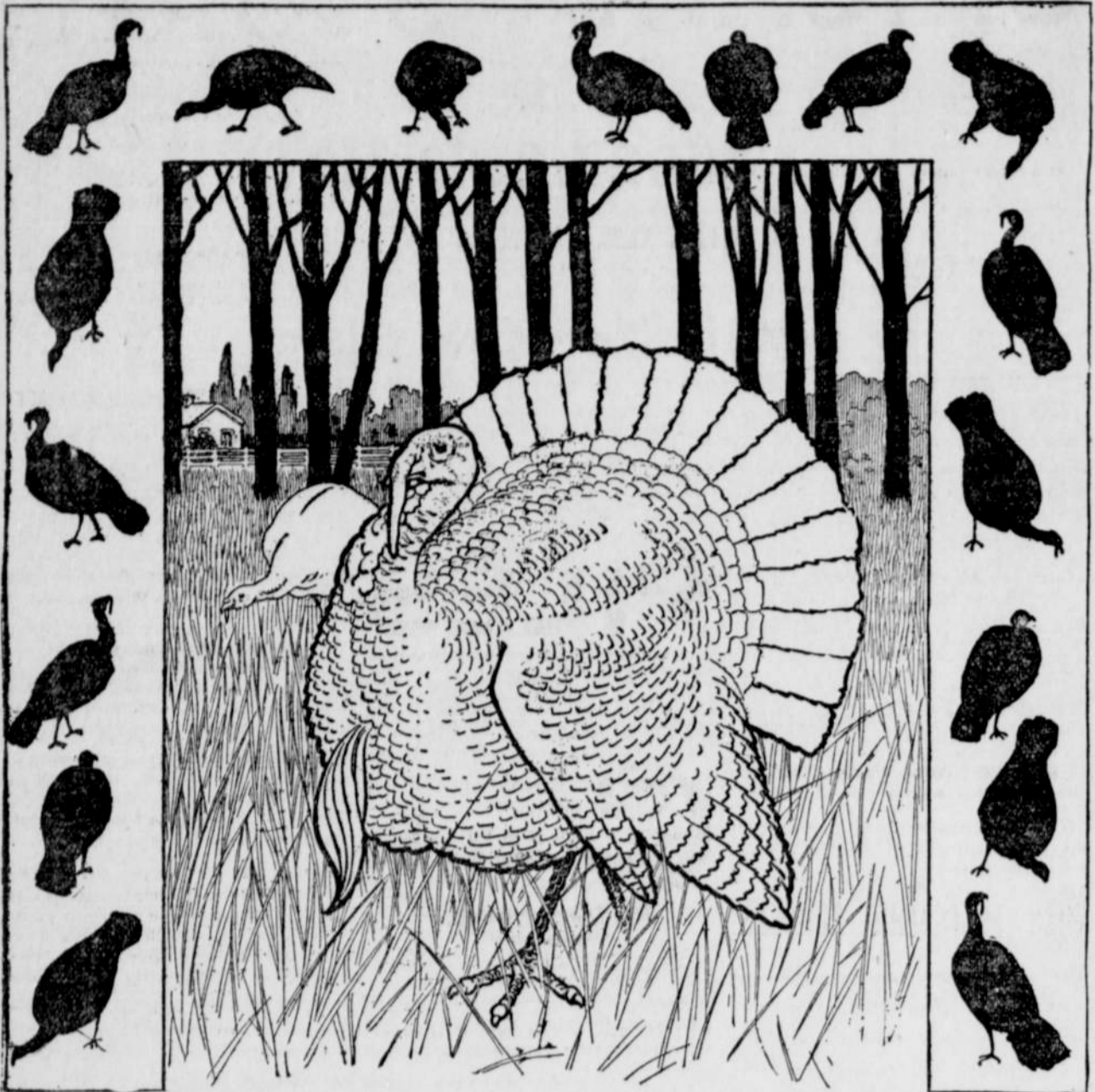


# THE NATIONAL BIRD



AT THE FARMHOUSE.

November trees are brown and bare  
And brief and chill November days,  
But on the farm all are as if  
And cheerfully the mother says—  
"The day to all New England dear  
Thanksgiving Day, will soon be here.

