

BLOW UP SHIP

Russians Sink Their Own Vessel at Chefoo.

THREE DULL EXPLOSIONS HEARD

Japanese Vessels Seen Off Coast and Commander Feared Capture

—Carried Important Message

Chefoo, Nov. 18.—Fearing capture by the Japanese, whose boats were off the port, the Russians today blew up the torpedo boat destroyer Rastoropy, which escaped from Port Arthur under cover of a severe storm and entered this harbor last night.

The correspondent of the Associated Press learns authoritatively that the Rastoropy had sealed orders providing that unless there came a highly favorable opportunity to escape, the vessel should be blown up. Sufficient powder for the purpose was secreted before the destroyer left Port Arthur. Small charges of ordinary powder placed in each of the five water tight compartments were exploded.

Customs Officer Koenig was on board the destroyer, and the Russians experienced considerable difficulty in getting him off without arousing his suspicion. The destroyer's cutter, manned by two men, was lying near, and the official was persuaded to take a ride around the Rastoropy in order that he might see the injuries she was alleged to have received.

No sooner had the customs officer stepped into the cutter than a petty officer drew his watch and urged the rowers to make all speed away. When the destroyer had gone down the official was taken on shore.

The Russians, with the exception of one man, left the destroyer during the afternoon. This last man lit slow fuses and blew up the vessel. There were three dull explosions which were scarcely audible 100 yards away from the place where they occurred. Almost simultaneously the Rastoropy sank to the bottom. A single spar marks her grave.

NATIONAL SESSIONS OPEN.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Opened with Sixth-Degree Ceremony.

Portland, Nov. 17.—National Master Aaron Jones opened the 38th annual convention of the National Grange at Armory hall yesterday morning at 11 o'clock assisted by the other officers of the national body. The ceremony was conducted in the sixth degree, prefaced by a declaration by the national master announcing its aims and purposes. A special choir furnished the opening songs, those among the audience who were singing assisting in the chorus. The opening session was necessarily brief, owing to the lack of complete preparations. The only business transacted was the appointment of the committee on credentials, upon which the convention took a recess to meet again at 1:30 P. M.

Promptly at 1:30 P. M. the master's gavel fell and the afternoon session began with a song by the choir, followed by the report of the committee on credentials.

During a short space of time, while the committee on credentials was making its report, upon the invitation of the master, the assemblage listened to short addresses by Hon. William Hillery, Hon. Augustus High and Hon. Jacob Voorhees.

REMOVED BY PRESIDENT.

Roosevelt Takes Initial Step Toward Purging Alaska Service.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Convinced that the Alaska judiciary is more or less undermined with rotteness, and that all the courts are resting under a cloud of suspicion because of innumerable charges preferred against the various judges and their subordinates, President Roosevelt today took the initial step toward purging the service of undesirable elements by summarily removing Frank H. Richards, of Alaska, marshal of Nome district, and requesting the resignation of Melville O. Brown, of Wyoming, judge of the Juneau district.

Japan Appreciate's France's Position

Tokio, Nov. 18.—The negotiations between Tokio and Paris, concerning the alleged violation by France of neutrality in permitting ships of the Russian second squadron to use French harbors, continue. Pending their conclusion, the Japanese government is silent. Sections of the press and public are indulging in somewhat severe criticisms of the action of the French, but the feeling is distinctly more temperate among the better informed Japanese who sympathize with the delicate position of France as Russia's ally.

Liberty Bell Sent Home.

St. Louis, Nov. 18.—Special farewell exercises in honor of the Liberty bell, which had been on exhibition in the Pennsylvania building at the World's fair, were held today, at the conclusion of which the honored relic was started on its trip back to Philadelphia. An immense throng attended the exercises, crowding the space around the bell in the rotunda of the Pennsylvania building. The ceremony closed with prolonged cheers.

Russia Has New Foe.

