Mexico now has 60,000 American residents and \$323,000,000 American money.

Those Kindly Persons.

It happened in a railway station. The baby cried and cried and cried. "Perhaps he desires his bottle," suggested a fatherly looking old party.

"He has not been raised on the bottle," cuttingly replied the handsome young woman who held the infant. The baby's shrieks grew terrific. He made unmistakable signs that he wanted his dinner.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the elderly party. "but may I suggest that you—er—permit the child to—er—take nourishment?"

"This baby belongs to my sister," replied the young lady, blushing furiously, "and she won't be here for half an hour. I'm holding it for her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Philologically Logical.

Mrs. Gayboy—That's where you are wrong. You don't seem to understand the use of words. If a thing is "round" it can't be any "rounder."

Mr. Gayboy—Then there is no such thing as a "rounder." Thanks, dear. You won't call me one again, will you?

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Too Aggravating.

Girl—What made you tell on me when I was whispering in school?

Boy—Because you weren't whispering loud enough so I could hear what you were talking about. —Detroit Free Press.



Have You A Cold Room?

In most houses there is a room without proper heating facilities—to say nothing of chilly hallways. Even though the heat of your stoves or furnace should be inadequate to warm the whole house there need not be one cold spot if you have a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

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It will heat a room in no time and will keep it warm and cozy. Operated as easily as a lamp and perfectly safe. Wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Gives no smoke or smell because fitted with unique smokeless device. Can be carried about, which cannot be done with an ordinary stove. The Perfection Oil Heater is superior to all other oil heaters and is an ornament to any home. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.

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is the safest and best all-round household lamp. Made of brass throughout and nickel-plated. Equipped with latest improved burner. Every lamp warranted. An ornament to any room whether library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Write to nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

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