"So, father, choose the turkey now  
And I will make some pumpkin pies,  
And we will have a pudding nice,  
And it shall be of largest size.  
There are walnuts in the garret  
And there is corn that pops like snow,  
There are apples in the cellar  
Which all the children love, I know.

"And we will have our sons come home,  
Our daughters and grandchildren, too,  
Mary Ann and Jim and Joseph,  
Maggie, Nellie and baby Prue."

So father gets the turkey fine  
And mother makes the pumpkin pies  
And home Thanksgiving morning brings  
Beloved ones of every size.

The old house rings with their glad laugh,  
The fireplace glows with ruddy light,  
And when at table all have met  
That kitchen is a pleasant sight.

The father offers sincere thanks,  
The little ones impatient wait,  
And then the turkey plump he carves  
And from the bounty fills each plate.  
Then grandma's plum-filled pudding comes  
With mince and pumpkin pies galore,  
While nuts and apples, raisins sweet,  
And fun and feasting crown the hour.

And here the poor remembered are  
And not in kindly word alone,  
With well-filled hands the children speed  
To neighbors' homes where want is known.

The pleasant hours most swiftly fly,  
The corn is popped and stilled the fun,  
And happy children rest in bed,  
The glad November day is done.

But by the fire grandmother sits  
And in her hand she holds a curl—  
A soft brown curl, that shone long since  
Around the face of her first girl—  
"Dear child," she cries, "forgotten never,  
A mother's love remembers ever."  
—Emily Pearson Bailey.

## A RURAL PEACEMAKER.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

THEY did not pay much attention to Thanksgiving in the country school district in which I taught in the West a good many years ago. Christmas was the chief holiday of the winter, and it was celebrated without any special demonstration, for most of the people were poor and there was not much sentiment in their general make-up. Old Hannah Dorton, with whom I boarded, was of New England birth, and she had not come to the West until some years after her marriage. She was a woman of a good deal of force of character, and no one in the neighborhood had a milder tongue. One evening about two weeks before Thanksgiving I said to her:

"Do the people observe Thanksgiving very generally in this neighborhood?"

"No, they do not," replied the old lady with considerable emphasis. "And it has always been a good deal of a trial to me that so little attention was paid to a day that we made so much of back there in dear old New England. It was the greatest holiday of the year to us, and how we did enjoy it!"

"Why do they pay so little attention to it here?"

"Well, I guess it is just because they have never got in the way of paying any attention to it. They never celebrated the Fourth of July as it ought to be celebrated until my husband got them started to doing it ten years before he died, and now we have a big celebration every year."

"Some one ought to start them to celebrating Thanksgiving."

"So they ought. But who is to do it?"

I reflected for a few moments, and then I said:

"Suppose we start them off in that direction."

"How?" asked the old lady, dropping her knitting into her lap and manifesting eager interest.

"Suppose we get up a Thanksgiving dinner in the school house. Invite all the folks in the district to come and bring their dinner with them. There does not seem to be any social life in the neigh-

borhood unless one can call occasional spelling matches and singing schools in the school house social diversions. The people never eat and drink together in a merry-making of any kind. Don't you think that the idea of a Thanksgiving dinner in the school house would take?"

The old lady reflected for a moment and then said:

"Yes, I think it would. It would be a novelty to every one, and I think the folks would turn out big, only—only—"

"Only what?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, there are so many folks in this neighborhood that don't speak to each other. I never saw anything like it. There is old Squire Bent, who won't speak to his daughter because she married John Watters against the squire's wishes. There was nothing against John, excepting that he was poor, and he had a brother that had been in jail, but John couldn't help that, and he has done splendidly ever since he married, and it is my opinion that the squire would like to make up with John and Nellie, only he is too proud to make any advances, and they won't either. Then there is Kate Whiting and her sister, Lucy Patch, who had a falling out years ago, and ain't spoke to each other since, and before that one was the very shadder of the other. Reuben Hoopes and his brother Silas and their families fell out over the property after old man Hoopes died, and they ain't ever spoke since. Then the Anderson and Robey families had a falling out five years ago, and they don't speak, and before that they were as thick as flies around a molasses bar'l. Then there are other families in the district that ain't as friendly as they ought to be, so your Thanksgiving dinner might end in a riot if all these people come together in the school house."