London, Nov. 18.—A dispatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Moscow says that a telegram received there from Baku announces that trouble has occurred between Russians and Afghans at Kushk. The Afghans, it is added, exploded a Russian magazine, and many soldiers were killed.

UNCLE JAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

There's a lot o' folks they say that's a-holdin' 'n' up to-day
Several mercies that they only just have found;
There's a river full o' thanks that's a-bustin' 'n' o' its banks,
An' a' fundatin' all de country round.

Dar's a lot o' folks I fear that's attracted by de cheer,
An' is thinkin' like dey never thanked before;
An' there's lots o' fervent pra'rs like de tickets on de cars—
Good for dis yer one day only an' no more.

I'm a-goin' to make dis day sort of up an' 'er de way
Fur a reg-ler thank-procession thro' de year;
So I'll set o' set me down 'fore de odder folks is rosin';
An' I'll undertake to view my mercies cleah.

Here's de rheumatiz'; I s'pose it's a blessin' 'n' repose,
Fur I'm happy when it isn't to be foun';
Must've ketcht it from de moon in de season of de moon;
An' I s'pose o' co'se de Lawd was watchin' 'n' rosin'.

Here's de bullet in my knee; 'twan't by no request o' me,
But it cured from de nights I used to roam;
An' I think in that affair, dat de Lawd was surely there;
Fur I'm raisin' all my chickens now to home.

My ten chill'ren I suppose good as offsprin' gen'ly goes,
But deir everlastin' tricks won't let me be;
All de fool'ry I concealed, in deir actions is revealed;
An' dat's whar de Lawd has got a joke on me.

Dese yer enemies I've got, can be 'stroyed as well as not,
Ef I only count de whole mankin' as fren';
An' de stabs an' jabs dey gib underneath de lower rib,
Is chargin' dat de Lawd Almighty sen's.

When dere comes a melon-famine, an' de vines is all a-shinin',
It's intended I wid gratitude should think of de seasons furder back, when dere wasn't any lack;
Of dat' helbenly fruit containin' food an' drink.

An' de dollars I done see dat didn't even do de use,
An' de less or greater loved ones dat I've lost—
All de things dat I'm bereft, makes me thankful for what's left;
An' is worth to soul an' body all dey cost.

An' a million joys dar are, from de delay to de star,
Dat is worth de time of countin' o'er and o'er;
But of all thank-timber yet, it's de things I didn't get,
That I think I hev to be de thankful for.

—W. J. Carleton in "Songs of Two Centuries."

When the citizens will be independent of market prices.—Chicago Daily News.

Roy pinched Bob and they both crept up the hill and into the pumpkin field. Seeing the twin pumpkins gleaming in the moonlight, both sat down on them.

"I say, Roy," said Bob, "that's pretty hard not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy's a brick. Did you hear him comforting his mother? I like him even if he did nearly knock out my front tooth. Let's tell mother all about it. It makes me squirm, though, to think what she'll say about us scaring people. I'm glad we didn't do it, anyway."

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE FUTURE.



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But Roy did not answer. He was thinking. Suddenly he jumped two feet in the air and said: "Hurrah, Bob, hurrah! I have it now!"

"What have you, Roy? Tell me quick!"

The boy resumed his seat on the pumpkin and unfolded his plan. "We'll tell mother all about it," he began, "and ask her to sell us a lot of pies, cakes, jelly, tarts and a turkey, and we can pay for them with our chicken money. Then we'll scoop out all the insides of these twin pumpkins and fill 'em with the nice things, and the night before Thanksgiving we'll carry them down to that old house and kick the door and run. Won't that be fun? A hundred times better than making a lantern."

Bob heartily agreed to the plan, and both boys hurried home. "Mother! mother! we've got something to tell you," called Bob, breathlessly.

Mrs. Phillips sat down and listened while the boys shamefacedly told about their intention of scaring the people in the hollow, at which she looked very grave. Then they excitedly told her their plans.

"Take all our chicken money, mother, and give us piles of good things," said Roy.