"Not with a woman of your tact at the head of it," I said.

"Well, you go ahead and get it up, and I will aid and abet you all I can. It will be a break in the monotony of things here even if there is a fight."

I spent all of my time before and after school during the next ten days in calling at all of the homes in the neighborhood, and inviting the people to come to the school house on Thanksgiving day with well-filled baskets. The school

house was unusually large, and there would be room for all if we took out a part of the seats. Three days before Thanksgiving old Mrs. Dorton said:

"I guess you'll have the house full Thanksgiving. Nancy Ross was in here to-day, and she says that the whole district is coming, and Nancy knows if any one does, for she spends most of her time trotting about picking up gossip and retelling it out again. She is as good as the local columns of a newspaper for giving news about what folks are saying and doing, and she says that the idea of the Thanksgiving dinner in the school house was caught like wildfire. Nancy says she wouldn't miss it for a party."

The larger boys and girls of the school met me at the school house the evening before Thanksgiving, and we decorated the room beautifully with evergreens and

several flags we had been able to borrow. Provision had been made for two long tables to run almost the entire length of the room with some smaller tables in the corners.

"I suppose that we will have to be careful how we seat the people at the tables," I said to Mrs. Dorton.

"You just leave that mostly to me," said the old lady. "I know the people better than you do, and I won't be so apt to make awkward blunders. I'll set 'em down all right."

Nancy Ross was right when she said that the whole district would be present at the dinner. The dinner was to be at 1 o'clock, and by noon the house was filled by a merry, happy crowd, including almost every family in the district.

There were baskets and boxes and even tubfuls of turkeys and chickens and doughnuts and pies and cakes. There were baskets of big red apples, and Hiram Hawkins brought half a barrel of sweet cider. Some one brought a basket of popcorn balls for the children, and there was an infinite variety of jellies and jams and preserves and pickles brought forth from boxes and baskets.

"There's enough stuff here to feed an army," said Hannah Dorton, as she bustled about from table to table, the happiest and most active person in the house.

A few minutes before 1 o'clock I heard her saying to Mrs. Kate Whiting, "Come, now, Kate; you and your husband and two children are to set at this table over in this corner. Come right along."

And when they were seated the old lady bustled up to Mrs. Patch and said:

"Now, Lucy, you and your husband and the children are to sit here at this table."

"And if she didn't plump them right down with the Whittings that they hadn't spoken to for years," said the voluble Nancy Ross afterward. Indeed Nancy was so fond of telling about that Thanksgiving dinner afterward that I think I will let her tell about it now.

"Then," she said, "it that Hanner Dorton didn't set old Squire Bent down at the head of one table with his daughter Nellie at his right hand and his son-in-law, John Watters, at his left, an' their baby in a high chair at its gran'pa's side, an' it wa'n't three minutes before the old Squire had that baby in his arms and he et his whole dinner with the little thing in his lap. I heard his daughter say to him, 'Shan't I take the baby, father, so that you can eat your dinner in greater comfort?' But he held right on to it, and there he sat talkin' to Nellie and John same as if there'd never been any trouble at all. And he had that baby in his arms the whole afternoon, an' went around as proud, sayin' to folks, 'See my grandson. Ain't he a mighty fine boy?' It was the first time he had ever seen the child, an' the next week he made Nellie and John come and live with him. Then what did that Hanner Dorton do but put Reuben Hoopes an' his brother Silas and their families at a table by themselves, an' I heard her say to 'em, 'Come, now, you folks want to be sociable an' have a good visit together same as own brothers ought to on Thanksgiving day.' Their wives have always wanted to make up, an' I tell you they found their tongues mighty soon, an' 'fore that meal was over they was talkin' away as if there had never been any row over property or anything else. An' before they knew it the Anderson and Robey families found themselves at the same table with Hanner sayin' to 'em, 'Now it don't make no difference about the past. This is Thanksgiving day, an' a good time to forget that there has ever been anything but a happy past between you folks.'

"Then if she didn't up an' set old Ruth Norse an' old Betty Underwood down side by side, an' they hadn't spoke to each other for years, an' before they knowed it them two old bodies was chattin' away together as if they had never had a fallin' out in the world. Then when she had got all the people that were enemies set down side by side she seated every one else, and then she said,

"'We will now sing.'