"And if there isn't enough money you can have some of our chickens to pay for the stuff," added Bob.

Mrs. Phillips entered gladly into the scheme and promised to have everything ready by Thanksgiving eve. She allowed the boys to pay for part of the feast, as she thought it would be a good lesson for them.

The boys were much excited and early on the appointed night brought in the twin pumpkins, nicely cleaned inside, and each with a small cap cut off at the top. It was a very important part of the plan that the pumpkins should look as if just carried from the field. Mrs. Phillips carefully filled them with tarts, jellies, cakes, celery and delicious mince pies, a great pat of fresh butter shaped like a pumpkin, two loaves of currant bread and a pair of chickens. The boys added a big bag of oranges and a box of candy especially for Bessie. Then the pumpkins were so full that not another thing could be crammed into them. Mr. Phillips now appeared to assist with hearty good will and brought a great basket of potatoes, turnips, apples, and, last but not least, a huge turkey, all ready for roasting. These things, together with the pumpkins, were carried with much smothered laughter to the door of the little old tumble-down house. The golden balls filled with goodies held the place of honor and were stationed directly before the door. The boys had the pleasure of kicking on the door and then dived into the darkness.

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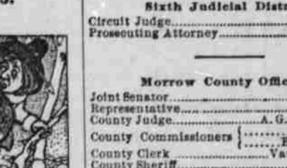
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TWO THANKSGIVINGS.



And now.

THANKSGIVING IN 1795.

How Washington's Proclamation Differed from Those of Later Days. Nowadays, the Thanksgiving proclamation of the State and national executives are brief compared to what they were in the early days of our republic, says a writer in the Boston Herald. In the case of the latter he doesn't forebadow his forthcoming annual message as was somewhat the vogue in President Washington's time. This is seen in the Thanksgiving proclamations issued by our great and good first President in the early part of the year 1795, in which he appointed Feb. 19 as "a day of public thanksgiving and prayer." The "Father of His Country" was then 63 years of age and was serving his sixth year as President. It was a long document and covered quite a number of points. Of these, I will advert very briefly to only three or four which are peculiarly significant.

In the preamble he mentions, as the first subject, "demanding the public attention on this solemn occasion, our exemption from a foreign war" and next proposes, as "an object of gratitude," the "increasing prospect of the continuance of our exemptions from a foreign war." Which propositions evidently relate to the settlement, through special envoy, John Jay, of our serious troubles with Great Britain, growing out of the continued occupation by the British of the western forts on Lake Erie, contrary to the treaty of 1783; and the seizure of American vessels bound for the French ports by British ships and the imprisonment of American seamen.

Another cause for "thanksgiving, according to the same high authority, is the great degree of internal tranquility we have enjoyed." To which is added "our cause for thankfulness for the recent confirmation of that tranquility by the suppression of an insurrection which so wantonly threatened it."

And in another place the President repeats this idea, asking his people "to render a tribute of praise and gratitude to the Great Disposer of all events, for the reasonable control which has been given in a spirit of disorder in the suppression of the late insurrection." What the President had in mind in this allusion was the "great whisky insurrection" in Pennsylvania in 1794, caused by the passage by Congress of acts imposing duties upon spirits distilled and upon stills. It was finally suppressed by Gov. Lee of Maryland, with 15,000 troops, acting under orders of the President.

Turkey Gobbler Time.



A song is borne upon the breeze
That doth mine ear delight,
When nuts are ripening on the trees
And thistle pods are white,
No cadence clear of ringing bells,
No music set in rhyme,
But just a symphony that tells
'Tis turkey-gobbler time.

What vistas open to my view!
What glorious dreams arise!
A mug of cider, sweet and new,
A row of pumpkin pies,
The glad Thanksgiving's golden store
This year is at its prime.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah once more!
'Tis turkey-gobbler time.
—H. I. Drum.

"Going to observe Thanksgiving at your house, Johnnie?"
"You bot! Mamma gave the cook \$5 extra to stay at home that day."