"'Blest be the tie that binds.'"

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

"We will now sing."

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## KEEPS LONELY VIGIL.

### LIGHTHOUSE MAN HAS WORRY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Works Amid Deep Solitude and Must Endure All Sorts of Weather—Place an Appointive One and Free from Wiles of Politicians.

The keeper of a marine lighthouse has not a job, but an office. He is a Presidential appointee and holds a commission which when read out sounds as important as that of the collector of customs or the postmaster. He holds an office of large trust and high responsibility. He is to keep his lamp trimmed and burning from the dusk of evening till the next daylight. His post is advanced to the edge of the deep and often raging waters—it is a lonely situation and through nights of all weathers he must stay and be vigilant at his post. Should he fall once in the performance of duty what disaster to vessels and crews might not come! The navigator knows and testifies to his worth in the position where he has been placed by the government, but it is certain that he is not much regarded by the general public.

ing light. Then he added prismatic rings. The result was the system that still goes by his name and has long since changed the mode of lighthouse illumination throughout the world. It is now used exclusively by the United States.

Chicago people are accustomed to seeing the Fresnel light in the several lighthouses in the harbor, but probably few have ever inquired into the mechanism of the apparatus by which the flashes are produced. Take the one on the north pier as typical. Within it is an arrangement of lenses, supplemented by prisms, which revolve around a sperm oil-burning lamp. When one of the lenses comes opposite the observer the eye receives a bright flash preceded and followed by a brief eclipse. There are six orders of lenses, arranged according to size. The first three and largest are used in seacoast lights, and the last three in harbor and river lights. The lamp differs from other lamps in the provision of wicks. Carcel invented a lamp which is named for him, in which oil is fed to the wick by means of a pump, operated by clockwork, sometimes used in lighthouses and as a domestic lamp. Fresnel adopted the Carcel lamp, but improved it so that it pumps up to the burner four times as much oil as is consumed, which, by keeping the burners cool, prevents them

little distance off is the oil tank inclosed neatly. The house in which the lighthouse keeper dwells is supplied with the modern conveniences and is handsome enough to be called a villa. A large quantity of stores is required to be kept constantly in the district, and these are substantially housed in a government building in St. Joseph, Mich.

The official headquarters of the ninth district is in Chicago. It is in charge of Commander F. M. Symonds, United States navy. Commander Symonds says that the Chicago lighthouses are reckoned among the best on the lakes.

### HOT RACE WITH A GRIZZLY.

Lively Experience of a Colorado Postmaster with a Bear.

W. H. Person, local manager of a typewriter company, received a letter this morning from Tom Hamilton, postmaster at Hamiltons Routt County, describing a thrilling race with a bear which he enjoyed this week.

The bear was a big grizzly. The grizzly when he sees a human form is bound to do one of two things. He will either run at or away from the stranger, and if he does the former it is generally a case of doughnuts to pretzels that it is all off with the stranger. In this case the bear that runs at a man yearned for a closer acquaintance with the postmaster and would probably have interfered seriously with the future delivery of the United States mail but for the fact that Hamilton is something of a rough rider and had a horse under him.

Postmaster Hamilton had for the time being left the affairs of state in the hands of a subordinate while he went out to round up some straying cattle. He went about three miles from home and was standing beside his horse wondering which way to turn next when there was a stir in some brush ahead of him. It looked too small a disturbance for a cow, but he thought it might be a calf and went forward to investigate. He was within a few feet of the brush when a big grizzly stood on its hind legs and threw him a kiss.

Hamilton didn't stop to catch the kiss, but made a bolt for his horse. The steed had seen Mr. Bear and started away almost as eagerly as did his master, and it was nip and tuck for the saddle between bruin and the postmaster. After a run of 100 yards Hamilton caught the pommel of the saddle and threw himself aboard just as the bear made a bound for him. A pair of spurs went into the horse's hide and the animal leaped forward with a bound which made the bear feel that his man was apt to escape. But he doubled himself up into a ball of fury and started red-hot after his intended victim. The chase kept up until the door of the postmaster's cabin was reached, when bruin turned about and made for the woods. He was allowed to escape.—Denver Times.

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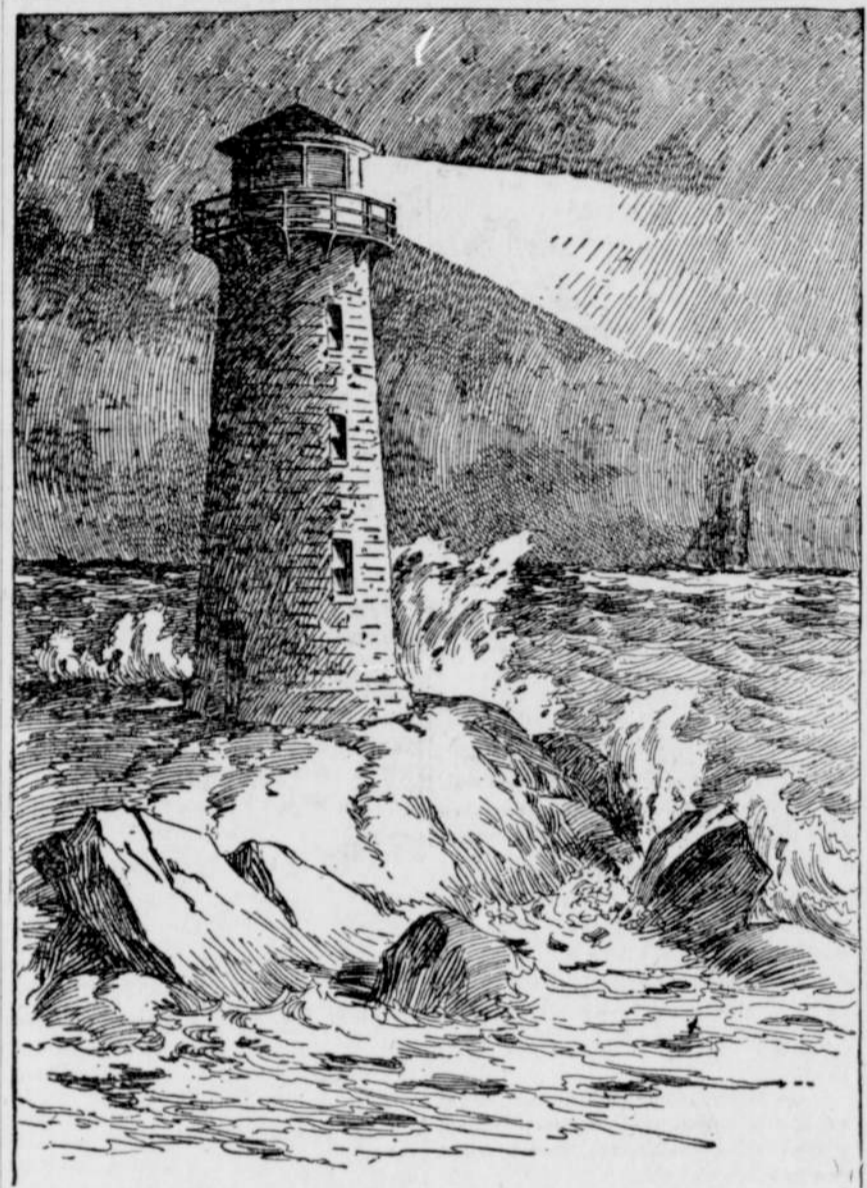
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LONELY WATCH OF THE LIGHTKEEPER.

The first lighthouse in the Chicago harbor, says the Chronicle, if it could be so denominated, when the smallest vessels made their way with peril into the shallow mouth of the unimproved river, was erected in 1831. Reckoning from that date, which, in fact, was six years earlier than the city's birth as a corporation, the vast comecce now carried on here had its beginning only sixty-nine years ago. There is nothing like this commercial wonder in the world now, nor ever was. All this since an immense number of men still living and not yet accounted old were born!

When it first was in agitation to erect a lighthouse here of the old pattern, with a stationary light of no great power, there was a man in France deep in studies and busy with experiments to produce a marine light on a new principle that should take the place of every other the world round. Fresnel was that man. Indeed, he began with his experiments ten years earlier. Over in France was Fresnel at work on a marine light that was destined to send its apprising flashes from six several towers in the Chicago harbor over the waters to the horizon. The Frenchman lived to perfect his light; he was appointed secretary to the lighthouse board of France in 1825 and while he was in that position he replaced reflectors with lenses and invented the revol-

ving light. Then he added prismatic rings. The result was the system that still goes by his name and has long since changed the mode of lighthouse illumination throughout the world. It is now used exclusively by the United States.

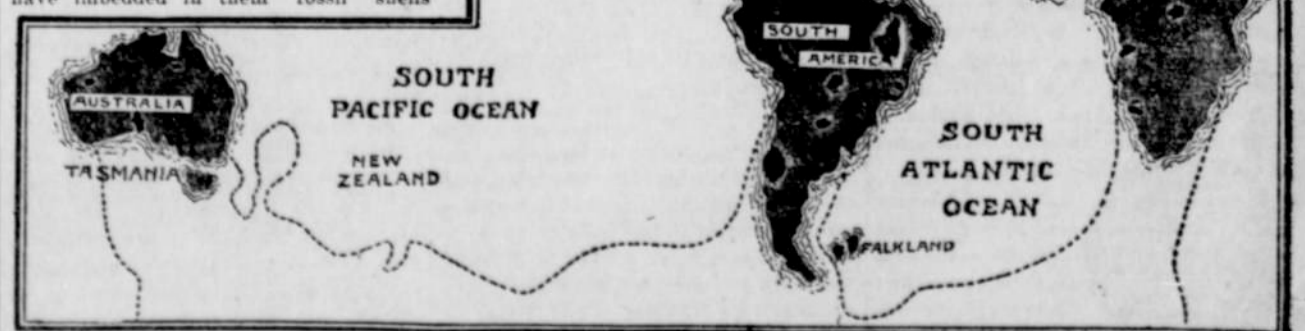
Chicago people are accustomed to seeing the Fresnel light in the several lighthouses in the harbor, but probably few have ever inquired into the mechanism of the apparatus by which the flashes are produced. Take the one on the north pier as typical. Within it is an arrangement of lenses, supplemented by prisms, which revolve around a sperm oil-burning lamp. When one of the lenses comes opposite the observer the eye receives a bright flash preceded and followed by a brief eclipse. There are six orders of lenses, arranged according to size. The first three and largest are used in seacoast lights, and the last three in harbor and river lights. The lamp differs from other lamps in the provision of wicks. Carcel invented a lamp which is named for him, in which oil is fed to the wick by means of a pump, operated by clockwork, sometimes used in lighthouses and as a domestic lamp. Fresnel adopted the Carcel lamp, but improved it so that it pumps up to the burner four times as much oil as is consumed, which, by keeping the burners cool, prevents them

from melting and also the wicks from burning up. Sometimes a wick will burn a whole night without requiring snuffing. This, notwithstanding the fact that the intensity of the Fresnel light is about equal to that of about twenty-five ordinary Carcel burners. The above description applies to the first order of lenses, which are used in the great lights on the seacoast. For the second order of lenses, such as used in the lights in the Chicago harbor, a lamp with three concentric wicks was adopted. The annual consumption of oil by the lenses of the first order is 694 gallons and of the second order 461 gallons. The lenses cost but little more than the old reflectors and the saving of oil is great. The ratio of effect of the lens light is to that of the reflector light as 4 to 1—that is, one gallon of oil burned in a lens throws as much light to the horizon as four gallons burned in a reflector light.

During the last twenty-five years there has been a great increase in marine lighting in the ninth lighthouse district, which includes Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois. The number of lighthouses in this district is 127, and every light is a Fresnel. A new lighthouse built at Manitowish Island is fine, costing the government a good sum of money. Beside it is the fog signal contrivance and a

## ALL ONE CONTINENT.

This map shows the formation of the land which scientists now affirm connected Australia, Africa and America, making of the three one great antarctic continent. For proof of this the fact is pointed out that the ancient sea beaches of Patagonia, which are now far inland, have imbedded in them fossil shells



which are exactly like those found in parts of Australia. It is probably more than 1,000,000 years ago that the continuous coastline of both continents became divided.